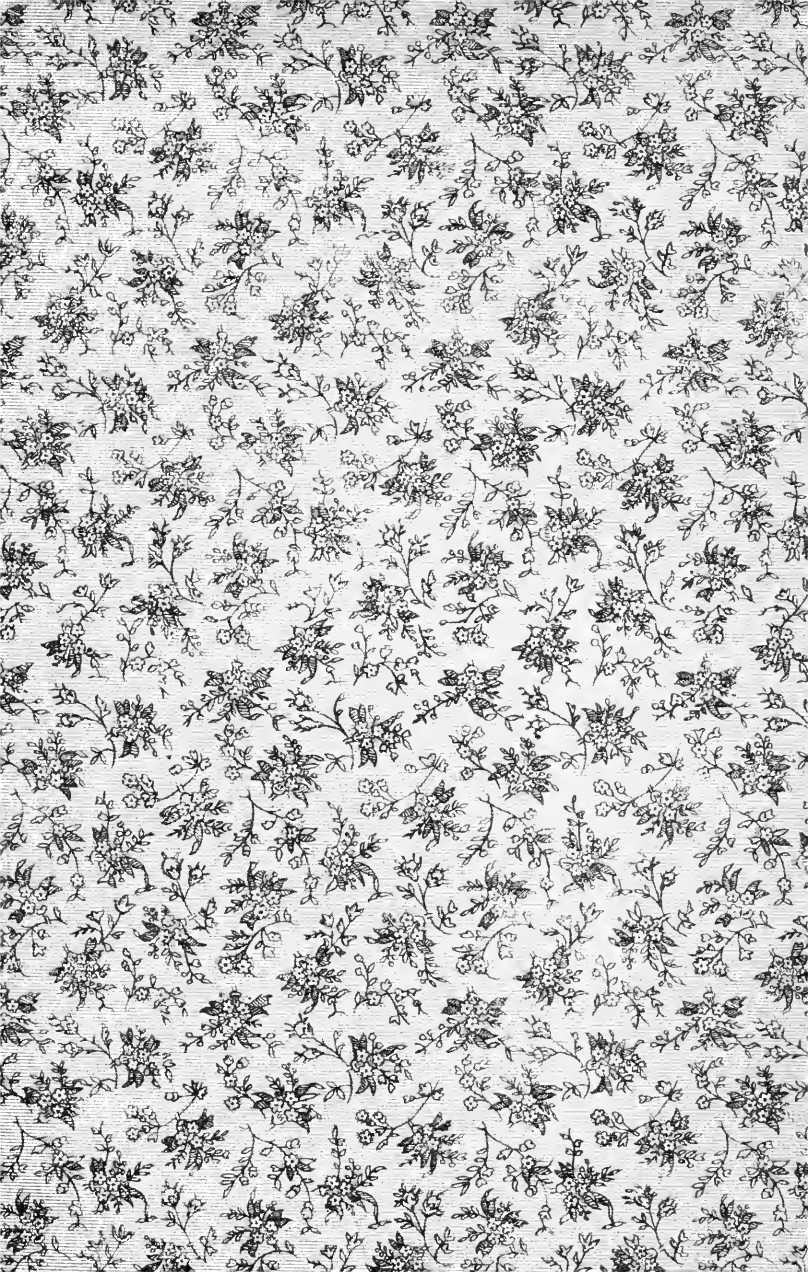


Whittier

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C. K. OGDEN





THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER





John G. Heller

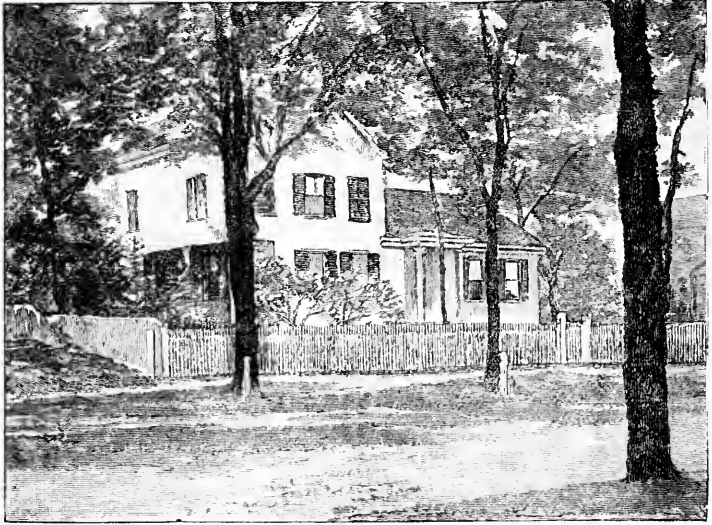
THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN GREENLEAF
WHITTIER

WITH MEMOIR, NOTES, ETC.



THE "ALBION" EDITION

LONDON
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.
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THE WHITTIER HOUSE, AMESBURY, MASS.

PREFATORY NOTICE.

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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born at his father's homestead, on the farm at Haverhill, Massachusetts, by the Merrimac River, December 17, 1807. The family had occupied the farm for two or three generations. They were Friends, or Quakers, who had sought refuge across the Atlantic from persecution in England, and found instead the most pitiless bigotry and cruel persecution from the "Pilgrims." Thomas Whittier, who settled on the banks of the Merrimac in 1638, was great-grandfather to the poet.

It was in a picturesque rural spot that the future bard passed his boyhood, working with his father, Joseph Whittier, on the farm, and trained in godliness and the tenets of her sect by his mother—Abigail Hassay by birth.

In his sweet rural home he was surrounded by the beauties of a rich and varied landscape, and of this time he has given the world a charming picture of an almost idyllic life in his poem "Snow-Bound."

We trace in it the source of his strong feeling and efforts against slavery, for the memory of his home clung to the poet through his life. Amidst all the jarring antagonisms of politics and the wrangles and scorn of worldlings, he kept intact his ancient faith in God, his kindly tolerance, his moral sense and blamelessness. Never was the power of a pure and holy home more perfectly manifested than in the noble life of John Whittier.

The first poetry, worthy of the name, that reached the eyes and heart of Whittier, was that of Burns, whose resemblance in position to himself must have struck him. He first heard the Scotch poet's songs from a wandering pedlar, who sang them when he came to sell his wares at the farm; and afterwards his first schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, lent him a copy of Burns's works. Inspired by the genius of the Ayrshire ploughman, he wrote himself, and sent some verses to the *Newburyport Free Press*, a paper then edited by the afterwards well-known William Lloyd Garrison.

The editor became interested in the youth; called on him, and urged the necessity of his being better educated. But the family were too poor to pay for the Academy. It was, however, managed afterwards by young Whittier learning to make shoes; and thus earning money enough for a six months' residence at Haverhill Academy. He was then about nineteen. While there he wrote for the *Gazette*, and during the interval following his first term he taught in the district school of West Amesbury.

There is something interesting and touching in these American stories of the struggles by which so many men of distinguished intellect, living in the New World, have won their education by alternate study and work.

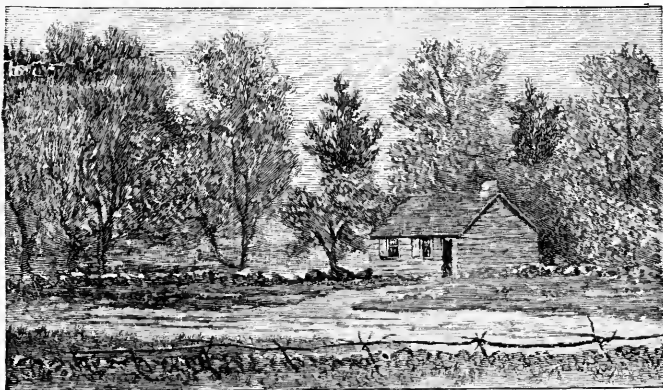
When he had reached the age of twenty-one or twenty-two Mr. Whittier left his rural home for Boston, to write for a paper called *The American Manufacturer*, an organ that advocated a protective tariff. He owed this employment to the influence of Garrison, whose own paper had meantime ceased.

In the columns of this Boston paper Whittier soon became still more widely known, and passed the next year from Boston to Hartford to become the editor of the *New England Weekly*.

He retained this office only a year, being probably called home by domestic duty; for he returned to the farm and resumed his agricultural work on it.

But it was in this year that he appeared for the first time before the public as a poet, publishing "Legends of New England in Prose and Verse" and "Moll Pitcher," a poetical story of the famous witch of Nahant. Mr. Whittier remained on the Haverhill farm for the next five or six years. In 1835 and 1836 he represented his native town in the Massachusetts Legislature; and in the latter year published the first poem that attracted public notice—the weird Indian legend of "Mogg Megone."

In 1836, also, he became one of the secretaries of the Anti-



THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE, HAVERHILL, MASS.

Slavery Society, in which cause he had already published an essay entitled "Justice and Expediency; or, Slavery considered with a View to its Abolition." Soon afterwards he removed to Philadelphia, where he edited *The Pennsylvania Freeman*, a strong anti-slavery journal.

The spirit of the old Quaker martyrs, whose names were recorded in his family's history, was possessed by the brave yet gentle poet. At a time when Abolitionists were exposed to great personal risk, he had the courage of his opinions, and by pen and voice denounced the crime of buying and selling men. His office was consequently attacked by a furious mob, sacked and burned. But the descendant of the martyred Quakers was not to be

daunted by violence or threats, or turned from his course by contempt and reproach. He persisted in his purpose steadily—the unshaken friend of the forlorn; and we find him next editor of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*. But whilst thus pleading the cause of the slave, he still continued to issue general poems from the press.

In 1838 came out his “Ballads”; in 1843, “Lays of my Home and Other Poems”; and in 1849 he gathered together his anti-slavery poems and published them in book form under the title of “Voices of Freedom.” The effect they produced at the time was very great, and though the cause for which the poet wrote has been long since won, the “Voices” are still worth hearing for their true ring of poetical fervour and strength—the one “To Massachusetts” especially. Whittier, indeed, did very much to arouse the conscience of the North; and his name may hereafter be worthily placed side by side with those of Wilberforce and Clarkson in England, and Mrs. Stowe in America.

The “Songs of Labour” appeared in 1850, and, as Dr. Osgood says, “Work was thus turned into play.” “The Chapel of the Hermits” was published in 1853, “The Panorama” in 1856; and, on the appearance of this poem, the *Athenæum* hailed the American bard with the words, “Here is indeed a poet.”

“Home Ballads and Poems” were published in 1860, “In War Time” in 1863. He was also one of the chief contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*.

In 1861 the Secession War had begun, and had quickly developed into an anti-slavery conflict, the slaves being called on to fight in their own quarrel. The anxiety with which Whittier watched the (at first) doubtful conflict must have been extreme, for the dream of his life had been the redemption of the slave. He was permitted to see that dream become a reality, when in 1865 the North gained a complete victory, which the poet celebrated in rejoicing verse. Amongst these stirring poems of war time is the striking one of “Barbara Frietchie,” which has become justly popular.

“Snow-Bound,” a winter idyl, dates from the same year. “It was written,” the *Round Table* says, in a rather mistaken criticism, “to beguile the weariness of a sick chamber,” and “is hardly open to criticism.”

But, in fact, it became very popular, and was largely sold. It contains a charming picture of the poet’s early life at the farm, as our preceding extracts will have shown.

The year before the publication of “Snow-Bound,” Mr.

Whittier's beloved sister, Elizabeth, who shared his poetic gift, in a degree, died, and the lament for her loss is one of the sweetest and most pathetic passages in the poem.

The pretty Ballad of "Maud Muller" and the "Tent on the Beach" followed "Snow-Bound" in 1867. The latter is a charming gathering of short poems, supposed to be read to his friends Mr. Field and Bernard Taylor.

"Among the Hills" was published in 1868; "Ballads of New England" 1869, "Miriam and Other Poems" date 1870, "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim" 1872, and the "Centennial Hymn" 1876.

Mr. Whittier was not only a poet and journalist, he was also a successful prose writer. Of these works, "The Stranger in Lowell," a collection of essays, was published in 1845; "Supernaturalism in New York," in 1847. "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal" is a record of the visit of an English girl to Massachusetts in 1678-9, —an admirably written fiction, in which the manners and people of the time are faithfully reproduced. This "Journal" was originally contributed to the *National Era*, from which, also, "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches" were reprinted in 1850.

A Quaker College at Salem, Iowa, opened in 1868, has been named after the poet, and is known as Whittier's College—a very fitting homage to a man of genius and probity.

"Whittier," says Dr. Mackenzie, "it seems to us, is the most thoroughly American of all our native poets." (Might not Dr. Mackenzie, however, have excepted the author of "Hiawatha"?) "Never," he adds, "was an exceptionable line written by John Greenleaf Whittier, and few poets have written so entirely for the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

Whittier is, indeed, the poet of beautiful scenes and noble characters. There is little of the grim and weird in his poems, if we except "Mogg Megone," a very early work.

His poetry is marked by simplicity and vigour, and by a realism that quite fulfils our idea of Quaker truthfulness and sincerity. He is a moral and religious poet; no mother need hesitate to place his poems in her daughter's hands; "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and only a pure and righteous spirit could have given the world such poems as these. He tells a story or a legend with great spirit, and does not intrude the moral that generally lurks beneath it; his lyrics ("Barbara Frietchie," for example) are spirit-stirring, while some of the smaller poems have a touching pathos in them.

The poet was singularly happy in seeing his wishes and hopes realised in his own lifetime. In 1840 his paternal farm was sold, and he removed to Amesbury, to live with his mother and sisters and a single aunt. It was a very happy home in every way.

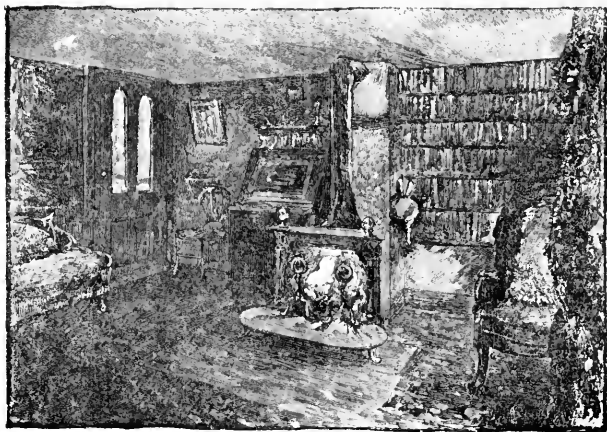
Whittier never married.

On his seventieth birthday the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* gave him a banquet, at which the best American writers were present; and on the same day a "Whittier" number of the *Literary World* of Boston was published, containing most flattering tributes from his contemporaries in prose and verse.

Afterwards Whittier gave many more poems to the world, and the latest were as good or even better than those that issued from his pen in youth.

His popularity has grown with the years; his name is now well known and his merits are equally recognised in England and in America.

In 1888 the literary world of America celebrated the eightieth birthday of the Quaker Poet; four years afterwards, Whittier died, in the early morning of September 7, 1892, known and regretted not only in America but in all English-speaking lands.



THE POET'S STUDY AT AMESBURY.

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P R O E M .

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I LOVE the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvellous notes I try ;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigour of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labour's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies ;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind ;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown ;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own

O Freedom, if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine !

MOGG MEGONE.

—: o :—

[The story of MOGG MEGONE has been considered by the author only as a framework for sketches of the scenery of New England, and of its early inhabitants. In portraying the Indian character, he has followed, as closely as his story would admit, the rough but natural delineations of Church, Mayhew, Charlevoix, and Roger Williams; and in so doing he has necessarily discarded much of the romance which poets and novelists have thrown around the ill-fated red man.]

PART I.

WHO stands on that cliff, like a figure
of stone,

Unmoving and tall in the light of
the sky,

Where the spray of the cataract
sparkles on high,

Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Me-
gone ?¹

Close to the verge of the rock is he,
While beneath him the Saco its
work is doing,

Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,
And slow through the rock its path-
way hewing !

Far down, through the mist of the
falling river,

Which rises up like an incense ever,
The splintered points of the crags are
seen,

With water howling and vexed be-
tween,

While the scooping whirl of the pool
beneath

Seems an open throat, with its granite
teeth !

But Mogg Megone never trembled yet
Wherever his eye or his foot was set.
He is watchful : each form in the
moonlight dim,

Of rock or of tree, is seen of him :

He listens ; each sound from afar is
caught,

The faintest shiver of leaf and limb :
But he sees not the waters, which
foam and fret,

Whose moonlit spray has his moccasin
wet,—

And the roar of their rushing, he hears
it not.

The moonlight, through the open
bough

Of the gnarl'd beech, whose naked
root

Coils like a serpent at his foot,
Falls, checkered, on the Indian's
brow.

His head is bare, save only where
Waves in the wind one lock of hair,

Reserved for him, whoe'er he be,
More mighty than Megone in strife,

When breast to breast and knee to
knee,

Above the fallen warrior's life
Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping-
knife.

Megone hath his knife and hatchet
and gun,

And his gaudy and tasselled blanket
on :

His knife hath a handle with gold in-
laid,

And magic words on its polished
blade,—

'Twas the gift of Castine² to Mogg
Megone,

For a scalp or twain from the Yengees
torn :

His gun was the gift of the Tarrantine,
And Modocawando's wives had
strung

The brass and the beads, which tinkle
and shine

On the polished breech, and broad
bright line

Of beaded wampum around it hung.

What seeks Megone? His foes are
near,—

Grey Jocelyn's³ eye is never sleeping,
And the garrison lights are burning
clear,

Where Phillips'⁴ men their watch
are keeping.

Let him hie him away through the
dank river fog,

Never rustling the boughs nor dis-
placing the rocks,

For the eyes and the ears which are
watching for Mogg

Are keener than those of the wolf
or the fox.

He starts,—there's a rustle among
the leaves :

Another,—the click of his gun is
heard !

A footstep,—is it the step of Cleaves,
With Indian blood on his English
sword ?

Steals Harmon⁵ down from the sands
of York,

With hand of iron and foot of cork ?
Has Scamman, versed in Indian wile,

For vengeance left his vine-hung isle ?⁶
Hark ! at that whistle, soft and low,

How lights the eye of Mogg Me-
gone !

A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow,—
“Boon welcome, Johnny Bony-
thon !”

Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,
And quick, keen glances to and fro,

The hunted outlaw, Bonython !⁷

A low, lean, swarthy man is he,
With blanket-garband buskined knee,
And naught of English fashion on ;

For he hates the race from whence he
sprung,

And he couches his words in the
Indian tongue.

“Hush,—let the Sachem's voice be
weak ;

The water-rat shall hear him speak,—
The owl shall whoop in the white
man's ear,

That Mogg Megone, with his scalps,
is here !”

He pauses,—dark, over cheek and
brow,

A flush, as of shame, is stealing now :
“Sachem !” he says, “let me have
the land,

Which stretches away upon either
hand,

As far about as my feet can stray
In the half of a gentle summer's day,

From the leaping brook⁸ to the
Saco river,—

And the fair-haired girl, thou hast
sought of me,

Shall sit in the Sachem's wigwam,
and be

The wife of Mogg Megone for ever.”

There's a sudden light in the Indian's
glance,

A moment's trace of powerful feel-
ing,

Of love or triumph, or both perchance,
Over his proud, calm features
stealing.

“The words of my father are very
good ;

He shall have the land, and water,
and wood ;

And he who harms the Sagamore
John,

Shall feel the knife of Mogg Megone ;
But the fawn of the Yengees shall
sleep on my breast,

And the bird of the clearing shall
sing in my nest.”

“But, father !”—and the Indian's
hand

Falls gently on the white man's
arm,

And with a smile as shrewdly bland
 As the deep voice is slow and calm,—
 "Where is my father's singing-bird,—
 The sunny eye, and sunset hair?
 I know I have my father's word,
 And that his word is good and fair;
 But will my father tell me where
 Megone shall go and look for his
 bride?—
 For he sees her not by her father's
 side."

The dark, stern eye of Bonython
 Flashes over the features of Mogg
 Megone,
 In one of those glances which search
 within;
 But the stolid calm of the Indian
 alone
 Remains where the trace of emotion
 has been.
 "Does the Sachem doubt? Let him
 go with me,
 And the eyes of the Sachem his bride
 shall see."

Cautious and slow, with pauses oft,
 And watchful eyes and whispers soft,
 The twain are stealing through the
 wood,
 Leaving the downward-rushing flood,
 Whose deep and solemn roar behind
 Grows fainter on the evening wind.
 Hark!—is that the angry howl
 Of the wolf, the hills among?—
 Or the hooting of the owl,
 On his leafy cradle swung?—
 Quickly glancing, to and fro,
 Listening to each sound they go
 Round the columns of the pine,
 Indistinct, in shadow, seeming
 Like some old and pillared shrine;
 With the soft and white moonshine,
 Round the foliage-tracery shed
 Of each column's branching head,
 For its lamps of worship gleaming!
 And the sounds awakened there,
 In the pine-leaves fine and small,
 Soft and sweetly musical,
 By the fingers of the air,
 For the anthem's dying fall
 Lingering round some temple's wall!

Niche and cornice round and round
 Wailing like the ghost of sound!
 Is not Nature's worship thus,
 Ceaseless ever, going on?
 Hath it not a voice for us
 In the thunder, or the tone
 Of the leaf-harp faint and small,
 Speaking to the unsealed ear
 Words of blended love and fear,
 Of the mighty Soul of all?

Naught had the twain of thoughts
 like these
 As they wound along through the
 crowded trees,
 Where never had rung the axeman's
 stroke
 On the gnarled trunk of the rough-
 barked oak;—
 Climbing the dead tree's mossy log,
 Breaking the mesh of the bramble
 fine,
 Turning aside the wild grape vine,
 And lightly crossing the quaking
 bog
 Whose surface shakes at the leap of
 the frog,
 And out of whose pools the ghostly
 fog
 Creeps into the chill moonshine!
 Yet, even that Indian's ear had
 heard
 The preaching of the Holy Word:
 Sauehekantacket's isle of sand
 Was once his father's hunting land,
 Where zealous Hiacoomes⁹ stood,—
 The wild apostle of the wood,
 Shook from his soul the fear of harm,
 And trampled on the Powwaw's
 charm;
 Until the wizard's curses hung
 Suspended on his palsying tongue,
 And the fierce warrior, grim and
 tall,
 Trembled before the forest Paul!

A cottage hidden in the wood,—
 Red through its seams a light is
 glowing,
 On rock and bough and tree-trunk
 rude,
 A narrow lustre throwing.

“Who’s there?” a clear, firm voice
demands ;

“Hold, Ruth,—’tis I, the Saga-
more !”

Quick, at the summons, hasty hands
Unclose the bolted door ;
And on the outlaw’s daughter shine
The flashes of the kindled pine.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,
Like some young priestess of the
wood,

The freeborn child of Solitude,
And bearing still the wild and rude,
Yet noble trace of Nature’s hands.

Her dark brown cheek has caught its
stain

More from the sunshine than the rain ;
Yet, where her long fair hair is parting,
A pure white brow into light is
starting ;

And, where the folds of her blanket
Are a neck and bosom as white as ever
The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping
river.

But in the convulsive quiver and grip
Of the muscles around her bloodless
lip,

There is something painful and sad
to see ;

And her eye has a glance more sterily
wild

That even that of a forest child

In its fearless and untamed freedom
should be.

Yet, seldom in hall or court are seen
So queenly a form and so noble a mien,

As freely and smiling she welcomes
them there,—

Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone :
“Pray, father, how does thy hunting
fare ?

And, Sachem, say,—does Scamman
wear,

In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his
own ?”

Hurried and light is the maiden’s
tone ;

But a fearful meaning lurks within
Her glance, as it questions the eye of
Megone,—

An awful meaning of guilt and

The Indian hath opened his blanket,
and there

Hangs a human scalp by its long
damp hair !

With hand upraised, with quick-
drawn breath,

She meets that ghastly sign of
death.

In one long, glassy, spectral stare
The enlarging eye is fastened there,

As if that mesh of pale brown hair
Had power to change at sight
alone,

Even as the fearful locks which wound
Medusa’s fatal forehead round,

The gazer into stone.

With such a look Herodias read
The features of the bleeding head,
So looked the mad Moor on his
dead,

Or the young Cenci as she stood,
O’er-dabbled with a father’s blood :

Look !—feeling melts that frozen
glance,

It moves that marble countenance,
As if at once within her strove
Pity with shame, and hate with
love.

The Past recalls its joy and pain,
Old memories rise before her brain,—
The lips which love’s embraces met,
The hand her tears of parting wet,
The voice whose pleading tones be-
guiled

The pleased ear of the forest-child,—
And tears she may no more repress
Reveal her lingering tenderness.

Oh, woman wronged can cherish hate
More deep and dark than manhood
may ;

But when the mockery of Fate
Hath left Revenge its chosen way,
And the fell curse, which years have
nursed,

Full on the spoiler’s head hath
burst,—

When all her wrong, and shame, and
pain,

Burns fiercely on his heart and
brain.—

Still lingers something of the spell
Which bound her to the traitor's
bosom,—
Still, midst the vengeful fires of hell,
Some flowers of old affection
blossom.

John Bonython's eyebrows together
are drawn
With a fierce expression of wrath and
scorn,—
He hoarsely whispers, "Ruth, beware!
Is this the time to be playing the
fool,—
Crying over a paltry lock of hair,
Like a love-sick girl at school?—
Curse on it!—an Indian can see and
hear:
Away,—and prepare our evening
cheer!"

How keenly the Indian is watching
now [brow,—
Her tearful eye and her varying
With a serpent eye, which kindles
and burns,
Like a fiery star in the open air;
On sire and daughter his fierce glance
turns:—
"Has my old white father a scalp
to spare?
For his young one loves the pale
brown hair [more
Of the scalp of an English dog far
Than Mogg Megone, or his wigwam
floor;
Go,—Mogg is wise: he will keep
his land,—
And Sagamore John, when he feels
with his hand,
Shall miss his scalp where it grew
before."

The moment's gust of grief is gone,—
The lip is clenched,—the tears are
still,—
God pity thee, Ruth Bonython!
With what a strength of will
Are nature's feelings in thy breast,
As with an iron hand, repressed!
And how, upon that nameless woe,
Quick as the pulse can come and go,

While shakes the unsteadfast knee,
and yet
The bosom heaves,—the eye is
wet—
Has thy dark spirit power to stay
The heart's wild current on its way?
And whence that baleful strength
of guile,
Which over that still working brow
And tearful eye and cheek can throw
The mockery of a smile?
Warned by her father's blackening
frown,
With one strong effort crushing
down
Grief, hate, remorse, she meets again
The savage murderer's sullen gaze,
And scarcely look or tone betrays
How the heart strives beneath its
chain.

"Is the Sachem angry,—angry with
Ruth,
Because she cries with an ache in her
tooth,¹⁰
Which would make a Sagamore jump
and cry,
And look about with a woman's eye?
No,—Ruth will sit in the Sachem's
door
And braid the mats for his wigwam
floor,
And broil his fish and tender fawn,
And weave his wampum, and grind
his corn,—
For she loves the brave and the wise,
and none
Are braver and wiser than Mogg
Megone!"

The Indian's brow is clear once
more:
With grave, calm face, and half-
shut eye,
He sits upon the wigwam floor,
And watches Ruth go by,
Intent upon her household care;
And ever and anon, the while,
Or on the maiden, or her fare,
Which smokes in grateful promise
there,
Bestows his quiet smile.

Ah, Mogg Megone!—what dreams
are thine,

But those which love's own fancies
dress,—

The sum of Indian happiness!—

A wigwam, where the warm sun-
shine

Looks in among the groves of
pine,—

A stream, where, round thy light
canoe,

The trout and salmon dart in view,
And the fair girl, before thee now,
Spreading thy mat with hand of
snow,

Or plying, in the dews of morn,
Her hoe amidst thy patch of corn,
Or offering up, at eve, to thee,
Thy birchen dish of hominy!

From the rude board of Bonython,
Venison and succotash have gone,—
For long these dwellers of the
wood

Have felt the gnawing want of
food.

But untasted of Ruth is the frugal
cheer,—

With head averted, yet ready ear,
She stands by the side of her austere
sire,

Feeding, at times, the unequal fire
With the yellow knots of the pitch-
pine tree,

Whose flaring light, as they kindle,
falls

On the cottage roof, and its blacklog
walls,

And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Bonython's hunting
flask

The fire-water burns at the lip of
Megone:

“Will the Sachem hear what his
father shall ask?

Will he make his mark, that it
may be known,

On the speaking-leaf, that he gives
the land,

From the Sachem's own, to his
father's hand?”

The fire-water shines in the Indian's
eyes,

As he rises, the white man's bidding
to do:

“Wuttamuttata—weekan!^a Mogg is
wise,—

For the water he drinks is strong
and new,—

Mogg's heart is great!—will he shut
his hand,

When his father asks for a little
land?”—

With unsteady fingers, the Indian
has drawn

On the parchment the shape of a
hunter's bow,

“Boon water,—boon water,—Saga-
more John!

Wuttamuttata, — weekan! our
hearts will grow!”

He drinks yet deeper,—he mutters
low,—

He reels on his bear-skin to and fro,—
His head falls down on his naked

breast,—

He struggles, and sinks to a drunken
rest.

“Humph—drunk as a beast!”—and
Bonython's brow

Is darker than ever with evil
thought—

“The fool has signed his warrant;
but how

And when shall the deed be
wrought?

Speak, Ruth! why, what the devil
is there,

To fix thy gaze in that empty air?—
Speak, Ruth! by my soul, if I

thought that tear,

Which shames thyself and our pur-
pose here,

Were shed for that cursed and pale-
faced dog,

Whose green sealp hangs from the
belt of Mogg,

^a *Wuttamuttata*, “Let us drink.” *Weekan*, “It is sweet.” Vide Roger Williams's *Key to the Indian Language*, “in that parte of America called New England.” London, 1643, p. 35.

And whose beastly soul is in Satan's
 keeping,—
 This—this!"—he dashes his hand
 upon
 The rattling stock of his loaded gun,—
 "Should send thee with him to do
 thy weeping!"

"Father!"—the eye of Bonython
 Sinks at that low, sepulchral tone,
 Hollow and deep, as it were spoken
 By the unmoving tongue of death,—
 Or from some statue's lips had
 broken,—

A sound without a breath!
 "Father!—my life I value less
 Than yonder fool his gaudy dress;
 And how it ends it matters not,
 By heart-break or by rifle-shot;
 But spare a while the scoff and threat,—
 Our business is not finished yet."

"True, true, my girl,—I only meant
 To draw up again the bow unbent.
 Harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought
 To frighten off thy gloomy thought;
 Come,—let's be friends!" He seeks
 to clasp
 His daughter's cold, damp hand in his.
 Ruth startles from her father's grasp,
 As if each nerve and muscle felt,
 Instinctively, the touch of guilt,
 Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg:
 "What shall be done with yonder dog?
 Scamman is dead, and revenge is
 thine,—
 The deed is signed and the land is mine;
 And this drunken fool is of use no
 more,
 Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and
 sooth, [Ruth,
 'Twere Christian mercy to finish him,
 Now, while he lies like a beast on our
 floor,—
 If not for thine, at least for his sake,
 Rather than let the poor dog awake
 To drain my flask, and claim as his bride
 Such a forest devil to run by his side,—
 Such a Wetuomanit¹¹ as thou wouldst
 make!"

He laughs at his jest. Hush—what
 is there?—
 The sleeping Indian is striving to
 rise,
 With his knife in his hand, and
 glaring eyes!—
 "Wagh!—Mogg will have the pale-
 face's hair,
 For his knife is sharp, and his
 fingers can help
 The hair to pull and the skin to peel,—
 Let him cry like a woman and twist
 like an eel,
 The great Captain Scamman must
 lose his scalp!
 And Ruth, when she sees it, shall
 dance with Mogg."
 His eyes are fixed,—but his lips draw
 in,—
 With a low, hoarse chuckle, and
 fiendish grin,—
 And he sinks again, like a senseless
 log.

Ruth does not speak,—she does not
 stir;
 But she gazes down on the murderer,
 Whose broken and dreamful slumbers
 tell
 Too much for her ear of that deed of
 hell.
 She sees the knife, with its slaughter
 red,
 And the dark fingers clenching the
 bear-skin bed!
 What thoughts of horror and mad-
 ness whirl
 Through the burning brain of that
 fallen girl!

John Bonython lifts his gun to his
 eye,
 Its muzzle is close to the Indian's
 ear,—
 But he drops it again. "Some one
 may be nigh,
 And I would not that even the
 wolves should hear."
 He draws his knife from its deer-skin
 belt,—
 Its edge with his fingers is slowly
 felt;—

Kneeling down on one knee, by the
Indian's side,
From his throat he opens the blanket
wide ;
And twice or thrice he feebly essays
A trembling hand with the knife to
raise.

"I cannot."—he mutters,—“did he
not save
My life from a cold and wintry grave.
When the storm came down from
Agioochook,
And the north-wind howled, and the
tree-tops shook.—
And I strove, in the drifts of the
rushing snow,
Till my knees grew weak and I could
not go,
And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,
And my heart's blood stiffen, and
pulses sleep !
I cannot strike him—Ruth Bonython!
In the Devil's name, tell me—what's
to be done ?”

Oh, when the soul, once pure and high,
Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,
As, with the downcast star of morn,
Some gems of light are with it drawn,—
And, through its night of darkness,
play
Some tokens of its primal day,—
Some lofty feelings linger still,—

The strength to dare, the nerve to
meet
Whatever threatens with defeat
Its all-indomitable will !—
But lacks the mean of mind and heart,
Though eager for the gains of crime,
Oft, at his chosen place and time,
The strength to bear his evil part ;
And, shielded by his very Vice,
Escapes from Crime by Cowardice

Ruth starts erect, —with bloodshot
eye,
And lips drawn tight across her
teeth, [neath,
Showing their locked embrace be-
In the red firelight :—“Mogg must
die !

Give me the knife !”—The outlaw
turns,
Shuddering in heart and limb,
away,—
But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire
burns,
And he sees on the wall strange
shadows play.
A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,
Are dimly pictured in light and shade,
Plunging down in the darkness.
Hark, that cry
Again—and again—he sees it fall,—
That shadowy arm down the lighted
wall !
He hears quick footsteps—a shape
flits by—
The door on its rusted hinges
creaks :—
“Ruth—daughter Ruth !” the out-
law shrieks.
But no sound comes back,—he is
standing alone
By the mangled corpse of Mogg Me-
gone !

PART II.

'Tis morning over Norridgewoek,—
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine,
stirred
At intervals by breeze and bird,
And wearing all the hues which
glow
In heaven's own pure and perfect
bow,
That glorious picture of the air,
Which summer's light-robed angel
forms
On the dark ground of fading storms,
With pencil dipped in sunbeams
there,—
And, stretching out, on either hand,
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,
Till, weary of its gorgeousandness,
The aching and the dazzled eye
Rests, gladdened, on the calm blue
sky,—
Slumbers the mighty wilderness

The oak, upon the windy hill,
Its dark green burthen upward
heaves—

The hemlock broods above its rill,
Its cone-like foliage darker still,
Against the birch's graceful stem,
And the rough walnut-bough receives
The sun upon its crowded leaves,
Each coloured like a topaz gem ;
And the tall maple wears with them
The coronal, which autumn gives,
The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
The hectic of a dying year !

The hermit priest, who lingers now
On the Bald Mountain's shrubless
brow,

The grey and thunder-smitten pile
Which marks afar the Desert Isle,¹²
While gazing on the scene below,
May half forget the dreams of home,
That nightly with his slumbers
come,—

The tranquil skies of sunny France,
The peasant's harvest song and dance,
The vines around the hillsides wreath-
ing [breathing,
The soft airs midst their clusters
The wings which dipped, the stars
which shone

Within thy bosom, blue Garonne !
And round the Abbey's shadowed wall,
At morning spring and even-fall.

Sweet voices in the still air sing-
ing,—

The chant of many a holy hymn,—
The solemn bell of vespers ringing,—
And hallowed torchlight falling dim
On pictured saint and seraphim !
For here beneath him lies unrolled,
Bathed deep in morning's flood of gold,
A vision gorgeous as the dream
Of the beatified may seem,

When, as his Church's legends say,
Borne upward in ecstasie bliss.

The rapt enthusiast soars away
Unto a brighter world than this :
A mortal's glimpse beyond the pale,—
A moment's lifting of the veil !

Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay

And gently from that Indian town
The verdant hillside slopes adown,
To where the sparkling waters play
Upon the yellow sands below ;
And shooting round the winding
shores

Of narrow capes, and isles which lie
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby,—
With birchen boat and glancing oars,
The red men to their fishing go ;
While from their planting ground is
borne

The treasure of the golden corn,
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes
glow

Wild through the locks which o'er
them flow.

The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is
done,

Sits on her bear-skin in the sun,
Watching the huskers, with a smile
For each full ear which swells the pile ;
And the old chief, who nevermore
May bend the bow or pull the oar,
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,
Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,
The arrow-head from flint and bone.

Beneath the westward turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie,—
Gems of the waters !—with each hue
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.
Each bears aloft its tuft of trees

Touched by the pencil of the frost,
And, with the motion of each breeze,
A moment seen,—a moment lost,—
Changing and blent, confused and
tossed, [crossed,

The brighter with the darker
Their thousand tints of beauty glow
Down in the restless waves below,
And tremble in the sunny skies,
As if, from waving bough to bough,
Flitted the birds of paradise.

There sleep Placentia's group,—and
there [prayer ;

Père Breteaux marks the hour of
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,

On which the Father's hut is seen,
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
And peers the hemlock-boughs
between,

Half trembling, as he seeks to look
 Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.¹³
 There, gloomily against the sky
 The Dark Isles rear their summits
 high ;
 And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
 Lifts its grey turrets in the air, —
 Seen from afar, like some stronghold
 Built by the ocean kings of old ;
 And, faint as smoke-wreath white and
 thin,
 Swells in the north vast Katahdin :
 And, wandering from its marshy feet,
 The broad Penobscot comes to meet
 And mingle with his own bright
 bay. [floods,
 Slow sweep his dark and gathering
 Arched over by the ancient woods,
 Which Time, in those dim solitudes,
 Wielding the dull axe of Decay,
 Alone hath ever shorn away.

Not thus, within the woods which hide
 The beauty of thy azure tides,
 And with their falling timbers block
 Thy broken currents, Kennebec !
 Gazes the white man on the wreck
 Of the down-trodden Norridgewo-
 ckwok, —
 In one lone village hemmed at length,
 In battle shorn of half their strength,
 Turned, like the panther in his lair,
 With his fast-flowing life-blood wet,
 For one last struggle of despair,
 Wounded and faint, but tameless
 yet !
 Unreaped, upon the planting lands,
 The scant, neglected harvest stands :
 No shout is there, — no dance, — no
 song ;
 The aspect of the very child
 Seowls with a meaning sad and wild
 Of bitterness and wrong.
 The almost infant Norridgewoek
 Essays to lift the tomahawk ;
 And plucks his father's knife away,
 To mimic, in his frightful play,
 The scalping of an English foe :
 Wreathes on his lip a horrid smile,
 Burns, like a snake's, his small eye,
 while [blow.
 Some bough or sapling meets his

The fisher, as he drops his line,
 Starts, when he sees the hazels quiver
 Along the margin of the river,
 Looks up and down the rippling tide,
 And grasps the fireloek at his side.
 For Bomazeen¹⁴ from Taceconock
 Has sent his runners to Norridgewoek,
 With tidings that Moulton and Har-
 mon of York
 Far up the river have come :
 They have left their boats, — they
 have entered the wood,
 And filled the depths of the solitude
 With the sound of the ranger's drum.

On the brow of a hill, which slopes
 to meet
 The flowing river, and bathe its feet, —
 The bare-washed rock, and the droop-
 ing grass,
 And the creeping vine, as the waters
 pass, —
 A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
 Built up in that wild by unskilled
 hands,
 Yet the traveller knows it a place of
 prayer,
 For the holy sign of the cross is there :
 And should he chance at that place
 to be
 Of a Sabbath morn, or some hal-
 lowed day,
 When prayers are made and masses
 are said,
 Some for the living and some for the
 dead,
 Well might that traveller start to see
 The tall dark forms, that take
 their way
 From the birch canoe, on the river-
 shore,
 And the forest paths, to that chapel
 door ;
 And marvel to mark the naked knees
 And the dusky foreheads bending
 there,
 While, in coarse white vesture, over
 these
 In blessing or in prayer,
 Stretching abroad his thin pale hands,
 Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit¹⁵
 stands.

Two forms are now in that chapel dim,
The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,
Anxiously heeding some fearful tale,
Which a stranger is telling him.

That stranger's garb is soiled and torn,
And wet with dew and loosely worn ;
Her fair neglected hair falls down
O'er cheeks with wind and sunshine
brown ;

Yet still, in that disordered face,
The Jesuit's cautious eye can trace
Those elements of former grace
Which, half effaced, seem scarcely less,
Even now, than perfect loveliness.

With drooping head, and voice so low
That scarce it meets the Jesuit's
ears,—

While through her clasped fingers flow,
From the heart's fountain, hot and
slow,

Her penitential tears,—
She tells the story of the woe
And evil of her years.

“ O father, bear with me ; my heart
Is sick and death-like, and my brain
Seems girdled with a fiery chain,
Whose scorching links will never part,
And never cool again.

Bear with me while I speak,—but turn
Away that gentle eye, the while,—
The fires of guilt more fiercely burn
Beneath its holy smile ;
For half I fancy I can see
My mother's sainted look in thee.

“ My dear lost mother ! sad and pale,
Mournfully sinking day by day,
And with a hold on life as frail
As frosted leaves, that, thin and
gray,

Hang feebly on their parent spray,
And tremble in the gale ;
Yet watching o'er my childishness
With patient fondness,—not the less
For all the agony which kept
Her blue eye wakeful, while I slept ;
And cheeking every tear and groan
That haply might have waked my own,
And bearing still, without offence,
My idle words, and petulance ;

Reproving with a tear,—and, while
The tooth of pain was keenly preying
Upon her very heart, repaying
My brief repentance with a smile.

“ Oh, in her meek, forgiving eye
There was a brightness not of mirth,
A light whose clear intensity
Was borrowed not of earth.

Along her cheek a deepening red
Told where the feverish hectic fed ;

And yet, each fatal token gave
To the mild beauty of her face
A newer and a dearer grace,
Unwarning of the grave.

'Twas like the hue which Autumn gives
To yonder changed and dying leaves
Breathed over by his frosty breath ;
Scarce can the gazer feel that this
Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,
The mocking-smile of Death !

“ Sweet were the tales she used to tell
When summer's eve was dear to us,
And, fading from the darkening dell,
The glory of the sunset fell

On wooded Agamenticus,—
When, sitting by our cottage wall,
The murmur of the Saco's fall,
And the south-wind's expiring sighs,
Came, softly blending, on my ear,
With the low tones I loved to hear :
Tales of the pure,—the good,—the
wise,—

The holy men and maids of old,
In the all-sacred pages told ;— [tains,
Of Rachel, stooped at Haran's foun-
Amid her father's thirsty flock,
Beautiful to her kinsman seeming
As the bright angels of his dreaming,
On Padan-aram's holy rock ;
Of gentle Ruth,—and her who kept
Her awful vigil on the mountains,
By Israel's virgin daughters wept ;
Of Miriam, with her maidens, singing
The song for grateful Israel meet,
While every crimson wave was bringing
The spoils of Egypt at her feet ;
Of her,—Samaria's humble daughter,
Who paused to hear, beside her well,
Lessons of love and truth, which fell
Softly as Shiloh's flowing water ;

And saw, beneath His pilgrim guise,
The Promised One, so long foretold
By holy seer and bard of old,
Revealed before her wondering eyes !

“Slowly she faded. Day by day
Her step grew weaker in our hall,
And fainter, at each even-fall,
Her sad voice died away.
Yet on her thin, pale lip, the while,
Sat Resignation’s holy smile :
And even my father checked his tread,
And hushed his voice, beside her bed :
Beneath the calm and sad rebuke
Of her meek eye’s imploring look,
The scowl of hate his brow forsook,
And in his stern and gloomy eye,
At times, a few unwonted tears
Wet the dark lashes, which for years
Hatred and pride had kept so dry.

“Calm as a child to slumber soothed,
As if an angel’s hand had smoothed
The still, white features into rest,
Silent and cold, without a breath
To stir the drapery on her breast,
Pain, with its keen and poisoned fang,
The horror of the mortal pang,
The suffering look her brow had worn,
The fear, the strife, the anguish
gone,—
She slept at last in death !

“Oh, tell me, father, *can* the dead
Walk on the earth, and look on us,
And lay upon the living’s head
Their blessing or their curse ?
For, oh, last night she stood by me,
As I lay beneath the woodland tree !”

The Jesuit crosses himself in awe,—
“Jesu ! what was it my daughters saw ?”

“*She* came to me last night. [tread ;
The dried leaves did not feel her
She stood by me in the wan moonlight
In the white robes of the dead !
Pale, and very mournfully,
She bent her light form over me.
I heard no sound, I felt no breath
Breathe o’er me from that face of
death :

Its blue eyes rested on my own,
Rayless and cold as eyes of stone ,
Yet, in their fixed, unchanging gaze,
Something, which spoke of early
days,—

A sadness in their quiet glare,
As if love’s smile were frozen there,—
Came o’er me with an icy thrill ;
O God ! I feel its presence still !”

The Jesuit makes the holy sign,—
“How passed the vision, daughter
mine ?”

“All dimly in the wan moonshine,
As a wreath of mist will twist and
twine,
And scatter, and melt into the light,—
So scattering,—melting on my sight,
The pale, cold vision passed ;
But those sad eyes were fixed on mine
Mournfully to the last.”

“God help thee, daughter, tell me
why
That spirit passed before thine eye !”

“Father, I know not, save it be
That deeds of mine have summoned
her
From the unbreathing sepulchre,
To leave her last rebuke with me.
Ah, woe for me ! my mother died
Just at the moment when I stood
Close on the verge of womanhood,
A child in everything beside ;
And when my wild heart needed most
Her gentle counsels, they were lost.

“My father lived a stormy life,
Of frequent change and daily strife ;
And—God forgive him !—left his child
To feel, like him, a freedom wild ;
To love the red man’s dwelling-place,
The birch boat on his shaded floods,
The wild excitement of the chase
Sweeping the ancient woods,
The camp-fire, blazing on the shore
Of the still lakes, the clear stream
where

The idle fisher sets his wear,
Or angles in the shade, far more

Than that restraining awe I felt
Beneath my gentle mother's care
When nightly at her knee I knelt,
With childhood's simple prayer.

"There came a change. The wild,
glad mood

Of unchecked freedom passed.
Amid the ancient solitude
Of unshorn grass and waving wood,
And waters glancing bright and fast,
A softened voice was in my ear,
Sweet as those lulling sounds and fine
The hunter lifts his head to hear,
Now far and faint, now full and near—
The murmur of the wind-swept pine.
A manly form was ever nigh,
A bold, free hunter, with an eye
Whose dark, keen glance had power
to wake

Both fear and love,—to awe and charm ;
'Twas as the wizard rattlesnake,
Whose evil glances lure to harm—
Whose cold and small and glittering
eye,

And brilliant coil, and changing dye,
Draw, step by step, the gazer near,
With drooping wing and cry of fear,
Yet powerless all to turn away,
A conscious, but a willing prey !

"Fear, doubt, thought, life itself, cre-
long

Merged in one feeling deep and strong.
Faded the world which I had known,

A poor vain shadow, cold and waste ;
In the warm present bliss alone

Seemed I of actual life to taste.
Fond longings dimly understood,
The glow of passion's quickening
blood,

And cherished fantasies which press
The young lip with a dream's caress,—
The heart's forecast and prophecy
Took form and life before my eye,
Seen in the glance which met my
own,

Heard in the soft and pleading tone,
Felt in the arms around me cast,
And warm heart-pulses beating fast.
Ah ! scarcely yet to God above
With deeper trust, with stronger love,

Has prayerful saint his meek heart
lent,

Or cloistered nun at twilight bent,
Than I, before a human shrine,
As mortal and as frail as mine,
With heart, and soul, and mind, and
form,
Knelt madly to a fellow-worm.

"Full soon, upon that dream of sin,
An awful light came bursting in.
The shrine was cold at which I
knelt,

The idol of that shrine was gone ;
A humbled thing of shame and guilt,
Outcast, and spurned and lone,
Wrapt in the shadows of my crime,
With withering heart and burning
brain,
And tears that fell like fiery rain,
I passed a fearful time.

"There came a voice—it checked the
tear—

In heart and soul it wrought a
change ;—

My father's voice was in my ear ;
It whispered of revenge !

A new and fiercer feeling swept
All lingering tenderness away ;
And tiger passions, which had slept
In childhood's better day,
Unknown, unfelt, arose at length
In all their own demoniac strength.

"A youthful warrior of the wild,
By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,
Of crime the cheated instrument,
Upon our fatal errands went.

Through camp and town and wil-
derness

He tracked his victim ; and, at last,
Just when the tide of hate had passed,
And milder thoughts came warm and
fast,

Exulting, at my feet he cast
The bloody token of success.

"O God ! with what an awful power
I saw the buried past uprising,
And gather, in a single hour,
Its ghost-like memories !

And then I felt—alas ! too late—
That underneath the mask of hate,
That shame and guilt and wrong had
thrown

O'er feelings which they might not
own,

The heart's wild love had known
no change ;

And still that deep and hidden love,
With its first fondness, wept above

The victim of its own revenge !
There lay the fearful scalp, and there
The blood was on its pale brown hair !
I thought not of the victim's scorn,

I thought not of his baleful guile,
My deadly wrong, my outcast name,
The characters of sin and shame
On heart and forehead drawn ;

I only saw that victim's smile, —
The still, green places where we met, —
The moonlit branches, dewy wet ;
I only felt, I only heard
The greeting and the parting word, —
The smile, — the embrace, — the tone,
which made

An Eden of the forest shade.

“ And oh, with what a loathing eye,
With what a deadly hate, and deep,
I saw that Indian murderer lie

Before me, in his drunken sleep !
What though for me the deed was done,
And words of mine had sped him on !
Yet when he murmured, as he slept,

The horrors of that deed of blood,
The tide of utter madness swept

O'er brain and bosom, like a flood.
And, father, with this hand of mine—”

“ Ha ! what didst thou ? ” the Jesuit
cries, [pain,
Shuddering, as smitten with sudden
And shading, with one thin hand,
his eyes,

With the other he makes the holy sign.
“ — I smote him as I would a worm ; —
With heart as steeled, with nerves as
firm :

He never woke again ! ”

“ Woman of sin and blood and shame,
Speak, — I would know that victim's
name.”

“ Father,” she gasped, “ a chieftain,
known
As Saco's Sachem—MOGG MEGONE ! ”

Pale priest ! What proud and lofty
dreams,

What keen desires, what cherished
schemes,

What hopes, that time may not recall,
Are darkened by that chieftain's fall !

Was he not pledged, by cross and vow,
To lift the hatchet of his sire,

And, round his own, the Church's foe,
To light the avenging fire ?

Who now the Tarrantine shall wake,
For thine and for the Church's sake ?

Who summon to the scene
Of conquest and unsparing strife,
And vengeance dearer than his life,

The fiery-souled Castine ? ¹⁶
Three backward steps the Jesuit

takes, —
His long, thin frame as ague shakes ;

And loathing hate is in his eye,
As from his lips these words of fear

Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear, —
“ The soul that sinneth shall surely

die ! ”

She stands, as stands the stricken deer,
Checked midway in the fearful chase,

When bursts, upon his eye and ear,
The gaunt, grey robber, baying near

Between him and his hiding-place ;
While still behind, with yell and blow,

Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.
“ Save me, O holy man ! ” — her cry

Fills all the void, as if a tongue,
Unseen, from rib and rafter hung,

Thrilling with mortal agony ;
Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's

knee,
And her eye looks fearfully into

his own ; —
“ Off, woman of sin ! — nay, touch not

me
With those fingers of blood ; — be-
gone ! ”

With a gesture of horror, he spurns
the form

That writhes at his feet like a trodden
worm.

Ever thus the spirit must,
 Guilty in the sight of Heaven,
 With a keener woe be riven,
 For its weak and sinful trust
 In the strength of human dust ;
 And its anguish thrill afresh,
 For each vain reliance given
 To the failing arm of flesh.

PART III.

AH, weary Priest !—with pale hands
 pressed

On thy throbbing brow of pain,
 Baffled in thy life-long quest,
 Overworn with toiling vain,
 How ill thy troubled musings fit
 The holy quiet of a breast

With the Dove of Peace at rest
 Sweetly brooding over it.

Thoughts are thine which have no part
 With the meek and pure of heart,
 Undisturbed by outward things,
 Resting in the heavenly shade,

By the overspreading wings
 Of the Blessed Spirit made.
 Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong
 Sweep thy heated brain along,
 Fading hopes for whose success

It were sin to breathe a prayer ;—
 Schemes which Heaven may never
 bless,—

Fears which darken to despair.
 Hoary priest ! thy dream is done
 Of a hundred red tribes won

To the pale of Holy Church ;
 And the heretic o'erthrown,
 And his name no longer known,
 And thy weary brethren turning,
 Joyful from their years of mourning,
 'Twixt the altar and the porch.

Hark ! what sudden sound is heard
 In the wood and in the sky.

Shriller than the scream of bird,—
 Than the trumpet's clang more
 high !

Every wolf-cave of the hills,—

Forest arch and mountain gorge,
 Rock and dell, and river verge,—
 With an answering echo thrills.

Well does the Jesuit know that cry,
 Which summons the Norridgewock
 to die,

And tells that the foe of his flock is
 nigh.

He listens, and hears the rangers come,
 With loud hurrah, and jar of drum,
 And hurrying feet (for the chase is
 hot),

And the short, sharp sound of rifle shot,
 And taunt and menace, — answered
 well

By the Indians' mocking cry and
 yell,—

The bark of dogs,—the squaw's mad
 scream,—

The dash of paddles along the stream,—
 The whistle of shot as it cuts the leaves
 Of the maples around the church's
 eaves,—

And the gride of hatchets fiercely
 thrown,

On wigwam-log and tree and stone.
 Black with the grime of paint and dust,
 Spotted and streaked with human
 gore,

A grim and naked head is thrust
 Within the chapel door.

“ Ha— Bomazeen !— In God's name
 say, [fray ?”

What mean these sounds of bloody
 Silent, the Indian points his hand

To where across the echoing glen
 Sweep Harmon's dreaded ranger-band,
 And Moulton with his men.

“ Where are thy warriors, Bomazeen ?
 Where are De Rouville¹⁷ and Castine,
 And where the braves of Sawga's
 queen ?”

“ Let my father find the winter snow
 Which the sun drank up long moons
 ago !

Under the falls of Tacconock,
 The wolves are eating the Norridge-
 wock ;

Castine with his wives lies closely hid
 Like a fox in the woods of Pemaquid !
 On Sawga's banks the man of war
 Sits in his wigwam like a squaw,—

Squando has fled, and Mogg Megone,
 Struck by the knife of Sagamore John,
 Lies stiff and stark and cold as a stone.”

Fearfully over the Jesuit's face,
Of a thousand thoughts, trace after
trace,
Like swift cloud-shadows, each other
chase.

One instant, his fingers grasp his knife,
For a last vain struggle for cherished
life,—

The next, he hurls the blade away,
And kneels at his altar's foot to pray ;
Over his beads his fingers stray,
And he kisses the cross, and calls aloud

On the Virgin and her Son ;
For terrible thoughts his memory
crowd

Of evil seen and done,—
Of scalps brought home by his savage
flock

From Caseo and Sawga and Sagalahock

In the Church's service won.

No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,
As scowling on the priest he looks :

“Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wes-
saseen ?^a”

Let my father look upon Bomazeen,—
My father's heart is the heart of a
squaw,

But mine is so hard that it does not
thaw ;

Let my father ask his God to make
A dance and a feast for a great
sagamore. [lake,

When he paddles across the western
With his dogs and his squaws to the
spirit's shore.

“Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wes-
saseen ?”

Let my father die like Bomazeen !”

Through the chapel's narrow doors,
And through each window in the
walls,

Round the priest and warrior pours
The deadly shower of English balls
Low on his cross the Jesuit falls ;
While at his side the Norridgewock,
With failing breath, essays to mock

And menace yet the hated foe,—
Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro
Exultingly before their eyes,—
Till, cleft and torn by shot and blow,
Defiant still, he dies.

“So fare all eaters of the frog !
Death to the Babylonish dog !
Down with the beast of Rome !”
With shouts like these, around the dead
Unconscious on his bloody bed,

The rangers crowding come.
Brave men ! the dead priest cannot hear
The unfeeling taunt,—the brutal
jeer ;—

Spurn—for he sees ye not—in wrath,
The symbol of your Saviour's death ;
Tear from his death-grasp, in your
zeal,

And trample, as a thing accursed,
The cross he cherished in the dust :
The dead man cannot feel !

Brutal alike in deed and word,
With callous heart and hand of
strife,

How like a fiend may man be made,
Plying the foul and monstrous trade
Whose harvest-field is human life,
Whose sickle is the reeking sword !

Quenching, with reckless hand, in
blood,

Sparks kindled by the breath of God ;
Urging the deathless soul, unshriven,
Of open guilt or secret sin,

Before the bar of that pure Heaven
The holy only enter in !

Oh, by the widow's sore distress,
The orphan's wailing wretchedness,
By Virtue struggling in the accursed
Embraces of polluting Lust,

By the fell discord of the Pit,
And the pained souls that people it,
And by the blessed peace which fills
The Paradise of God for ever

Resting on all its holy hills,
And flowing with its crystal river,—

Let Christian hands no longer bear
In triumph on his crimson ear
The foul and idol god of war ;
No more the purple wreaths prepare
To bind amid his snaky hair ;

^a Cowesass?—tawhich wessaseen?—Are you
afraid?—why fear you?

Nor Christian bards his glories tell,
Nor Christian tongues his praises
swell.

Through the gun-smoke wreathing
white,

Glimpses on the soldiers' sight
A thing of human shape I ween,
For a moment only seen,
With its loose hair backward stream-
ing,

And its eyeballs madly gleaming,
Shrieking, like a soul in pain,
From the world of light and breath,
Hurrying to its place again,
Spectre-like it vanisheth !

Wretched girl ! one eye alone
Notes the way which thou hast gone.
That great Eye, which slumbers never,
Watching o'er a lost world ever,
Tracks thee over vale and mountain,
By the gushing forest-fountain,
Plucking from the vine its fruit,
Searching for the ground-nut's root,
Peering in the she-wolf's den,
Wading through the marshy fen,
Where the sluggish water-snake
Basks beside the sunny brake,
Coiling in his slimy bed,
Smooth and cold against thy tread,—
Purposeless, thy mazy way
Threading through the lingering day.
And at night securely sleeping
Where the dogwood's dews are weep-
ing !

Still, though earth and man discard
thee,
Doth thy Heavenly Father guard
thee :

He who spared the guilty Cain,
Even when a brother's blood,
Crying in the ear of God,
Gave the earth its primal stain,—
He whose mercy ever liveth,
Who repenting guilt forgiveth,
And the broken heart receiveth,—
Wanderer of the wilderness,
Haunted, guilty, crazed, and wild,
He regardeth thy distress,
And careth for His sinful child !

'Tis springtime on the eastern hills !
Like torrents gush the summer rills ;
Through winter's moss and dry dead
leaves

The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
In kindly shower and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull grey wood ;
Out from its sunned and sheltered
nooks

The blue eye of the violet looks ;
The south-west wind is warmly
blowing,

And odours from the springing grass,
The pine-tree and the sassafras,
Are with it on its errands going.

A band is marching through the
wood

Where rolls the Kennebec his flood,—
The warriors of the wilderness,
Painted, and in their battle dress ;
And with them one whose bearded
cheek,

And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak
A wanderer from the shores of
France.

A few long locks of scattering snow
Beneath a battered morion flow,
And from the rivets of the vest
Which girds in steel his ample breast,
The slanted sunbeams glance.

In the harsh outlines of his face
Passion and sin have left their trace ;
Yet, save worn brow and thin grey
hair,

No signs of weary age are there.

His step is firm, his eye is keen,
Nor years in broil and battle spent,
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have
bent

The lordly frame of old Castine.

No purpose now of strife and blood
Urges the hoary veteran on :
The fire of conquest and the mood
Of chivalry have gone.

A mournful task is his,—to lay
Within the earth the bones of those
Who perished in that fearful day,
When Norridgewock became the prey
Of all unsparing foes.

Sadly and still, dark thoughts between,

Of coming vengeance mused Castine,
Of the fallen chieftain Bomazeen,
Who bade for him the Norridgewocks
Dig up their buried tomahawks

For firm defence or swift attack ;
And him whose friendship formed the tie

Which held the stern self-exile back
From lapsing into savagery ;

Whose garb and tone and kindly glance
Recalled a younger, happier day,
And prompted memory's fond essay,
To bridge the mighty waste which lay

Between his wild home and that gray,

Tall chateau of his native France,
Whose chapel bell, with far-heard din,
Ushered his birth-hour gaily in,
And counted with its solemn toll
The masses for his father's soul.

Hark ! from the foremost of the band
Suddenly bursts the Indian yell ;
For now on the very spot they stand
Where the Norridgewocks fighting fell.

No wigwam smoke is curling there ;
The very earth is scorched and bare :
And they pause and listen to catch a sound

Of breathing life,—but there comes
not one,
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's
bound ;

But here and there, on the blackened
ground,

White bones are glistening in the
sun.

And where the house of prayer arose,
And the holy hymn, at daylight's
close,

And the aged priest stood up to bless
The children of the wilderness,
There is naught save ashes sodden
and dank ;

And the birchen boats of the Nor-
ridgewock,
Tethered to tree and stump and rock,
Rotting along the river bank !

Blessed Mary ! who is she
Leaning against that maple-tree ?
The sun upon her face burns hot,
But the fixed eyelid moveth not ;
The squirrel's chirp is shrill and
clear

From the dry bough above her ear ;
Dashing from rock and root its spray.
Close at her feet the river rushes ;
The blackbird's wing against her
brushes,
And sweetly through the hazel-
bushes

The robin's mellow music gushes ;—
God save her ! will she sleep away ?

Castine hath bent him over the sleeper:
“Wake, daughter,—wake !”—but
she stirs no limb :

The eye that looks on him is fixed
and dim ;
And the sleep she is sleeping shall
be no deeper,

Until the angel's oath is said,
And the final blast of the trump goes
forth

To the graves of the sea and the
graves of earth.

RUTH BONYTHON IS DEAD !



THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.¹⁸

—:O:—

WE had been wandering for many days
Through the rough northern country.

We had seen

The sunset, with its bars of purple
cloud,

Like a new heaven, shine upward
from the lake

Of Winnepiseogee; and had felt

The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy
isles

Which stoop their summer beauty to
the lips

Of the bright waters. We had checked
our steeds,

Silent with wonder, where the moun-
tain wall

Is piled to heaven; and, through the
narrow rift

Of the vast rocks, against whose
rugged feet

Beats the mad torrent with perpetual
roar,

Where noonday is at twilight, and the
wind

Comes burdened with the everlasting
moan

Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,

We had looked upward where the
summer sky,

Tasselled with clouds light-woven by
the sun,

Sprung its blue arch above the abut-
ting crags

O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land
Beyond the wall of mountains. We

had passed

The high source of the Sao; and
bewildered

In the dwarf-spruce-belts of the Crystal
Hills

Had heard above us, like a voice in
the cloud,

The horn of Fabyan sounding; and
atop

Of old Agioochook had seen the moun-
tains

Piled to the northward, shagged with
wood, and thick

As meadow mole-hills,—the far sea
of Casco,

A white gleam on the horizon of the
east;

Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods
and hills;

Moosehillock's mountain range, and
Kearsarge

Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!

And we had rested underneath the oaks
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy
spires are shaken

By the perpetual beating of the falls
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had
tracked

The winding Pemigewasset, overhung
By beechen shadows, whitening down
its rocks

Or lazily gliding through its intervals,
From waving rye-fields sending up
the gleam

Of sunlit waters. We had seen the
moon

Rising behind Umbagog's eastern
pines,

Like a great Indian camp-fire; and
its beams

At midnight spanning with a bridge
of silver

The Merrimack by Uncanoonuc's
falls.

There were five souls of us whom
 travel's chance
 Had thrown together in these wild
 north hills :—
 A city lawyer, for a month escaping
 From his dull office, where the weary
 eye
 Saw only hot brick walls and close
 thronged streets,—
 Briefless as yet, but with an eye to
 see
 Life's sunniest side, and with a heart
 to take
 Its chances all as godsend; and his
 brother,
 Pale from long pulpit studies, yet
 retaining
 The warmth and freshness of a genial
 heart,
 Whose mirror of the beautiful and
 true,
 In Man and Nature, was as yet un-
 dimmed
 By dust of theologic strife, or breath
 Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore ;
 Like a clear crystal calm of water,
 taking
 The hue and image of o'erleaning
 flowers
 Sweet human faces, white clouds of
 the noon,
 Slant starlight glimpses through the
 dewy leaves,
 And tenderest moonrise. 'Twas, in
 truth, a study,
 To mark his spirit, alternating between
 A decent and professional gravity
 And an irreverent mirthfulness, which
 often
 Laughed in the face of his divinity,
 Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite
 unshrined
 The oracle, and for the pattern priest
 Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious
 merchant,
 To whom the soiled sheet found in
 Crawford's inn,
 Giving the latest news of city stocks
 And sales of cotton, had a deeper
 meaning
 Than the great presence of the awful
 mountains

Glorified by the sunset ;—and his
 daughter
 A delicate flower on whom had blown
 too long
 Those evil winds, which, sweeping
 from the ice
 And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,
 Shed their cold blight round Massa-
 chusetts Bay,
 With the same breath which stirs
 Spring's opening leaves
 And lifts her half-formed flower-bell
 on its stem,
 Poisoning our seaside atmosphere.

It chanced
 That as we turned upon our home-
 ward way,
 A drear north-eastern storm came
 howling up
 The valley of the Saco ; and that
 girl
 Who had stood with us upon Mount
 Washington,
 Her brown locks ruffled by the wind
 which whirled
 In gusts around its sharp cold pinnacle,
 Who had joined our gay trout-fishing
 in the streams
 Which lave that giant's feet ; whose
 laugh was heard
 Like a bird's carol on the sunrise
 breeze
 Which swelled our sail amidst the
 lake's green islands,
 Shrank from its harsh, chill breath,
 and visibly drooped
 Like a flower in the frost. So, in
 that quiet inn
 Which looks from Conway on the
 mountains piled
 Heavily against the horizon of the
 north,
 Like summer thunder-clouds, we made
 our home :
 And while the mist hung over dripping
 hills,
 And the cold wind-driven rain-drops
 all day long
 Beat their sad music upon roof and
 pane,
 We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.

The lawyer in the pauses of the storm
 Went angling down the Saco, and,
 returning,
 Recounted his adventures and mis-
 haps ;
 Gave us the history of his scaly clients,
 Mingling with ludicrous yet apt cita-
 tions
 Of barbarous law Latin, passages
 From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet
 and fresh
 As the flower-skirted streams of Staf-
 fordshire,
 Where, under aged trees, the south-
 west wind
 Of soft June mornings fanned the
 thin, white hair
 Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be
 told,
 Our youthful candidate forsook his
 sermons,
 His commentaries, articles and creeds,
 For the fair page of human loveli-
 ness,—
 The missal of young hearts, whose
 sacred text
 Is music, its illumining sweet smiles.
 He sang the songs she loved ; and in
 his low,
 Deep, earnest voice, recited many a
 page
 Of poetry,—the holiest, tenderest lines
 Of the sad bard of Olney,—the sweet
 songs,
 Simple and beautiful as Truth and
 Nature,
 Of him whose whitened locks on
 Rydal Mount
 Are lifted yet by morning breezes
 blowing
 From the green hills, immortal in his
 lays.
 And for myself, obedient to her wish,
 I searched our landlord's proffered
 library,—
 A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its
 nice wood pictures
 Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike
 them,—
 Watts' unmelodious psalms,—Astrol-
 ogy's
 Last home, a musty pile of almanacs,

And an old chronicle of border wars
 And Indian history. And, as I read
 A story of the marriage of the Chief
 Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,
 Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt
 In the old time upon the Merrimack,
 Our fair one, in the playful exercise
 Of her prerogative,—the right divine
 Of youth and beauty,—bade us versify
 The legend, and with ready pencil
 sketched
 Its plan and outlines, laughingly as-
 signing
 To each his part, and barring our
 excuses
 With absolute will. So, like the
 cavaliers
 Whose voices still are heard in the
 Romance
 Of silver-tongued Boccaccio, on the
 banks
 Of Arno, with soft tales of love be-
 guiling
 The ear of languid beauty, plague-
 exiled
 From stately Florence, we rehearsed
 our rhymes
 To their fair auditor, and shared by
 turns
 Her kind approval and her playful
 censure.

It may be that these fragments owe
 alone
 To the fair setting of their circum-
 stances,—
 The associations of time, scene, and
 audience,—
 Their place amid the pictures which
 fill up
 The chambers of my memory. Yet I
 trust
 That some, who sigh, while wander-
 ing in thought,
 Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden
 world,
 That our broad land,—our sea-like
 lakes and mountains
 Piled to the clouds,—our rivers over-
 hung
 By forests which have known no other
 change

For ages, than the budding and the
 fall
 Of leaves,—our valleys lovelier than
 those
 Which the old poets sang of,—should
 but figure
 On the apocryphal chart of speculation
 As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites,
 with the privileges,
 Rights, and appurtenances, which
 make up
 A Yankee Paradise,—unsung, un-
 known,
 To beautiful tradition; even their
 names,
 Whose melody yet lingers like the
 last
 Vibration of the red man's requiem,
 Exchanged for syllables significant
 Of cotton-mill and rail-car, will look
 kindly
 Upon this effort to call up the ghost
 Of our dim Past, and listen with
 pleased ear
 To the responses of the questioned
 Shade.

I. THE MERRIMACK.

O CHILD of that white-crested moun-
 tain whose springs
 Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-
 eagle's wings,
 Down whose slopes to the lowlands
 thy wild waters shine,
 Leaping grey walls of rock, flashing
 through the dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so
 cold and so lone,
 From the arms of that wintry-locked
 mother of stone,
 By hills hung with forests, through
 vales wide and free,
 Thy mountain-born brightness glanced
 down to the sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that
 where the trees
 Stretched their long arms above thee
 and kissed the breeze:

No sound save the lapse of the waves
 on thy shores,
 The plunging of otters, the light dip
 of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amos-
 keag's fall
 Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately
 and tall,
 Thy Nashua meadows lay green and
 unshorn,
 And the hills of Pentucket were tas-
 selled with corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer
 than these, [trees,
 And greener its grasses and taller its
 Ere the sound of an axe in the forest
 had rung,
 Or the mower his scythe in the mea-
 dows had swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out
 from the wood
 The bark-built wigwams of Penna-
 cook stood,
 There glided the corn-dance, the
 council-fire shone,
 And against the red war-post the
 hatchet was thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their
 pipes, and the young
 To the pike and the white-perch their
 bated lines flung;
 There the boy shaped his arrows, and
 there the shy maid
 Wove her many-hued baskets and
 bright wampum braid.

O Stream of the Mountains! if answer
 of thine [of mine,
 Could rise from thy waters to question
 Methinks through the din of thy
 thronged banks a moan
 Of sorrow would swell for the days
 which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom
 and the wheel,
 The gliding of shuttles, the ringing
 of steel;

But that old voice of waters, of bird
and of breeze,
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling
of trees !

II. THE BASHABA.¹⁹

LIFT we the twilight curtains of the
Past, [and sound,
And, turning from familiar sight
Sadly and full of reverence let us cast
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy
ground,
Led by the few pale lights which,
glimmering round
That dim, strange land of Eld, seem
dying fast ;
And that which history gives not to
the eye,
The faded colouring of Time's tapestry,
Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped
brush, supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,
Through whose chinks the sunbeams
shine,
Tracing many a golden line
On the ample floor within ;
Where, upon that earth-floor stark,
Lay the gaudy mats of bark,
With the bear's hide, rough and dark,
And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,
Woven of the willow white,
Lent a dimly checkered light,
And the night-stars glimmered
down,
Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,
Slowly through an opening broke,
In the low roof, ribbed with oak,
Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade
By the solemn pine-wood made ;
Through the rugged palisade,
In the open foreground planted,
Glimpses came of rowers rowing,
Stir of leaves and wild-flowers blowing,
Steel-like gleams of water flowing,
In the sunlight slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba
Held his long-unquestioned sway,
From the White Hills, far away,
To the great sea's sounding shore ;
Chief of chiefs, his regal word
All the river Sachems heard,
At his call the war-dance stirred,
Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,
Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw,
Panther's skin and eagle's claw,
Lay beside his axe and bow ;
And, adown the roof-pole hung,
Loosely on a snake-skin strung,
In the smoke his scalp-locks swung
Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,
When he saw that lodge-fire glowing
O'er the waters still and red ;
And the squaw's dark eye burned
brighter,
And she drew her blanket tighter,
As, with quicker step and lighter,
From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,
And a Panisee's dark will.
Over powers of good and ill,
Powers which bless and powers
which ban,—
Wizard lord of Pennacook,
Chiefs upon their war-path shook,
When they met the steady look
Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the grey squaw told,
When the winter night-wind cold
Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,
And her fire burned low and
small.

Till the very child abed,
Drew his bear-skin over head,
Shrinking from the pale lights shed
On the trembling wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding
Under earth or wave, abiding
In the caverned rock, or riding
Misty clouds or morning breeze ;

Every dark intelligence,
 Secret soul, and influence
 Of all things which outward sense
 Feels, or hears, or sees,—

These the wizard's skill confessed,
 At his bidding banned or blessed,
 Stormful woke or lulled to rest
 Wind and cloud, and fire and flood;
 Burned for him the drifted snow,
 Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,
 And the leaves of summer grow
 Over winter's wood!

Not untrue that tale of old!
 Now, as then, the wise and bold
 All the powers of Nature hold
 Subject to their kingly will;
 From the wondering crowds ashore,
 Treading life's wild waters o'er,
 As upon a marble floor,
 Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements
 With their sterner laws dispense,
 And the chain of consequence
 Broken in their pathway lies;
 Time and change their vassals making,
 Flowers from icy pillows waking,
 Tresses of the sunrise shaking
 Over midnight skies.

Still, to th' earnest soul, the sun
 Rests on towerèd Gibeon,
 And the moon of Ajalon
 Lights the battle-grounds of life;
 To his aid the strong reverses
 Hidden powers and giant forces,
 And the high stars, in their courses,
 Mingle in his strife!

III. THE DAUGHTER.

THE soot-black brows of men,—the
 yell
 Of women thronging round the
 bed,—
 The tinkling charm of ring and
 shell,—
 The Powah whispering o'er the
 dead!—

All these the Sachem's home had
 known, [wild
 When, on her journey long and
 To the dim World of Souls, alone,
 In her young beauty passed the mother
 of his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's
 dwelling
 They laid her in the walnut shade,
 Where a green hillock gently swell-
 ing
 Her fitting mound of burial made.
 There trailed the vine in summer
 hours,
 The tree-perched squirrel dropped
 his shell,— [flowers,
 On velvet moss and pale-lued
 Woven with leaf and spray, the soft-
 ened sunshine fell!

The Indian's heart is hard and
 cold,—
 It closes darkly o'er its care,
 And, formed in Nature's sternest
 mould,
 Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.
 The war-paint on the Sachem's face,
 Unwet with tears, shone fierce
 and red,
 And, still in battle or in chase,
 Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped be-
 neath his foremost tread.

Yet when her name was heard no
 more, [gave,
 And when the robe her mother
 And small, light moccasin she wore,
 Had slowly wasted on her grave,
 Unmarked of him the dark maids
 sped [play;
 Their sunset dance and moonlit
 No other shared his lonely bed,
 No other fair young head upon his
 bosom lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as some-
 times
 The tempest-smitten tree receives
 From one small root the sap which
 climbs [leaves,
 Its topmost spray and crowning

So from his child the Sachem drew
A life of Love and Hope, and felt

His cold and rugged nature through
The softness and the warmth of her
young being melt.

A laugh which in the woodland
rang

Bemoeking April's gladdest
bird,—

A light and graceful form which
sprang

To meet him when his step was
heard,—

Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,
Small fingers stringing bead and
shell

Or weaving mats of bright-hued
bark,—

With these the household-god^a had
graced his wigwam well.

Child of the forest!—strong and
free,

Slight-robed, with loosely flow-
ing hair,

She swam the lake or climbed the
tree,

Or struck the flying bird in air,
O'er the heaped drifts of winter's
moon

Her snow-shoes tracked the
hunter's way ;

And dazzling in the summer noon
The blade of her light oar threw off
its shower of spray !

Unknown to her the rigid rule,
The dull restraint, the chiding
frown,

The weary torture of the school,
The taming of wild nature down.

Her only lore, the legends told
Around the hunter's fire at night ;

Stars rose and set, and seasons
rolled,

Flowers bloomed and snow-flakes fell,
unquestioned in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill
With which the artist-eye can
trace

In rock and tree and lake and hill
The outlines of divinest grace ;

Unknown the fine soul's keen un-
rest,

Which sees, admires, yet yearns
always ;

Too closely on her mother's breast
To note her smiles of love the child
of Nature lay !

It is enough for such to be
Of common, natural things a part,
To feel, with 'bird and stream and
tree,

The pulses of the same great
heart ;

But we, from Nature long exiled
In our cold homes of Art and
Thought,

Grieve like the stranger-tended
child,

Which seeks its mother's arms, and
sees but feels them not.

The garden rose may richly bloom[']
In cultured soil and genial air

To cloud the light of Fashion's
room

Or droop in Beauty's midnight
hair,

In lonelier grace, to sun and dew
The sweetbrier on the hillside
shows

Its single leaf and fainter hue,
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a
sister rose !

Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo
Their mingling shades of joy and
ill

The instincts of her nature threw,—
The savage was a woman still.

Midst outlines dim of maiden
schemes,

Heart-coloured prophecies of life,
Rose on the ground of her young
dreams

The light of a new home,—the lover
and the wife.

^a "The Indians," says Roger Williams,
"have a god whom they call *Wetuanit*,
who presides over the household."

IV. THE WEDDING.

Cool and dark fell the autumn night,
But the Bashaba's wigwam glowed
with light,
For down from its roof by green
withes hung
Flaring and smoking the pine-knot
swung.

And along the river great wood-fires
Shot into the night their long red
spires,
Showing behind the tall, dark wood,
Flashing before on the sweeping flood.

In the changeful wind, with shimmer
and shade,
Now high, now low, that firelight
played,
On tree-leaves wet with evening dews,
On gliding water and still canoes.

The trapper that night on Turee's
brook,
And the weary fisher on Contoocook,
Saw over the marshes and through
the pine,
And down on the river the dance-
lights shine.

For the Saugus Sachem had come to
woo
The Bashaba's daughter Weetamoo,
And laid at her father's feet that night
His softest furs and wampum white.

From the Crystal Hills to the far
south-east
The river Sagamores came to the feast ;
And chiefs whose homes the sea-winds
shook,
Sat down on the mats of Pennacook.

They came from Sunapee's shore of
rock,
From the snowy sources of Snooga-
nock,
And from rough Coös whose thick
woods shake
Their pine-cones in Umbagog Lake.

From Ammonoosuc's mountain pass,
Wild as his home, came Chepewass ;
And the Keenomps of the hills which
throw
Their shade on the Smile of Manito.

With pipes of peace and bows
unstrung,
Glowing with paint came old and
young,
In wampum and furs and feathers
arrayed,
To the dance and feast the Bashaba
made.

Bird of the air and beast of the field,
All which the woods and waters yield,
On dishes of birch and hemlock piled,
Garnished and graced that banquet
wild.

Steaks of the brown bear fat and large
From the rocky slopes of the Kear-
sarge ;
Delicate trout from Babboosuck
brook, [cook ;
And salmon speared in the Contoo-

Squirrels which feed where nuts fell
thick
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic ;
And small wild-hens in reed-snares
caught
From the banks of Sondagardee
brought ;

Pike and perch from the Suncook
taken,
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills
shaken, [bog,
Cranberries picked in the Squamscot
And grapes from the vines of Piscata-
quog :

And, drawn from that great stone
vase which stands
In the river scooped by a spirit's
hands,²⁰
Garnished with spoons of shell and
horn,
Stood the birchen dishes of smoking
corn.

Thus bird of the air and beast of the
field,
All which the woods and the waters
yield,
Furnished in that olden day
The bridal feast of the Bashaba.

And merrily when that feast was
done
On the fire-lit green the dance begun,
With squaws' shrill stave, and deeper
hum
Of old men beating the Indian drum.

Painted and plumed, with scalp-locks
flowing,
And red arms tossing and black eyes
glowing,
Now in the light and now in the shade
Around the fires the dancers played.

The step was quicker, the song more
shrill,
And the beat of the small drums
louder still
Whenever within the circle drew
The Saugus Sachem and Weetamoo.

The moons of forty winters had shed
Their snow upon that chieftain's
head,
And toil and care, and battle's chance
Had seamed his hard dark counten-
ance.

A fawn beside the bison grim,—
Why turns the bride's fond eye on
him,
In whose cold look is naught beside
The triumph of a sullen pride?

Ask why the graceful grape entwines
The rough oak with her arm of vines ;
And why the grey rock's rugged cheek
The soft lips of the mosses seek :

Why, with wise instinct, Nature
seems
To harmonise her wide extremes,
Linking the stronger with the weak,
The haughty with the soft and
meek !

V. THE NEW HOME.

A WILD and broken landscape, spiked
with firs,
Roughening the bleak horizon's
northern edge,
Steep, cavernous hillsides, where black
hemlock spurs
And sharp, grey splinters of the
wind-swept ledge
Pierced the thin-glazed ice, or brist-
ling rose,
Where the cold rim of the sky sunk
down upon the snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes
stretched away,
Dull, dreary flats without a bush
or tree,
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice
a day
Gurgled the waters of the moon-
struck sea ;
And faint with distance came the
stifled roar,
The melancholy lapse of waves on
that low shore.

No cheerful village with its mingling
smokes,
No laugh of children wrestling in
the snow,
No camp-fire blazing through the hill-
side oaks, [low ;
No fishers kneeling on the ice be-
Yet midst all desolate things of sound
and view,
Through the long winter moons smiled
dark-eyed Weetamoo.

Her heart had found a home ; and
freshly all
Its beautiful affections overgrew
Their rugged prop. As o'er some
granite wall
Soft vine-leaves open to the moisten-
ing dew
And warm bright sun, the love of
that young wife
Found on a hard cold breast the dew
and warmth of life.

The steep bleak hills, the melancholy
shore,

The long dead level of the marsh
between,

A colouring of unreal beauty wore
Through the soft golden mist of
young love seen.

For o'er those hills and from that
dreary plain,

Nightly she welcomed home her
hunter chief again.

No warmth of heart, no passionate
burst of feeling,

Repaid her welcoming smile and
parting kiss,

No fond and playful dalliance half
concealing,

Under the guise of mirth, its
tenderness ;

But, in their stead, the warrior's
settled pride,

And vanity's pleased smile with
homage satisfied.

Enough for Weetamoo, that she alone
Sat on his mat and slumbered at
his side ;

That he whose fame to her young ear
had flown [bride ;

Now looked upon her proudly as his
That he whose name the Mohawk
trembling heard

Vouchsafed to her at times a kindly
look or word.

For she had learned the maxims of
her race,

Which teach the woman to become
a slave [grace

And feel herself the pardonless dis-
Of love's fond weakness in the wise
and brave,—

The scandal and the shame which
they incur,

Who give to woman all which man
requires of her.

So passed the winter moons. The
sun at last

Broke link by link the frost chain
of the rills,

And the warm breathings of the
south-west passed

Over the hoar rime of the Saugus
hills,

The grey and desolate marsh grew
green once more,

And the birch-tree's tremulous shade
fell round the Sachem's door.

Then from far Pennacook swift runners
came,

With gift and greeting for the
Saugus chief ;

Beseeching him in the great Sachem's
name,

That, with the coming of the flower
and leaf,

The song of birds, the warm breeze
and the rain,

Young Weetamoo might greet her
lonely sire again.

And Winnepurkit called his chiefs
together,

And a grave council in his wigwam
met,

Solemn and brief in words, consider-
ing whether

The rigid rules of forest etiquette
Permitted Weetamoo once more to
look

Upon her father's face and green-
banked Pennacook.

With interludes of pipe-smoke and
strong water,

The forest sages pondered, and at
length,

Concluded in a body to escort her
Up to her father's home of pride
and strength,

Impressing thus on Pennacook a sense
Of Winnepurkit's power and regal
consequence.

So through old woods which Aukeeta-
mit's^a hand,

A soft and many-shaded greenness
lent,

^a The Spring God.—See *Roger Williams's Key, etc.*

Over high breezy hills, and meadow
land
Yellow with flowers, the wild pro-
cession went,
Till, rolling down its wooded banks
between,
A broad, clear, mountain stream, the
Merrimack was seen.

The hunter leaning on his bow un-
drawn,
The fisher lounging on the pebbled
shores,
Squaws in the clearing dropping the
seed-corn,
Young children peering through
the wigwam doors,
Saw with delight, surrounded by her
train
Of painted Saugus braves, their Wee-
tamoo again.

VI. AT PENNACOOK.

THE hills are dearest which our child-
ish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the
streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young
lips drank,
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy
bank:

Midst the cold dreary sea-watch,
Home's hearth-light
Shines round the helmsman plunging
through the night;
And still, with inward eye, the
traveller sees
In close, dark, stranger streets his
native trees.

The home-sick dreamer's brow is
nightly fanned
By breezes whispering of his native
land,
And on the stranger's dim and dying
eye
The soft, sweet pictures of his child-
hood lie.

Joy then for Weetamoo, to sit once
more
A child upon her father's wigwam
floor!
Once more with her old fondness to
beguile
From his cold eye the strange light
of a smile.

The long bright days of summer
swiftly passed,
The dry leaves whirled in autumn's
rising blast,
And evening cloud and whitening
sunrise rime
Told of the coming of the winter-time.

But vainly looked, the while, young
Weetamoo,
Down the dark river for her chief's
canoe;
No dusky messenger from Saugus
brought
The grateful tidings which the young
wife sought.

At length a runner from her father
sent,
To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam
went:
"Eagle of Saugus,—in the woods the
dove
Mourns for the shelter of thy wings
of love."

But the dark chief of Saugus turned
aside
In the grim anger of hard-hearted
pride;
"I bore her as became a chieftain's
daughter,
Up to her home beside the gliding
water.

"If now no more a mat for her is
found
Of all which line her father's wigwam
round,
Let Pennacook call out his warrior
train,
And send her back with wampum
gifts again."

The baffled runner turned upon his track,
 Bearing the words of Winnepurkit back.
 "Dog of the Marsh," cried Pennacook,
 "no more
 Shall child of mine sit on his wigwam floor.

"Go,—let him seek some meaner squaw to spread
 The stolen bear-skin of his beggar's bed :
 Son of a fish-hawk !—let him dig his clams
 For some vile daughter of the Agawams,

"Or coward Nipmucks !—may his scalp dry black
 In Mohawk smoke, before I send her back."
 He shook his clenched hand towards the ocean wave,
 While hoarse assent his listening council gave.

Alas, poor bride !—can thy grim sire impart
 His iron hardness to thy woman's heart ?
 Or cold self-torturing pride like his atone
 For love denied and life's warm beauty flown ?

On Autumn's grey and mournful grave the snow
 Hung its white wreaths ; with stifled voice and low
 The river crept, by one vast bridge o'er-crossed,
 Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

And many a Moon in beauty newly born
 Pierced the red sunset with her silver horn,
 Or, from the east, across her azure [field
 Rolled the wide brightness of her full-orbed shield.

Yet Winnepurkit came not,—on the mat
 Of the scorned wife her dusky rival sat ;
 And he, the while, in Western woods afar,
 Urged the long chase, or trod the path of war.

Dry up thy tears, young daughter of a chief !
 Waste not on him the sacredness of grief ;
 Be the fierce spirit of thy sire thine own,
 His lips of scorning, and his heart of stone.

What heeds the warrior of a hundred fights,
 The storm-worn watcher through long hunting nights,
 Cold, crafty, proud of woman's weak distress,
 Her home-bound grief and pining loneliness ?

VII. THE DEPARTURE.

THE wild March rains had fallen fast and long
 The snowy mountains of the North among,
 Making each vale a watercourse,—each hill
 Bright with the cascade of some new-made rill.

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by the rain,
 Heaved underneath by the swollen current's strain,
 The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merri-mack
 Bore the huge ruin crashing down its track.

On that strong turbid water, a small boat
 Guided by one weak hand was seen to float ;

Evil the fate which loosed it from the
shore, [oar!
Too early voyager with too frail an

Down the vexed centre of that rush-
ing tide,
The thick huge ice-blocks threatening
either side,
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag
in view, [canoe.
With arrowy swiftness sped that light

The trapper, moistening his moose's
meat [feet,
On the wet bank by Uncanoonuc's
Saw the swift boat flash down the
troubled stream—
Slept he, or waked he?—was it truth
or dream?

The straining eye bent fearfully before,
The small hand clenching on the use-
less oar,
The bead-wrought blanket trailing
o'er the water—
He knew them all—woe for the
Sachem's daughter!

Sick and weary of her lonely life,
Heedless of peril the still faithful wife
Had left her mother's grave, her
father's door,
To seek the wigwam of her chief once
more.

Down the white rapids like a sear
leaf whirled,
On the sharp rocks and piled-up ices
hurled,
Empty and broken, circled the canoe
In the vexed pool below—but, where
was Weetamoo?

VIII. SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE Dark eye has left us,
The Spring-bird has flown;
On the pathway of spirits
She wanders alone.
The song of the wood-dove has died
on our shore,—

Mat wonck kunna-monee!^a—We hear
it no more!

O dark water Spirit!
We cast on thy wave
These furs which may never
Hang over her grave;
Bear down to the lost one the robes
that she wore,— [her no more!
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—We see

Of the strange land she walks in
No Powah has told:
It may burn with the sunshine,
Or freeze with the cold.
Let us give to our lost one the robes
that she wore, [her no more!
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—We see

The path she is treading
Shall soon be our own;
Each gliding in shadow
Unseen and alone!—
In vain shall we call on the souls
gone before,— [us no more!
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—They hear

O mighty Sowanna!^b
Thy gateways unfold,
From thy wigwam of sunset
Lift curtains of gold!
Take home the poor Spirit whose jour-
ney is o'er,— [her no more!
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—We see

So sang the Children of the Leaves
beside [ing tide,
The broad, dark river's coldly flow-
Now low, now harsh, with sob-like
pause and swell, [and fell.
On the high wind their voices rose
Nature's wild music,—sounds of wind-
swept trees, [the breeze,
The scream of birds, the wailing of
The roar of waters, steady, deep, and
strong,— [well song.
Mingled and murmured in that fare-

^a "Mat wonck kunna-monee." We shall see thee or her no more.—*Vide* Roger Williams's *Key to the Indian Language*.

^b "The Great South-West God."—See Roger Williams's *Observations*, etc.

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

—:o:—

“ I do believe, and yet, in grief,
I pray for help to unbelief ;
For needful strength aside to lay
The daily cumberings of my way.

“ I’m sick at heart of craft and cant,
Sick of the crazed enthusiast’s rant,
Profession’s smooth hypoerisies,
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

“ I ponder o’er the sacred word,
I read the record of our Lord ;
And, weak and troubled, envy them
Who touched His seamless garment’s
hem ;—

“ Who saw the tears of love He wept
Above the grave where Lazarus slept ;
And heard, amidst the shadows dim
Of Olivet, His evening hymn.

“ How blessed the swineherd’s low
estate,
The beggar crouching at the gate,
The leper loathly and abhorred,
Whose eyes of flesh beheld the Lord !

“ O sacred soil His sandals pressed !
Sweet fountains of His noonday rest !
O light and air of Palestine,
Impregnate with His life divine !

“ Oh, bear me thither ! Let me look
On Siloa’s pool and Kedron’s brook,—
Kneel at Gethsemane, and by
Gennesaret walk, before I die !

“ Methinks this cold and northern
night
Would melt before that Orient light ;
And, wet by Hermon’s dew and rain,
My childhood’s faith revive again !”

So spake my friend, one autumn day,
Where the still river slid away
Beneath us, and above the brown
Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I,—for I could not brook
The mute appealing of his look,—
“ I, too, am weak, and faith is small,
And blindness happeneth unto all,

“ Yet, sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal
right ;
And, step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man ;

“ That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,—
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

“ Thou weariest of thy present state ;
What gain to thee time’s holiest date ?
The doubter now perchance had been
As High Priest or as Pilate then !

“ What thought Chorazin’s scribes ?
What faith
In Him had Nain and Nazareth ?
Of the few followers whom He led
One sold Him,—all forsook and fled.

“ O friend ! we need not rock nor sand,
Nor storied stream of Morning-Land ;
The heavens are glassed in Merri-
mack,—
What more could Jordan render back ?

“ We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient’s marvels herē ;—
The still small voice in autumn’s hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold ;—
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves,
With roots deep set in battle graves !

“Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds
of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

“That song of Love, now low and
far,
Erelong shall swell from star to star !
That light, the breaking day, which
tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse !”

Then, when my good friend shook
his head,
And, sighing, sadly smiled, I said :
“Thou mind'st me of a story told
In rare Bernardin's leaves of gold.”²¹

And while the slanted sunbeams wove
The shadows of the frost-stained grove,
And, picturing all, the river ran
O'er cloud and wood, I thus began :

—

In Mount Valerien's chestnut wood
The Chapel of the Hermits stood ;
And thither, at the close of day,
Came two old pilgrims, worn and gray.

One, whose impetuous youth defied
The storms of Baikal's wintry side,
And mused and dreamed where tropic
day
Flamed o'er his lost Virginia's bay

His simple tale of love and woe
All hearts had melted, high or low ;—
A blissful pain, a sweet distress,
Immortal in its tenderness.

Yet, while above his charmed page
Beat quick the young heart of his
age,
He walked amidst the crowd unknown,
A sorrowing old man, strange and lone.

A homeless, troubled age,—the gray
Pale setting of a weary day ;
Too dull his ear for voice of praise,
Too sadly worn his brow for bays.

Pride, lust of power and glory, slept :
Yet still his heart its young dream
kept,
And, wandering like the deluge-dove,
Still sought the resting-place of love.

And, mateless, childless, envied more
The peasant's welcome from his door
By smiling eyes at eventide,
Than kingly gifts or lettered pride.

Until, in place of wife and child,
All-pitying Nature on him smiled,
And gave to him the golden keys
To all her inmost sanctities.

Mild Druid of her wood-paths dim !
She laid her great heart bare to him,
Its loves and sweet accords ;—he saw
The beauty of her perfect law.

The language of her signs he knew,
What notes her cloudy clarion blew ;
The rhythm of autumn's forest dyes,
The hymn of sunset's painted skies.

And thus he seemed to hear the song
Which swept, of old, the stars along ;
And to his eyes the earth once more
Its fresh and primal beauty wore.

Who sought with him, from summer
air,
And field and wood, a balm for care ;
And bathed in light of sunset skies
His tortured nerves and weary eyes ?

His fame on all the winds had flown ;
His words had shaken crypt and
throne ;
Like fire, on camp and court and cell
They dropped, and kindled as they fell.

Beneath the pomps of state, below
The mitred juggler's masque and show,
A prophecy—a vague hope—ran
His burning thought from man to man.

For peace or rest too well he saw
The fraud of priests, the wrong of law,
And felt how hard, between the two,
Their breath of pain the millions drew.

A prophet-utterance, strong and wild,
The weakness of an unweaned child,
A sun-bright hope for human-kind,
And self-despair, in him combined.

He loathed the false, yet lived not true
To half the glorious truths he knew;
The doubt, the discord, and the sin,
He mourned without, he felt within.

Untrod by him the path he showed,
Sweet pictures on his casel glowed
Of simple faith, and loves of home,
And virtue's golden days to come.

But weakness, shame, and folly made
The foil to all his pen portrayed;
Still, where his dreamy splendours
shone
The shadow of himself was thrown.

Lord, what is man, whose thought, at
times,
Up to Thy sevenfold brightness climbs,
While still his grosser instinct clings
To earth, like other creeping things!

So rich in words, in acts so mean;
So high, so low; chance-swung between
The foulness of the penal pit
And Truth's clear sky, millennium-lit!

Vain pride of star-lent genius!—vain
Quick fancy and creative brain,
Unblest by prayerful sacrifice,
Absurdly great, or weakly wise!

Midst yearnings for a truer life,
Without were fears, within was strife;
And still his wayward act denied
The perfect good for which he sighed.

The love he sent forth void returned;
The fame that crowned him scorched
and burned,
Burning, yet cold and drear and lone,—
A fire-mount in a frozen zone!

Like that the grey-haired sea-king
passed,²²
Seen southward from his sleety mast,
About whose brows of changeless frost
A wreath of flame the wild winds
tossed.

Far round the mournful beauty played
Of lambent light and purple shade,
Lost on the fixed and dumb despair
Of frozen earth and sea and air!

A man apart, unknown, unloved
By those whose wrongs his soul had
moved,
He bore the ban of Church and State,
The good man's fear, the bigot's hate!

Forth from the city's noise and throng,
Its pomp and shame, its sin and wrong,
The twain that summer day had
strayed
To Mount Valerien's chestnut shade.

To them the green fields and the
wood
Lent something of their quietude,
And golden-tinted sunset seemed
Prophetical of all they dreamed.

The hermits from their simple cares
The bell was calling home to prayers,
And, listening to its sound, the twain
Seemed lapped in childhood's trust
again.

Wide open stood the chapel door;
A sweet old music, swelling o'er
Low prayerful murmurs, issued
thence,—
The Litanies of Providence!

Then Rousseau spake: "Where two
or three
In His name meet, He there will be!"
And then, in silence, on their knees
They sank beneath the chestnut trees.

As to the blind returning light,
As daybreak to the Arctic night,
Old faith revived: the doubts of years
Dissolved in reverential tears.

That gush of feeling overpast,
 "Ah me!" Bernardin sighed at last,
 "I would thy bitterest foes could see
 Thy heart as it is seen of me!

"No church of God hast thou denied;
 Thou hast but spurned in scorn aside
 A base and hollow counterfeit,
 Profaning the pure name of it!

"With dry dead moss and marish
 weeds
 His fire the western herdsman feeds,
 And greener from the ashen plain
 The sweet spring grasses rise again.

"Nor thunder-peal nor mighty wind
 Disturb the solid sky behind;
 And through the cloud the red bolt
 rends
 The calm, still smile of Heaven de-
 scends!

"Thus through the world, like bolt
 and blast,
 And scourging fire, thy words have
 passed.
 Clouds break,—the steadfast heavens
 remain; [grain!
 Weeds burn,—the ashes feed the

"But whoso strives with wrong may
 find
 Its touch pollute, its darkness blind;
 And learn, as latent fraud is shown
 In others' faith, to doubt his own.

"With dream and falsehood, simple
 trust
 And pious hope we tread in dust;
 Lost the calm faith in goodness,—lost
 The baptism of the Pentecost!

"Alas!—the blows for error meant
 Too oft on truth itself are spent,
 As through the false and vile and base
 Looks forth her sad, rebuking face.

"Not ours the Theban's charmed life;
 We come not scatheless from the strife!
 The Python's coil about us clings,
 The trampled Hydra bites and stings!

"Meanwhile, the sport of seeming
 chance,
 The plastic shapes of circumstance,
 What might have been we fondly
 guess,
 If earlier born, or tempted less.

"And thou, in these wild, troubled
 days,
 Misjudged alike in blame and praise,
 Unsought and undeserved the same
 The sceptic's praise, the bigot's
 blame;—

"I cannot doubt, if thou hadst been
 Among the highly-favoured men
 Who walked on earth with Fénelon
 He would have owned thee as his son;

"And, bright with wings of cherubim
 Visibly waving over him,
 Seen through his life, the Church had
 seemed
 All that its old confessors dreamed."

"I would have been," Jean Jacques
 replied,
 "The humblest servant at his side,
 Obscure, unknown, content to see
 How beautiful man's life may be!

"Oh, more than thrice-blest relic, more
 Than solemn rite or sacred lore,
 The holy life of one who trod
 The footmarks of the Christ of God!

"Amidst a blinded world he saw
 The oneness of the Dual law;
 That Heaven's sweet peace on Earth
 began [man.
 And God was loved through love of

"He lived the Truth which reconciled
 The strong man Reason, Faith the
 child:
 In him belief and act were one,
 The homilies of duty done!"

Sospeaking, through the twilight gray
 The two old pilgrims went their way.
 What seeds of life that day were sown,
 The heavenly watchers knew alone.

Time passed, and Autumn came to fold
 Green Summer in her brown and gold ;
 Time passed, and Winter's tears of
 snow [Rousseau.
 Dropped on the grave-mound of

"The tree remaineth where it fell,
 The pained on earth is pained in hell !"
 So priestcraft from its altars cursed
 The mournful doubts its falsehood
 nursed.

Ah ! well of old the Psalmist prayed,
 "Thy hand, not man's, on me be laid !"
 Earth frowns below, Heaven weeps
 above,
 And man is hate, but God is love !

No Hermits now the wanderer sees,
 Nor chapel with its chestnut trees ;
 A morning dream, a tale that's told,
 The wave of change o'er all has rolled.

Yet lives the lesson of that day ;
 And from its twilight cool and gray
 Comes up a low, sad whisper, "Make
 The truth thine own, for truth's own
 sake.

"Why wait to see in thy brief span
 Its perfect flower and fruit in man ?
 No saintly touch can save ; no balm
 Of healing hath the martyr's palm.

"Midst soulless forms, and false pre-
 tence
 Of spiritual pride and pampered sense,
 A voice saith, 'What is that to thee ?
 Be true thyself, and follow Me !'

"In days when throne and altar heard
 The wanton's wish, the bigot's word,
 And pomp of State and ritual show
 Scarce hid the loathsome death
 below,—

"Midst fawning priests and courtiers
 foul,
 The losel swarm of crown and cowl,
 White-robed walked François Féné-
 lon,
 Stainless as Uriel in the sun !

"Yet in his time the stake blazed red,
 The poor were eaten up like bread :
 Men knew him not : his garment's hem
 No healing virtue had for them.

"Alas ! no present saint we find ;
 The white cymar gleams far behind,
 Revealed in outline vague, sublime,
 Through telescopic mists of time !

"Trust not in man with passing breath,
 But in the Lord, old Scripture saith ;
 The truth which saves thou mayst
 not blend
 With false professor, faithless friend.

"Search thine own heart. What
 paineth thee
 In others in thyself may be ;
 All dust is frail, all flesh is weak ;
 Be thou the true man thou dost seek !

"Where now with pain thou treadest,
 trod
 The whitest of the saints of God !
 To show thee where their feet were
 set,
 The light which led them shineth yet.

"The footprints of the life divine,
 Which marked their path, remain in
 thine ;
 And that great Life, transfused in
 theirs,
 Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy
 prayers !"

A lesson which I well may heed,
 A word of fitness to my need ;
 So from that twilight cool and gray
 Still saith a voice, or seems to say.

We rose, and slowly homeward turned,
 While down the west the sunset
 burned ;
 And, in its light, hill, wood, and tide,
 And human forms seemed glorified.

The village homes transfigured stood,
 And purple bluffs, whose belting wood
 Across the waters leaned to hold
 The yellow leaves like lamps of gold.

Then spake my friend : "Thy words
are true ;

For ever old, for ever new,
These home-seen splendours are the
same

Which over Eden's sunsets came.

"To these bowed heavens let wood
and hill

Lift voiceless praise and anthem still ;
Fall, warm with blessing, over them,
Light of the New Jerusalem !

"Flow on, sweet river, like the
stream

Of John's Apocalyptic dream !
This mapled ridge shall Horeb be,
Yon green-banked lake our Galilee !

"Henceforth my heart shall sigh no
more

For olden time and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing, then and
there

Are now and here and everywhere."



THE PANORAMA.

—:o:—

"Ah! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayse man to haif liking.
Fredome all solace to man gifitis;
He levys at ese that frely levys;
A nobil hart may haif nane ese
Na ellys nocht that may him plesse
Gyff Fredome failythe."

ARCHDEACON BARBOUR.

THROUGH the long hall the shut-
tered windows shed
A dubious light on every upturned
head,—
On locks like those of Absalom the fair,
On the bald apex ringed with scanty
hair,
On blank indifference and on curious
stare;
On the pale Showman reading from
his stage
The hieroglyphics of that facial page;
Half sad, half scornful, listening to
the bruit
Of restless cane-tap and impatient foot,
And the shrill call, across the general
din,
"Roll up your curtain! Let the show
begin!"

At length a murmur like the winds
that break
Into green waves the prairie's grassy
lake,
Deepened and swelled to music clear
and loud,
And, as the west wind lifts a summer
cloud,
The curtain rose, disclosing wide and
far
A green land stretching to the even-
ing star,

Fair rivers, skirted by primeval trees
And flowers hummed over by the
desert bees,
Marked by tall bluffs whose slopes of
greenness show
Fantastic outcrops of the rock below,—
The slow result of patient Nature's
pains, [rains,—
And plastic fingering of her sun and
Arch, tower, and gate, grotesquely
windowed hall,
And long escarpment of half-crumbled
wall,
Huger than those which, from steep
hills of vine,
Stare through their loopholes on the
travelled Rhine;
Suggesting vaguely to the gazer's mind
A fancy, idle as the prairie wind,
Of the land's dwellers in an age un-
guessed,—
The unsung Jotuns of the mystic West.

Beyond, the prairie's sea-like swells
surpass
The Tartar's marvels of his Land of
Grass,
Vast as the sky against whose sunset
shores
Wave after wave the billowy green-
ness pours;
And, onward still, like islands in
that main
Loom the rough peaks of many a
mountain chain,
Whence east and west a thousand
waters run
From winter lingering under sum-
mer's sun.

And, still beyond, long lines of foam
and sand [land,
Tell where Pacific rolls his waves a-
From many a wide-lapped port and
land-locked bay,
Opening with thunderous pomp the
world's highway
To Indian isles of spice, and marts of
far Cathay.

"Such," said the Showman, as the
curtain fell,
"Is the new Canaan of our Israel,—
The land of promise to the swarming
North,
Which, hive-like, sends its annual
surplus forth,
To the poor Southron on his worn-out
soil,
Scathed by the curses of unnatural toil ;
To Europe's exiles seeking home and
rest,
And the lank nomads of the wander-
ing West,
Who, asking neither, in their love of
change
And the free bison's amplitude of
range,
Rear the log-hut, for present shelter
meant,
Not future comfort, like an Arab's
tent."

Then spake a shrewd on-looker,
"Sir," said he,
"I like your picture, but I fain would
see
A sketch of what your promised land
will be
When, with electric nerve, and fiery-
brained,
With Nature's forces to its chariot
chained,
The future grasping, by the past
obeyed,
The twentieth century rounds a new
decade."

Then said the Showman, sadly :
"He who grieves
Over the scattering of the sibyl's
leaves

Unwisely mourns. Suffice it, that
we know
What needs must ripen from the seed
we sow ;
That present time is but the mould
wherein
We cast the shapes of holiness and sin.
A painful watcher of the passing hour,
Its lust of gold, its strife for place and
power ;
Its lack of manhood, honour, rever-
ence, truth,
Wise-thoughted age, and generous-
hearted youth ;
Nor yet unmindful of each better
sign,—
The low, far lights, which on th'
horizon shine,
Like those which sometimes tremble
on the rim
Of clouded skies when day is closing
dim,
Flashing athwart the purple spears of
rain
The hope of sunshine on the hills
again :—
I need no prophet's word, nor shapes
that pass
Like clouding shadows o'er a magic
glass ;
For now, as ever, passionless and cold,
Doth the dread angel of the future hold
Evil and good before us, with no voice
Or warning look to guide us in our
choice ;
With spectral hands outreaching
through the gloom
The shadowy contrasts of the coming
doom.
Transferred from these, it now re-
mains to give
The sun and shade of Fate's alterna-
tive."

Then, with a burst of music, touch-
ing all
The keys of thrifty life,—the mill-
stream's fall,
The engine's pant along its quivering
rails,
The anvil's ring, the measured beat
of flails,

The sweep of scythes, the reaper's
whistled tune,
Answering the summons of the bells
of noon,
The woodman's hail along the river
shores,
The steamboat's signal, and the dip
of oars,—
Slowly the curtain rose from off a land
Fair as God's garden. Broad on either
hand
The golden wheat-fields glimmered in
the sun,
And the tall maize its yellow tassels
spun.
Smooth highways set with hedge-rows
living green,
With steepled towns through shaded
vistas seen,
The school-house murmuring with its
hive-like swarm,
The brook-bank whitening in the grist-
mill's storm,
The painted farm-house shining
through the leaves [eaves,
Of fruited orchards bending at its
Where live again, around the Western
hearth,
The homely old-time virtues of the
North ;
Where the blithe housewife rises with
the day,
And well-paid labour counts his task
a play.
And, grateful tokens of a Bible free,
And the free Gospel of Humanity,
Of diverse sects and differing names
the shrines,
One in their faith, whate'er their out-
ward signs,
Like varying strophes of the same
sweet hymn
From many a prairie's swell and river's
brim, [air
A thousand church-spires sanctify the
Of the calm Sabbath, with their sign
of prayer.

Like sudden nightfall over bloom
and green
The curtain dropped : and, momentarily,
between

The clank of fetter and the crack of
thong,
Half sob, half laughter, music swept
along,—
A strange refrain, whose idle words
and low,
Like drunken mourners, kept the time
of woe ;
As if the revellers at a masquerade
Heard in the distance funeral marches
played.
Such music, dashing all his smiles
with tears,
The thoughtful voyager on Ponchar-
train hears,
Where, through the noonday dusk of
wooded shores
The negro boatman, singing to his oars,
With a wild pathos borrowed of his
wrong
Redeems the jargon of his senseless
song.
“ Look,” said the Showman sternly,
as he rolled
His curtain upward : “ Fate's reverse
behold !”

A village straggling in loose disarray
Of vulgar newness, premature decay ;
A tavern, crazy with its whisky brawls,
With “ *Slaves at Auction!*” garnish-
ing its walls.
Without, surrounded by a motley
crowd,
The shrewd-eyed salesman, garrulous
and loud,
A squire or colonel in his pride of
place,
Known at free fights, the caucus, and
the race,
Prompt to proclaim his honour with-
out blot,
And silence doubters with a ten-pace
shot,
Mingling the negro-driving bully's
rant
With pious phrase and democratic
cant,
Yet never scrupling, with a filthy
jest,
To sell the infant from its mother's
breast,

Break through all ties of wedlock,
 home, and kin,
 Yield shrinking girlhood up to grey-
 beard sin ;
 Sell all the virtues with his human
 stock,
 The Christian graces on his auction-
 block,
 And coolly count on shrewdest barg-
 gains driven
 In hearts regenerate, and in souls for-
 given !

Look once again ! The moving
 canvas shows
 A slave plantation's slovenly repose,
 Where, in rude cabins rotting midst
 their weeds,
 The human chattel eats, and sleeps,
 and breeds ;
 And, held a brute, in practice, as in
 law,
 Becomes in fact the thing he's taken for.
 There, early summoned to the hemp
 and corn,
 The nursing mother leaves her child
 new-born ;
 There haggard sickness, weak and
 deathly faint,
 Crawls to his task, and fears to make
 complaint ;
 And sad-eyed Rachels, childless in
 decay,
 Weep for their lost ones sold and torn
 away !
 Of ampler size the master's dwelling
 stands,
 In shabby keeping with his half-tilled
 lands,—
 The gates unhinged, the yard with
 weeds unclean,
 The cracked veranda with a tipsy lean.
 Without, loose-scattered like a wreck
 adrift, [thrift ;
 Signs of misrule and tokens of un-
 Within, profusion to discomfort
 joined,
 The listless body and the vacant mind ;
 The fear, the hate, the theft and false-
 hood, born
 In menial hearts of toil, and stripes,
 and scorn !

There, all the vices, which, like birds
 obscene,
 Batten on slavery loathsome and
 unclean,
 From the foul kitchen to the parlour
 rise,
 Pollute the nursery where the child-
 heir lies,
 Taint infant lips beyond all after cure,
 With the fell poison of a breast impure ;
 Touch boyhood's passions with the
 breath of flame,
 From girlhood's instincts steal the
 blush of shame.
 So swells, from low to high, from weak
 to strong,
 The tragic chorus of the baleful wrong ;
 Guilty or guiltless, all within its
 range
 Feel the blind justice of its sure re-
 venge.

Still scenes like these the moving
 chart reveals.
 Up the long western steppes the blight-
 ing steals ;
 Down the Pacific slope the evil Fate
 Glides like a shadow to the Golden
 Gate :
 From sea to sea the drear eclipse is
 thrown,
 From sea to sea the *Mauvais* *Terres*
 have grown,
 A belt of curses on the New World's
 zone !

The curtain fell. All drew a freer
 breath,
 As men are wont to do when mourn-
 ful death
 Is covered from their sight. The
 Showman stood
 With drooping brow in sorrow's atti-
 tude
 One moment, then with sudden ges-
 ture shook
 His loose hair back, and with the air
 and look
 Of one who felt, beyond the narrow
 stage
 And listening group, the presence of
 the age,

And heard the footsteps of the things
to be,
Poured out his soul in earnest words
and free.

“O friends!” he said, “in this poor
trick of paint

You see the semblance, incomplete
and faint,

Of the two-fronted Future, which,
to-day,

Stands dim and silent, waiting in
your way,

To-day, your servant, subject to your
will ;

To-morrow, master, or for good or ill.
If the dark face of Slavery on you turns,

If the mad curse its paper barrier
spurns,

If the world granary of the West is made
The last foul market of the slaver’s
trade

Why rail at fate? The mischief is
your own.

Why hate your neighbour? Blame
yourselves alone !

“Men of the North ! The South
you charge with wrong

Is weak and poor, while you are rich
and strong.

If questions,—idle and absurd as those
The old-time monks and Paduan
doctors chose,—

Mere ghosts of questions, tariffs, and
dead banks,

And scarecrow pontiffs, never broke
your ranks,

Your thews united could, at once, roll
back

The jostled nation to its primal track.
Nay, were you simply steadfast,

manly, just,
True to the faith your fathers left in

trust,
If stainless honour outweighed in
your scale

A codfish quintal or a factory bale,
Full many a noble heart (and such

remain
In all the South, like Lot in Siddim’s

plain,

Who watch and wait, and from the
wrong’s control

Keep white and pure their chastity
of soul),

Now sick to loathing of your weak
complaints,

Your tricks as sinners, and your
prayer as saints,

Would half-way meet the frankness
of your tone,

And feel their pulses beating with
your own.

“The North ! the South ! no geo-
graphic line

Can fix the boundary or the point
define,

Since each with each so closely inter-
blends,

Where Slavery rises, and where Free-
dom ends.

Beneath your rocks the roots, far-
reaching, hide

Of the fell Upas on the Southern
side ;

The tree whose branches in your north-
winds wave

Dropped its young blossoms on Mount
Vernon’s grave ;

The nursling growth of Monticello’s
crest

Is now the glory of the free North-west ;
To the wise maxims of her olden

school
Virginia listened from thy lips, Ran-
toul ;

Seward’s words of power, and Sumner’s
fresh renown,

Flow from the pen that Jefferson laid
down !

And when, at length, her years of mad-
ness o’er,

Like the crowned grazer on Euphrates’
shore,

From her long lapse to savagery, her
mouth

Bitter with baneful herbage, turns
the South,

Resumes her old attire, and seeks to
smooth

Her unkempt tresses at the glass of
truth,

Her early faith shall find a tongue
 again,
 New Wythes and Pinckneys swell
 that old refrain,
 Her sons with yours renew the ancient
 pact,
 The myth of Union prove at last a
 fact!
 Then, if one murmur mars the wide
 content,
 Some Northern lip will drawl the last
 dissent,
 Some Union-saving patriot of your own
 Lament to find his occupation gone.

“Grant that the North’s insulted,
 scorned, betrayed,
 O’erreached in bargains with her
 neighbour made,
 When selfish thrift and party held
 the scales
 For peddling dicker, not for honest
 sales,—
 Whom shall we strike? Who most
 deserves our blame?
 The braggart Southron, open in his
 aim,
 And bold as wicked, crashing straight
 through all
 That bars his purpose, like a cannon
 ball?
 Or the mean traitor, breathing north-
 ern air,
 With nasal speech and puritanic hair,
 Whose cant the loss of principle sur-
 vives,
 As the mud-turtle e’en its head out-
 lives;
 Who, caught, chin-buried in some
 foul offence,
 Puts on a look of injured innocence,
 And consecrates his baseness to the
 cause
 Of constitution, union, and the laws?”

“Praise to the placeman who can
 hold aloof
 His still unpurchased manhood, office-
 proof;
 Who on his round of duty walks
 erect, [spect,—
 And leaves it only rich in self-re-

As MORE maintained his virtue’s lofty
 port
 In the Eighth Henry’s base and bloody
 court.
 But, if exceptions here and there are
 found,
 Who tread thus safely on enchanted
 ground,
 The normal type, the fitting symbol
 still
 Of those who fatten at the public
 mill,
 Is the chained dog besides his master’s
 door,
 Or CIRCE’S victim, feeding on all four!

“Give me the heroes who, at tuck
 of drum,
 Salute thy staff, immortal Quattlebum!
 Or they who, doubly armed with vote
 and gun,
 Following thy lead, illustrious Atchi-
 son,
 Their drunken franchise shift from
 scene to scene,
 As tile-beard Jourdan did his guillo-
 tine!—
 Rather than him who, born beneath
 our skies,
 To Slavery’s hand its supplest tool
 supplies,—
 The party felon whose unblushing face
 Looks from the pillory of his bribe of
 place,
 And coolly makes a merit of disgrace,—
 Points to the footmarks of indignant
 scorn,
 Shows the deep scars of satire’s tossing
 horn;
 And passes to his credit side the
 sum
 Of all that makes a scoundrel’s martyr-
 dom!

‘Bane of the North, its canker and
 its moth!—
 These modern Esaus, bartering rights
 for broth!
 Taxing our justice, with their double
 claim,
 As fools for pity, and as knaves for
 blame;

Who, urged by party, sect, or trade,
 within
 The fell embrace of Slavery's sphere
 of sin,
 Part at the outset with their moral
 sense,
 The watchful angel set for Truth's
 defence ;
 Confound all contrasts, good and ill ;
 reverse
 The poles of life, its blessing and its
 curse ;
 And lose thenceforth from their per-
 verted sight
 The eternal difference 'twixt the wrong
 and right ;
 To them the Law is but the iron span
 That girds the ankles of imbruted
 man ;
 To them the Gospel has no higher aim
 Than simple sanction of the master's
 claim,
 Dragged in the slime of Slavery's
 loathsome trail,
 Like Chalier's Bible at his ass's tail !

“ Such are the men who, with in-
 stinctive dread,
 Whenever Freedom lifts her drooping
 head,
 Make prophet-tripods of their office-
 stools,
 And scare the nurseries and the village
 schools
 With dire presage of ruin grim and
 great,
 A broken Union and a foundered State !
 Such are the patriots, self-bound to
 the stake
 Of office, martyrs for their country's
 sake :
 Who fill themselves the hungry jaws
 of Fate,
 And by their loss of manhood save
 the State.
 In the wide gulf themselves like
 Curtius throw,
 And test the virtues of cohesive dough ;
 As tropic monkeys, linking heads and
 tails,
 Bridge o'er some torrent of Ecuador's
 vales !

“ Such are the men who in your
 churches rave
 To swearing-point, at mention of the
 slave !
 When some poor parson, haply un-
 awares,
 Stammers of freedom in his timid
 prayers ;
 Who, if some foot-sore negro through
 the town
 Steals northward, volunteer to hunt
 him down.
 Or, if some neighbour, flying from
 disease,
 Courts the mild balsam of the Southern
 breeze,
 With hue and cry pursue him on his
 track,
 And write *Free-soiler* on the poor
 man's back.
 Such are the men who leave the
 pedler's cart,
 While faring South, to learn the
 driver's art,
 Or, in white neckcloth, soothe with
 pious aim
 The graceful sorrows of some languid
 dame,
 Who, from the wreck of her bereave-
 ment, saves
 The double charm of widowhood and
 slaves !—
 Phiant and apt they lose no chance
 to show
 To what base depths apostasy can
 go ;
 Outdo the natives in their readi-
 ness
 To roast a negro, or to mob a press ;
 Poise a tarred schoolmate on the
 lyncher's rail,
 Or make a bonfire of their birthplace
 mail !

“ So some poor wretch, whose lips
 no longer bear
 The sacred burden of his mother's
 prayer,
 By fear impelled, or lust of gold en-
 ticed,
 Turns to the Crescent from the Cross
 of Christ,

And, over-acting in superfluous zeal,
 Crawls prostrate where the faithful
 only kneel,
 Out-houls the Dervish, hugs his rags
 to court
 The squalid Santon's sanctity of dirt ;
 And, when beneath the city gateway's
 span
 Files slow and long the Meccan cara-
 van,
 And through its midst, pursued by
 Islam's prayers,
 The prophet's Word some favoured
 camel bears,
 The marked apostate has his place
 assigned
 The Koran-bearer's sacred rump be-
 hind,
 With brush and pitcher following,
 grave and mute,
 In meek attendance on the holy brute !

“ Men of the North ! beneath your
 very eyes,
 By hearth and home, your real danger
 lies.
 Still day by day some hold of freedom
 falls,
 Through home-bred traitors fed within
 its walls.—
 Men whom yourselves with vote and
 purse sustain,
 At posts of honour, influence, and
 gain ;
 The right of Slavery to your sons to
 teach,
 And ‘ South-side ’ Gospels in your
 pulpits preach,
 Transfix the Law to ancient freedom
 dear
 On the sharp point of her subverted
 spear,
 And imitate upon her cushion plump
 The mad Missourian lynching from
 his stump ;
 Or, in your name, upon the Senate's
 floor
 Yield up to Slavery all it asks, and
 more ; [cheat,
 And, ere your dull eyes open to the
 Sell your old homestead underneath
 your feet !

While such as these your loftiest out-
 looks hold,
 While truth and conscience with your
 wares are sold,
 While grave-browed merchants band
 themselves to aid
 An annual man-hunt for their South-
 ern trade,
 What moral power within your grasp
 remains
 To stay the mischief on Nebraska's
 plains ?—
 High as the tides of generous impulse
 flow,
 As far rolls back the selfish undertow ;
 And all your brave resolves, though
 aimed as true
 As the horse-pistol Balmawhapple
 drew,
 To Slavery's bastions lend as slight a
 shock
 As the poor trooper's shot to Stirling
 rock !

“ Yet, while the need of Freedom's
 cause demands
 The earnest efforts of your hearts and
 hands,
 Urged by all motives that can prompt
 the heart
 To prayer and toil and manhood's
 manliest part ;
 Though to the soul's deep tocsin
 Nature joins
 The warning whisper of her Orphic
 pines,
 The north-wind's anger, and the
 south-wind's sigh,
 The midnight sword-dance of the
 northern sky,
 And, to the ear that bends above the
 sod
 Of the green grave-mounds in the
 Fields of God,
 In low, deep murmurs of rebuke or
 cheer,
 The land's dead fathers speak their
 hope or fear,
 Yet let not Passion wrest from Reason's
 hand
 The guiding rein and symbol of com-
 mand.

Blame not the caution proffering to
 your zeal
 A well-meant drag upon its hurrying
 wheel ;
 Nor chide the man whose honest
 doubt extends
 To the means only, not the righteous
 ends ;
 Nor fail to weigh the scruples and the
 fears
 Of milder natures and serener years.
 In the long strife with evil which
 began
 With the first lapse of new-created
 man,
 Wisely and well has Providence
 assigned
 To each his part,—some forward, some
 behind ;
 And they, too, serve who temper and
 restrain
 The o'erwarm heart that sets on fire
 the brain.
 True to yourselves, feed Freedom's
 altar-flame
 With what you have ; let others do
 the same.
 Spare timid doubters ; set like flint
 your face
 Against the self-sold knaves of gain
 and place :
 Pity the weak ; but with unsparing
 hand
 Cast out the traitors who infest the
 land,—
 From bar, press, pulpit, cast them
 everywhere,
 By dint of fasting, if you fail by prayer.
 And in their place bringmen of antique
 mould,
 Like the grave fathers of your Age of
 Gold,—
 Statesmen like those who sought the
 primal fount
 Of righteous law, the Sermon on the
 Mount ;
 Lawyers who prize, like Quincy, (to
 our day
 Still spared, Heaven bless him !)
 honour more than pay,
 And Christian jurists, starry pure,
 like Jay ;

Preachers like Woolman, or like them
 who bore
 The faith of Wesley to our Western
 shore,
 And held no convert genuine till he
 broke
 Alike his servants' and the devil's
 yoke ;
 And priests like him who Newport's
 market trod,
 And o'er its slave-ships shook the
 bolts of God !
 So shall your power, with a wise
 prudence used,
 Strong but forbearing, firm but not
 abused,
 In kindly keeping with the good of
 all,
 The nobler maxims of the past recall,
 Her natural home-born right to Free-
 dom give,
 And leave her foe his robber-right,—
 to live.
 Live, as the snake does in his noisome
 fen !
 Live, as the wolf does in his bone-
 strewn den !
 Live, clothed with cursing like a robe
 of flame,
 The focal point of million-fingered
 shame !
 Live, till the Southron, who, with all
 his faults,
 Has many instincts, in his pride re-
 volts,
 Dashes from off him, midst the glad
 world's cheers,
 The hideous nightmare of his dream
 of years,
 And lifts, self-prompted, with his own
 right hand,
 The vile encumbrance from his glorious
 land !

“ So, wheresoe'er our destiny sends
 forth
 Its widening circles to the South or
 North,
 Where'er our banner flaunts beneath
 the stars
 Its mimic splendours and its cloudlike
 bars,

<p>There shall Free Labour's hardy children stand The equal sovereigns of a slaveless land. And when at last the hunted bison tires, And dies o'ertaken by the squatter's fires ; And westward, wave on wave, the living flood Breaks on the snow-line of majestic Hood ; And lonely Shasta listening hears the tread Of Europe's fair-haired children, Hesper-led ; And, gazing downward through his hoar-locks, sees The tawny Asian climb his giant knees, The Eastern sea shall hush his waves to hear Pacific's surf-beat answer Freedom's cheer, And one long rolling fire of triumph run Between the sunrise and the sunset gun !" My task is done. The Showman and his show, Themselves but shadows, into shadows go ; And, if no song of idlesse I have sung, Nor tints of beauty on the canvas flung,— If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears, And the rough picture overwrought appears,— With deeper colouring, with a sterner blast, Before my soul a voice and vision past,</p>	<p>Such as might Milton's jarring trump require, Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid fire. Oh, not of choice, for themes of public wrong I leave the green and pleasant paths of song,— The mild, sweet words which soften and adorn, For girding taunt and bitter laugh of scorn. More dear to me some song of private worth, Some homely idyl of my native North, Some summer pastoral of her inland vales Or, grim and weird, her winter fire-side tales Haunted by ghosts of unreturning sails,— Lost barks at parting hung from stem to helm With prayers of love like dreams on Virgil's elm. Nor private grief nor malice holds my pen ; I owe but kindness to my fellowmen ; And, South or North, wherever hearts of prayer Their woes and weakness to our Father bear, Wherever fruits of Christian love are found In holy lives, to me is holy ground. But the time passes. It were vain to crave A late indulgence. What I had I gave. Forget the poet, but his warning heed, And shame his poor word with your nobler deed.</p>
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SNOW-BOUND.

A WINTER IDYL.

—:o:—

TO THE MEMORY

OF

THE HOUSEHOLD IT DESCRIBES,

THIS POEM IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

—:o:—

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common Wood Fire: and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of Wood doth the same."—COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, Book I. ch. v.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-mates sit
Around the radiant fireplace enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."
EMERSON.

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening
sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut
out,

A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the cir-
cling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing
there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the
cows: [corn;
Heard the horse whinnying for his
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows:
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge
sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The grey day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm,
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,

As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-
frame,
And through the glass the clothes-
line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange
domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile
showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked
hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendour, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps
drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from
snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest,
made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read

Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din
And roused the prisoned brutes
within.

The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and
hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasised with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist
shone.

No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying
blind,

And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering
bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—

The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
 And on its top the stout back-stick;
 The knotty forestick laid apart,
 And filled between with curious art
 The ragged brush; then, hovering
 near,

We watched the first red blaze appear,
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the
 gleam

On whitewashed wall and sagging
 beam,

Until the old, rude-furnished room
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
 While radiant with a mimic flame
 Outside the sparkling drift became,
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-
 tree

Our own warm hearth seemed blazing
 free.

The crane and pendent trammels
 showed,

The Turks' heads on the andirons
 glowed;

While childish fancy, prompt to tell
 The meaning of the miracle,
 Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under
 the tree,*

*When fire outdoors burns merrily,
 There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood
 Shone at its full; the hill-range
 stood

Transfigured in the silver flood,
 Its blown snows flashing cold and
 keen,

Dead white, save where some sharp
 ravine

Took shadow, or the sombre green
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
 Against the whiteness at their back.
 For such a world and such a night
 Most fitting that unwarming light,
 Which only seemed where'er it fell
 To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
 Content to let the north-wind roar
 In baffled rage at pane and door,
 While the red logs before us beat
 The frost-line back with tropic heat;

And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
 The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney
 laughed,

The house-dog on his paws outspread
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
 And, for the winter fireside meet,
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And, close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
 What matter how the north-wind
 raved?

Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy
 glow.

O Time and Change!—with hair as
 gray

As was my sire's that winter day,
 How strange it seems, with so much
 gone

Of life and love, to still live on!

Ah, brother! only I and thou
 Are left of all that circle now,—

The dear home faces whereupon
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.

Henceforward, listen as we will,
 The voices of that hearth are still;
 Look where we may, the wide earth
 o'er,

Those lighted faces smile no more.

We tread the paths their feet have
 worn,

We sit beneath their orchard trees,
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees
 And rustle of the bladed corn;

We turn the pages that they read,

Their written words we linger o'er,
 But in the sun they cast no shade,
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,

No step is on the conscious floor!
 Yet Love will dream, and Faith will
 trust

(Since He who knows our need is just),
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we
 must.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-
trees !

Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play !
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense un-
known,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own !

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Or stammered from our school-book
lore

“The Chief of Gambia’s golden shore.”
How often since, when all the land
Was clay in Slavery’s shaping hand,
As if a trumpet called, I’ve heard
Dame Mercy Warren’s rousing word :

“*Does not the voice of reason cry,
Claim the first right which Nature
gave,*

*From the red scourge of bondage fly,
Nor deign to live a burdened slave!*”

Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog’s wooded side ;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper’s hut and Indian camp ;
Lived o’er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François’ hemlock trees ;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone ;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury’s level marshespread

Mile-wide as flies the laden bee ;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths
along

The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar’s Head,
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the drift-wood
coals ;

The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.

We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favouring breezes deigned to
blow

The square sail of the gundelow,
And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came
down

At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free
(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),

The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home ;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room ;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the grey wizard’s conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side ;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon’s weird laughter far away ;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow
grew,

What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts
down,

Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks’ black squadron anchored
lay,

And heard the wild-geese calling loud
Beneath the grey November cloud.
Then, haply, with a look more grave,
And soberer tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewell’s ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley’s Journal, old and
quaint,—

Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint !—
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-but and bread-cask failed,

And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
 His portly presence mad for food,
 With dark hints muttered under breath
 Of easting lots for life or death,
 Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
 To be himself the sacrifice.
 Then suddenly, as if to save
 The good man from his living grave,
 A ripple on the water grew,
 A school of porpoise flashed in view.
 "Take, eat," he said, "and be content ;
 These fishes in my stead are sent
 By Him who gave the tangled ram
 To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
 Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
 The ancient teachers never dumb
 Of Nature's unhousted lyceum.
 In moons and tides and weather wise,
 He read the clouds as prophecies,
 And foul or fair could well divine,
 By many an occult hint and sign,
 Holding the cunning-warded keys
 To all the wooderaft mysteries ;
 Himself to Nature's heart so near
 That all her voices in his ear
 Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
 Like Apollonius of old,
 Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
 Or Hermes who interpreted
 What the sage cranes of Nilus said ;
 A simple, guileless, childlike man,
 Content to live where life began ;
 Strong only on his native grounds,
 The little world of sights and sounds
 Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
 Whereof his fondly partial pride
 The common features magnified,
 As Surrey hills to mountains grew
 In White of Selborne's loving view,—
 He told how teal and loon he shot,
 And how the eagle's eggs he got,
 The feats on pond and river done,
 The prodigies of rod and gun ;
 Till, warming with the tales he told,
 Forgotten was the outside cold,
 The bitter wind unheeded blew,
 From ripening eorn the pigeons flew,
 The partridge drummed i' the wood,
 the mink
 Went fishing down the river-brink.

In fields with bean or clover gay,
 The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
 Peered from the doorway of his cell ;
 The musk-rat plied the mason's trade,
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid ;
 And from the shag-bark overhead
 The grizzled squirrel dropped his
 shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of
 cheer

And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
 The sweetest woman ever Fate
 Perverse denied a household mate,
 Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
 Found peace in love's unselfishness,
 And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
 A calm and gracious element,
 Whose presence seemed the sweet
 income

And womanly atmosphere of home,—
 Called up her girlhood memories,
 The huskings and the apple-bees,
 The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
 Weaving through all the poor details
 And homespun warp of circumstance
 A golden woof-thread of romance.
 For well she kept her genial mood
 And simple faith of maidenhood ;
 Before her still a cloud-land lay,
 The mirage loomed across her way ;
 The morning dew, that dries so soon
 With others, glistened at her noon ;
 Through years of toil and soil and
 care,

From glossy tress to thin grey hair,
 All unprofaned she held apart
 The virgin fancies of the heart.
 Be shame to him of woman born
 Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
 Her evening task the stand beside ;
 A full, rich nature, free to trust,
 Truthful and almost sternly just,
 Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
 And make her generous thought a fact,
 Keeping with many a light disguise
 The secret of self-sacrifice.
 O heart sore-tried ! thou hast the best
 That Heaven itself could give thee—
 rest,

Rest from all bitter thoughts and things !

How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings !

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart

Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat

Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,

Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.

Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,

Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still ?

With me one little year ago :—
The chill weight of the winter snow

For months upon her grave has lain ;
And now, when summer south-winds
blow

And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,

I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak,

The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went

With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad ; the brier-rose fills

The air with sweetness ; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;

But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be

nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,

In flower that blooms, and bird that
sings. [thee,

And yet, dear heart ! remembering
Am I not richer than of old ?

Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth
I hold ?

What chance can mar the pearl
and gold

Thy love hath left in trust with me ?
And while in life's late afternoon,

Where cool and long the shadows
grow,

I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,

I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are ;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning
hand ?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favoured place,
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce ap-
peared

The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,

Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls

In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,

From whence his yeoman father
wrong

By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,

He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way ;

Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town ;

Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,

Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding

round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,

The sleigh-drive through the frosty
night,

The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,

And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.

Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,

Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding-

yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told

Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and

Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds

'Twixt Yankee pedlars and old gods ;

Where Pindus-born Araxes took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed ;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trained thought and lore of
book.

Large-brained, clear-eyed, —of such as
he

Shall Freedom's young apostles be,
Who, following in War's bloody trail,
Shall every lingering wrong assail ;
All chains from limb and spirit strike,
Uplift the black and white alike ;
Scatter before their swift advance
The darkness and the ignorance,
The pride, the lust, the squalid
sloth,

Which nurtured Treason's monstrous
growth,

Made murder pastime, and the hell
Of prison-torture possible ;
The cruel lie of caste refute,
Old forms remould, and substitute
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
For blind routine, wise-handed skill ;
A school-house plant on every hill,
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines
thence

The quick wires of intelligence ;
Till North and South together brought
Shall own the same electric thought,
In peace a common flag salute,
And, side by side in labour's free
And unresentful rivalry,
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the
light.

Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentred, spurning
guide,

Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.

She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped
the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling
flash ;
And under low brows, black with
night,

Rayed out at times a dangerous light,
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruccio's Kate,
The raptures of Siena's saint.

Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist ;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and
pout ;

And the sweet voice had notes more
high

And shrill for social battle-ery.
Since then what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
What convent-gate has held its look
Against the challenge of her knock ?
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed
thoroughfares,

Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
Grey olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon
With claims fantastic as her own,
Her tireless feet have held their
way ;

And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
With hope each day renewed and
fresh,

The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophecies !

Where'er her troubled path may be,
 The Lord's sweet pity with her go !
 The outward wayward life we see,
 The hidden springs we may not
 know.

Nor is it given us to discern
 What threads the fatal sisters spun,
 Through what ancestral years has
 run

The sorrow with the woman born,
 What forged her cruel chain of moods,
 What set her feet in solitudes,

And held the love within her mute,
 What mingled madness in the blood,
 A life-long discord and annoy,
 Water of tears with oil of joy,
 And hid within the folded bud
 Perversities of flower and fruit.

It is not ours to separate
 The tangled skein of will and fate,
 To show what metes and bounds should
 stand

Upon the soul's debatable land,
 And between choice and Providence
 Divide the circle of events ;

But He who knows our frame is just,
 Merciful and compassionate,
 And full of sweet assurances
 And hope for all the language is,
 That He remembereth we are dust !

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
 Sent out a dull and duller glow,
 The bull's-eye watch that hung in
 view,

Ticking its weary circuit through,
 Pointed with mutely warning sign
 Its black hand to the hour of nine.

That sign the pleasant circle broke :
 My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
 Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
 And laid it tenderly away,

Then roused himself to safely cover
 The dull red brands with ashes over.
 And while, with care, our mother laid
 The work aside, her steps she stayed

One moment, seeking to express
 Her grateful sense of happiness
 For food and shelter, warmth and
 health,

And love's contentment more than
 wealth,

With simple wishes (not the weak,
 Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
 But such as warm the generous heart,
 O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its
 part)

That none might lack, that bitter
 night,
 For bread and clothing, warmth and
 light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
 The wind that round the gables roared,
 With now and then a ruder shock,
 Which made our very bedsteads rock.
 We heard the loosened clapboards
 tost,

The board-nails snapping in the frost ;
 And on us, through the unplastered
 wall,

Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
 But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
 When hearts are light and life is new ;
 Faint and more faint the murmurs
 grew,

Till in the summer-land of dreams
 They softened to the sound of streams,
 Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
 And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
 Of merry voices high and clear ;
 And saw the teamsters drawing near
 To break the drifted highways out.

Down the long hillside treading slow
 We saw the half-buried oxen go,
 Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
 Their straining nostrils white with
 frost.

Before our door the straggling train
 Drew up, an added team to gain.
 The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
 Passed, with the cider-mug, their
 jokes

From lip to lip ; the younger folks
 Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling,
 rolled,

Then toiled again the cavalcade
 O'er windy hill, through clogged
 ravine,

And woodland paths that wound
 between [weighed.
 Low drooping pine-boughs winter-

From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest
law,

Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells'
sound ;

And, following where the teamsters
led,

The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,

Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbour sick abed
At night our mother's aid would
need.

For, one in generous thought and
deed, [sight

What mattered in the sufferer's
The Quaker matron's inward light
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed ?
All hearts confess the saints elect

Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect

The Christian pearl of charity !

So days went on : a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from
last.

The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a
score ;

One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had,)
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted
Muse,

A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.

Lo ! broadening onward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread ;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.

Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft M'Gregor on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades.

And up Taygetos winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle bow !
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustie Muse,

Its monthly gange of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath

The wedding knell and dirge of death :
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail ;

Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.

We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat ;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow ;

Wide swung again our ice-locked
door,

And all the world was ours once more !

Clasp, Angel of the backward look

And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,

The brazen covers of thy book ;
The weird palimpsest old and vast
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past :
Where, closely mingling, pale and
glow

The characters of joy and woe ;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumined or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to
death,

And haunts of home, whose vista'd
trees

Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranthis under-
neath.

Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp
need,

And duty keeping pace with all.

Shut down and clasp the heavy lids ;
 I hear again the voice that bids
 The dreamer leave his dream mid-
 way

For larger hopes and graver fears :
 Life greatens in these later years,
 The century's aloe flowers to-day !

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
 Some Truce of God which breaks its
 strife,

The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
 Dreaming in throngful city ways
 Of winter joys his boyhood knew ;
 And dear and early friends—the few
 Who yet remain — shall pause to
 view

These Flemish pictures of old days ;
 Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
 And stretch the hands of memory
 forth

To warm them at the wood-fire's
 blaze !

And thanks untraced to lips unknown
 Shall greet me like the odours blown
 From unscen meadows newly mown,
 Or lilies floating in some pond,
 Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze be-
 yond :

The traveller owns the grateful sense
 Of sweetness near, he knows not
 whence,

And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
 The benediction of the air.



THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

—:o:—

I WOULD not sin, in this half-playful
strain,—

Too light perhaps for serious years,
though born

Of the enforced leisure of slow pain,—
Against the pure ideal which has
drawn

My feet to follow its far-shining gleam.
A simple plot is mine: legends and
runes

Of credulous days, old fancies that
have lain [again,

Silent from boyhood taking voice
Warmed into life once more, even as
the tunes

That, frozen in the fabled hunting-
horn,

Thawed into sound:—a winter fireside
dream [sea,

Of dawns and sunsets by the summer
Whose sands are traversed by a silent
throng

Of voyagers from that vaster mystery
Of which it is an emblem;—and the
dear

Memory of one who might have tuned
my song

To sweeter music by her delicate ear.
1st mo., 1867.

—

WHEN heats as of a tropic clime
Burned all our inland valleys
through,

Three friends, the guests of summer
time,

Pitched their white tent where
sea-winds blew.

Behind them, marshes, seamed and
crossed [embossed,

With narrow creeks, and flower-
Stretched to the dark oak wood, whose
leafy arms

Screened from the stormy East the
pleasant inland farms.

At full of tide their bolder shore
Of sun-bleached sand the waters
beat;

At ebb, a smooth and glistening floor
They touched with light, receding
feet. [chain

Northward a green bluff broke the
Of sand-hills; southward stretched
a plain

Of salt grass, with a river winding
down,

Sail-whitened, and beyond the steeples
of the town,

Whence sometimes, when the wind
was light

And dull the thunder of the beach,
They heard the bells of morn and
night [speech.

Swing, miles away, their silver
Above low scarp and turf-grown wall
They saw the fort-flag rise and fall;
And, the first star to signal twilight's
hour,

The lamp-fire glimmer down from the
tall lighthouse tower.

They rested there, escaped awhile
From cares that wear the life away,

To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cath-
ay,—

To fling their loads of custom down,
Like drift-weed, on the sand-slopes
brown,
And in the sea waves drown the rest-
less pack
Of duties, claims, and needs that
barked upon their track.

One, with his beard scarce silvered,
bore
A ready credence in his looks,
A lettered magnate, lordling o'er
An ever-widening realm of books.
In him brain-currents, near and far,
Converged as in a Leyden jar ;
The old, dead authors thronged him
round about,
And Elzevir's grey ghosts from leathern
graves looked out.

He knew each living pundit well,
Could weigh the gifts of him or her,
And well the market value tell
Of poet and philosopher.
But if he lost, the scenes behind,
Somewhat of reverence vague and
blind,
Finding the actors human at the best,
No readier lips than his the good he
saw confessed.

His boyhood fancies not outgrown,
He loved himself the singer's art ;
Tenderly, gently, by his own
He knew and judged an author's
heart.
No Rhadamanthine brow of doom
Bowed the dazed pedant from his
room ;
And bards, whose name is legion, if
denied,
Bore off alike intact their verses and
their pride.

Pleasant it was to roam about
The lettered world as he had done,
And see the lords of song without
Their singing robes and garlands
on. [mere,
With Wordsworth paddle Rydal
Taste rugged Elliott's home-brewed
beer,

And with the ears of Rogers, at four-
score,
Hear Garrick's buskined tread and
Walpole's wit once more.

And one there was, a dreamer born,
Who, with a mission to fulfil,
Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion-mill,
Making his rustic reed of song
A weapon in the war with wrong,
Yoking his fancy to the breaking-
plough
That beam-deep turned the soil for
truth to spring and grow.

Too quiet seemed the man to ride
The winged Hippogriff Reform ;
Was his a voice from side to side
To pierce the tumult of the storm ?
A silent, shy, peace-loving man,
He seemed no fiery partisan
To hold his way against the public
frown,
The ban of Church and State, the fierce
mob's hounding down.

For while he wrought with strenuous
will [do,
The work his hands had found to
He heard the fitful music still
Of winds that out of dream-land
blew.
The din about him could not drown
What the strange voices whispered
down ; [swept,
Along his task-field weird processions
The visionary pomp of stately phan-
toms stepped.

The common air was thick with
dreams,—
He told them to the toiling crowd ;
Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ear he sang aloud ;
In still, shut bays, on windy capes,
He heard the call of beckoning
shapes,
And, as the grey old shadows prompted
him,
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped
their legends grim.

He rested now his weary hands,
 And lightly moralised and
 laughed,
 As, tracing on the shifting sands
 A burlesque of his paper-craft,
 He saw the careless waves o'errun
 His words, as time before had done,
 Each day's tide-water washing clean
 away,
 Like letters from the sand, the work
 of yesterday.

And one, whose Arab face was tanned
 By tropic sun and boreal frost,
 So travelled there was scarce a land
 Or people left him to exhaust,
 In idling mood had from him hurled
 The poor squeezed orange of the
 world,
 And in the tent-shade, as beneath a
 palm,
 Smoked, cross-legged like a Turk, in
 Oriental calm.

The very waves that washed the
 sand
 Below him, he had seen before
 Whitening the Scandinavian strand
 And sultry Mauritanian shore.
 From ice-rimmed isles, from summer
 seas
 Palm-fringed, they bore him mes-
 sages ;
 He heard the plaintive Nubian songs
 again,
 And manle-bells tinkling down the
 mountain-paths of Spain.

His memory round the ransacked
 earth
 On Puck's long girdle slid at
 ease ;
 And, instant, to the valley's girth
 Of mountains, spice isles of the
 seas,
 Faith flowered in minster stones,
 Art's guess
 At truth and beauty, found access ;
 Yet loved the while, that free cosmo-
 polite,
 Old friends, old ways, and kept his
 boyhood's dreams in sight.

Untouched as yet by wealth and
 pride,
 That virgin innocence of beach :
 No shingly monster, hundred-eyed,
 Stared its grey sand-birds out of
 reach ;
 Unhoused, save where, at intervals,
 The white tents showed their canvas
 walls,
 Where brief sojourners, in the cool,
 soft air,
 Forgot their inland heats, hard toil,
 and year-long care.

Sometimes along the wheel-deep
 sand
 A one-horse waggon slowly
 crawled,
 Deep laden with a youthful band,
 Whose look some homestead old
 recalled ;
 Brother perchance, and sisters
 twain,
 And one whose blue eyes told, more
 plain
 Than the free language of her rosy lip,
 Of the still dearer claim of love's re-
 lationship.

With cheeks of russet-orchard tint,
 The light laugh of their native
 rills,
 The perfume of their garden's mint,
 The breezy freedom of the hills,
 They bore, in unrestrained delight,
 The motto of the Garter's knight,
 Careless as if from every gazing thing
 Hid by their innocence, as Gyges by
 his ring.

The elanging sea-fowl came and
 went,
 The hunter's gun in the marshes
 rang ;
 At nightfall from a neighbouring
 tent
 A flute-voiced woman sweetly
 sang.
 Loose-haired, barefooted, hand-in-
 hand,
 Young girls went tripping down the
 sand ;

And youths and maidens, sitting in
the moon,
Dreamed o'er the old fond dream from
which we wake too soon.

At times their fishing-lines they
plied,

With an old Triton at the oar,
Salt as the sea-wind, tough and dried
As a lean cusk from Labrador.

Strange tales he told of wreck and
storm,—

Had seen the sea-snake's awful form,
And heard the ghosts on Halcý's Isle
complain,

Speak him off-shore, and beg a passage
to old Spain!

And there, on breezy morns, they
saw

The fishing-schooners outward
Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw
Turned white or dark to shade
and sun.

Sometimes, in calms of closing day,
They watched the spectral mirage
play,

Saw low, far islands looming tall and
nigh,

And ships, with upturned keels, sail
like a sea the sky.

Sometimes a cloud, with thunder
black,

Stooped low upon the darkening
main,

Piercing the waves along its track
With the slant javelins of rain.

And when west-wind and sunshine
warm

Chased out to sea its wrecks of storm,
They saw the prismatic hues in thin spray
showers

Where the green buds of waves burst
into white froth flowers.

And when along the line of shore
The mists crept upward chill and
damp,

Stretched, careless, on their sandy
floor

Beneath the flaring lantern lamp,

They talked of all things old and
new,

Read, slept, and dreamed as idlers
do;

And in the unquestioned freedom of
the tent,

Body and o'er-taxed mind to health-
ful ease unbent.

Once, when the sunset splendours
died,

And, trampling up the sloping
sand,

In lines outreaching far and wide,
The white-maned billows swept

to land,

Dim seen across the gathering shade,
A vast and ghostly cavalcade,

They sat around their lighted kerosene,
Hearing the deep bass roar their every
pause between.

Then, urged thereto, the Editor

Within his full portfolio dipped,
Feigning excuse while searching for
(With secret pride) his manu-
script.

His pale face flushed from eye to
beard,

With nervous cough his throat he
cleared,

And, in a voice so tremulous it betrayed
The anxious fondness of an author's
heart, he read:

THE WRECK OF RIVERMOUTH.

RIVERMOUTH ROCKS are fair to see,

By dawn or sunset shone across,
When the ebb of the sea has left them
free,

To dry their fringes of gold-green
moss:

For there the river comes winding
down

From salt sea-meadows and uplands
brown,

And waves on the outer rocks afoam
Shout to its waters, "Welcome
home!"

And fair are the sunny isles in view
 East of the grisly Head of the Boar,
 And Agamenticus lifts its blue
 Disc of a cloud the woodlands o'er;
 And southerly, when the tide is down,
 'Twixt white sea-waves and sand-hills
 brown,
 The beach-birds dance and the grey
 gulls wheel
 Over a floor of burnished steel.

Once, in the old Colonial days,
 Two hundred years ago and more,
 A boat sailed down through the wind-
 ing ways
 Of Hampton River to that low shore,
 Full of a goodly company
 Sailing out on the summer sea,
 Veering to catch the land-breeze light,
 With the Boar to left and the Rocks
 to right.

In Hampton meadows, where mowers
 laid
 Their scythes to the swaths of
 salted grass,
 "Ah, well-a-day! our hay must be
 made!"
 A young man sighed, who saw them
 pass.
 Loud laughed his fellows to see him
 stand
 Whetting his scythe with a listless
 hand,
 Hearing a voice in a far-off song,
 Watching a white hand beckoning
 long.

"Fie on the witch!" cried a merry
 girl,
 As they rounded the point where
 Goody Cole
 Sat by her door with her wheel atwirl,
 A bent and blear-eyed poor old soul.
 "Oho!" she muttered, "ye're brave
 to-day!
 But I hear the little waves laugh and
 say,
 'The broth will be cold that waits
 at home;
 For it's one to go, but another to
 come!'"

"She's cursed," said the skipper;
 "speak her fair:

I'm scary always to see her shake
 Her wicked head, with its wild grey
 hair,
 And nose like a hawk, and eyes
 like a snake."
 But merrily still, with laugh and
 shout,
 From Hampton River the boat sailed
 out,
 Till the huts and the flakes on Star
 seemed nigh,
 And they lost the scent of the pines
 of Rye.

They dropped their lines in the lazy
 tide,
 Drawing up haddock and mottled
 cod;
 They saw not the Shadow that walked
 beside,
 They heard not the feet with silence
 shod.
 But thicker and thicker a hot mist
 grew,
 Shot by the lightnings through and
 through;
 And muffled growls, like the growl of
 a beast,
 Ran along the sky from west to east.

Then the skipper looked from the
 darkening sea
 Up to the dimmed and wading sun;
 But he spake like a brave man cheerily,
 "Yet there is time for our home-
 ward run."
 Veering and tacking, they backward
 wore;
 And just as a breath from the woods
 ashore
 Blew out to whisper of danger past,
 The wrath of the storm came down at
 last!

The skipper hauled at the heavy sail:
 "God be our help!" he only cried,
 As the roaring gale, like the stroke
 of a flail,
 Smote the boat on its starboard
 side.

The Shoalsmen looked, but saw alone
 Dark films of rain-cloud slantwise
 blown,
 Wild rocks lit up by the lightning's
 glare,
 The strife and torment of sea and air.

Goody Cole looked out from her door :
 The Isles of Shoals were drowned
 and gone,
 Scarcely she saw the Head of the Boar
 Toss the foam from tusks of stone.
 She clasped her hands with a grip of
 pain,
 The tear on her cheek was not of rain :
 "They are lost," she muttered, "boat
 and crew !
 Lord, forgive me ! my words were
 true !"

Suddenly seaward swept the squall ;
 The low sun smote through cloudy
 rack ;
 The Shoals stood clear in the light,
 and all
 The trend of the coast lay hard and
 black.

But far and wide as eye could reach,
 No life was seen upon wave or beach ;
 The boat that went out at morning
 never
 Sailed back again into Hampton River.

O mower, lean on thy bended snath,
 Look from the meadows green and
 low :
 The wind of the sea is a waft of death,
 The waves are singing a song of woe !
 By silent river, by moaning sea,
 Long and vain shall thy watching be ;
 Never again shall the sweet voice call,
 Never the white hand rise and fall !

O Rivermouth Rocks, how sad a sight
 Ye saw in the light of breaking day !
 Dead faces looking up cold and white
 From sand and seaweed where they
 lay.
 The mad old witch-wife wailed and
 wept,
 And cursed the tide as it backward
 crept :

"Crawl back, crawl back, blue water-
 snake !
 Leave your dead for the hearts that
 break !"

Solemn it was in that old day
 In Hampton town and its log-built
 church,
 Where side by side the coffins lay,
 And the mourners stood in aisle
 and porch.
 In the singing-seats young eyes were
 dim,
 The voices faltered that raised the
 hymn,
 And Father Dalton, grave and stern,
 Sobbed through his prayer and wept
 in turn.

But his ancient colleague did not pray,
 Because of his sin at fourscore years :
 He stood apart, with the iron-gray
 Of his strong brows knitted to hide
 his tears.
 And a wretched woman, holding her
 breath
 In the awful presence of sin and death,
 Cowered and shrank, while her neigh-
 bours thronged
 To look on the dead her shame had
 wronged.

Apart with them, like them forbid,
 Old Goody Cole looked drearily
 round,
 As, two by two, with their faces hid,
 The mourners walked to the bury-
 ing-ground.
 She let the staff from her clasped
 hands fall :
 "Lord, forgive us ! we're sinners all !"
 And the voice of the old man
 answered her :
 "Amen !" said Father Bachiler.

So, as I sat upon Appledore
 In the calm of a closing summerday,
 And the broken lines of Hampton shore
 In purple mist of cloudland lay,
 The Rivermouth Rocks their story
 told ;
 And waves aglow with sunset gold,

Rising and breaking in steady chime,
Beat the rhythm and kept the time.

And the sunset paled, and warmed
once more

With a softer, tenderer after-glow ;
In the east was moon-rise, with boats
off-shore

And sails in the distance drifting
slow.

The beacon glimmered from Ports-
mouth bar,

The White Isle kindled its great red
star ;

And life and death in my old-time
lay

Mingled in peace like the night and
day !

————

“Well,” said the Man of Books, “your
story

Is really not ill told in verse.

As the Celt said of purgatory,

‘One might go farther and fare
worse.’”

The Reader smiled ; and once again
With steadier voice took up his
strain,

While the fair singer from the neigh-
bouring tent

Drew near, and at his side a graceful
listener bent.

————

THE GRAVE BY THE LAKE.

WHERE the Great Lake’s sunny smiles
Dimple round its hundred isles,
And the mountain’s granite ledge
Cleaves the water like a wedge,
Ringed about with smooth, grey
stones,
Rest the giant’s mighty bones.

Close beside, in shade and gleam,
Laughs and ripples Melvin stream ;
Melvin water, mountain-born,
All fair flowers its banks adorn ;
All the woodland’s voices meet,
Mingling with its murmurs sweet.

Over lowlands forest-grown,
Over waters island-strown,
Over silver-sanded beach,
Leaf-locked bay and misty reach,
Melvin stream and burial-heap,
Watch and ward the mountains
keep.

Who that Titan cromlech fills ?
Forest-kaiser, lord o’ the hills ?
Knight who on the birchen tree
Carved his savage heraldry ?
Priest o’ the pine-wood temples dim,
Prophet, sage, or wizard grim ?

Rugged type of primal man,
Grim utilitarian,
Loving woods for hunt and prowl,
Lake and hill for fish and fowl,
As the brown bear blind and dull
To the grand and beautiful :

Not for him the lesson drawn
From the mountains smit with dawn.
Star-rise, moon-rise, flowers of May,
Sunset’s purple bloom of day, —
Took his life no hue from thence,
Poor amid such affluence ?

Haply unto hill and tree
All too near akin was he :
Unto him who stands afar
Nature’s marvels greatest are ;
Who the mountain purple seeks
Must not climb the higher peaks.

Yet who knows in winter tramp,
Or the midnight of the camp,
What revealings faint and far,
Stealing down from moon and star,
Kindled in that human clod
Thought of destiny and God ?

Stateliest forest patriarch,
Grand in robes of skin and bark,
What sepulchral mysteries,
What weird funeral-rites, were his ?
What sharp wail, what drear lament,
Back scared wolf and eagle sent ?

Now, whate’er he may have been,
Low he lies as other men ;

On his mound the partridge drums,
There the noisy blue-jay comes ;
Rank nor name nor pomp has he
In the grave's democracy.

Part thy blue lips, Northern lake !
Moss-grown rocks, your silence break !
Tell the tale, thou ancient tree !
Thou, too, slide-worn Ossipee !
Speak, and tell us how and when
Lived and died this king of men !

Wordless moans the ancient pine ;
Lake and mountain give no sign ;
Vain to trace this ring of stones ;
Vain the search of crumbling bones :
Deepest of all mysteries,
And the saddest, silence is.

Nameless, noteless, clay with clay
Mingles slowly day by day ;
But somewhere, for good or ill,
That dark soul is living still ;
Somewhere yet that atom's force
Moves the light-poised universe.

Strange that on his burial-sod
Harebells bloom, and golden-rod.
While the soul's dark horoscope
Holds no starry sign of hope !
Is the Unseen with sight at odds ?
Nature's pity more than God's ?

Thus I mused by Melvin's side,
While the summer eventide
Made the woods and inland sea
And the mountains mystery ;
And the hush of earth and air
Seemed the pause before a prayer,—

Prayer for him, for all who rest,
Mother Earth, upon thy breast,—
Lapped on Christian turf, or hid
In rock-cave or pyramid :
All who sleep, as all who live,
Well may need the prayer, " For-
give."

Desert-smothered caravan,
Knee-deep dust that once was man,
Battle-trenches ghastly piled,
Ocean-floors with white bones tiled,

Crowded tomb and mounded sod,
Dumbly crave that prayer to God

Oh the generations old
Over whom no church-bells tolled,
Christless, lifting up blind eyes
To the silence of the skies !
For the innumerable dead
Is my soul disquieted.

Where be now these silent hosts ?
Where the camping-ground of ghosts ?
Where the spectral conscripts led
To the white tents of the dead ?
What strange shore or chartless sea
Holds the awful mystery ?

Then the warm sky stooped to make
Double sunset in the lake ;
While above I saw with it,
Range on range, the mountains lit ;
And the calm and splendour stole
Like an answer to my soul.

Hear'st thou, O of little faith,
What to thee the mountain saith,
What is whispered by the trees ?—
" Cast on God thy care for these ;
Trust Him, if thy sight be dim :
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

" Blind must be their close-shut
eyes

Where like night the sunshine lies,
Fiery-linked the self-forged chain
Binding ever sin to pain,
Strong their prison-house of will,
But without He waiteth still.

" Not with hatred's undertow
Doth the Love Eternal flow ;
Every chain that spirits wear
Crumbles in the breath of prayer ;
And the penitent's desire
Opens every gate of fire.

" Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,
Yeans to reach these souls in prison !
Through all depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of Thy cross !
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound !"

Therefore well may Nature keep
 Equal faith with all who sleep,
 Set her watch of hills around
 Christian grave and heathen mound,
 And to cairn and kirkyard send
 Summer's flowery dividend.

Keep, O pleasant Melvin stream,
 Thy sweet laugh in shade and gleam !
 On the Indian's grassy tomb
 Swing, O flowers, your bells of bloom !
 Deep below, as high above,
 Sweeps the circle of God's love.

He paused and questioned with his
 eye

The hearers' verdict on his song.
 A low voice asked : Is't well to pry
 Into the secrets which belong
 Only to God ?—The life to be
 Is still the unguessed mystery :
 Unsealed, unpierced the cloudy walls
 remain,
 We beat with dream and wish the
 soundless doors in vain.

“But faith beyond our sight may
 go.”

He said : “The gracious Father-
 hood
 Can only know above, below,
 Eternal purposes of good.
 From our free heritage of will,
 The bitter springs of pain and ill
 Flow only in all worlds. The perfect
 day
 Of God is shadowless, and love is love
 always.”

“I know,” she said, “the letter
 kills ;

That on our arid fields of strife
 And heat of clashing texts distils
 The dew of spirit and of life.
 But, searching still the written
 Word,
 I fain would find, Thus saith the
 Lord,

A voucher for the hope I also feel
 That sin can give no wound beyond
 love's power to heal.”

“Pray,” said the Man of Books,
 “give o'er

A theme too vast for time and
 place.

Go on, Sir Poet, ride once more
 Your hobby at his old free pace.
 But let him keep, with step discreet,
 The solid earth beneath his feet.

In the great mystery which around
 us lies,

The wisest is a fool, the fool Heaven-
 helped is wise.”

The Traveller said : “If songs have
 creeds,

Their choice of them let singers
 make ;

But Art no other sanction needs
 Than beauty for its own fair
 sake.

It grinds not in the mill of use,
 Nor asks for leave, nor begs
 excuse ;

It makes the flexile laws it deigns to
 own,

And gives its atmosphere its colour
 and its tone.

“Confess, old friend, your austere
 school

Has left your fancy little chance ;
 You square to reason's rigid rule

The flowing outlines of romance,
 With conscience keen from exercise,
 And chronic fear of compromise,

You check the free play of your rhymes,
 to clap

A moral underneath, and spring it
 like a trap.”

The sweet voice answered : “Better so
 Than bolder flights that know no
 check ;

Better to use the bit, than throw
 The reins all loose on fancy's
 neck.

The liberal range of Art should be
 The breadth of Christian liberty,
 Restrained alone by challenge and
 alarm

Where its charmed footsteps tread the
 borderland of harm.

“Beyond the poet’s sweet dream
lives
The eternal epic of the man.
He wisest is who only gives,
True to himself, the best he can ;
Who, drifting in the winds of praise,
The inward monitor obeys ;
And, with the boldness that confesses
fear,
Takes in the crowded sail, and lets
his conscience steer.

“Thanks for the fitting word he
speaks,
Nor less for doubtful word un-
spoken ;
For the false model that he breaks,
As for the moulded grace un-
broken ; [mains,
For what is missed and what re-
For losses which are truest gains,
For reverence conscious of the Eternal
eye,
And truth too fair to need the garnish
of a lie.”

Laughing, the Critic bowed. “I
yield
The point without another word ;
Who ever yet a case appealed
Where beauty’s judgment had
been heard ?
And you, my good friend, owe to me
Your warmest thanks for such a plea,
As true withal as sweet. For my
offence
Of cavil, let her words be ample re-
compense.”

Across the sea one lighthouse star,
With crimson ray that came and
went,
Revolving on its tower afar,
Looked through the doorway of
the tent.
While outward, over sand-slopes
wet, [jet
The lamp flashed down its yellow
On the long wash of waves, with red
and green
Tangles of weltering weed through the
white foam-wreaths seen

“Sing while we may, — another
day
May bring enough of sorrow ;’—
thus
Our Traveller in his own sweet lay,
His Crimean camp-song, hints to
us,”
The lady said. “So let it be ;
Sing us a song,” exclaimed all three.
She smiled : “I can but marvel at your
choice
To hear our poet’s words through my
poor borrowed voice.”

HER window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray,
And there at dawn and set of day
In prayer she kneels :
“Dear Lord !” she saith, “to many a
home
From wind and wave the wanderers
come ;
I only see the tossing foam
Of stranger keels.

“Blown out and in by summer gales,
The stately ships, with crowded sails,
And sailors leaning o’er their rails,
Before me glide ;
They come, they go, but nevermore,
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,
I see his swift-winged Isidore
The waves divide.

“O Thou ! with whom the night is day,
And one the near and far away,
Look out on yon grey waste, and say
Where lingers he.
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach
Of man, he hears the mocking speech
Of wind and sea.

“O dread and cruel deep, reveal
The secret which thy waves conceal,
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel
And tell your tale,
Let winds that tossed his raven hair
A message from my lost one bear,—
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer
Or dying wail !

“Come, with your dreariest truth shut
out

The fears that haunt me round about ;
O God ! I cannot bear this doubt
That stifles breath.

The worst is better than the dread ;
Give me but leave to mourn my dead
Asleep in trust and hope, instead
Of life in death !”

It might have been the evening breeze
That whispered in the garden trees,
It might have been the sound of seas
That rose and fell ;

But, with her heart, if not her ear,
The old loved voice she seemed to
hear :

“I wait to meet thee : be of cheer,
For all is well !”

—

The sweet voice into silence went,
A silence which was almost pain
As through it rolled the long lament,
The cadence of the mournful main.

Glancing his written pages o'er
The Reader tried his part once more ;
Leaving the land of hackmatack and
pine

For Tusean valleys glad with olive and
with vine.

—

THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

PIERO LUCA, known of all the town,
As the grey porter by the Pitti wall
Where the noon shadows of the gardens
fall,

Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down
His last sad burden, and beside his
mat

The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming
garden drifted,
Soft sunset lights through green Val
d'Arno sifted ;

Unheard, below the living shuttles
shifted

Backward and forth, and wove, in love
or strife,

In mirth or pain, the mottled web of
life :

But when at last came upward from
the street

Tinkle of bell and tread of measured
feet,

The sick man started, strove to rise
in vain,

Sinking back heavily with a moan of
pain.

And the monk said, “’Tis but the
Brotherhood

Of Mercy going on some errand good :
Their black masks by the palace-wall
I see.”

Pierò answered faintly, ‘Woe is me !
This day for the first time in forty
years

In vain the bell hath sounded in my
ears,

Calling me with my brethren of the
mask,

Beggar and prince alike, to some new
task

Of love or pity,—haply from the street
To bear a wretch plague-stricken, or,
with feet

Hushed to the quickened ear and
feverish brain,

To tread the crowded lazaretto’s
floors,

Down the long twilight of the corridors,
Midst tossing arms and faces full of
pain.

I loved the work : it was its own re-
ward.

I never counted on it to offset
My sins, which are many, or make
less my debt

To the free grace and mercy of our
Lord ;

But somehow, father, it has come to be
In these long years so much a part of
me,

I should not know myself, if lacking it,
But with the work the worker too
would die,

And in my place some other self would
sit

Joyful or sad,—what matters, if not I ?

And now all's over. Woe is me!"—
"My son."

The monk said soothingly, "thy work
is done ;

And no more as a servant, but the
guest

Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.
No toils, no tears, no sorrow for the
lost,

Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou
shalt sit down

Clad in white robes, and wear a
golden crown

For ever and for ever."—Piero tossed
On his sick-pillow : "Miserable me !
I am too poor for such grand com-
pany ;

The crown would be too heavy for
this gray

Old head ; and God forgive me if I say
It would be hard to sit there night
and day,

Like an image in the Tribune, doing
naught

With these hard hands, that all my
life have wrought,

Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.
I'm dull at prayers : I could not keep
awake,

Counting my beads. Mine's but a
crazy head,

Scarce worth the saving, if all else be
dead. [heart,

And if one goes to heaven without a
God knows he leaves behind his better
part.

I love my fellow-men : the worst I
know

I would do good to. Will death change
me so

That I shall sit among the lazy saints,
Turning a deaf ear to the sore com-
plaints

Of souls that suffer ? Why, I never yet
Left a poor dog in the *strada* hard
beset,

Or ass o'erladen ! Must I rate man less
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness ?
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought
be sin !)

The world of pain were better, if
therein

One's heart might still be human, and
desires

Of natural pity drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears."

Thereat the pale monk crossed
His brow, and, muttering, "Madman !
thou art lost !"

Took up his pyx and fled ; and, left
alone,

The sick man closed his eyes with a
great groan

That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be
done !"

Then was he made aware, by soul
or ear,

Of somewhat pure and holy bending
o'er him,

And of a voice like that of her who
bore him,

Tender and most compassionate :
"Never fear !

For heaven is love, as God Himself is
love,

Thy work below shall be thy work
above."

And when he looked, lo ! in the stern
monk's place

He saw the shining of an angel's face !

The Traveller broke the pause. "I've
seen

The Brothers down the long street
steal, [tween

Black, silent, masked, the crowd be-
And felt to doff my hat and kneel

With heart, if not with knee, in prayer,
For blessings on their pious care."

The Reader wiped his glasses :
"Friends of mine,

We'll try our home-brewed next, in-
stead of foreign wine."

THE CHANGELING.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton

They needed not to search,

Who saw young Anna Favor

Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,
At set of harvest-day,
The frolic of the blackbirds,
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
The saddest two-years bride,
She scowls in the face of her husband,
And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the red coals, goodman,—
For there the child shall lie,
Till the black witch comes to fetch
her,
And both up chimney fly.

"It's never my own little daughter
It's never my own," she said ;
"The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an imp instead.

"Oh, fair and sweet was my baby,
Blue eyes, and hair of gold ;
But this is ugly and wrinkled,
Cross, and cunning, and old.

"I hate the touch of her fingers,
I hate the feel of her skin ;
It's not the milk from my bosom,
But my blood, that she sneaks in.

"My face grows sharp with the tor-
ment ;
Look ! my arms are skin and bone!—
Rake open the red coals, goodman,
And the witch shall have her
own.

"She'll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she'll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head :
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman !
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it :
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind ;
Let her sight come back, and clothe
her
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild ;
Let the holy love of the mother
Turn again to her child.

"Make her lips like the lips of Mary
Kissing her blessed Son ;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of Thy handmaid,
Open her prison-door,
And Thine shall be all the glory
And praise for evermore."

Then into the face of its mother
The baby looked up and smiled ;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin,
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

Oh, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and
smiled,
But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness,
He stooped to her worn young
face,
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Blessed be God !" he murmured.
"Blessed be God !" she said ;
"For I see, who was once blinded,—
I live, who once was dead.

“ Now mount and ride, my goodman,
As thou lovest thy own soul !
Woe’s me, if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole ! ”

His horse he saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he,—
Now through the great black wood-
land,
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
He swam to Newbury town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice
(Upon whose soul be peace !)
Set his name to the jailer’s warrant
For Goodwife Cole’s release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
Went sounding like a flail ;
And Goody Cole at cockerow
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

“ Here is a rhyme;—I hardly dare
To venture on its themeworn out ;
What seems so sweet by Doon and
Ayr
Sounds simply silly hereabout ;
And pipes by lips Arcadian blown
Are only tin horns at our own.
Yet still the muse of pastoral walks
with us,
While Hosea Biglow sings, our new
Theocritus.”

THE MAIDS OF ATTITASH.

Insky and wave the white cloudsswam,
And the blue hills of Nottingham
Through gaps of leafy green
Across the lake were seen,—

When, in the shadow of the ash,
That dreams its dream in Attitash,
In the warm summer weather,
Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched in idle mood
The gleam and shade of lake and
wood,—
The beach the keen light smote,
The white sail of a boat,—

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,
In sweetness, not in music, dying,—
Hardhack, and virgin’s-bower,
And white-spiked clethra-flower.

With careless ears they heard the plash
And breezy wash of Attitash,
The wood-bird’s plaintive cry,
The locust’s sharp reply.

And teased the while, with playful
hand,
The shaggy dog of Newfoundland,
Whose uncouth frolic spilled
Their baskets berry-filled.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes
Was evermore a great surprise,
Tossed back her queenly head,
And, lightly laughing, said,—

“ No bridegroom’s hand be mine to
hold
That is not lined with yellow gold ;
I tread no cottage-floor ;
I own no lover poor.

“ My love must come on silken wings,
With bridal lights of diamond rings,—
Not foul with kitchen smireh,
With tallow-dip for torch.”

The other, on whose modest head
Was lesser dower of beauty shed,
With look for home-hearth’s meet,
And voice exceeding sweet,

Answered,—“ We will not rivals be ;
Take thou the gold, leave love to me ;
Mine be the cottage small,
And thine the rich man’s hall.

"I know, indeed, that wealth is good ;
But lowly roof and simple food,
With love that hath no doubt,
Are more than gold without."

Hard by a farmer hale and young
His cradle in the rye-field swung,
Tracking the yellow plain
With windrows of ripe grain.

And still, whene'er he paused to
whet
His scythe, the sidelong glance he
met
Of large dark eyes, where strove
False pride and secret love.

Be strong, young mower of the grain ;
That love shall overmatch disdain,
Its instincts soon or late
The heart shall vindicate.

In blouse of grey, with fishing-rod,
Half screened by leaves, a stranger trod
The margin of the pond,
Watching the group beyond.

The supreme hours unnoted come ;
Unfelt the turning tides of doom ;
And so the maids laughed on,
Nor dreamed what Fate had done,—

Nor knew the step was Destiny's
That rustled in the birchen trees,
As, with their lives forecast,
Fisher and mower passed.

Erelong by lake and rivulet side
The summer roses paled and died,
And Autumn's fingers shed
The maple's leaves of red.

Through the long gold-hazed after-
noon,
Alone, but for the diving loon,
The partridge in the brake,
The black duck on the lake,

Beneath the shadow of the ash
Sat man and maid by Attitash ;
And earth and air made room
For human hearts to bloom.

Soft spread the carpets of the sod
And scarlet-oak and golden-rod
With blushes and with smiles
Lit up the forest aisles.

The mellow light the lake aslant,
The pebbled margin's ripple-chant
Attenuated and low-toned,
The tender mystery owned.

And through the dream the lovers
dreamed
Sweet sounds stole in and soft lights
streamed ;
The sunshine seemed to bless,
The air was a caress.

Not she who lightly laughed is there,
With scornful toss of midnight hair,
Her dark, disdainful eyes,
And proud lip worldly-wise.

Her haughty vow is still unsaid,
But all she dreamed and coveted
Wears, half to her surprise,
The youthful farmer's guise !

With more than all her old-time pride
She walks the rye-field at his side,
Careless of eot or hall,
Since love transfigures all.

Rich beyond dreams, the vantage-
ground
Of life is gained ; her hands have found
The talisman of old
That changes all to gold.

While she who could for love dis-
pense
With all its glittering accidents,
And trust her heart alone,
Finds love and gold her own.

What wealth can buy or art can
build
Awaits her ; but her cup is filled
Even now unto the brim ;
Her world is love and him !

The while he heard, the Book-man
drew

A length of make-believing face,
With smothered mischief laughing
through : [place,

“Why, you shall sit in Ramsay’s
And, with his Gentle Shepherd, keep
On Yankee hills immortal sheep,
While lovelorn swains and maids the
seas beyond
Hold dreamy tryst around your
huckleberry-pond.”

The Traveller laughed; “Sir Galahad
Singing of love the Trouvere’s lay!
How should he know the blindfold
lad

From one of Vulcan’s forge-boys?”

—“Nay,

He better sees who stands outside
Than they who in procession ride,”
The Reader answered: “selectmen and
squire

Miss, while they make, the show that
wayside folks admire.

“Here is a wild tale of the North,
Our travelled friend will own as
one

Fit for a Norland Christmas hearth
And lips of Christian Andersen.

They tell it in the valleys green
Of the fair island he has seen,
Low lying off the pleasant Swedish
shore,

Washed by the Baltic Sea, and watched
by Elsinore.”

KALLUNDBORG CHURCH.

“Tie stille, barn min!
Imorgen kommer Fin,
Fæ’er din,

Og gi’er dig Esbern Snares öine og hjerte at
lege med!”

Zealand Rhyme.

“BUILD at Kallundborg by the sea
A church as stately as church may be,
And there shalt thou wed my daughter
fair,” [Snare.
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern
said,

“Though I lose my soul, I will Helva
wed!”

And off he strode, in his pride of
will,

To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

“Build, O Troll, a church for me
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea;
Build it stately, and build it fair,
Build it quickly,” said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, “No work is
wrought

By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for
naught.

What wilt thou give for thy church
so fair?”

“Set thy own price,” quoth Esbern
Snare.

“When Kallundborg church is build-
ed well,

Thou must the name of its builder
tell,

Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my
boon.”

“Build,” said Esbern, “and build it
soon.”

By night and by day the Troll wrought
on;

He hewed the timbers, he piled the
stone;

But day by day, as the walls rose fair,
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by
day,

He sought and thought, but he dared
not pray;

In vain he called on the Elle-maidshy,
And the Neek and the Nis gave no
reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide
A rumour ran through the country-
side;

And Helva of Nesvek young and
fair,

Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was well-nigh
done ;

One pillar it lacked, and one alone ;
And the grim Troll muttered, " Fool
thou art !

To-morrow gives me thy eyes and
heart ! "

By Kallundborg in black despair,
Through wood and meadow, walked
Esbern Snare,

Till, worn and weary, the strong man
sank

Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the
Troll [hole ;

Hammer and delve in the quarry's
Before him the church stood large and
fair :

" I have builded my tomb," said
Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to
hide,

When he heard a light step at his side :
" O Esbern Snare ! " a sweet voice said,
" Would I might die now in thy stead ! "

With a grasp by love and by fear made
strong,

He held her fast, and he held her long ;
With the beating heart of a bird afeard,
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

" O love ! " he cried, " let me look to-
day

In thine eyes ere mine are plucked
away ; [heart

Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart !

" I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee !
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me ! "

But fast as she prayed, and faster still,
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving
heart

Was somehow baffling his evil art ;
For more than spell of Elf or Troll
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the
sound

Of a Troll-wife singing underground :
" To-morrow comes Fine, father thine :
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine !

" Lie still, my darling ! next sunrise
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart
and eyes ! "

" Ho ! ho ! " quoth Esbern, " is that
your game ?

Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his
name ! "

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on
To Kallundborg church with the lack-
ing stone.

" Too late, Gaffer Fine ! " cried Esbern
Snare ;

And Troll and pillar vanished in air !

That night the harvesters heard the
sound

Of a woman sobbing underground,
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud
with blame

Of the careless singer who told his
name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing
the rune

By the Northern Sea in the harvest
moon ;

And the fishers of Zealand hear him
still

Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg
church,

Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern
Snare !

— — —
" What," asked the Traveller,
" would our sires,

The old Norse story-tellers, say
Of sun-graved pictures, ocean wires,
And smoking steamboats of to
day ?

And this, O lady, by your leave,
 Recalls your song of yester eve :
 Pray, let us have that Cable-hymn
 once more."

"Hear, hear!" the Book-man cried,
 "the lady has the floor.

"These noisy waves below perhaps
 To such a strain will lend their ear,
 With softer voice and lighter lapse
 Come stealing up the sands to
 hear,

And what they once refused to do
 For old King Knut accord to you.
 Nay, even the fishes shall your listeners
 be,

As once, the legend runs, they heard
 St. Anthony."

O LONELY bay of Trinity,
 O dreary shores, give ear!
 Lean down unto the white-lipped sea
 The voice of God to hear!

From world to world His couriers fly,
 Thought-winged and shod with fire;
 The angel of His stormy sky
 Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?
 "The world's long strife is done;
 Close wedded by that mystic cord,
 Its continents are one.

"And one in heart, as one in blood,
 Shall all her peoples be;
 The hands of human brotherhood
 Are clasped beneath the sea.

"Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's
 plain
 And Asian mountains borne,
 The vigour of the Northern brain
 Shall nerve the world outworn.

"From clime to clime, from shore to
 shore,
 Shall thrill the magic thread;
 The new Prometheus steals once more
 The fire that wakes the dead."

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder!
 beat

From answering beach to beach;
 Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
 And melt the chains of each!

Wild terror of the sky above,
 Glide tamed and dumb below:
 Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,
 Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
 Beneath the deep so far,
 The bridal robe of earth's accord,
 The funeral shroud of war!

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall
 Space mocked and time outrun;
 And round the world the thought of all
 Is as the thought of one!

The poles unite, the zones agree,
 The tongues of striving cease;
 As on the Sea of Galilee
 The Christ is whispering, Peace!

"Glad prophecy! to this at last,"
 The Reader said, "shall all things
 come.

Forgotten be the bugle's blast,
 And battle-music of the drum.
 A little while the world may run
 Its old mad way, with needle-gun
 And iron-clad, but truth, at last, shall
 reign:
 The cradle-song of Christ was never
 sung in vain!"

Shifting his scattered papers,
 "Here,"

He said, as died the faint applause,
 "Is something that I found last
 year [Orr's.

Down on the island known as
 I had it from a fair-haired girl
 Who, oddly, bore the name of Pearl,
 (As if by some droll freak of circum-
 stance.)

Classic, or well-nigh so, in Harriet
 Stowe's romance."

THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPS-
WELL.

WHAT flecks the outer grey beyond
The sundown's golden trail?
The white flash of a sea-bird's wing,
Or gleam of slanting sail?
Let young eyes watch from Neck and
Point,
And sea-worn elders pray,—
The ghost of what was once a ship
Is sailing up the bay!

From grey sea-fog, from icy drift,
From peril and from pain,
The home-bound fisher greets thy
lights,
O hundred-harbour'd Maine!
But many a keel shall seaward turn,
And many a sail outstand,
When, tall and white, the Dead Ship
looms
Against the dusk of land.

She rounds the headland's bristling
pines;
She threads the isle-set bay;
No spur of breeze can speed her on,
Nor ebb of tide delay.
Old men still walk the Isle of Orr
Who tell her date and name,
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards
Who hewed her oaken frame.

What weary doom of baffled quest,
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?
What makes thee in the haunts of home
A wonder and a sign?
No foot is on thy silent deck,
Upon thy helm no hand;
No ripple hath the soundless wind
That smites thee from the land!

For never comes the ship to port,
How'er the breeze may be;
Just when she nears the waiting shore
She drifts again to sea.
No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,
Nor sheer of veering side;
Stern-fore she drives to sea and night,
Against the wind and tide.

In vain o'er Harpswell Neek the star
Of evening guides her in;
In vain for her the lamps are lit
Within thy tower, Seguin!
In vain the harbour-boat shall hail,
In vain the pilot call;
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,
Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary
joy,
Your grey-head hints of ill;
And, over sick-beds whispering low,
Your prophecies fulfil.
Some home amid yon birchen trees
Shall drape its door with woe;
And slowly where the Dead Ship sails
The burial boat shall row!

From Wolf Neck and from Flying
Point,
From island and from main,
From sheltered cove and tided creek,
Shall glide the funeral train.
The dead-boat with the bearers four,
The mourners at her stern,—
And one shall go the silent way
Who shall no more return!

And men shall sigh, and women weep,
Whose dear ones pale and pine,
And sadly over sunset seas
Await the ghostly sign.
They know not that its sails are filled
By pity's tender breath,
Nor see the Angel at the helm
Who steers the Ship of Death!

“Chill as a down-east breeze
should be,”

The Book-man said. “A ghostly
touch

The legend has. I'm glad to see
Your flying Yankee beat the
Dutch.”

“Well, here is something of the sort
Which one midsummer day I caught
In Narragansett Bay, for lack of fish.”
“We wait,” the Traveller said; “serve
hot or cold your dish.”

THE PALATINE.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and auk,
Point Judith watches with eye of
hawk ;

Leagues south, thy beacon flames,
Montauk !

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood - for-
saken,

With never a tree for Spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lieth the Island of Manisees,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
The coast lights up on its turret old,
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and
beat,

And Winter laughs at its fires of peat !

But in summer time, when pool and
pond,

Held in the laps of valleys fond,
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond ;

When the hills are sweet with the
brier-rose,

And, hid in the warm, soft dells, un-
close

Flowers the mainland rarely knows ;

When boats to their morning fishing
go,

And, held to the wind and slanting low,
Whitening and darkening the small
sails show,—

Then is that lonely island fair ;
And the pale health-seeker findeth
there

The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more
white !

There, circling ever their narrow range,
Quaint tradition and legend strange
Live on unchallenged, and know no
change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow,
Or rocking weirdly to and fro
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of
twine,

Talk together of dream and sign,
Talk of the lost ship Palatine,—

The ship that, a hundred years before,
Freighted deep with its goodly store,
In the gales of the equinox went
ashore.

The eager islanders one by one
Counted the shots of her signal gun,
And heard the crash when she drove
right on !

Into the teeth of death she sped :
(May God forgive the hands that
fed

The false lights over the rocky Head !)

O men and brothers ! what sights
were there !

White upturned faces, hands stretched
in prayer !

Where waves had pity, could ye not
spare ?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds
of prey

Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and
shine

Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they home-
ward sped,

“The sea and the rocks are dumb,”
they said :

“There'll be no reckoning with the
dead.”

But the year went round, and when
 once more
 Along their foam-white curves of shore
 They heard the line-storm rave and
 roar,

Behold! again, with shimmer and shine
 Over the rocks and the seething brine,
 The flaming wreck of the Palatine!

So, haply in fitter words than these,
 Mending their nets on their patient
 knees,
 They tell of the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray;
 "It is known to us all," they quietly
 say;
 "We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word
 once spoken?
 Was never a deed but left its token
 Written on tables never broken?

Do the elements subtle reflections give?
 Do pictures of all the ages live
 On Nature's infinite negative,

Which, half in sport, in malice half,
 She shows at times, with shudder or
 laugh,
 Phantom and shadow in photograph?

For still, on many a moonless night,
 From Kingston Head and from Mon-
 tauk light
 The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and
 higher,
 Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,
 Then, slowly sinking, the flames ex-
 pire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though
 skies be fine,
 Reef their sails when they see the sign
 Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine!

"A fitter tale to scream than
 sing,"

The Book-man said. "Well,
 fancy, then,"

The Reader answered, "on the wing
 The sea-birds shriek it, not for
 men,

But in the ear of wave and breeze!"
 The Traveller mused: "Your Mani-
 sees

Is fairy-land: off Narragansett shore
 Who ever saw the isle or heard its
 name before?

"'Tis some strange land of Fly-
 away,

Whose dreamy shore the ship be-
 guiles,

St. Brandan's in its sea-mist gray,
 Or sunset loom of Fortunate
 Isles!"

"No ghost, but solid turf and rock
 Is the good island known as Block,"

The Reader said. "For beauty and
 for ease

I chose its Indian name, soft-flowing
 Manisees!

"But let it pass; here is a bit
 Of unrhymed story, with a hint
 Of the old preaching mood in it,

The sort of sidelong moral squint
 Our friend objects to, which has
 grown,

I fear, a habit of my own.

'Twas written when the Asian plague
 drew near,

And the land held its breath and paled
 with sudden fear."

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
 With breeches and cocked hats) the
 people sent

Their wisest men to make the public
 laws.

And so, from a brown homestead,
 where the Sound

Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,

Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
 And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
 Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
 Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year
 Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
 Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
 Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
 A horror of great darkness, like the night
 In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
 The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
 Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
 Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
 The crater's sides from the red hell below.
 Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls
 Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
 Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
 Flitted abroad; the sounds of labour died;
 Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
 To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
 The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
 Might look from the rent clouds, not as He looked
 A loving Guest at Bethany, but stern
 As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House,
 dim as ghosts,
 Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
 Trembling beneath their legislative robes.

“It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,”
 Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
 All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
 He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
 The intolerable hush. “This well may be
 The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
 But be it so or not, I only know
 My present duty, and my Lord's command
 To occupy till He come. So at the post
 Where He hath set me in His providence,
 I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face,—
 No faithless servant frightened from my task,
 But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
 And therefore, with all reverence, I would say, [ours.
 Let God do His work, we will see to
 Bring in the candles.” And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
 Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
 An Act to amend an Act to regulate
 The shad and alewife fisheries.
 Whereupon
 Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
 Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
 Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
 The shrewd dry humour natural to the man:
 His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
 Between the pauses of his argument,
 To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
 Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to
 this day,
 Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half
 seen
 Against the background of unnatural
 dark,
 A witness to the ages as they pass,
 That simple duty hath no place for
 fear.

He ceased: just then the ocean
 seemed
 To lift a half-faced moon in sight;
 And, shore-ward, o'er the waters
 gleamed,
 From crest to crest, a line of
 light,
 Such as of old, with solemn awe,
 The fishers by Gennesaret saw,
 When dry-shod o'er it walked the
 Son of God,
 Tracking the waves with light where'er
 His sandals trod.

Silently for a space each eye
 Upon that sudden glory turned:
 Cool from the land the breeze blew
 by,
 The tent-ropes flapped, the long
 beach churned
 Its waves to foam; on either hand
 Stretched, far as sight, the hills of
 sand;
 With bays of marsh, and capes of bush
 and tree,
 The wood's black shore-line loomed
 beyond the meadowy sea.

The lady rose to leave. "One song,
 Or hymn," they urged, "before
 we part."
 And she, with lips to which belong
 Sweet intuitions of all art,
 Gave to the winds of night a strain
 Which they who heard would hear
 again;
 And to her voice the solemn ocean
 lent,
 Touching its harp of sand, a deep
 accompaniment.

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
 Has never ceased to play;
 The song the stars of morning sung
 Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
 By all things near and far;
 The ocean looketh up to heaven,
 And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
 As kneels the human knee,
 Their white locks bowing to the sand,
 The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures
 forth,
 Their gifts of pearl they bring,
 And all the listening hills of earth
 Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
 From many a mountain shrine;
 From folded leaf and dewy cup
 She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
 Rise white as wings of prayer;
 The altar-curtains of the hills
 Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are
 loud,
 Or low with sobs of pain,—
 The thunder-organ of the cloud,
 The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches
 crossed
 The twilight forest grieves,
 Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
 From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
 Its transept earth and air,
 The music of its starry march
 The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
 With which her years began,
 And all her signs and voices shame
 The prayerless heart of man.

The singer ceased. The moon's
 white rays
 Fell on the rapt, still face of her.
 "Allah il Allah! He hath praise
 From all things," said the Tra-
 veller.
 "Oft from the desert's silent nights,
 And mountain hymns of sunset
 lights,
 My heart has felt rebuke, as in his
 tent
 The Moslem's prayer has shamed my
 Christian knee unbent."

He paused, and lo! far, faint, and
 slow
 The bells in Newbury's steeples
 tolled
 The twelve dead hours; the lamp
 burned low;
 The singer sought her canvas fold.
 One sadly said, "At break of day
 We strike our tent and go our way."
 But one made answer cheerily, "Never
 fear,
 We'll pitch this tent of ours in type
 another year."



AMONG THE HILLS.

—:o:—

PRELUDE.

ALONG the roadside, like the flowers
of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens
wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the
golden-rod,
And the red pennons of the cardinal-
flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright
staves.
The sky is hot and hazy, and the
wind,
Wing-weary with its long flight from
the south,
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, you
maple leaf
With faintest motion, as one stirs in
dreams,
Confesses it. The locust by the wall
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp
alarm.
A single hay-cart down the dusty road
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast
asleep
On the load's top. Against the neigh-
bouring hill,
Huddled along the stone wall's shady
side,
The sheep show white, as if a snow-
drift still
Defied the dog-star. Through the
open door
A drowsy smell of flowers—grey helio-
trophe,
And white sweet clover, and shy
mignonette—
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus
lends
To the pervading symphony of peace.

No time is this for hands long over-
worn
To task their strength: and (unto
Him be praise
Who giveth quietness!) the stress and
strain
Of years that did the work of centuries
Have ceased, and we can draw our
breath once more
Freely and full. So, as you harvesters
Make glad their nooning underneath
the elms
With tale and riddle and old snatch
of song,
I lay aside grave themes, and idly turn
The leaves of memory's sketch-book,
dreaming o'er
Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,
And human life, as quiet, at their feet.
And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,
Proud of field-lore and harvest-craft,
and feeling
All their fine possibilities, how rich
And restful even poverty and toil
Become when beauty, harmony, and
love
Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat
At evening in the patriarch's tent,
when man
Makes labour noble, and his farmer's
frock
The symbol of a Christian chivalry
Tender and just and generous to her
Who clothes with grace all duty; still,
I know
Too well the picture has another side,—
How wearily the grind of toil goes
on
Where love is wanting, how the eye
and ear

And heart are starved amidst the
 plenitude
 Of nature, and how hard and colourless
 Is life without an atmosphere. I look
 Across the lapse of half a century,
 And call to mind old homesteads,
 where no flower
 Told that the spring had come, but
 evil weeds,
 Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock
 in the place
 Of the sweet doorway greeting of the
 rose
 And honeysuckle, where the house
 walls seemed
 Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine
 To cast the tremulous shadow of its
 leaves
 Across the curtainless windows from
 whose panes
 Fluttered the signal rags of shiftless-
 ness ;
 Within, the cluttered kitchen-floor,
 unwashed
 (Broom-clean I think they called it) ;
 the best room
 Stifling with cellar damp, shut from
 the air
 In hot midsummer, bookless, picture-
 less
 Save the inevitable sampler hung
 Over the fireplace, or a mourning piece,
 A green-haired woman, peony-cheek'd,
 beneath
 Impossible willows ; the wide-throated
 hearth
 Bristling with faded pine-boughs half
 concealing
 The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's
 back ;
 And, in sad keeping with all things
 about them,
 Shrill, querulous women, sour and
 sullen men,
 Untidy, loveless, old before their time,
 With scarce a human interest save
 their own
 Monotonous round of small economies,
 Or the poor scandal of the neighbour-
 hood ;
 Blind to the beauty everywhere re-
 vealed,

Treading the May-flowers with regard-
 less feet ;
 For them the song-sparrow and the
 bobolink
 Sang not, nor winds made music in
 the leaves ;
 For them in vain October's holocaust
 Burned, gold and crimson, over all
 the hills,
 The sacramental mystery of the woods.
 Church-goers, fearful of the unseen
 Powers,
 But grumbling over pulpit-tax and
 pew-rent,
 Saving, as shrewd economists, their
 souls
 And winter pork with the least possible
 outlay
 Of salt and sanctity ; in daily life
 Showing as little actual comprehension
 Of Christian charity and love and duty
 As if the Sermon on the Mount had been
 Outdated like a last year's almanac :
 Rich in broad woodlands and in half-
 tilled fields,
 And yet so pinched and bare and
 comfortless,
 The veriest straggler limping on his
 rounds,
 The sun and air his sole inheritance,
 Laughed at a poverty that paid its
 taxes,
 And hugged his rags in self-compla-
 cency !
 Not such should be the homesteads of
 a land
 Where whoso wisely wills and acts
 may dwell
 As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred
 state,
 With beauty, art, taste, culture, books,
 to make
 His hour of leisure richer than a life
 Of fourscore to the barons of old time.
 Our yeoman should be equal to his home
 Set in the fair, green valleys, purple
 walled,
 A man to match his mountains, not
 to creep
 Dwarfed and abased below them. I
 would fain

In this light way (of which I needs
must own

With the knife-grinder of whom
Canning sings,
"Story, God bless you! I have none
to tell you!")

Invite the eye to see and heart to feel
The beauty and the joy within their
reach,—

Home, and home loves, and the beati-
tudes

Of nature free to all. Haply in years
That wait to take the places of our own,
Heard where some breezy balcony looks
down

On happy homes, or where the lake
in the moon

Sleeps dreaming of the mountains,
fair as Ruth,

In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet
Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine
May seem the burden of a prophecy,
Finding its late fulfilment in a change
Slow as the oak's growth, lifting man-
hood up

Through broader culture, finer man-
ners, love,

And reverence, to the level of the hills.

O Golden Age, whose light is of the
dawn,

And not of sunset, forward, not behind,
Flood the new heavens and earth, and
with thee bring

All the old virtues, whatsoever things
Are pure and honest and of good repute,
But add thereto whatever bard has
sung

Or seer has told of when in trance and
dream

They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!
Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth
divide

Between the right and wrong; but
give the heart

The freedom of its fair inheritance;
Let the poor prisoner, cramped and
starved so long,

At Nature's table feast his ear and eye
With joy and wonder; let all harmonies
Of sound, form, colour, motion, wait
upon

The princely guest, whether in soft
attire

Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of
toil,

And, lending life to the dead form of
faith,

Give human nature reverence for the
sake

Of One who bore it, making it divine
With the ineffable tenderness of
God;

Let common need, the brotherhood of
prayer,

The heirship of an unknown destiny,
The unsolved mystery round about us,
make

A man more precious than the gold of
Ophir.

Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
Should minister, as outward types and
signs

Of the eternal beauty which fulfils
The one great purpose of creation,
Love,

The sole necessity of Earth and Heaven!

AMONG THE HILLS.

For weeks the clouds had raked the
hills

And vexed the vales with raining,
And all the woods were sad with mist,
And all the brooks complaining.

At last, a sudden night-storm tore
The mountain veils asunder,
And swept the valleys clean before
The besom of the thunder.

Through Sandwich notch the west-
wind sang

Good morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue
 sky
 The peaks had winter's keenness ;
 And, close on autumn's frost, the vales
 Had more than June's fresh green-
 ness.

Again the sodden forest floors
 With golden lights were checkered,
 Once more rejoicing leaves in wind
 And sunshine danced and flickered.

It was as if the summer's late
 Atoning for its sadness
 Had borrowed every season's charm
 To end its days in gladness.

I call to mind those banded vales
 Of shadow and of shining,
 Through which, my hostess at my side,
 I drove in day's declining.

We held our sideling way above
 The river's whitening shallows,
 By homesteads old, with wide-flung
 barns
 Swept through and through by
 swallows,—

By maple orchards, belts of pine
 And larches climbing darkly
 The mountain slopes, and, over all,
 The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-
 range
 With gaps of brightness riven,—
 How through each pass and hollow
 streamed
 The purpling lights of heaven,—

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
 From far celestial fountains,—
 The great sun flaming through the
 rifts
 Beyond the wall of mountains !

We paused at last where home-bound
 cows
 Brought down the pasture's treasure,
 And in the barn the rhythmic flails
 Beat out a harvest measure.

We heard the night-hawk's sullen
 plunge,
 The crow his tree mates calling :
 The shadows lengthening down the
 slopes
 About our feet were falling.

And through them smote the level
 sun
 In broken lines of splendour,
 Touched the grey rocks and made the
 green
 Of the shorn grass more tender.

The maples bending o'er the gate,
 Their arch of leaves just tinted
 With yellow warmth, the golden glow
 Of coming autumn hinted.

Keen white between the farm-house
 showed,
 And smiled on porch and trellis,
 The fair democracy of flowers
 That equals cot and palace.

And weaving garlands for her dog,
 'Twixt chidings and caresses,
 A human flower of childhood shook
 The sunshine from her tresses.

On either hand we saw the signs
 Of fancy and of shrewdness,
 Where taste had wound its arms of
 vines
 Round thrift's uncomely rudeness.

The sun-brown farmer in his frock
 Shook hands, and called to Mary :
 Bare-armed, as Juno might, she
 came,
 White-aproned from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions,
 told
 Of womanly completeness ;
 A music as of household songs
 Was in her voice of sweetness.

Not fair alone in curve and line,
 But something more and better,
 The secret charm eluding art,
 Its spirit, not its letter ;—

An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance,—
The warmth of genial courtesies,
The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood
How dared our hostess utter
The paltry errand of her need
To buy her fresh-churned butter ?

She led the way with housewife pride,
Her goodly store disclosing,
Full tenderly the golden balls
With practised hands disposing.

Then, while along the western hills
We watched the changeful glory
Of sunset, on our homeward way,
I heard her simple story.

The early crickets sang ; the stream
Plashed through my friend's narra-
tion :

Her rustic patois of the hills
Lost in my free translation.

"More wise," she said, "than those
who swarm
Our hills in middle summer,
She came, when June's first roses blow,
To greet the early comer.

"From school and ball and rout she
came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

"Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over ;
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

"For health comes sparkling in the
streams
From cool Chocorna stealing :
There's iron in our Northern winds ;
Our pines are trees of healing.

"She sat beneath the broad-armed
elms
That skirt the mowing-meadow,

And watched the gentle west-wind
weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

"Beside her, from the summer heat
To share her grateful screening,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

"Framed in its damp, dark locks, his
face
Had nothing mean or common,—
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
And pride beloved of woman.

"She looked up, glowing with the
health
The country air had brought her,
And, laughing, said : ' You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter.

"To mend your frock and bake your
You do not need a lady : [bread
Be sure among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting ready,—

"Some fair, sweet girl with skilful
hand
And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure.'

"He bent his black brows to a frown,
He set his white teeth tightly.
'Tis well,' he said, 'for one like you
To choose for me so lightly.

"You think, because my life is rude
I take no note of sweetness :
I tell you love has naught to do
With meetness or unmeetness.

"Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion
When silken zone or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion.

"You think me deaf and blind : you
bring
Your winning graces hither
As free as if from cradle-time
We two had played together.

“ You tempt me with your laughing
eyes,

Your cheek of sundown's blushes,
A motion as of waving grain,
A music as of thrushes.

“ The plaything of your summer
sport,

The spells you weave around me
You cannot at your will undo,
Nor leave me as you found me.

“ You go as lightly as you came,
Your life is well without me ;

What care you that these hills will
close

Like prison-walls about me ?

“ No mood is mine to seek a wife
Or daughter for my mother :

Who loves you loses in that love
All power to love another !

“ I dare your pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding ;

I fling my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading.’

“ She looked up in his face of pain
So ardhly, yet so tender :

‘ And if I lend you mine,’ she said,
‘ Will you forgive the lender ?

“ Nor froek nor tan can hide the man ;
And see you not, my farmer,

How weak and fond a woman waits
Behind this silken armour ?

“ I love you : on that love alone,
And not my worth, presuming,

Will you not trust for summer fruit
The tree in May-day blooming ?’

“ Alone the hangbird overhead,
His hair-sprung cradle straining,

Looked down to see love's miracle,—
The giving that is gaining.

“ And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter :

There looks no happier home than hers
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

“ Flowers spring to blossom where she
walks

The careful ways of duty ;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

“ Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,

And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

“ Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching ;

The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconseious teaching.

“ And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing ;

Her garments to the sick man's ear
Have music in their trailing.

“ And when, in pleasant harvest moons,
The youthful huskers gather,

Or sleigh-drives on the mountain ways
Defy the winter weather,—

“ In sugar-camps, when south and
warm

The winds of March are blowing,
And sweetly from its thawing veins,
The maple's blood is flowing,—

“ In summer, where some lilled pond
Its virgin zone is bearing,

Or where the ruddy autumn fire
Lights up the apple-paring,—

“ The coarseness of a ruder time
Her finer mirth displaces,

A subtler sense of pleasure fills
Each rustic sport she graces.

“ Her presence lends its warmth and
health

To all who come before it.
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it.

“ For larger life and wiser aims
The farmer is her debtor ;

Who holds to his another's heart
Must needs be worse or better.

“Through her his civic service shows
A purer-toned ambition ;
No double consciousness divides
The man and politician.

“In party’s doubtful ways he trusts
Her instincts to determine ;
At the loud polls, the thought of
her
Recalls Christ’s Mountain Sermon.

“He owns her logic of the heart,
And wisdom of unreason,
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs,
The needed word in season.

“He sees with pride her richer thought,
Her fancy’s freer ranges ;
And love thus deepened to respect
Is proof against all changes.

“And if she walks at ease in ways
His feet are slow to travel,
And if she reads with cultured eyes
What his may scarce unravel,

“Still clearer, for her keener sight
Of beauty and of wonder,
He learns the meaning of the hills
He dwelt from childhood under.

“And higher, warmed with summer
lights,
Or winter-crowned and hoary,
The ridged horizon lifts for him
Its inner veils of glory.

“He has his own free, bookless lore,
The lessons nature taught him,
The wisdom which the woods and
hills
And toiling men have brought him :

“The steady force of will whereby
Her flexile grace seems sweeter ;
The sturdy counterpoise which makes
Her woman’s life completer :

“A latent fire of soul which lacks
No breath of love to fan it ;
And wit, that, like his native brooks,
Plays over solid granite.

“How dwarfed against his manliness
She sees the poor pretension,
The wants, the aims, the follies, born
Of fashion and convention !

“How life behind its accidents
Stands strong and self-sustaining,
The human fact transcending all
The losing and the gaining.

“And so, in grateful interchange
Of teacher and of hearer,
Their lives their true distinctness keep
While daily drawing nearer.

“And if the husband or the wife
In home’s strong light discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

“Why need we care to ask ?—who
dreams
Without their thorns of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses ?

“For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living :
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

“We send the Squire to General Court,
He takes his young wife thither ;
No prouder man election day
Rides through the sweet June
weather.

“He sees with eyes of manly trust
All hearts to her inclining ;
Not less for him his household light
That others share its shining.”

Thus, while my hostess spake, there
grew
Before me, warmer tinted
And outlined with a tenderer grace,
The picture that she hinted.

The sunset smouldered as we drove
Beneath the deep hill-shadows.
Below us wreaths of white fog walked
Like ghosts the haunted meadows.

Sounding the summer night, the stars
Dropped down their golden plum-
mets ;

The pale arc of the Northern lights
Rose o'er the mountain summits,—

Until, at last, beneath its bridge,
We heard the Bearcamp flowing,
And saw across the mapled lawn
The welcome home-lights glow-
ing;—

And, musing on the tale I heard,
'Twere well, thought I, if often

To rugged farm-life came the gift
To harmonise and soften ;—

If more and more we found the
truth

Of fact and fancy plighted,
And culture's charm and labour's
strength

In rural homes united,—

The simple life, the homely hearth,
With beauty's sphere surrounding,
And blessing toil where toil abounds
With graces more abounding.



MIRIAM.

—:o:—

DEDICATION TO FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD.

THE years are many since, in youth
and hope,
Under the Charter Oak, our heroscope
We drew thick-studded with all
favouring stars.
Now, with grey beards, and faces
scamed with scars
From life's hard battle, meeting once
again,
We smile, half sadly, over dreams so
vain ;
Knowing, at last, that it is not in man
Who walketh to direct his steps, or
plan
His permanent house of life. Alike
we loved
The muses' haunts, and all our fancies
moved
To measures of old song. How since
that day
Our feet have parted from the path
that lay
So fair before us ! Rich, from life-
long search
Of truth, within thy Academic porch
Thou sittest now, lord of a realm of
fact,
Thy servitors the sciences exact ;
Still listening with thy hand on
Nature's keys,
To hear the Samian's spherul har-
monies
And rhythm of law. I called from
dream and song,
Thank God ! so early to a strife so long,
That, ere it closed, the black, abundant
hair [spare
Of boyhood rested silver-sown and

On manhood's temples, now at sunset-
chime
Tread with fond feet the path of
morning time.
And if perchance too late I linger where
The flowers have ceased to blow, and
trees are bare,
Thou, wiser in thy choice, wilt scarcely
blame
The friend who shields his folly with
thy name.

AMESBURY, 10th mo., 1870.

MIRIAM.

ONE Sabbath day my friend and I
After the meeting, quietly
Passed from the crowded village lanes,
White with dry dust for lack of rains,
And climbed the neighbouring slope,
with feet
Slackened and heavy from the heat,
Although the day was well-nigh done,
And the low angle of the sun
Along the naked hillside cast
Our shadows as of giants vast.
We reached, at length, the topmost
swell,
Whence, either way, the green turf fell
In terraces of nature down
To fruit-hung orchards, and the town
With white, pretenceless houses, tall
Church-steeple, and, o'ershadowing
all,
Huge mills whose windows had the
look
Of eager eyes that ill could brook
The Sabbath rest. We traced the track
Of the sea-seeking river back

Glistening for miles above its mouth,
Through the long valley to the south,
And, looking eastward, cool to view,
Stretched the illimitable blue
Of ocean, from its curved coast-line ;
Sombred and still, the warm sunshine
Filled with pale gold-dust all the reach
Of slumberous woods from hill to
beach,—

Slanted on walls of thronged retreats
From city toil and dusty streets,
On grassy bluff, and dune of sand,
And rocky islands miles from land ;
Touched the far-glancing sails, and
showed

White lines of foam where long waves
flowed

Dumb in the distance. In the north,
Dim through their misty hair, looked
forth

The space-dwarfed mountains to the
sea,

From mystery to mystery !

So, sitting on that green hill-slope,
We talked of human life, its hope
And fear, and unsolved doubts, and
what

It might have been, and yet was not.
And, when at last the evening air
Grew sweeter for the bells of prayer
Ringing in steeples far below,
We watched the people churchward go,
Each to his place, as if thereon
The true shekinah only shone ;
And my friend queried how it came
To pass that they who owned the same
Great Master still could not agree
To worship Him in company.

Then, broadening in his thought, he
ran

Over the whole vast field of man,—
The varying forms of faith and creed
That somehow served the holders'
need ;

In which, unquestioned, undenied,
Uncounted millions lived and died ;
The bibles of the ancient folk,
Through which the heart of nations
spoke ;

The old moralities which lent
To home its sweetness and content,

And rendered possible to bear
The life of peoples everywhere :
And asked if we, who boast of light,
Claim not a too exclusive right
To truths which must for all be
meant,

Like rain and sunshine freely sent.
In bondage to the letter still,
We give it power to cramp and kill,—
To tax God's fulness with a scheme
Narrower than Peter's house-top
dream,

His wisdom and His love with plans
Poor and inadequate as man's.

It must be that He witnesses
Somehow to all men that He is :
That something of His saving grace
Reaches the lowest of the race,
Who, through strange creed and rite,
may draw

The hints of a diviner law.
We walk in clearer light ;—but then,
Is He not God ?—are they not men ?
Are His responsibilities
For us alone and not for these ?

And I made answer : " Truth is
one ;

And, in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
No scroll of creed its fulness wraps,
We trace it not by school-boy maps,
Free as the sun and air it is
Of latitudes and boundaries.
In Vedic verse, in dull Korán,
Are messages of good to man ;
The angels to our Aryan sires
Talked by the earliest household fires ;
The prophets of the elder day,
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,
Read not the riddle all amiss
Of higher life evolved from this.

" Nor doth it lessen what He taught,
Or make the gospel Jesus brought
Less precious, that His lips retold
Some portion of that truth of old ;
Denying not the proven seers,
The tested wisdom of the years ;
Confirming with His own impress
The common law of righteousness.

We search the world for truth ; we cull
 The good, the pure, the beautiful,
 From graven stone and written scroll,
 From all old flower-fields of the soil ;
 And, weary seekers of the best,
 We come back laden from our quest,
 To find that all the sages said
 Is in the Book our mothers read,
 And all our treasure of old thought
 In His harmonious fulness wrought,
 Who gathers in one sheaf complete
 The scattered blades of God's sown
 wheat,
 The common growth that maketh good
 His all-embracing Fatherhood.

“ Wherever through the ages rise
 The altars of self-sacrifice,
 Where love its arms has opened wide,
 Or man for man has calmly died,
 I see the same white wings outspread
 That hovered o'er the Master's head !
 Up from undated time they come,
 The martyr souls of heathendom,
 And to His cross and passion bring
 Their fellowship of suffering.
 I trace His presence in the blind
 Pathetic gropings of my kind,—
 In prayers from sin and sorrow wrung,
 In cradle-hymns of life they sung,
 Each, in its measure, but a part
 Of the unmeasured Over-Heart ;
 And with a stronger faith confess
 The greater that it owns the less.
 Good cause it is for thankfulness
 That the world-blessing of His life
 With the long past is not at strife ;
 That the great marvel of His death
 To the one order witnesseth,
 No doubt of changeless goodness
 wakes,
 No link of cause and sequence breaks,
 But, one with nature, rooted is
 In the eternal verities ;
 Whereby, while differing in degree
 As finite from infinity,
 The pain and loss for others borne,
 Love's crown of suffering meekly worn,
 The life man giveth for his friend
 Become vicarious in the end ;
 Their healing place in nature take,
 And make life sweeter for their sake.

“ So welcome I from every source
 The tokens of that primal Force,
 Older than heaven itself, yet new
 As the young heart it reaches to,
 Beneath whose steady impulse rolls
 The tidal wave of human souls ;
 Guide, comforter, and inward word,
 The eternal spirit of the Lord !
 Nor fear I aught that science brings
 From searching through material
 things ;
 Content to let its glasses prove,
 Not by the letter's oldness move,
 The myriad worlds on worlds that
 course
 The spaces of the universe ;
 Since everywhere the Spirit walks
 The garden of the heart, and talks
 With man, as under Eden's trees,
 In all his varied languages.
 Why mourn above some hopeless flaw
 In the stone tables of the law,
 When scripture every day afresh
 Is traced on tablets of the flesh ?
 By inward sense, by outward signs,
 God's presence still the heart divines ;
 Through deepest joy of Him we learn,
 In sorest grief to Him we turn,
 And reason stoops its pride to share
 The child-like instinct of a prayer.”

And then, as is my wont, I told—
 A story of the days of old,
 Not found in printed books,—in sooth,
 A fancy, with slight hint of truth,
 Showing how differing faiths agree
 In one sweet law of charity.
 Meanwhile the sky had golden grown,
 Our faces in its glory shone ;
 But shadows down the valley swept,
 And grey below the ocean slept,
 As time and space I wandered o'er
 To tread the Mogul's marble floor,
 And see a fairer sunset fall
 On Jumna's wave and Agra's wall.

—————
 The good Shah Akbar (peace be his
 always !)
 Came forth from the Divan at close of
 day

Bowed with the burden of his many
cares,
Worn with the hearing of unnumbered
prayers,—
Wild cries for justice, the importunate
Appeals of greed and jealousy and hate,
And all the strife of sect and creed
and rite,
Santon and Gourou waging holy fight :
For the wise monarch, claiming not
to be
Allah's avenger, left his people free,
With a faint hope, his Book scarce
justified,
That all the paths of faith, though
severed wide,
O'er which the feet of prayerful rever-
ence passed,
Met at the gate of Paradise at last.

He sought an alcove of his cool
hareem,
Where, far beneath, he heard the
Jumna's stream
Lapse soft and low along his palace
wall, [fall
And all about the cool sound of the
Of fountains, and of water circling free
Through marble ducts along the bal-
cony ; [sweet,
The voice of women in the distance
And, sweeter still, of one who, at his
feet, [land
Soothed his tired ear with songs of a far
Where Tagus shatters on the salt sea-
sand
The mirror of its cork-grown hills of
drouth
And vales of vine, at Lisbon's harbour-
mouth.

The date-palms rustled not ; the
peepul laid
Its topmost boughs against the balus-
trade
Motionless as the mimic leaves and
vines
That, light and graceful as the shawl-
designs
Of Delhi or Umritsir, twined in stone ;
And the tired monarch, who aside had
thrown

The day's hard burden, sat from care
apart,
And let the quiet steal into his heart
From the still hour. Below him Agra
slept,
By the long light of sunset overswept :
The river flowing through a level land,
By mango-groves and banks of yellow
sand,
Skirted with lime and orange, gay
kiosks,
Fountains at play, tall minarets of
mosques,
Fair pleasure-gardens, with their
flowering trees
Relieved against the mournful
cypresses ;
And, air-poised lightly as the blown
sea-foam,
The marble wonder of some holy dome
Hung a white moonrise over the still
wood,
Glassing its beauty in a stiller flood.

Silent the monarch gazed, until the
night
Swift-falling hid the city from his
sight,
Then to the woman at his feet he said :
"Tell me, O Miriam, something thou
hast read
In childhood of the Master of thy faith,
Whom Islam also owns. Our Prophet
saith :
'He was a true apostle, yea, a Word
And Spirit sent before me from the
Lord.'
Thus the Book witnesseth ; and well
I know
By what thou art, O dearest, it is so.
As the lute's tone the maker's hand
betrays,
The sweet disciple speaks her Master's
praise."

Then Miriam, glad of heart, (for in
some sort [court
She cherished in the Moslem's liberal
The sweet traditions of a Christian
child ;
And, through her life of sense, the
undefiled

And chaste ideal of the sinless One
 Gazed on her with an eye she might
 not shun,—
 The sad, reproachful look of pity, born
 Of love that hath no part in wrath or
 scorn,)
 Began, with low voice and moist eyes,
 to tell
 Of the all-loving Christ, and what
 befell
 When the fierce zealots, thirsting for
 her blood,
 Dragged to His feet a shame of woman-
 hood.
 How, when His searching answer
 pierced within
 Each heart, and touched the secret of
 its sin,
 And her accusers fled His face before,
 He bade the poor one go and sin no
 more.
 And Akbar said, after a moment's
 thought,
 "Wise is the lesson by thy prophet
 taught ;
 Woe unto him who judges and forgets
 What hidden evil his own heart besets!
 Something of this large charity I
 find
 In all the sects that sever human kind ;
 I would to Allah that their lives agreed
 More nearly with the lesson of their
 creed !
 Those yellow Lamas who at Meerut
 pray
 By wind and water power, and love
 to say :
 'He who forgiveth not shall, unfor-
 given,
 Fail of the rest of Buddha,' and who
 even
 Spare the black gnat that stings them,
 vex my ears
 With the poor hates and jealousies and
 fears
 Nursed in their human hives. That
 lean, fierce priest
 Of thy own people, (be his heart in-
 creased
 By Allah's love !) his black robes
 smelling yet
 Of Goa's roasted Jews, have I not met

Meek-faced, barefooted, crying in the
 street
 The saying of his prophet true and
 sweet,—
 'He who is merciful shall mercy
 meet !' "

But, next day, so it chanced, as
 night began
 To fall, a murmur through the harem
 ran
 That one, recalling in her dusky face
 The full-lipped, mild-eyed beauty of a
 race
 Known as the blameless Ethiops of
 Greek song,
 Plotting to do her royal master wrong,
 Watching, reproachful of the linger-
 ing light,
 The evening shadows deepen for her
 flight,
 Love-guided, to her home in a far land,
 Now waited death at the great Shah's
 command.

Shapely as that dark princess for
 whose smile
 A world was bartered, daughter of the
 Nile
 Herself, and veiling in her large, soft
 eyes
 The passion and the languor of her
 skies,
 The Abyssinian knelt low at the feet
 Of her stern lord : "O king, if it be
 meet,
 And for thy honour's sake," she said,
 "that I,
 Who am the humblest of thy slaves,
 should die,
 I will not tax thy mercy to forgive.
 Easier it is to die than to outlive
 All that life gave me,—him whose
 wrong of thee
 Was but the outcome of his love for me,
 Cherished from childhood, when,
 beneath the shade
 Of templed Axum, side by side we
 played.
 Stolen from his arms, my lover fol-
 lowed me [sea ;
 Through weary seasons over land and

And two days since, sitting disconsolate

Within the shadow of thy hareem gate,
Suddenly, as if dropping from the sky,
Down from the lattice of the balcony
Fell the sweet song by Tigre's cowherds sung

In the old music of his native tongue.
He knew my voice, for love is quick of ear,

Answering in song.

This night he waited near
To fly with me. The fault was mine alone :

He knew thee not, he did but seek his own ;

Who, in the very shadow of thy throne,
Sharing thy bounty, knowing all thou art,

Greatest and best of men, and in her heart

Grateful to tears for favour undeserved,
Turned ever homeward, nor one moment swerved

From her young love. He looked into my eyes,

He heard my voice and could not otherwise

Than he hath done ; yet, save one wild embrace

When first we stood together face to face,

And all that fate had done since last we met

Seemed but a dream that left us children yet,

He hath not wronged thee nor thy royal bed ;

Spare him, O king ! and slay me in his stead !”

But over Akbar's brow the frown hung black.

And, turning to the eunuch at his back,

“Take them,” he said, “and let the Jumna's waves

Hide both my shame and these accursed slaves !”

His loathly length the unsexed bondman bowed :

“On my head be it !”

Straightway from a cloud
Of dainty shawls and veils of woven mist

The Christian Miriam rose, and, stooping, kissed

The monarch's hand. Loose down her shoulders bare

Swept all the rippled darkness of her hair,

Veiling the bosom that, with high, quick swell

Of fear and pity, through it rose and fell.

“Alas !” she cried, “hast thou forgotten quite

The words of Him we spake of yesternight ?

Or thy own prophet's,—‘Whoso doth endure

And pardon, of eternal life is sure’ ?

O great and good ! be thy revenge alone

Felt in thy mercy to the erring shown ;

Let thwarted love and youth their pardon plead,
Who sinned but in intent, and not in deed !”

One moment the strong frame of Akbar shook

With the great storm of passion. Then his look

Softened to her uplifted face, that still

Pleaded more strongly than all words, until

Its pride and anger seemed like overblown,

Spent clouds of thunder left to tell alone

Of strife and overcoming. With bowed head,

And smiting on his bosom : “God,” he said,

“Alone is great, and let His holy name Be honoured, even to His servant's shame !

Well spake thy Prophet, Miriam,—he alone

Who hath not sinned is meet to cast a stone

At such as these, who here their doom
 await,
 Held like myself in the strong grasp
 of fate.
 They sinned through love, as I through
 love forgive ;
 Take them beyond my realm, but let
 them live !”

And, like a chorus to the words of
 grace,
 The ancient Fakir, sitting in his place,
 Motionless as an idol and as grim,
 In the pavilion Akbar built for him
 Under the court-yard trees, (for he
 was wise,
 Knew the Menu's laws, and through
 his close-shut eyes
 Saw things far off, and as an open
 book
 Into the thoughts of other men could
 look,)
 Began, half chant, half howling, to
 rehearse
 The fragment of a holy Vedic verse ;
 And thus it ran : “ He who all things
 forgives
 Conquers himself and all things else,
 and lives
 Above the reach of wrong or hate or
 fear, [dear.”
 Calm as the gods, to whom he is most

Two leagues from Agra still the
 traveller sees
 The tomb of Akbar through its eypress
 trees ;
 And, near at hand, the marble walls
 that hide
 The Christian Begum sleeping at his
 side.
 And o'er her vault of burial (who shall
 tell
 If it be chance alone or miracle ?)

The Mission press with tireless hand
 unrolls
 The words of Jesus on its lettered
 scrolls,—
 Tells, in all tongues, the tale of mercy
 o'er,
 And bids the guilty, “ Go and sin no
 more !”

It now was dew-fall ; very still
 The night lay on the lonely hill,
 Down which our homeward steps we
 bent, [went,
 And, silent, through great silence
 Save that the tireless crickets played
 Their long, monotonous serenade.
 A young moon, at its narrowest,
 Curved sharp against the darkening
 west ;
 And, momentarily, the beacon's star,
 Slow wheeling o'er its rock afar,
 From out the level darkness shot
 One instant and again was not.
 And then my friend spake quietly
 The thought of both : “ You crescent
 see !
 Like Islam's symbol-moon it gives
 Hints of the light whereby it lives :
 Somewhat of goodness, something
 true
 From sun and spirit shining through
 All faiths, all worlds, as through the
 dark
 Of ocean shines the lighthouse spark,
 Attests the presence everywhere
 Of love and providential care.
 The faith the old Norse heart confessed
 In one dear name,—the hopefulest
 And tenderest heard from mortal lips
 In pangs of birth or death, from ships
 Ice-bitten in the winter sea,
 Or lisped beside a mother's knee,—
 The wise world hath not outgrown,
 And the All-Father is our own.



THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

—:O:—

FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS.

THE beginning of German emigration to America may be traced to the personal influence of William Penn, who in 1677 visited the Continent, and made the acquaintance of an intelligent and highly cultivated circle of Pietists, or Mystics, who, reviving in the seventeenth century the spiritual faith and worship of Tauler and the "Friends of God" in the fourteenth, gathered about the pastor Spener, and the young and beautiful Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau. In this circle originated the Frankfort Land Company, which bought of William Penn, the Governor of Pennsylvania, a tract of land near the new city of Philadelphia.

The company's agent in the New World was a rising young lawyer, Francis Daniel Pastorius, son of Judge Pastorius, of Windsheim, who, at the age of seventeen, entered the University of Altorf. He studied law at Strasburg, Basle, and Jena, and at Ratisbon, the seat of the Imperial Government, obtained a practical knowledge of international polity. Successful in all his examinations and disputations, he received the degree of Doctor of Law at Nuremberg in 1676. In 1679 he was a law-lecturer at Frankfort, where he became deeply interested in the teachings of Doctor Spener. In 1680-81 he travelled in France, England, Ireland, and Italy with his friend Herr Von Rodeck. "I was," he says, "glad to enjoy again the company of my Christian friends, rather than be with Von Rodeck feasting and dancing." In 1683, in company with a small number of German friends, he emigrated to America, settling upon the Frankfort Company's tract between the Schuylkill and the Delaware Rivers. The township was divided into four hamlets, namely, Germantown, Krisheim, Crefield, and Sommerhausen. Soon after his arrival he united himself with the Society of Friends, and became one of its most able and devoted members, as well as the recognised head and lawgiver of the settlement. He married, two years after his arrival, Anneke (Anna), daughter of Dr. Klosterman, of Muhlheim.

In the year 1688 he drew up a memorial against slaveholding, which was adopted by the Germantown Friends and sent up to the Monthly Meeting, and thence to the Yearly Meeting at Philadelphia. It is noteworthy as the first protest made by a religious body against Negro Slavery. The original document was discovered in 1844 by the Philadelphia antiquarian, Nathan Kite, and published in "The Friend" (Vol. XVIII. No. 16). It is a bold and direct appeal to the best instincts of the heart. "Have not," he

asks, "these negroes as much right to fight for their freedom as you have to keep them slaves?"

Under the wise direction of Pastorius, the Germantown settlement grew and prospered. The inhabitants planted orchards and vineyards, and surrounded themselves with souvenirs of their old home. A large number of them were linen-weavers, as well as small farmers. The Quakers were the principal sect, but men of all religions were tolerated, and lived together in harmony. In 1692 Richard Frame published, in what he called verse, a "Description of Pennsylvania," in which he alludes to the settlement:—

"The German town of which I spoke before,
Which is at least in length one mile or more,
Where lives High German people and Low Dutch,
Whose trade in weaving linen cloth is much,—
There grows the flax, as also you may know
That from the same they do divide the tow.
Their trade suits well their habitation,—
We find convenience for their occupation."

Pastorius seems to have been on intimate terms with William Penn, Thomas Lloyd, Chief Justice Logan, Thomas Story, and other leading men in the Province belonging to his own religious society, as also with Kelpius, the learned Mystic of the Wissahickon, with the pastor of the Swedes' church, and the leaders of the Mennonites. He wrote a description of Pennsylvania, which was published at Frankfort and Leipsic in 1700 and 1701. His "Lives of the Saints," etc., written in German and dedicated to Prof. Schurmberg, his old teacher, was published in 1690. He left behind him many unpublished manuscripts covering a very wide range of subjects, most of which are now lost. One huge manuscript folio, entitled "Hive Beestock, Melliotropeum Aluear, or Rusca Aptium," still remains, containing one thousand pages with about one hundred lines to a page. It is a medley of knowledge and fancy, history, philosophy, and poetry, written in seven languages. A large portion of his poetry is devoted to the pleasures of gardening, the description of flowers, and the care of bees. The following specimen of his punning Latin is addressed to an orchard-pilferer:—

Quisquis in hæc furtim reptas viridaria nostra
Tangere fallaci poma caveto manu,
Si non obsequeris faxit Deus omne quod opto,
Cum malis nostris ut mala cuncta feras."

Professor Oswald Seidensticker, to whose papers in *Der Deutsche Pioneer* and that able periodical the "Penn Monthly," of Philadelphia, I am indebted for many of the foregoing facts in regard to the German pilgrims of

the New World, thus closes his notice of Pastorius:—

"No tombstone, not even a record of burial, indicates where his remains have found their last resting-place, and the pardonable desire to associate the homage due to this distinguished man with some visible memento cannot be gratified. There is no reason to suppose that he was interred in any other place than the Friends' old burying-ground in Germantown, though the fact is not attested by any definite source of information. After all, this obliteration of the last trace of his earthly existence is but typical of what has overtaken the times which he represents; that Germantown which he founded, which saw him live and move, is at present but a quaint idyl of the past, almost a myth, barely remembered and little cared for by the keener race that has succeeded."

The Pilgrims of Plymouth have not lacked historian and poet. Justice has been done to their faith, courage, and self-sacrifice, and to the mighty influence of their endeavours to establish righteousness on the earth. The Quaker pilgrims of Pennsylvania, seeking the same object by different means, have not been equally fortunate. The power of their testimony for truth and holiness, peace and freedom, enforced only by what Milton calls "the irresistible might of meekness," has been felt through two centuries in the amelioration of penal severities, the abolition of slavery, the reform of the erring, the relief of the poor and suffering,—felt, in brief, in every step of human progress. But of the men themselves, with the single exception of William Penn, scarcely anything is known. Contrasted, from the outset, with the stern, aggressive Puritans of New England, they have come to be regarded as "a feeble folk," with a personality as doubtful as their unrecorded graves. They were not soldiers, like Miles Standish; they had no figure so picturesque as Vane, no leader so rashly brave and haughty as Endicott. No Cotton Mather wrote their Magnalia; they had no awful drama of supernaturalism in which Satan and his angels were actors; and the only witch mentioned in their simple annals was a poor old Swedish woman, who, on complaint of her countrywomen, was tried and acquitted of everything but imbecility and folly. Nothing but commonplace offices of civility came to pass between them and the Indians; indeed, their enemies taunted them with the fact that the savages did not regard them as Christians, but just such men as themselves. Yet it must be apparent to every careful observer of the progress of American civilisation that its two principal currents had their sources in the entirely opposite directions of the Puritan and Quaker colonies. To use the words of a late writer: "The historical forces, with which no others may be compared in their influence on the people, have been those of the Puritan and the Quaker. The strength of the one was in the confession of an invisible Presence, a righteous, eternal Will, which would establish righteousness on earth; and thence arose the conviction of a direct personal responsibility, which could be tempted by no external splendour and could be shaken by no internal agitation, and could not be

evaded or transferred. The strength of the other was the witness in the human spirit to an eternal Word, an inner Voice which spoke to each alone, while yet it spoke to every man; a Light which each was to follow, and which yet was the light of the world; and all other voices were silent before this, and the solitary path whither it led was more sacred than the worn ways of cathedral-aisles."

It will be sufficiently apparent to the reader that, in the poem which follows, I have attempted nothing beyond a study of the life and times of the Pennsylvania colonist,—a simple picture of a noteworthy man and his locality. The colours of my sketch are all very sober, toned down to the quiet and dreamy atmosphere through which its subject is visible. Whether, in the glare and tumult of the present time, such a picture will find favour may well be questioned. I only know that it has beguiled for me some hours of weariness, and that, whatever may be its measure of public appreciation, it has been to me its own reward.

J. G. W.

AMESBURY, 5th mo., 1872.

HAIL to posterity!
Hail, future men of Germanopolis!
Let the young generations yet to
be
Look kindly upon this.
Think how your fathers left their
native land,—
Dear German-land! O sacred
hearths and homes!—
And, where the wild beast roams,
In patience planned
New forest-homes beyond the mighty
sea,
There undisturbed and free
To live as brothers of one family.
What pains and cares befell,
What trials and what fears,
Remember, and wherein we have done
well
Follow our footsteps, men of coming
years!
Where we have failed to do
Aright, or wisely live,
Bewarned by us, the better way pursue,
And, knowing we were human, even
as you,
Pity us and forgive!
Farewell, Posterity!
Farewell, dear Germany!
For evermore farewell!

From the Latin of FRANCIS DANIEL PASTORIUS in the *Germantown Records*. 1685.

* Mulford's "Nation," pp. 267, 268.

PRELUDE.

I SING the Pilgrim of a softer clime
 And milder speech than those brave
 men's who brought
 To the ice and iron of our winter time
 A will as firm, a creed as stern, and
 wrought
 With one mailed hand, and with
 the other fought.
 Simply, as fits my theme, in homely
 rhyme
 I sing the blue-eyed German Spener
 taught,
 Through whose veiled, mystic faith
 the Inward Light,
 Steady and still, an easy brightness,
 shone,
 Transfiguring all things in its radiance
 white.
 The garland which his meekness never
 sought
 I bring him ; over fields of harvest
 sown
 With seeds of blessing, now to ripe-
 ness grown,
 I bid the sower pass before the reaper's
 sight.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

NEVER in tenderer quiet lapsed the
 day
 From Pennsylvania's vales of spring
 away,
 Where, forest-walled, the scattered
 hamlets lay
 Along the wedded rivers. One long
 bar
 Of purple cloud on which the evening
 star
 Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,
 Held the sky's golden gateway.
 Through the deep
 Hush of the woods a murmur seemed
 to creep,
 The Schuylkill whispering in a voice
 of sleep.

All else was still. The oxen from
 their ploughs
 Rested at last, and from their long
 day's browse
 Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-
 bound cows.

And the young city, round whose
 virgin zone
 The rivers like two mighty arms were
 thrown,
 Marked by the smoke of evening fires
 alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even then
 With its fair women and its stately
 men
 Gracing the forest court of William
 Penn,

Urban yet sylvan ; in its rough-hewn
 frames
 Of oak and pine the dryads held their
 claims,
 And lent its streets their pleasant
 woodland names.

Anna Pastorius down the leafy lane
 Looked city-ward, then stooped to
 prune again
 Her vines and simples, with a sigh of
 pain.

For fast the streaks of ruddy sunset
 paled
 In the oak clearing, and, as daylight
 failed,
 Slow, overhead, the dusky night-
 birds sailed.

Again she looked : between green
 walls of shade,
 With low-bent head as if with sorrow
 weighed,
 Daniel Pastorius slowly came and said,

"God's peace be with thee, Anna !"
 Then he stood
 Silent before her, wrestling with the
 mood
 Of one who sees the evil and not
 good.

“What is it, my Pastorius?” As she spoke,
A slow, faint smile across his features broke,
Sadder than tears. “Dear heart,” he said, “our folk

“Are even as others. Yea, our goodliest Friends
Are frail; our elders have their selfish ends,
And few dare trust the Lord to make amends

“For duty’s loss. So even our feeble word
For the dumb slaves the startled meeting heard
As if a stone its quiet waters stirred;

“And, as the clerk ceased reading, there began
A ripple of dissent which downward ran
In widening circles, as from man to man.

“Somewhat was said of running before sent,
Of tender fear that some their guide outwent,
Troublers of Israel. I was scarce intent

“On hearing, for behind the reverend row
Of gallery Friends, in dumb and piteous show,
I saw, methought, dark faces full of woe.

“And, in the spirit, I was taken where
They toiled and suffered; I was made aware
Of shame and wrath and anguish and despair!

“And while the meeting smothered our poor plea
With cautious phrase, a Voice there seemed to be,
‘As ye have done to these ye do to Me!’

“So it all passed; and the old tithe went on
Of anise, mint, and eumin, till the sun
Set, leaving still the weightier work undone.

“Help, for the good man faileth!
Who is strong,
If these be weak? Who shall rebuke the wrong.
If these consent? How long, O Lord!
how long!”

He ceased; and, bound in spirit with the bound,
With folded arms, and eyes that sought the ground,
Walked musingly his little garden round.

About him, beaded with the falling dew,
Rare plants of power and herbs of healing grew,
Such as Van Helmont and Agrippa knew.

For, by the lore of Gorlitz’ gentle sage,
With the mild mystics of his dreamy age
He read the herbal signs of nature’s page,

As once he heard in sweet Von Merlan’s²³ bowers
Fair as herself, in boyhood’s happy hours,
The pious Spener read his creed in flowers.

“The dear Lord give us patience!”
said his wife,
Touching with finger-tip an aloe, rife
With leaves sharp-pointed like an Aztec knife

Or Carib spear, a gift to William Penn
From the rare gardens of John Evelyn,
Brought from the Spanish Main by merchantmen.

"See this strange plant its steady
purpose hold,
And, year by year, its patient leaves
unfold,
Till the young eyes that watched it
first are old.

"But some time, thou hast told me,
there shall come
A sudden beauty, brightness, and
perfume,
The century-moulded bud shall burst
in bloom.

"So may the seed which hath been
sown to-day
Grow with the years, and, after long
delay,
Break into bloom, and God's eternal
Yea

"Answer at last the patient prayers
of them
Who now, by faith alone, behold its
stem
Crowned with the flowers of Freedom's
diadem.

"Meanwhile, to feel and suffer, work
and wait,
Remains for us. The wrong indeed
is great,
But love and patience conquer soon
or late."

"Well hast thou said, my Anna!"
Tenderer
Than youth's caress upon the head of
her [demur
Pastorius laid his hand. "Shall we

"Because the vision tarrieth? In an
hour
We dream not of the slow-grown bud
may flower,
And what was sown in weakness rise
in power!"

Then through the vine-draped door
whose legend read,
"PROCLUSTE PROPANI!" Anna led
Towhere their child upon his little bed

Looked up and smiled. "Dear heart,"
she said, "if we
Must bearers of a heavy burden be,
Our boy, God willing, yet the day
shall see

"When, from the gallery to the
farthest seat,
Slave and slave-owner shall no longer
meet,
But all sit equal at the Master's feet."

On the stone hearth the blazing
walnut block
Set the low walls a-glimmer, showed
the cock
Rebuking Peter on the Van Wyck
clock,

Shone on old tomes of law and physic,
side
By side with Fox and Behmen, played
at hide
And seek with Anna, midst her
household pride

Of flaxen webs, and on the table, bare
Of costly cloth or silver cup, but
where,
Tasting the fat shads of the Dela-
ware,

The courtly Penn had praised the
goodwife's cheer,
And quoted Horace o'er her home-
brewed beer,
Till even grave Pastorius smiled to
hear.

In such a home, beside the Schuyl-
kill's wave,
He dwelt in peace with God and
man, and gave
Food to the poor and shelter to the
slave.

For all too soon the New World's
scandal shamed
The righteous code by Penn and
Sidney framed,
And men withheld the human rights
they claimed.

And slowly wealth and station sanction
lent,
And hardened avarice, on its gains
intent,
Stilled the inward whisper of dissent.

Yet all the while the burden rested
sore
On tender hearts. At last Pastorius
bore
Their warning message to the Church's
door

In God's name; and the leaven of the
word
Wrought ever after in the souls who
heard,
And a dead conscience in its grave-
clothes stirred

To troubled life, and urged the vain
excuse
Of Hebrew custom, patriarchal use,
Good in itself if evil in abuse.

Gravely Pastorius listened, not the
less
Discerning through the decent fig-leaf
dress
Of the poor plea its shame of selfish-
ness.

One Scripture rule, at least, was un-
forgot;
He hid the outcast, and bewrayed
him not;
And, when his prey the human hunter
sought,

He scrupled not, while Anna's wise
delay
And proffered cheer prolonged the
master's stay,
To speed the black guest safely on his
way.

Yet, who shall guess his bitter grief
who lends
His life to some great cause, and finds
his friends
Shame or betray it for their private
ends?

How felt the Master when His chosen
strove
In childish folly for their seats above;
And that fond mother, blinded by
her love,

Besought Him that her sons, beside
His throne,
Might sit on either hand? Amidst
his own
A stranger oft, companionless and
lone,

God's priest and prophet stands. The
martyr's pain
Is not alone from scourge and cell and
chain;
Sharper the pang when, shouting in
His train,

His weak disciples by their lives
deny
The loud hosannas of their daily cry
And make their echo of His truth a lie.

His forest home no hermit's cell he
found,
Guests, motley-minded, drew his
hearth around,
And held armed truce upon its neutral
ground.

Their Indian chiefs with battle-bows
unstrung,
Strong, hero-limbed, like those whom
Homer sung,
Pastorius fancied, when the world
was young,

Came with their tawny women, lithe
and tall,
Like bronzes in his friend Von
Rodeck's hall,
Comely, if black, and not unpleasing
all.

There hungry folk in homespun drab
and gray
Drew round his board on Monthly
Meeting day,
Genial, half merry in their friendly
wax.

<p>Or, haply, pilgrims from the Father-land, Weak, timid, homesick, slow to understand The New World's promise, sought his helping hand.</p> <p>Or painful Kelpius²⁴ from his hermit den By Wissahiekon, maddest of good men, Dreamed o'er the Chiliast dreams of Petersen.</p> <p>Deep in the woods, where the small river slid Snake-like in shade, the Helmstadt Mystic hid, Weird as a wizard over arts forbid,</p> <p>Reading the books of Daniel and of John, And Behmen's Morning-Redness, through the Stone Of Wisdom, vouchsafed to his eyes alone,</p> <p>Whereby he read what man ne'er read before, And saw the visions man shall see no more, Till the great angel, striding sea and shore,</p> <p>Shall bid all flesh await, on land or ships, The warning trump of the Apocalypse, Shattering the heavens before the dread eclipse.</p> <p>Or meek-eyed Mennonist his bearded chin Leaned o'er the gate; or Ranter, pure within, Aired his perfection in a world of sin.</p> <p>Or, talking of old home scenes, Op den Graaf Teased the low back-log with his shodden staff, Till the red embers broke into a laugh</p>	<p>And dance of flame, as if they fain would cheer The rugged face, half tender, half austere, Touched with the pathos of a homesick tear!</p> <p>Or Sluyter,²⁵ saintly familist, whose word As law the Brethren of the Manor heard, Announced the speedy terrors of the Lord,</p> <p>And turned, like Lot at Sodom, from his race, Above a wrecked world with complacent face Riding secure upon his plank of grace!</p> <p>Haply, from Finland's birchen groves exiled, Manly in thought, in simple ways a child, His white hair floating round his visage mild,</p> <p>The Swedish pastor sought the Quaker's door Pleased from his neighbour's lips to hear once more His long-disused and half-forgotten lore.</p> <p>For both could baffle Babel's lingual curse, And speak in Bion's Doric, and rehearse Cleanthes' hymn or Virgil's sounding verse.</p> <p>And oft Pastorius and the meek old man Argued as Quaker and as Lutheran, Ending in Christian love, as they began.</p> <p>With lettered Lloyd on pleasant morns he strayed Where Sommerhausen over vales of shade Looked miles away, by every flower</p>
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Or song of bird, happy and free with
one

Who loved, like him, to let his
memory run

Over old fields of learning, and to sun

Himself in Plato's wise philosophies,
And dream with Philo over mysteries
Whereof the dreamer never finds the
keys ;

To touch all themes of thought, nor
weakly stop

For doubt of truth, but let the
buckets drop

Deep down and bring the hidden
waters up.²⁶

For there was freedom in that waken-
ing time

Of tender souls ; to differ was not
crime ;

The varying bells made up the perfect
chime.

On lips unlike was laid the altar's
coal,

The white, clear light, tradition-
coloured stole

Through the stained oriel of each
human soul.

Gathered from many sects, the Quaker
brought

His old beliefs, adjusting to the
thought

That moved his soul the creed his
fathers taught.

One faith alone, so broad that all
mankind

Within themselves its secret witness
find,

The soul's communion with the
Eternal Mind,

The Spirit's law, the Inward Rule
and Guide,

Scholar and peasant, lord and serf,
allied,

The polished Penn and Cromwell's
Ironsides.

As still in Hemskerek's Quaker Meet-
ing,²⁷ face

By face in Flemish detail, we may
trace

How loose-mouthed boor and fine
ancestral grace

Sat in close contrast, — the clipt-
headed churl,

Broad market-dame, and simple serv-
ing-girl

By skirt of silk and periwig in curl !

For soul touched soul ; the spiritual
treasure-trove [above

Made all men equal, none could rise
Nor sink below that level of God's
love.

So, with his rustic neighbours sitting
down,

The homespun froek beside the
scholar's gown,

Pastorius to the manners of the town

Added the freedom of the woods, and
sought

The bookless wisdom by experience
taught,

And learned to love his new-found
home, while not

Forgetful of the old ; the seasons
went

Their rounds, and somewhat to his
spirit lent

Of their own calm and measureless
content.

Glad even to tears, he heard the robin
sing

His song of welcome to the Western
spring,

And bluebird borrowing from the sky
his wing.

And when the miracle of autumn
came,

And all the woods with many-coloured
flame

Of splendour, making summer's green-
ness tame,

Burned, unconsumed, a voice without
a sound
Spake to him from each kindled bush
around,
And made the strange, new landscape
holy ground !

And when the bitter north-wind, keen
and swift,
Swept the wide street and piled the
door-yard drift,
He exercised, as Friends might say,
his gift

Of verse, Dutch, English, Latin, like
the hash
Of corn and beans in Indiansuccotash ;
Dull, doubtless, but with here and
there a flash

Of wit and fine conceit,—the good
man's play
Of quiet fancies, meet to while away
The slow hours measuring off an idle
day.

At evening, while his wife put on her
look
Of love's endurance, from its niche he
took
The written pages of his ponderous
book.

And read, in half the languages of
man,
His "Rusca Apium," which with bees
began,
And through the gamut of creation ran.

Or, now and then, the missive of some
friend
In grey Altorf or storied Nürnberg
penned
Dropped in upon him like a guest to
spend

The night beneath his roof-tree.
Mystical
The fair Von Merlau spake as waters
fall
And voices sound in dreams, and yet
withal

Human and sweet, as if each far, low
tone,
Over the roses of her gardens blown
Brought the warm sense of beauty all
her own.

Wise Spener questioned what his friend
could trace
Of spiritual influx or of saving grace
In the wild natures of the Indian race.

And learned Schurmberg, fain, at
times, to look
From Talmud, Koran, Veds, and
Pentateuch,
Sought out his pupil in his far-off nook,

To query with him of climatic change,
Of bird, beast, reptile, in his forest
range,
Of flowers and fruits and simples new
and strange.

And thus the Old and New World
reached their hands [lands
Across the water, and the friendly
Talked with each other from their
severed strands.

Pastorius answered all: while seed
and root
Sent from his new home grew to flower
and fruit [foot ;
Along the Rhine and at the Spessart's

And, in return, the flowers his boy-
hood knew
Smiled at his door, the same in form
and hue, [grew.
And on his vines the Rhenish clusters

No idler he ; whoever else might shirk,
He set his hand to every honest work,—
Farmer and teacher, court and meeting
clerk.

Still on the town seal his device is
found,
Grapes, flax, and thread-spool on a
trefoil ground,
With "VINUM, LINUM ET TEX-
TRINUM" wound.

<p>One house sufficed for gospel and for law, Where Paul and Grotius, Scripture text and saw, Assured the good, and held the rest in awe.</p> <p>Whatever legal maze he wandered through, He kept the Sermon on the Mount in view, And justice always into merey grew.</p> <p>No whipping-post he needed, stocks, nor jail, Nor ducking-stool; the orchard-thief grew pale At his rebuke, the vixen ceased to rail,</p> <p>The usurer's grasp released the forfeit land; The slanderer faltered at the witness-stand, And all men took his counsel for command.</p> <p>Was it caressing air, the brooding love Of tenderer skies than German land knew of, Green calm below, blue quietness above,</p> <p>Still flow of water, deep repose of wood That, with a sense of loving Fatherhood And childlike trust in the Eternal Good,</p> <p>Softened all hearts, and dulled the edge of hate, Hushed strife, and taught impatient zeal to wait The slow assurance of the better state?</p> <p>Who knows what goadings in their sterner way O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray, Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay?</p>	<p>What hate of heresy the east-wind woke? What hints of pitiless power and terror spoke In waves that on their iron coast-line broke?</p> <p>Be it as it may: within the Land of Penn The sectary yielded to the citizen, And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.</p> <p>Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung The air to madness, and no steeple flung Alarums down from bells at midnight [rung]</p> <p>The land slept well. The Indian from his face Washed all his war-paint off, and in the place Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase,</p> <p>Or wrought for wages at the white man's side,— Giving to kindness what his native pride And lazy freedom to all else denied.</p> <p>And well the curious scholar loved the old Traditions that his swarthy neighbours told By wigwam fires when nights were growing cold,</p> <p>Discerned the fact round which their fancy drew Its dreams, and held their childish faith more true To God and man than half the creeds he knew.²⁸</p> <p>The desert blossomed round him; wheat-fields rolled Beneath the warm wind waves of green and gold; The planted ear returned its hundred-fold.</p>
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Great clusters ripened in a warmer sun
Than that which by the Rhine stream
shines upon
The purpling hillsides with low vines
o'errun.

About each rustie porch the humming-
bird
Tried with light bill, that scarce a
petal stirred,
The Old World flowers to virgin soil
transferred ;

And the first-fruits of pear and apple,
bending
The young boughs down, their gold
and russet blending,
Made glad his heart, familiar odours
lending

To the fresh fragrance of the birch
and pine,
Life everlasting, bay, and eglantine,
And all the subtle scents the woods
combine.

Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in
summer calm, ...
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with
woodland balm,
Came to him, like some mother-
hallowed psalm

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel
Of labour, winding off from memory's
reel
A golden thread of music. With no
peal

Of bells to call them to the house of
praise,
The scattered settlers through green
forest-ways
Walked meeting-ward. In reverent
amaze

The Indian trapper saw them, from
the dim
Shade of the alders on the rivulet's
rim,
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk
with Him.

There, through the gathered stillness
multiplied
And made intense by sympathy, out-
side
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin
cried,

A-swing upon his elm. A faint per-
fume
Breathed through the open windows
of the room
From locust-trees, heavy with clustered
bloom.

Thither, perchance, sore-tried con-
fessors came,
Whose fervour jail nor pillory could
tame,
Proud of the cropped ears meant to
be their shame,

Men who had eaten slavery's bitter
bread
In Indian isles ; pale women who had
bled [said
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely

God's message through their prison's
iron bars ;
And grey old soldier-converts, seamed
with scars
From every stricken field of England's
wars,

Lowly before the Unseen Presence
knelt
Each waiting heart, till haply some
one felt [melt.
On his moved lips the seal of silence

Or, without spoken words, low breath-
ings stole
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
Baptizing in one tender thought the
whole.

When shaken hands announced the
meeting o'er,
The friendly group still lingered at
the door,
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the
store

Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth
and maid
Down the green vistas of the woodland
strayed,
Whispered and smiled and oft their
feet delayed.

Did the boy's whistle answer back
the thrushes?
Did light girl laughter ripple through
the bushes,
As brooks make merry over roots and
rushes?

Unvexed the sweet air seemed. With-
out a wound
The ear of silence heard, and every
sound
Its place in nature's fine accordance
found.

And solemn meeting, summer sky and
wood,
Old kindly faces, youth and maiden-
hood
Seemed, like God's new creation, very
good!

And, greeting all with quiet smile and
word,
Pastorius went his way. The unscared
bird
Sang at his side; scarcely the squirrel
stirred

At his hushed footstep on the mossy
sod;
And, whereso'er the good man looked
or trod,
He felt the peace of nature and of God.

His social life wore no ascetic form,
He loved all beauty, without fear of
harm,
And in his veins his Teuton blood ran
warm.

Strict to himself, of other men no spy,
He made his own no circuit judge to
try
The freer conscience of his neighbours
by.

With love rebuking, by his life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better way
was shown,
The joy of one, who, seeking not his
own,

And faithful to all scruples, finds at
last
The thorns and shards of duty over-
past, [cast,
And daily life, beyond his hope's fore-

Pleasant and beautiful with sight and
sound,
And flowers upspringing in its narrow
round, [crowned.
And all his days with quiet gladness

He sang not; but, if sometimes
tempted strong,
He hummed what seemed like Altorf's
Burschen-song,
His good wife smiled, and did not
count it wrong.

For well he loved his boyhood's
brother band;
His Memory, while he trod the New
World's strand,
A double-ganger walked the Father
land!

If, when on frosty Christmas eves the
light
Shone on his quiet hearth, he missed
the sight
Of Yule-log, Tree, and Christ-child
all in white;

And closed his eyes, and listened to
the sweet
Old wait-songs sounding down his
native street,
And watched again the dancers' ming-
ling feet;

Yet not the less, when once the vision
passed,
He held the plain and sober maxims
fast
Of the dear Friends with whom his
lot was cast.

Still all attuned to nature's melodies,
 He loved the bird's song in his door-
 yard trees,
 And the low hum of home-returning
 bees ;

The blossomed flax, the tulip-trees in
 bloom
 Down the long street, the beauty and
 perfume
 Of apple-boughs, the mingling light
 and gloom

Of Sommerhausen's woodlands, woven
 through
 With sun-threads ; and the music the
 wind drew,
 Mournful and sweet, from leaves it
 overblew.

And evermore, beneath this outward
 sense,
 And through the common sequence of
 events,
 He felt the guiding hand of Providence

Reach out of space. A Voice spake
 in his ear,
 And lo ! all other voices far and
 near
 Died at that whisper, full of meanings
 clear.

The Light of Life shone round him ;
 one by one
 The wandering lights, that all-mis-
 leading run,
 Went out like candles paling in the
 sun.

That Light he followed, step by step,
 where'er
 It led, as in the vision of the seer
 The wheels moved as the spirit in the
 clear

And terrible crystal moved, with all
 their eyes
 Watching the living splendour sink
 or rise,
 Its will their will, knowing no other-
 wise.

Within himself he found the law of
 right,
 He walked by faith and not the letter's
 sight,
 And read his Bible by the Inward
 Light.

And if sometimes the slaves of form
 and rule,
 Frozen in their creeds like fish in
 winter's pool,
 Tried the large tolerance of his liberal
 school,

His door was free to men of every name,
 He welcomed all the seeking souls who
 came,
 And no man's faith he made a cause
 of blame.

But best he loved in leisure hours to
 see
 His own dear Friends sit by him knee
 to knee,
 In social converse, genial, frank, and
 free.

There sometimes silence (it were hard
 to tell
 Who owned it first) upon the circle
 fell,
 Hushed Anna's busy wheel, and laid
 its spell

On the black boy who grimaced by the
 hearth,
 To solemnise his shining face of mirth ;
 Only the old clock ticked amidst the
 dearth

Of sound ; nor eye was raised nor hand
 was stirred
 In that soul Sabbath, till at last some
 word [heard.
 Of tender counsel or low prayer was

Then guests, who lingered but fare-
 well to say
 And take love's message, went their
 homeward way ;
 So passed in peace the guileless
 Quaker's day.

His was the Christian's unsung Age
of Gold,

A truer idyl than the bards have told
Of Arno's banks or Arcady of old.

Where still the Friends their place of
burial keep,

And century-rooted mosses o'er it
creep,

The Nürnberg scholar and his help-
meet sleep.

And Anna's aloe? If it flowered at
last [man cast

In Bartram's garden, did John Wool-
A glance upon it as he meekly
passed?

And did a secret sympathy possess
That tender soul, and for the slave's
redress

Lend hope, strength, patience? It
were vain to guess.

Nay, were the plant itself but
mythical,

Set in the fresco of tradition's wall
Like Jotham's bramble, mattereth not
at all.

Enough to know that, through the
winter's frost

And summer's heat, no seed of truth
is lost,

And every duty pays at last its cost.

For, ere Pastorius left the sun and
air,

God sent the answer to his life-long
prayer; [ware,

The child was born beside the Dela-

Who, in the power a holy purpose
lends,

Guided his people unto nobler ends,
And left them worthier of the name
of Friends.

And lo! the fulness of the time has
come,

And over all the exile's Western home,
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom
bloom!

And joy-bells ring, and silver trumpets
blow;

But not for thee, Pastorius! Even so
The world forgets, but the wise angels
know.



LEGENDARY POEMS.

—:o:—

THE MERRIMACK.

[“The Indians speak of a beautiful river, far to the south, which they call Merrimack.”
—SIEUR DE MONTS: 1604.]

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them
smile.

I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor grey wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.
Centuries ago, that harbour-bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury's beach of shining
sand,
And yonder island's wave-smoothed
strand,
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;²⁹
And o'er these woods and waters broke
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
As brightly on the voyager's eye,
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,

Breaking the dull continuous wood,
The Merrimaek rolled down his flood;
Mingling that clear pellucid brook,
Which channels vast Agiochook
When spring-time's sun and shower
unlock

The frozen fountains of the rock,
And more abundant waters given
From that pure lake, “The Smile of
Heaven,”^a

Tributes from vale and mountain-
side,—
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish
wood,

The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story;³⁰
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul's
waters,—

Who, when the chance of war had
bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron
chain,
Soothed with her smiles his hours of
pain,

^a Lake Winnipiseogee.—*The Smile of the Great Spirit*.—the source of one of the branches of the Merrimack.

And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look !—the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant
shore ;

And clearly on the calm air swells
The twilight voice of distant bells.
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,
The mists come slowly rolling in ;
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapour swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light, set
Within its wave-washed minaret,
Half quenched, a beamless star and
pale,
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil !

Home of my fathers !—I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly
flood :

Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade ;
Looked down the Apalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak ;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream ;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of
pine ;

And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna ;
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to
thee !

Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore ;
And saw, amidst the curtained gloom
And quiet of his lonely room,
Thy sunset scenes before him pass ;
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,
The loved and lost arose to view,
Remembered groves in greenness grew,
Bathed still in childhood's morning
dew,

Along whose bowers of beauty swept
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,
Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,
Young, gentle eyes, which long had
slept ;

And while the gazer leaned to trace,
More near, some dear familiar face,
He wept to find the vision flown,—
A phantom and a dream alone !

THE NORSEMEN.³¹

GIFT from the cold and silent Past !
A relic to the present cast ;
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady
chime

And beating of the waves of Time !
Who from its bed of primal rock
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely
block ?

Whose hand, of curious skill un-
taught,
Thy rude and savage outline wrought ?

The waters of my native stream
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam :
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar
The circles widen to its shore :
And cultured field and peopled town
Slope to its willowed margin down.

Yet, while this morning breeze is
bringing
The home-life sound of school-bells
ringing,

And rolling wheel, and rapid jar
Of the fire-winged and heedless car,
And voices from the wayside near
Come quick and blended on my ear,
A spell is in this old grey stone,—
My thoughts are with the Past alone !

A change !—The steepled town no
more
Stretches along the sail-thronged
shore :

Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,
Fade sun-gilt spire and mausion
proud :

Spectrally rising where they stood,
I see the old, primeval wood :
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand
I see its solemn waste expand :

It climbs the green and cultured hill,
It arches o'er the valley's rill ;
And leans from cliff and crag, to throw
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.
Unchanged, alone, the same bright
river

Flows on, as it will flow for ever !
I listen, and I hear the low
Soft ripple where its waters go ;
I hear behind the panther's cry,
The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling
by,
And shyly on the river's brink
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark !—from wood and rock
flung back,
What sound comes up the Merrimack ?
What sea-worn barks are those which
throw
The light spray from each rushing
prow ?
Have they not in the North Sea's
blast
Bowed to the waves the straining
mast ?
Their frozen sails the low, pale sun
Of Thulé's night has shone upon ;
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty
sweep
Round icy drift, and headland steep.
Wild Judland's wives and Lochlin's
daughters
Have watched them fading o'er the
waters,
Lessening through driving mist and
spray,
Like white-winged sea-birds on their
way !

Onward they glide,—and now I view
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew ;
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
Turned to green earth and summer sky:
Each broad, seamed breast has cast
aside
Its eumbering vest of shaggy hide ;
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow
hair.
I see the gleam of axe and spear,
The sound of smitten shields I hear,

Keeping a harsh and fitting time
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme ;
Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,
His grey and naked isles among ;
Or muttered low at midnight hour
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon
Has answered to that startling rune ;
The Gael has heard its stormy swell,
The light Frank knows its summons
well ;
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,
And swept, with hoary beard and hair,
His altar's foot in trembling prayer !

'Tis past,—the 'wildering vision dies
In darkness on my dreaming eyes !
The forest vanishes in air,—
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare ;
I hear the common tread of men,
And hum of work-day life again :
The mystic relic seems alone
A broken mass of common stone ;
And if it be the chiselled limb
Of Berserker or idol grim,—
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
The stormy Viking's god of War,
Or Praga of the Runic lay,
Or love-awakening Siona,
I know not,—for no graven line,
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,
Is left me here, by which to trace
Its name, or origin, or place.
Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That, from the waste of Time behind,
A simple stone, or mound of earth
Can summon the departed forth ;
Quicken the Past to life again,—
The Present lose in what hath been,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,
Whose impulse fills anew with breath
The frozen solitude of Death,
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,
To mortal musings sometimes sent,

To whisper—even when it seems!
 But Memory's fantasy of dreams—
 Through the mind's waste of woe and
 sin,
 Of an immortal origin?

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

1658.

To the God of all sure mereies let my
 blessing rise to-day,
 From the scoffer and the cruel He
 hath plucked the spoil away,—
 Yea, He who cooled the furnace around
 the faithful three,
 And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath
 set His handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt
 through my prison bars,
 Last night across my damp earth-floor
 fell the pale gleam of stars;
 In the coldness and the darkness all
 through the long night-time,
 My grated casement whitened with
 autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after
 hour crept by;
 Star after star looked palely in and
 sank adown the sky;
 No sound amid night's stillness, save
 that which seemed to be
 The dull and heavy beating of the
 pulses of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew
 that on the morrow
 The ruler and the cruel priest would
 mock me in my sorrow,
 Dragged to their place of market, and
 bargained for and sold,
 Like a lamb before the shambles, like
 a heifer from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there,
 —the shrinking and the shame;
 And the low voice of the Tempter like
 whispers to me came:

“Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!”
 the wicked murmur said,
 “Damp walls thy bower of beauty,
 cold earth thy maiden bed?”

“Where be the smiling faces, and
 voices soft and sweet,
 Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard
 in the pleasant street?
 Where be the youths whose glances,
 the summer Sabbath through,
 Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy
 father's pew?”

“Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?—
 Bethink thee with what mirth
 Thy happy schoolmates gather around
 the warm bright hearth;
 How the crimson shadows tremble on
 foreheads white and fair,
 On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid
 in golden hair.

“Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens,
 not for thee kind words are spoken,
 Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods
 by laughing boys are broken,
 No first-fruits of the orchard within
 thy lap are laid,
 For thee no flowers of autumn the
 youthful hunters braid.

“Oh, weak, deluded maiden!—by
 crazy fancies led,
 With wild and raving railers an evil
 path to tread;
 To leave a wholesome worship, and
 teaching pure and sound;
 And mate with maniac women, loose-
 haired and sackcloth bound.

“Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who
 mock at things divine,
 Who rail against the pulpit, and holy
 bread and wine;
 Sore from their cart-tail scourgings,
 and from the pillory lame,
 Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and
 glorying in their shame.

“And what a fate awaits thee?—a
sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain
of bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, sub-
dued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and
scorn of all!”

Oh, ever as the Tempter spoke, and
feeble Nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow
of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts,
and strove in silent prayer,
To feel, O Helper of the weak! that
Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within
Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs
the prison-shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of
an angel's robe of white, [to sight.
And to feel a blessed presence invisible

Bless the Lord for all His mercies!—
for the peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon
my spirit melt;
When “Get behind me, Satan!” was
the language of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all
his doubts depart.

Slow broke the grey cold morning;
again the sunshine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and
grate within my lonely cell;
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and
upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word,
and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back,
my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up
the long street I passed;
I heard the murmur round me, and
felt, but dared not see,
How, from every door and window,
the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame
burned upon my cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my
trembling limbs grew weak:
“O Lord! support Thy handmaid;
and from her soul cast out
The fear of man, which brings a snare,
—the weakness and the doubt.”

Then the dreary shadows scattered,
like a cloud in morning's breeze,
And a low deep voice within me seemed
whispering words like these:
“Though thy earth be as the iron,
and thy heaven a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving-kindness whose
power is over all.”

We paused at length, where at my
feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach,
and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in
hard clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar
their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-
wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains with
faces bronzed and old,
And on his horse, with Rawson, his
cruel clerk at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the
ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the
ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with
laugh and scoff and jeer;
It stirred my soul, and from my lips
the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a
warning spirit spoke.

I cried, “The Lord rebuke thee, thou
smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou
trampler of the weak!
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones,
—go turn the prison lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted,
thou wolf amid the flock!”

Dark lowered the brows of Endieott,
and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-enpurpled cheek
the flush of anger spread ;
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped
priest, "heed nother words sowild,
Her master speaks within her,—the
devil owns his child !"

But grey heads shook, and young brows
knit, the while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against
the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and
idol priesthood bring [ful offering.
No bended knee of worship, nor gain-

Then to the stout sea-captains the
sheriff, turning, said,—
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will
take this Quaker maid ?
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on
Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price
than Indian girl or Moor.'

Grim and silent stood the captains ;
and when again he cried,
"Speak out, my worthy seamen !" —
no voice, no sign replied ;
But I felt a hard hand press my own,
and kind words met my ear, —
"God bless thee, and preserve thee,
my gentle girl and dear !"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,
—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and
saw it in his eye ;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that
voice, so kind to me,
Growth back its stormy answer like
the roaring of the sea,—

"Pile my ship with bars of silver,—
pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the
roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me !—I
would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than
bear this child away !"

"Well answered, worthy captain,
shame on their cruel laws !"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs
loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in
Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous
again for silver sold ?"

I looked on haughty Endieott ; with
weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion glare
of bitter hate and scorn ;
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and
turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk
rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in
bitterness of soul ;
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground,
and crushed his parchment roll.
"Good friends," he said, "since both
have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye, if from their further work I
be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and
clear, swept round the silent bay,
As, with kind words and kinder looks,
he bade me go my way ;
For He who turns the courses of the
streamlet of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had
turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed
changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the
blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill and
stream and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands
the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life !—to
Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath
set His handmaid free ;

All praise to Him before whose power
the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare
which for the poor is laid !

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on even-
ing's twilight calm
Uplift the loud thanksgiving,—pour
forth the grateful psalm ;
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as
did the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the
rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests
and mighty men of wrong,
The Lord shall smite the proud, and
lay His hand upon the strong.
Woe to the wicked rulers in His
avenging hour !
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks
to raven and devour !

But let the humble ones arise,—the
poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with
robes of praise be clad,
For He who cooled the furnace, and
smoothed the stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is
mighty still to save !

FUNERAL TREE OF THE
SOKOKIS.

1756.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its grey rocks
o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky,

Dazzling and white ! save where the
bleak, [ing peak,
Wild winds have bared some splinter-
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Sao's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show
Dark, fringing round those cones of
snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,
Though yet on her deliverer's wing
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-
brooks
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odours from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,
What reck the broken Sokokis,
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this ?

The turf's red stain is yet undried,—
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died
Along Sebago's wooded side :

And silent now the hunters stand,
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white
sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech, unclosing there
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly
mute,
They break the damp turf at its foot,
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
The firmroots from the earth divide,—
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tasselled garbs of skins arrayed,
And girded with its wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'Tis done: the roots are backward sent,
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,—
The Indian's fitting monument!

When of that sleeper's broken race
Their green and pleasant dwelling-
place,
Which knew them once, retains no
trace;

Oh, long may sunset's light be shed
As now upon that beech's head,—
A green memorial of the dead!

There shall his fitting requiem be,
In northern winds, that, cold and free,
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which
break
For ever round that lonely lake
A solemn undertone shall make!

And who shall deem the spot unblest,
Where Nature's younger children rest,
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's
breast?

Deem ye that mother loveth less
These bronzed forms of the wilderness
She foldeth in her long caress?

As sweet o'er them her wild-flowers
blow
As if with fairer hair and brow
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest
No priestly knee hath ever pressed,—
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed?

What though the bigot's ban be there,
And thoughts of wailing and despair,
And cursing in the place of prayer!

Yet Heaven hath angels watching
round
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound,—
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment; all
His powerless bolts of cursing fall
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

Oh, peeled, and hunted, and reviled,
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!
Great Nature owns her simple child!

And Nature's God, to whom alone
The secret of the heart is known,—
The hidden language traced thereon;

Who from its many cumberings
Of form and creed, and outward things,
To light the naked spirit brings;

Not with our partial eye shall scan,
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban,
The spirit of our brother man!

ST. JOHN.

1647.

“To the winds give our banner!
Bear homeward again!”
Cried the Lord of Acadia,
Cried Charles of Estienne;
From the prow of his shallop
He gazed, as the sun,
From its bed in the ocean,
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
That shallop had passed,
Where the mists of Penobscot
Chung damp on her mast.
St. Saviour had looked
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
Remembered her well,
And had cursed her while passing,
With taper and bell,

But the men of Monhegan,
Of Papists abhorred,
Had welcomed and feasted
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop
With dun-fish and ball,
With stores for his larder,
And steel for his wall.
Pemequid, from her bastions
And turrets of stone,
Had welcomed his coming
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders
Had followed his way,
As homeward he glided,
Down Pentecost Bay.
Oh, well sped La Tour !
For, in peril and pain,
His lady kept watch,
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone,
On the plane-trees which shaded
The shores of St. John.
“Now, why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love !
Why waves there no banner
My fortress above ?”

Dark and wild, from his deck
St. Estienne gazed about,
On fire-wasted dwellings,
And silent redoubt ;
From the low, shattered walls
Which the flame had o'errun
There floated no banner,
There thundered no gun !

But beneath the low arch
Of its doorway there stood
A pale priest of Rome,
In his cloak and his hood.
With the bound of a lion
La Tour sprang to land,
On the throat of the Papist
He fastened his hand.

“Speak, son of the Woman
Of scarlet and sin !
What wolf has been prowling
My castle within ?”
From the grasp of the soldier
The Jesuit broke,
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
He smiled as he spoke :

“No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
Has ravaged thy hall,
But thy red-handed rival,
With fire, steel, and ball !
On an errand of mercy
I hitherward came,
While the walls of thy castle
Yet spouted with flame.

“Pentagoet's dark vessels
Were moored in the bay,
Grim sea-lions, roaring
Aloud for their prey.”
“But what of my lady ?”
Cried Charles of Estienne.
“On the shot-crumbled turret
Thy lady was seen :

“Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon !
But woe to the heretic,
Evermore woe !
When the son of the church
And the cross is his foe !

“In the track of the shell,
In the path of the ball,
Pentagoet swept over
The breach of the wall !
Steel to steel, gun to gun,
One moment,—and then
Alone stood the victor,
Alone with his men !

“Of its sturdy defenders,
Thy lady alone
Saw the cross-blazoned banner
Float over St. John.”

“Let the dastard look to it!”

Cried fiery Estienne,
“Were D’Aulney King Louis,
I’d free her again!”

“Alas for thy lady!

No service from thee
Is needed by her
Whom the Lord hath set free:
Nine days, in stern silence,
Her thralldom she bore,
But the tenth morning came,
And Death opened her door!”

As if suddenly smitten

La Tour staggered back;
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,
His forehead grew black.
He sprang on the deck
Of his shallop again.

“We cruise now for vengeance!
Give way!” cried Estienne.

“Massachusetts shall hear
Of the Huguenot’s wrong,
And from island and creekside
Her fishers shall throng!
Pentagoet shall rue
What his Papists have done,
When his palisades echo
The Puritan’s gun!”

Oh, the loveliest of heavens
Hung tenderly o’er him,
There were waves in the sunshine,
And green isles before him:
But a pale hand was beckoning
The Huguenot on;
And in blackness and ashes
Behind was St. John!

PENTUCKET.

1708.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small, bright lake, whose waters
still
Mirror the forest and the hill,

Reflected from its waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset’s holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river’s tranquil flood
The dark and low-walled dwellings
stood,
Where many a rood of open land
Stretched up and down on either
hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly
green
The thick and blackened stumps be-
tween.
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravelled forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and
cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary labourer left his plough,—
The milkmaid carolled by her cow,—
From cottage door and household
hearth

Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay,—
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed
all,

Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours passed away. By moonlight
sped
The Merrimack along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hushed grouping of a dream.
Yet on the still air crept a sound,—
No bark of fox, nor rabbit’s bound,
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blow-
ing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hillside
beat ?

What forms were those which darkly
stood

Just on the margin of the wood ?—
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight
dim,

Or paling rude, or leafless limb ?
No,—through the trees fierce eyeballs
glowed,

Dark human forms in moonshine
showed,

Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress !

A yell the dead might wake to hear
Swelled on the night air, far and
clear,—

Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering
lock,—

Then rang the rifle-shot,—and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken
men,—

Sank the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain,—
Bursting through roof and window
came,

Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame ;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
On still dead men and weapons bared.

The morning sun looked brightly
through

The river willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat filled the air,—
No shout was heard,—nor gunshot
there :

Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke ;
And on the greensward many a stain,
And, here and there, the mangled slain,
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
Pentucket, on thy fated head !

Even now the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone
fell,

Still show the door of wasting oak,
Through which the fatal death-shot
broke,

And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corse lay grim and
bare,—

Whose hideous head, in death still
feared,

Bore not a trace of hair or beard,—
And still, within the churehyard
ground,

Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface overlies
The victims of that sacrifice.

THE FAMILIST'S HYMN.

FATHER ! to Thy suffering poor
Strength and grace and faith impart,

And with Thy own love restore
Comfort to the broken heart !

Oh, the failing ones confirm
With a holier strength of zeal !—

Give Thou not the feeble worm
Helpless to the spoiler's heel !

Father ! for Thy holy sake
We are spoiled and hunted thus ;

Joyful, for Thy truth we take
Bonds and burthens unto us :

Poor, and weak, and robbed of all,
Weary with our daily task,

That Thy truth may never fall
Through our weakness, Lord, we ask.

Round our fired and wasted homes
Flits the forest-bird unscared,

And at noon the wild beast comes
Where our frugal meal was shared ;

For the song of praises there
Shrieks the crow the livelong day :

For the sound of evening prayer
Howls the evil beast of prey !

Sweet the songs we loved to sing
Underneath thy holy sky,—

Words and tones that used to bring
Tears of joy in every eye,—

Dear the wrestling hours of prayer
When we gathered knee to knee,

Blameless youth and hoary hair,
Bowed, O God, alone to Thee.

As Thine early children, Lord,
 Shared their wealth and daily bread,
 Even so, with one accord,
 We, in love, each other fed,
 Not with us the miser's hoard,
 Not with us his grasping hand ;
 Equal round a common board,
 Drew our meek and brother band !

Safe our quiet Eden lay
 When the war-whoop stirred the
 land
 And the Indian turned away
 From our home his bloody hand.
 Well that forest-ranger saw
 That the burthen and the curse
 Of the white man's cruel law
 Rested also upon us.

Torn apart, and driven forth
 To our toiling hard and long,
 Father ! from the dust of earth
 Lift we still our grateful song !
 Grateful,—that in bonds we share
 In Thy love which maketh free ;
 Joyful,—that the wrongs we bear,
 Draw us nearer, Lord, to Thee !

Grateful !—that where'er we toil,—
 By Wachuset's wooded side,
 On Nantucket's sea-worn isle,
 Or by wild Neponset's tide,—
 Still, in spirit, we are near,
 And our evening hymns, which
 rise
 Separate and discordant here,
 Meet and mingle in the skies !

Let the scoffer scorn and mock,
 Let the proud and evil priest
 Rob the needy of his flock,
 For his wine-cup and his feast,—
 Redden not Thy bolts in store
 Through the blackness of Thy
 skies !
 For the sighing of the poor
 Wilt Thou not, at length, arise ?

Worn and wasted, oh ! how long
 Shall Thy trodden poor complain ?
 In Thy name they bear the wrong,
 In Thy cause the bonds of pain !

Melt oppression's heart of steel,
 Let the haughty priesthood see,
 And their blinded followers feel,
 That in us they mock at Thee !

In Thy time, O Lord of hosts,
 Stretch abroad that hand to save,
 Which of old, on Egypt's coasts,
 Smote apart the Red Sea's wave !
 Lead us from this evil land,
 From the spoiler set us free,
 And once more our gathered band,
 Heart to heart, shall worship Thee !

THE FOUNTAIN.

TRAVELLER ! on thy journey toiling
 By the swift Powow,
 With the summer sunshine falling
 On thy heated brow,
 Listen, while all else is still,
 To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing
 By that streamlet's side,
 And a greener verdure showing
 Where its waters glide,—
 Down the hill-slope murmuring on,
 Over root and mossy stone.

Where you oak his broad arms flingeth
 O'er the sloping hill,
 Beautiful and freshly springeth
 That soft-flowing rill, [bare,
 Through its dark roots wreathed and
 Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never
 In that magic well,
 Of whose gift of life forever
 Ancient legends tell,—
 In the lonely desert wasted,
 And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian²²
 Sought with longing eyes,
 Underneath the bright pavilion
 Of the Indian skies ;
 Where his forest pathway lay
 Through the blooms of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,
 With the dusky brow
 Of the onteast forest-ranger,
 Crossed the swift Powow ;
 And betook him to the rill
 And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness
 For an instant shone
 Something like a gleam of gladness,
 As he stooped him down
 To the fountain's grassy side,
 And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing
 O'er his mossy seat,
 And the cool, sweet waters flowing
 Softly at his feet,
 Closely by the fountain's rim
 That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given
 To the woods below
 Hues of beauty, such as heaven
 Lendeth to its bow ;
 And the soft breeze from the west
 Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving
 With his chains of sand ;
 Southward, sunny glimpses giving,
 'Twixt the swells of land,
 Of its calm and silvery track,
 Rolled the tranquil Merrimack.

Over village, wood, and meadow
 Gazed that stranger man,
 Sadly, till the twilight shadow
 Over all things ran,
 Save where spire and westward pane
 Flashed the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling
 Of his warrior sires,
 Where no lingering trace was telling
 Of their wigwam fires,
 Who the gloomy thoughts might know
 Of that wandering child of woe ?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,
 Hills that once had stood
 Down their sides the shadows throw-
 ing
 Of a mighty wood,
 Where the deer his covert kept,
 And the eagle's pinion swept !

Where the birch canoe had glided
 Down the swift Powow,
 Dark and gloomy bridges strided
 Those clear waters now ;
 And where once the beaver swam,
 Jarred the wheel and frowned the dam.

For the wood-bird's merry singing,
 And the hunter's cheer,
 Iron clang and hammer's ringing
 Smote upon his ear ;
 And the thick and sullen smoke
 From the blackened forges broke.

Could it be his fathers ever
 Loved to linger here ?
 These bare hills, this conquered
 river,—
 Could they hold them dear,
 With their native loveliness
 Tamed and tortured into this ?

Sadly, as the shades of even
 Gathered o'er the hill,
 While the western half of heaven
 Blushed with sunset still,
 From the fountain's mossy seat
 Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown for ever
 But he came no more
 To the hillside or to the river
 Where he came before.
 But the villager can tell
 Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden
 With their fruits or flowers,—
 Roving boy and laughing maiden,
 In their school-day hours,
 Love the simple tale to tell
 Of the Indian and his well.

THE EXILES.

1660.

THE goodman sat beside his door
 One sultry afternoon,
 With his young wife singing at his side
 An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air ;
 The dark green woods were still ;
 And the skirts of a heavy thunder-
 cloud
 Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud
 Above the wilderness,
 As some dark world from upper air
 Were stooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,
 And all was still again,
 Save a low murmur in the air
 Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,
 A weary stranger came,
 And stood before the farmer's door.
 With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope
 Was in his quiet glance,
 And peace, like autumn's moonlight,
 clothed
 His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore
 In Pilate's council-hall :
 It told of wrongs,—but of a love
 Meekly forgiving all.

“Friend ! wilt thou give me shelter
 here ?”
 The stranger meekly said ;
 And, leaning on his oaken staff,
 The goodman's features read.

“My life is hunted,—evil men
 Are following in my track ;
 The traces of the torturer's whip
 Are on my aged back.

“And much, I fear, 'twill peril thee
 Within thy doors to take
 A hunted seeker of the Truth,
 Oppressed for conscience' sake.”

Oh, kindly spoke the goodman's
 wife,—
 “Come in, old man !” quoth she,—
 “We will not leave thee to the storm,
 Whoever thou mayst be.”

Then came the aged wanderer in,
 And silent sat him down ;
 While all within grew dark as night
 Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze
 Filled every cottage nook,
 And with the jarring thunder-roll
 The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet
 Came sounding up the lane.
 And half a score of horse, or more,
 Came plunging through the rain.

“Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy
 door,—
 We would not be house-breakers ;
 A rueful deed thou'st done this day,
 In harbouring banished Quakers.”

Out looked the cautious goodman then
 With much of fear and awe,
 For there, with broad wig drenched
 with rain,
 The parish priest he saw.

“Open thy door, thou wicked man,
 And let thy pastor in,
 And give God thanks, if forty stripes
 Repay thy deadly sin.”

“What seek ye ?” quoth the good-
 man,—
 “The stranger is my guest :
 He is worn with toil and grievous
 wrong,—
 Pray let the old man rest.”

“Now, out upon thee, canting knave!”
 And strong hands shook the door.
 “Believe me, Macey,” quoth the
 priest,—
 “Thou’lt rue thy conduct sore.”

Then kindled Macey’s eye of fire :
 “No priest who walks the earth
 Shall pluck away the stranger-guest
 Made welcome to my hearth.”

Down from his cottage wall he caught
 The matchlock, hotly tried
 At Prestonpans and Marstonmoor,
 By fiery Ireton’s side ;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,
 With shout and psalm contended ;
 And Rupert’s oath, and Cromwell’s
 prayer,
 With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then :
 “My spirit is not free
 To bring the wrath and violence
 Of evil men on thee :

“And for thyself, I pray forbear,—
 Bethink thee of thy Lord,
 Who healed again the smitten ear,
 And sheathed His follower’s sword.

“I go, as to the slaughter led :
 Friends of the poor, farewell !”
 Beneath his hand the oaken door
 Back on its hinges fell.

“Come forth, old greybeard yea and
 The reckless scoffers cried, [nay,”
 As to a horseman’s saddle-bow
 The old man’s arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long
 In Boston’s crowded jail,
 Where suffering woman’s prayer was
 heard,
 With sickening childhood’s wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell :
 Those scenes have passed away,—
 Let the dim shadows of the past
 Brood o’er that evil day.

“Ho, sheriff!” quoth the ardent
 priest,—
 “Take Goodman Macey too ;
 The sin of this day’s heresy
 His back or purse shall rue.”

“Now, goodwife, haste thee !” Macey
 cried,
 She caught his manly arm :—
 Behind, the parson urged pursuit,
 With outcry and alarm.

Ho ! speed the Maceys, neck or
 naught,—
 The river-course was near :—
 The plashing on its pebbled shore
 Was music to their ear.

A grey rock, tasselled o’er with birch,
 Above the waters hung,
 And at its base, with every wave,
 A small light wherry swung.

A leap—they gain the boat—and there
 The goodman wields his oar :
 “Ill luck betide them all,” he cried,—
 “The laggards upon the shore.”

Down through the crashing under-
 The burly sheriff came :— [wood,
 “Stand, Goodman Macey, — yield
 thyself ;
 Yield in the King’s own name.”

“Now out upon thy hangman’s face !”
 Bold Macey answered then,—
 “Whip *women*, on the village green,
 But meddle not with *men*.”

The priest came panting to the
 shore,—
 His grave cocked hat was gone ;
 Behind him, like some owl’s nest,
 hung
 His wig upon a thorn.

“Come back,—come back !” the
 parson cried,
 “The Church’s curse beware.”
 “Curse, an’ thou wilt,” said Macey,
 “but
 Thy blessing prithee spare.”

“Vile scoffer!” cried the baffled
priest,—

“Thou’lt yet the gallows see.”

“Who’s born to be hanged will not
be drowned,”

Quoth Macey, merrily ;

“And so, sir sheriff and priest, good-
bye !”

He bent him to his oar,
And the small boat glided quietly
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds
Scattered and fell asunder,
While feebler came the rush of rain,
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the
sun

Looked out serene and warm,
Painting its holy symbol-light
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful ! that rainbow span,
O’er dim Crane-neck was bended ;—
One bright foot touched the eastern
hills,
And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket’s southern slope
The small boat glided fast,—
The watchers of “the Block-house”
saw

The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison
Sat shaking in their shoes,
To hear the dip of Indian oars,—
The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,
(The men were all away,)
Looked out to see the stranger oar
Upon their waters play.

Deer Island’s rocks and fir-trees
threw

Their sunset-shadows o’er them,
And Newbury’s spire and weather-
cock
Peered o’er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,
The marsh lay broad and green ;
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs
crowned,
Plum Island’s hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye
The harbour-bar was crossed ;—
A plaything of the restless wave,
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven
On land and water lay,—
On the steep hills of Agawan,
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the grey rocks of Cape
Ann,
And Gloucester’s harbour-bar ;
The watch-fire of the garrison
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning
On Massachussets Bay !
Blue wave, and bright green island,
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety
Round isle and headland steep,—
No tempest broke above them,
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy
Cape
The vent’rous Macey passed,
And on Nantucket’s naked isle
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,
They braved the rough sea-weather ;
And there, in peace and quietness,
Went down life’s vale together :

How others drew around them,
And how their fishing sped,
Until to every wind of heaven
Nantucket’s sails were spread ;

How pale Want alternated
With Plenty’s golden smile ;
Behold, is it not written
In the annals of the isle ?

And yet that isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macey
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand,—
Free as the waves that batter
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,
No loftier spirit stirs,—
Nor falls o'er human suffering
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!—
And grant for evermore,
That charity and freedom dwell
As now upon her shore!

—

THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

DARK the halls, and cold the feast,—
Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest:
All is over,—all is done,
Twain of yesterday are one!
Blooming girl and manhood gray,
Autumn in the arms of May!

Hushed within and hushed without,
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout;
Dies the bonfire on the hill;
All is dark and all is still,
Save the starlight, save the breeze
Moaning through the graveyard trees;
And the great sea-waves below,
Pulse of the midnight beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride
She hath wakened, at his side.
With half-uttered shriek and start,—
Feels she not his beating heart?
And the pressure of his arm,
And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed
Springs that fair dishevelled head,
And a feeling, new, intense,
Half of shame, half innocence,

Maiden fear and wonder speaks
Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing
Faintest light the lamp is throwing
On the mirror's antique mould,
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,
And, through faded curtains stealing,
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,
Silver-streaked his careless hair;
Lips of love have left no trace
On that hard and haughty face;
And that forehead's knitted thought
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,
More than these calm lips will tell.
Stooping to my lowly state,
He hath made me rich and great,
And I bless him, though he be
Hard and stern to all save me!"

While she speaketh, falls the light
O'er her finger small and white;
Gold and gem, and costly ring
Back the timid lustre fling,—
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow
From those tapering lines of snow;
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending,
His black hair with golden blending,
In her soft and light caress,
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha!—that start of horror!—Why
That wild stare and wilder cry,
Full of terror, full of pain?
Is there madness in her brain?
Hark! that gasping, hoarse and
low,
"Spare me,—spare me,—let me go!"

God have mercy!—Icy cold
Spectral hands her own unfold,
Drawing silently from them
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,
"Waken; save me!" still as death
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,
 And that ice-cold hand withdrawn ;
 But she hears a murmur low,
 Full of sweetness, full of woe,
 Half a sigh and half a moan :
 " Fear not ! give the dead her own ! "

Ah !—the dead wife's voice she knows !
 That cold hand, whose pressure froze,
 Once in warmest life had borne
 Gem and band her own hath worn.
 " Wake thee ! wake thee ! " Lo, his
 eyes
 Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,
 Closer to his breast he holds her ;
 Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
 And he feels her heart's quick beating :
 " Nay, my dearest, why this fear ? "
 " Hush ! " she saith, " the dead is
 here ! "

" Nay, a dream,—an idle dream. "
 But before the lamp's pale gleam
 Tremblingly her hand she raises,—
 There no more the diamond blazes,
 Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,—
 " Ah ! " she sighs, " her hand was
 cold ! "

Broken words of cheer he saith,
 But his dark lip quivereth,
 And as o'er the past he thinketh,
 From his young wife's arms he
 shrinketh ;
 Can those soft arms round him lie,
 Underneath his dead wife's eye ?

She her fair young head can rest
 Soothed and childlike on his breast,
 And in trustful innocence
 Draw new strength and courage
 thence ;
 He, the proud man, feels within
 But the cowardice of sin !

She can murmur in her thought
 Simple prayers her mother taught,
 And His blessed angels call,
 Whose great love is over all ;
 He, alone, in prayerless pride,
 Meets the dark Past at her side !

One, who living shrank with dread
 From his look, or word, or tread,
 Unto whom her early grave
 Was as freedom to the slave,
 Moves him at this midnight hour,
 With the dead's unconscious power !

Ah, the dead, the unforgot !
 From their solemn homes of thought,
 Where the cypress shadows blend
 Darkly over foe and friend,
 Or in love or sad rebuke,
 Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,
 Who their wrongs have borne the
 meekest,
 Lifting from those dark, still places
 Sweet and sad-remembered faces,
 O'er the guilty hearts behind
 An unwitting triumph find.



VOICES OF FREEDOM.

—: 0 :—

TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE.³³

'Twas night. The tranquil moonlight smile

With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down

Its beauty on the Indian isle,—

On broad green field and white-walled town ;

And inland waste of rock and wood,
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,
Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,

Soft as the landscape of a dream,
All motionless and dewy wet,
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met :
The myrtle with its snowy bloom
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom,—

The white ceropia's silver rind
Relieved by deeper green behind,—

The orange with its fruit of gold,—

The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—

The passion-flower, with symbol holy,

Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—

The rhexas dark, and cassia tall ;

And, proudly rising over all,

The kingly palm's imperial stem,

Crowned with its leafy diadem,

Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,

The fiery-winged eucullo played !

Yes,—lovely was thine aspect, then,

Fair island of the Western Sea !

Lavish of beauty, even when

Thy brutes were happier than thy men,

For they, at least, were free !

Regardless of thy glorious clime,

Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,

The toiling negro sighed, that Time

No faster sped his hours.

For, by the dewy moonlight still,
He fed the weary-turning mill,
Or bent him in the chill morass,
To pluck the long and tangled grass,
And hear above his scar-worn back
The heavy slave's-whip frequent crack :
While in his heart one evil thought
In solitary madness wrought,
One baleful fire surviving still

The quenching of the immortal mind,

One sterner passion of his kind,
Which even fetters could not kill,—
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong !

Hark to that cry !—long, loud, and shrill,

From field and forest, rock and hill,
Thrilling and horrible it rang,

Around, beneath, above ;—

The wild beast from his cavern sprang,

The wild bird from her grove !

Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony

Were mingled in that midnight cry ;

But like the lion's growl of wrath,

When falls that hunter in his path

Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,

Is rankling in his bosom yet,

It told of hate, full, deep, and strong,

Of vengeance kindling out of wrong ;

It was as if the crimes of years—

The unrequited toil, the tears

The shame and hate, which liken

well

Earth's garden to the nether hell—

Had found in nature's self a tongue,

On which the gathered horror hung ;

As if from cliff, and stream, and glen

Burst on the startled ears of men

That voice which rises unto God,
Solemn and stern,—the cry of blood !
It ceased,—and all was still once
more,
Save ocean chafing on his shore,
The sighing of the wind between
The broad banana's leaves of green,
Or bough by restless plumage shook,
Or murmuring voice of mountain
brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again
Pealed to the skies that frantic
yell,
Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,
And flashes rose and fell ;
And painted on the blood-red sky,
Dark, naked arms were tossed on
high ;
And, round the white man's lordly
hall,
Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he
made* ;

And those who crept along the wall,
And answered to his lightest call
With more than spaniel dread,—
The creatures of his lawless beak,
Were trampling on his very neck !
And on the night-air, wild and clear,
Rose woman's shriek of more than
fear ;
For bloodied arms were round her
thrown,
And dark cheeks pressed against her
own !

Then, injured Afric !—for the shame
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came
Full on the scornful hearts of those,
Who mocked thee in thy nameless
woes,
And to thy hapless children gave
One choice,—pollution or the grave !
Where then was he whose fiery zeal
Had taught the trampled heart to feel,
Until despair itself grew strong,
And vengeance fed its torch from
wrong ?
Now, when the thunderbolt is speed-
ing ;
Now, when oppression's heart is
bleeding ;

Now, when the latent curse of Time
Is raining down in fire and blood,—
That curse which, through long years
of crime,
Has gathered, drop by drop, its
flood,—
Why strikes he not, the foremost one,
Where murder's sternest deeds are
done ?

He stood the aged palms beneath,
That shadowed o'er his humble
door,
Listening, with half-suspended breath,
To the wild sounds of fear and death,
Toussaint l'Ouverture !
What marvel that his heart beat high !
The blow for freedom had been
given,
And blood had answered to the cry
Which Earth sent up to Heaven !
What marvel that a fierce delight
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,—
As groan and shout and bursting
flame
Told where the midnight tempest
came,
With blood and fire along its van,
And death behind !—he was a Man !

Yes, dark-souled chieftain !—if the
light
Of mild Religion's heavenly ray
Unveiled not to thy mental sight
The lowlier and the purer way,
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,
Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—
That calm reliance upon God
For justice in His own good time,—
That gentleness to which belongs
Forgiveness for its many wrongs,
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling
For mercy on the evil-dealing,—
Let not the favoured white man name
Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.
Has *he* not, with the light of heaven
Broadly around him, made the same ?
Yea, on his thousand war-fields
striven,
And gloried in his ghastly shame ?—
Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,
To offer mockery unto God,

As if the High and Holy One
 Could smile on deeds of murder
 done !—

As if a human sacrifice
 Were purer in His Holy eyes,
 Though offered up by Christian hands,
 Than the foul rites of Pagan lands !

* * * * *
 Sternly, amidst his household band,
 His carbine grasped within his hand,
 The white man stood, prepared and
 still,

Waiting the shock of maddened men,
 Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when
 The horn winds through their
 caverned hill.

And one was weeping in his sight,—
 The sweetest flower of all the isle,—
 The bride who seemed but yester-
 night

Love's fair embodied smile.
 And, elinging to her trembling knee,
 Looked up the form of infancy,
 With tearful glance in either face
 The secret of its fear to trace.

“Ha ! stand or die !” The white
 man's eye

His steady musket gleamed along,
 As a tall Negro hastened nigh,
 With fearless step and strong.

“What, ho, Toussaint !” A moment
 more,

His shadow crossed the lighted floor.
 “Away !” he shouted ; “fly with
 me,—

The white man's bark is on the sea ;—
 Her sails must catch the seaward
 wind,

For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.
 Our brethren from their graves have
 spoken,

The yoke is spurned,—the chain is
 broken ;

On all the hills our fires are glowing,—
 Through all the vales red blood is
 flowing !

No more the mocking White shall rest
 His foot upon the Negro's breast ;

No more, at morn or eve, shall drip
 The warm blood from the driver's
 whip :

Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance
 sworn

For all the wrongs his race have
 borne,—

Though for each drop of Negro blood
 The white man's veins shall pour a
 flood ;

Not all alone the sense of ill
 Around his heart is lingering still,
 Nor deeper can the white man feel
 The generous warmth of grateful zeal.
 Friends of the Negro ! fly with me,—
 The path is open to the sea :

“Away, for life !”—He spoke, and
 pressed

The young child to his manly breast,
 As, headlong, through the cracking
 cane,

Down swept the dark insurgent
 train,—

Drunken and grim, with shout and
 yell

Howled through the dark, like sounds
 from hell.

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail
 Swayed free before the sunrise gale.
 Cloud-like that island hung afar,

Along the bright horizon's verge,
 O'er which the curse of servile war
 Rolled its red torrent, surge on
 surge ;

And he—the Negro champion—where
 In the fierce tumult struggled he ?

Go trace him by the fiery glare
 Of dwellings in the midnight air,—
 The yells of triumph and despair,—
 The streams that crimson to the sea !

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
 Beneath Besançon's alien sky,
 Dark Haytien !—for the time shall
 come,

Yea, even now is nigh,—
 When, everywhere, thy name shall be
 Redeemed from *colour's infamy* ;
 And men shall learn to speak of
 thee

As one of earth's great spirits, born
 In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
 Casting aside the weary weight
 And fetters of its low estate,

In that strong majesty of soul
 Which knows no colour, tongue, or
 elime,—
 Which still hath spurned the base
 control
 Of tyrants through all time !
 Far other hands than mine may
 wreath
 The laurel round thy brow of death,
 And speak thy praise, as one whose
 word
 A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—
 Who crushed his foeman as a worm,—
 Whose step on human hearts fell
 firm :—³⁴
 Be mine the better task to find
 A tribute for thy lofty mind,
 Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone
 Some milder virtues all thine own,—
 Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,
 Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—
 Proofs that the Negro's heart retains
 Some nobleness amidst its chains,—
 That kindness to the wronged is never
 Without its excellent reward,—
 Holy to human-kind and ever
 Acceptable to God.

THE SLAVE-SHIPS.³⁵

"That fatal, that perfidious bark,
 Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses
 dark."

MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

"ALL ready?" cried the captain ;
 "Ay, ay!" the seamen said ;
 "Heave up the worthless lubbers,—
 The dying and the dead."
 Up from the slave-ship's prison
 Fierce, bearded heads were thrust :
 "Now let the sharks look to it,—
 Toss up the dead ones first !"

Corpse after corpse came up,—
 Death had been busy there ;
 Where every blow is mercy,
 Why should the spoiler spare ?
 Corpse after corpse they cast
 Sullenly from the ship,
 Yet bloody with the traces
 Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
 With his arms upon his breast,
 With his cold brow sternly knotted,
 And his iron lip compressed.
 "Are all the dead dogs over?"
 Growled through that matted lip,—
 "The blind ones are no better,
 Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark ! from the ship's dark bosom
 The very sounds of hell !
 The ringing clank of iron,—
 The maniac's short, sharp yell !—
 The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled,—
 The starving infant's moan,—
 The horror of a breaking heart
 Poured through a mother's groan.

Up from that loathsome prison
 The stricken blind ones came :
 Below, had all been darkness,—
 Above, was still the same.
 Yet the holy breath of heaven
 Was sweetly breathing there,
 And the heated brow of fever
 Cooled in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates !"
 Cutlass and dirk were plied ;
 Fettered and blind, one after one,
 Plunged down the vessel's side.
 The sabre smote above,—
 Beneath, the lean shark lay,
 Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
 His quick and human prey.

God of the earth ! what cries
 Rang upward unto Thee ?
 Voices of agony and blood,
 From ship-deck and from sea.
 The last dull plunge was heard,—
 The last wave caught its stain,—
 And the unsated shark looked up
 For human hearts in vain.

* * * * *
 Red glowed the western waters,—
 The setting sun was there,
 Scattering alike on wave and cloud
 His fiery mesh of hair.
 Amidst a group in blindness,
 A solitary eye [deck,
 Gazed, from the burdened slaver's
 Into that burning sky.

“A storm,” spoke out the gazer,
 “Is gathering and at hand,—
 Curse on’t—I’d give my other eye
 For one firm rood of land.”
 And then he laughed,—but only
 His echoed laugh replied,—
 For the blinded and the suffering
 Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
 And on a stormy heaven,
 While fiercely on that lone ship’s track
 The thunder-gust was driven.
 “A sail!—thank God, a sail!”
 And as the helmsman spoke,
 Up through the stormy murmur
 A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel,
 Unheeding on her way,
 So near that on the slaver’s deck
 Fell off her driven spray.
 “Ho! for the love of mercy,—
 We’re perishing and blind!”
 A wail of utter agony
 Came back upon the wind:

“Help us! for we are stricken
 With blindness every one;
 Ten days we’ve floated fearfully,
 Unnoting star or sun.
 Our ship’s the slaver Leon,—
 We’ve but a score on board,—
 Our slaves are all gone over,—
 Help,—for the love of God!”

On livid brows of agony
 The broad red lightning shone,—
 But the roar of wind and thunder
 Stifled the answering groan;
 Wailed from the broken waters
 A last despairing cry,
 As, kindling in the stormy light,
 The stranger ship went by.

* * * * *

In the sunny Guadaloupe
 A dark-hulled vessel lay,—
 With a crew who noted never
 The nightfall or the day.
 The blossom of the orange
 Was white by every stream,
 And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird
 Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,
 And the moonlight slept as well,
 On the palm-trees by the hillside,
 And the streamlet of the dell;
 And the glances of the Creole
 Were still as archly deep,
 And her smiles as full as ever
 Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,
 The green earth and the sky,
 And the smile of human faces,
 To the slaver’s darkened eye;
 At the breaking of the morning,
 At the star-lit evening time,
 O’er a world of light and beauty
 Fell the blackness of his crime.

 STANZAS.

[“The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king—cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigour and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?”—Dr. FOLLEN’S *Address*.

“Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions!—where art thou?—How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning,—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!—The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US?”—*Speech of SAMUEL J. MAY.*]

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains!
 Slaves—in a land of light and law!
 Slaves—crouching on the very plains
 Where rolled the storm of Freedom’s war!
 A groan from Eutaw’s haunted wood,—
 A wail where Camden’s martyrs fell,—
 By every shrine of patriot blood,
 From Moultrie’s wall and Jasper’s well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
 And hurrying shout of Marion's
 men!

The groan of breaking hearts is there,—
 The falling lash,—the fetter's clank!
Slaves,—*SLAVES* are breathing in that
 air,
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter
 drank!

What, ho!—*our* countrymen in
 chains!

The whip on *WOMAN'S* shrinking
 flesh!

Our soil yet reddening with the
 stains

Caught from her scourging, warm
 and fresh!

What! mothers from their children
 riven!

What! God's own image bought
 and sold!

AMERICANS to market driven,
 And bartered as the brute for
 gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in
 vain?

To us whose fathers scorned to bear
 The paltry *menace* of a chain;

To us, whose boast is loud and long
 Of holy Liberty and Light,—

Say, shall these writhing slaves of
 Wrong

Plead vainly for their plundered
 Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish
 breath,

Our sympathies across the wave,
 Where Manhood, on the field of
 death,

Strikes for his freedom or a grave?
 Shall prayers go up, and hymns be
 sung

For Greece, the Moslem fetters
 spurning,

And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant
 France,

By Vendome's pile and Schoen-
 brun's wall,

And Poland, gasping on her lance,
 The impulse of our cheering call?

And shall the *SLAVE*, beneath our
 eye,

Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful
 chain?

And toss his fettered arms on high,
 And groan for Freedom's gift in
 vain?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be
 A refuge for the stricken slave?

And shall the Russian serf go free
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?

And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
 Relax the iron hand of pride,

And bid his bondman cast the chain,
 From fettered soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
 Proclaim that all around are free,

From "farthest Ind" to each blue
 crag

That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,

When Freedom's fire is dim with
 us,

And round our country's altar clings
 The damning shade of Slavery's
 curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine

To loose his grasp on Poland's
 throat;

And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
 To spare the struggling Suliote,—

Will not the scorching answer come
 From turbaned Turk, and scornful

Russ:
 "Go, loose your fettered slaves at
 home,

Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
 The Christian's scorn,—the hea-
 then's mirth,—

Content to live the lingering jest
 And bye-word of a mocking Earth?

Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to
bear ?

Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials
wear ?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From greybeard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coals of Truth !

Up,—while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing !
Up,—while ye pause, our sun may
set
In blood, around our altars flowing !

Oh ! rouse ye, ere the storm comes
forth,—
The gathered wrath of God and
man,—

Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.

Here ye no warnings in the air ?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath ?

Up,—up ! why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death ?

Up now for Freedom !—not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw,—
The awful waste of human life,—

The glory and the guilt of war :
But break the chain,—the yoke
remove,

And smite to earth Oppression's
rod,

With those mild arms of Truth and
Love,

Made mighty through the living
God !

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood ;

Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood ;

But rear another altar there,
To Truth and Love and Mercy
given,

And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's
prayer,
Shall call an answer down from
Heaven !

THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings by her wheel at that low
cottage-door,

Which the long evening shadow is
stretching before,

With a music as sweet as the music
which seems

Breathed softly and faint in the ear
of our dreams !

How brilliant and mirthful the light
of her eye,

Like a star glancing out from the
blue of the sky !

And lightly and freely her dark tresses
play

O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as
they !

Who comes in his pride to that low
cottage-door,—

The haughty and rich to the humble
and poor ?

'Tis the great Southern planter,—the
master who waves

His whip of dominion o'er hundreds
of slaves.

“Nay, Ellen,—for shame ! Let those
Yankee fools spin,

Who would pass for our slaves with a
change of their skin ;

Let them toil as they will at the
loom or the wheel,

Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar
to feel !

“But thou art too lovely and precious
a gem

To be bound to their burdens and
sullied by them,—

For shame, Ellen, shame,—cast thy
bondage aside,

And away to the South, as my bless-
ing and pride.

“Oh, come where no winter thy foot-
steps can wrong,

But where flowers are blossoming all
the year long,

Where the shade of the palm-tree is
 over my home,
 And the lemon and orange are white
 in their bloom !

“Oh, come to my home, where my
 servants shall all
 Depart at thy bidding and come at
 thy call ;
 They shall heed thee as mistress with
 trembling and awe,
 And each wish of thy heart shall be
 felt as a law.”

Oh, could ye have seen her—that
 pride of our girls—
 Arise and cast back the dark wealth
 of her curls,
 With a scorn in her eye which the
 gazer could feel,
 And a glance like the sunshine that
 flashes on steel !

“Go back, haughty Southron ! thy
 treasures of gold
 Are dim with the blood of the hearts
 thou hast sold ;
 Thy home may be lovely, but round
 it I hear
 The crack of the whip and the foot-
 steps of fear !

“And the sky of thy South may be
 brighter than ours,
 And greener thy landscapes, and fairer
 thy flowers ;
 But dearer the blast round our moun-
 tain which raves,
 Than the sweet summer zephyr which
 breathes over slaves !

“Full low at thy bidding thy negroes
 may kneel,
 With the iron of bondage on spirit
 and heel ;
 Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner
 would be
 In fetters with them, than in freedom
 with thee !”

TO W. L. G.

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath
 Oppression's iron hand :
 In view of penury, hate, and death,
 I see thee fearless stand.
 Still bearing up thy lofty brow,
 In the steadfast strength of truth,
 In manhood sealing well the vow
 And promise of thy youth.

Go on,—for thou hast chosen well ;
 On in the strength of God !
 Long as one human heart shall swell
 Beneath the tyrant's rod.
 Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
 As thou hast ever spoken,
 Until the dead in sin shall hear,—
 The fetter's link be broken !

I love thee with a brother's love,
 I feel my pulses thrill,
 To mark thy spirit soar above
 The cloud of human ill.
 My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
 And echo back thy words,
 As leaps the warrior's at the shine
 And flash of kindred swords !

They tell me thou art rash and vain,—
 A searcher after fame ;
 That thou art striving but to gain
 A long-enduring name ;
 That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand
 And steeled the Afric's heart,
 To shake aloft his vengeful brand,
 And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read
 Thy mighty purpose long ?
 And watched the trials which have
 made
 Thy human spirit strong ?
 And shall the slanderer's demon breath
 Avail with one like me,
 To dim the sunshine of my faith
 And earnest trust in thee ?

Go on,—the dagger's point may glare
 Amid thy pathway's gloom,—
 The fate which sternly threatens there
 Is glorious martyrdom !

Then onward with a martyr's zeal ;
 And wait thy sure reward
 When man to man no more shall kneel,
 And God alone be Lord !
 1833.

SONG OF THE FREE.

PRIDE of New England !
 Soul of our fathers !
 Shrink we all craven-like,
 When the storm gathers ?
 What though the tempest be
 Over us lowering,
 Where's the New-Englander
 Shamefully cowering ?
 Graves green and holy
 Around us are lying, —
 Free were the sleepers all,
 Living and dying !

Back with the Southerner's
 Padlocks and scourges !
 Go, —let him fetter down
 Ocean's free surges !
 Go, —let him silence
 Winds, clouds, and waters, —
 Never New England's own
 Free sons and daughters !
 Free as our rivers are
 Ocean-ward going, —
 Free as the breezes are
 Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,
 Haste we, and summon
 Courage and loveliness,
 Manhood and woman !
 Deep let our pledges be :
 Freedom for ever !
 Truee with oppression,
 Never, oh, never !
 By our own birthright-gift,
 Granted of Heaven, —
 Freedom for heart and lip,
 Be the pledge given !

If we have whispered truth,
 Whisper no longer ;
 Speak as the tempest does,
 Sterner and stronger ;

Still be the tones of truth
 Louder and firmer,
 Startling the haughty South
 With the deep murmur ;
 God and our charter's right,
 Freedom for ever !
 Truee with oppression, —
 Never, oh, never !
 1836.

THE HUNTERS OF MEN.

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er
 mountain and glen,
 Through cane-brake and forest, —the
 hunting of men ?
 The lords of our land to this hunting
 have gone,
 As the fox-hunter follows the sound
 of the horn ;
 Hark ! —the cheer and the hallo ! —
 the crack of the whip,
 And the yell of the hound as he
 fastens his grip !
 All blithe are our hunters, and noble
 their match, —
 Though hundreds are caught, there
 are millions to catch.
 So speed to their hunting, o'er moun-
 tain and glen,
 Through cane-brake and forest, —the
 hunting of men !

Gay luck to our hunters ! —how nobly
 they ride
 In the glow of their zeal, and the
 strength of their pride ! —
 The priest with his cassock flung back
 on the wind,
 Just screening the politic statesman
 behind, —
 The saint and the sinner, with cursing
 and prayer,
 The drunk and the sober, ride merrily
 there.
 And woman, — kind woman, — wife,
 widow, and maid,
 For the good of the hunted, is lending
 her aid :

Her foot's in the stirrup, her hand on
the rein,
How blithely she rides to the hunting
of men !

Oh, goodly and grand is our hunting to
see,

In this "land of the brave and this
home of the free."

Priest, warrior, and statesman, from
Georgia to Maine,

All mounting the saddle,—all grasp-
ing the rein,—

Right merrily hunting the black man,
whose sin

Is the curl of his hair and the hue of
his skin !

Woe, now, to the hunted who turns
him at bay !

Will our hunters be turned from their
purpose and prey ?

Will their hearts fail within them ?—
their nerves tremble, when

All roughly they ride to the hunting
of men ?

HO!—ALMS for our hunters ! all weary
and faint,

Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer
of the saint.

The horn is wound faintly, — the
echoes are still,

Over cane-brake and river, and forest
and hill.

Haste,—alms for our hunters ! the
hunted once more

Have turned from their flight with
their backs to the shore :

What right have *they* here in the
home of the white,

Shadowed o'er by *our* banner of Free-
dom and Right ?

HO!—alms for the hunters ! or never
again

Will they ride in their pomp to the
hunting of men !

ALMS,—ALMS for our hunters ! why
will ye delay,

When their pride and their glory are
melting away ?

The parson has turned ; for, on charge
of his own, [alone ?

Who goeth a warfare, or hunting,
The politic statesman looks back with
a sigh,—

There is doubt in his heart,—there is
fear in his eye.

Oh, haste, lest that doubting and fear
shall prevail,

And the head of his steed take the
place of the tail.

Oh, haste, ere he leave us ! for who
will ride then,

For pleasure or gain, to the hunting
of men ?

1835.

CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

[In the report of the celebrated pro-slavery
meeting in Charlestown, S. C., on the 4th of
the 9th month, 1835, published in the *Courier*
of that city, it is stated: "The CLERGY of
all denominations attended in a body, LEND-
ING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS,
and adding by their presence to the impres-
sive character of the scene !"]

JUST God!—and these are they
Who minister at Thine altar, God of
Right !

Men who their hands with prayer
and blessing lay
On Israel's Ark of light !

What ! preach and kidnap men ?
Give thanks,—and rob Thy own
afflicted poor ?

Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the captive's door ?

What ! servants of Thy own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and
save

The homeless and the outcast,—fetter-
ing down

The tasked and plundered slave !

Pilate and Herod, friends !
Chief priests and rulers, as of old,
combine !

Just God and holy ! is that church,
which lends

Strength to the spoiler, Thine ?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which
search and burn
In warning and rebuke ;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed !
And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank
the Lord
That, from the toiling bondman's
utter need,
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord ! how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth
away, [wrong
And in Thy name, for robbery and
At Thy own altars pray ?

Is not Thy hand stretched forth
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and
smite ?
Shall not the living God of all the
earth,
And heaven above, do right ?

Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father
down !
To all who plunder from the immortal
mind
Its bright and glorious crown !

Woe to the priesthood ! woe
To those whose hire is with the price
of blood,—
Perverting, darkening, changing, as
they go,
The searching truths of God !

Their glory and their might
Shall perish ; and their very name
shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty.

Oh, speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease, and Liberty
and Love
And Truth and Right throughout the
earth be known
As in their home above.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

[In a late publication of L. F. Tasistro—
"Random Shots and Southern Breezes"—is
a description of a slave auction at New
Orleans, at which the auctioneer recom-
mended the woman on the stand as "A
GOOD CHRISTIAN !"]

A CHRISTIAN ! going, gone !
Who bids for God's own image ?—for
His grace,
Which that poor vietim of the market-
plae
Hath in her suffering won ?

My God ! can such things be ?
Hast Thou not said that whatsoe'er is
done
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest
one
Is even done to Thee ?

In that sad vietim, then,
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee
stand,—
Once more the jest-word of a mock-
ing band,
Bound, sold, and scourged again !

A Christian up for sale !
Wet with her blood your whips, o'er-
task her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your
wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail !

A heathen hand might deal
Back on your heads the gathered
wrong of years :
But her low, broken prayer and nightly
tears
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,
Thou *prudent* teacher,—tell the toil-
ing slave
No dangerous tale of Him who came
to save
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray
Of God's free Gospel from her simple
heart,
And to her darkened mind alone im-
part
One stern command,—OBEY!

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market price of human flesh; and
while
On thee, their pampered guest, the
planters smile,
Thy Church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell
From Northern pulpits how Thy work
was blest,
While in that vile South Sodom first
and best,
Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh, shame! the Moslem thrall,
Who, with his master, to the Prophet
kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebla
feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath
torn
The dark slave-dungeons open, and
hath borne
Their inmates into day:

But our poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his
aching eyes,—
Its rites will only swell his market
price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar
stand,
Lifting in prayer to Thee the bloody
hand
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the
trader's cell,—
From the black slave-ship's foul and
loathsome hell,
And coille's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to Heaven that agonising cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
How LONG, O GOD, HOW LONG?

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Is this the land our fathers loved,
The freedom which they toiled to
win?

Is this the soil whereon they moved?
Are these the graves they slumber
in?

Are we the sons by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have
worn?

And shall we crouch above these
graves,

With craven soul and fettered lip?
Yoke in with marked and branded
slaves,

And tremble at the driver's whip?
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
And speak—but as our masters please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?

Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel,—
The dungeon's gloom,—the assas-
sin's blow,

Turn back the spirit roused to save
The Truth, our Country, and the
Slave?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
Round which the priests of Mexico
Before their loathsome idol prayed;—

Is Freedom's altar fashioned so?
And must we yield to Freedom's God,
As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds
are wrought

Which well might shame extremest
hell?

Shall freemen lock the indignant
thought?

Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?

Shall Honour bleed?—shall Truth
succumb?

Shall pen, and press, and soul be
dumb?

No;—by each spot of haunted ground,
Where Freedom weeps her chil-
dren's fall,—

By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's
mound,—

By Griswold's stained and shattered
wall,—

By Warren's ghost,—by Langdon's
shade,—

By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst
The bands and fetters round them
set,—

By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—

By all above, around, below,
Be ours the indignant answer,—NO!

No;—guided by our country's laws,
For truth, and right, and suffering
man,

Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
As Christians *may*,—as freemen
can!

Still pouring on unwilling ears
That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbour
still,

While woman shrieks beneath his
rod,

And while he tramples down at will
The image of a common God?

Shall watch and ward be round him
set,

Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with
him

The danger and the growing shame?
And see our Freedom's light grow
dim,

Which should have filled the world
with flame?

And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,
A world's reproach around us burn?

Is't not enough that this is borne?

And asks our haughty neighbour
more?

Must fetters which his slaves have
worn

Clank round the Yankee farmer's
door?

Must he be told, beside his plough,
What he must speak, and when, and
how?

Must he be told his freedom stands

On Slavery's dark foundations
strong,—

On breaking hearts and fettered
hands,

On robbery, and crime, and wrong!

That all his fathers taught is vain,—
That Freedom's emblem is the chain!

Its life, its soul, from slavery drawn?
False, foul, profane! Go,—teach
a well

Of holy Truth from Falsehood born!
Of Heaven refreshed by airs from
Hell!

Of Virtue in the arms of Vice!

Of Demons planting Paradise!

Rail on, then, "brethren of the
South,"—

Ye shall not hear the truth the
less;—

No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,

No fetter on the Yankee's press!

From our Green Mountains to the
sea,

One voice shall thunder,—WE ARE
FREE!

LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING THE MESSAGE
OF GOVERNOR RITNER, OF PENN-
SYLVANIA, 1836.

THANK God for the token !—one lip
is still free,—

One spirit untrammelled,—unbend-
ing one knee !

Like the oak of the mountain, deep-
rooted and firm,

Erect, when the multitude bends to
the storm ;

When traitors to Freedom, and Hon-
our, and God,

Are bowed at an Idol polluted with
blood ;

When the recreant North has for-
gotten her trust,

And the lip of her honour is low in
the dust,—

Thank God that one arm from the
shackle has broken !

Thank God, that one man as a *free-*
man has spoken !

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has
been blown !

Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the
murmur has gone !

To the land of the South,—of the
charter and chain,—

Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's
pain ;

Where the eant of Democracy dwells
on the lips

Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders
of whips !

Where "chivalric" honour means
really no more

Than scourging of women, and robbing
the poor !

Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth
on high,

And the words which he utters, are—
WORSHIP, OR DIE !

Right onward, oh speed it ! Where-
ever the blood

Of the wronged and the guiltless is
crying to God ;

Wherever a slave in his fetters is
pining ;

Wherever the lash of the driver is
twining ;

Wherever from kindred, torn rudely
apart,

Comes the sorrowful wail of the
broken of heart ;

Wherever the shackles of tyranny
bind,

In silence and darkness, the God-
given mind ;

There, God speed it onward !—its
truth will be felt,—

The bonds shall be loosened,—the
iron shall melt !

And oh, will the land where the free
soul of PENN

Still lingers and breathes over moun-
tain and glen,—

Will the land where a BENEZET'S
spirit went forth

To the peeled and the meted, and
outcast of Earth,—

Where the words of the Charter of
Liberty first

From the soul of the sage and the
patriot burst,—

Where first for the wronged and the
weak of their kind,

The Christian and statesman their
efforts combined,—

Will that land of the free and the
good wear a chain ?

Will the call to the rescue of Freedom
be vain ?

No, RITNER !—her "Friends" at thy
warning shall stand

Erect for the truth, like their ances-
tral band ;

Forgetting the feuds and the strife of
past time,

Counting coldness injustice, and
silence a crime ;

Turning back from the cavil of creeds,
to unite

Once again for the poor in defence of
the Right ;

Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full
 tide of Wrong,
 Overwhelmed, but not borne on its
 surges along ;
 Unappalled by the danger, the shame,
 and the pain,
 And counting each trial for Truth as
 their gain !

And that bold-hearted yeomanry,
 honest and true,
 Who, haters of fraud, give to labour
 its due ;
 Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert
 with thine,
 On the banks of Swetara, the songs
 of the Rhine,—
 The German-born pilgrims, who first
 dared to brave
 The scorn of the proud in the cause
 of the slave :—
 Will the sons of such men yield the
 lords of the South
 One brow for the brand,—for the pad-
 lock one mouth ?
 They cater to tyrants ?—They rivet
 the chain,
 Which their fathers smote off, on the
 negro again ?

No, never !—one voice, like the sound
 in the cloud,
 When the roar of the storm waxes
 loud and more loud,
 Wherever the foot of the freeman
 hath pressed
 From the Delaware's marge to the
 Lake of the West,
 On the South-going breezes shall
 deepen and grow
 Till the land it sweeps over shall
 tremble below !
 The voice of a PEOPLE,—uprisen,—
 awake,—
 Pennsylvania's watchword, with Free-
 dom at stake,
 Thrilling up from each valley, flung
 down from each height,
 OUR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY !—
 GOD FOR THE RIGHT !”

THE PASTORAL LETTER.

So, this is all,—the utmost reach
 Of priestly power the mind to fetter !
 When laymen think—when women
 preach—
 A war of words—a “ Pastoral
 Letter !”

Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes !
 Was it thus with those, your pre-
 decessors,
 Who sealed with racks, and fire, and
 ropes
 Their loving-kindness to trans-
 gressors ?

A “ Pastoral Letter,” grave and
 dull—
 Alas ! in hoof and horns and
 features,
 How different is your Brookfield
 bull,
 From him who bellows from St.
 Peter's !
 Your pastoral rights and powers from
 harm,
 Think ye, can words alone preserve
 them ?

Your wiser fathers taught the arm
 And sword of temporal power to
 serve them.

Oh, glorious days,—when Church
 and State
 Were wedded by your spiritual
 fathers !
 And on submissive shoulders sat
 Your Wilsons and your Cotton
 Mathers.
 No vile “ itinerant” then could mar
 The beauty of your tranquil Zion,
 But at his peril of the scar
 Of hangman's whip and branding-
 iron.

Then, wholesome laws relieved the
 Church
 Of heretic and mischief-maker,
 And priest and bailiff joined in search,
 By turns, of Papist, witch, and
 Quaker !

The stocks were at each church's door,
The gallows stood on Boston
Common,

A Papist's ears the pillory bore,—
The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman !

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal
With "non-professing" frantic
teachers ;

They bored the tongue with red-hot
steel,
And flayed the backs of "female
preachers."

Old Newbury, had her fields a tongue,
And Salem's streets, could tell
their story,

Of fainting woman dragged along,
Gashed by the whip, accursed and
gory !

And will ye ask me, why this taunt
Of memories sacred from the corner ?

And why with reckless hand I plant
A nettle on the graves ye honour ?
Not to reproach New England's dead
This record from the past I summon,
Of manhood to the scaffold led,
And suffering and heroic woman.

No,—for yourselves alone, I turn
The pages of intolerance over,
That, in their spirit, dark and stern,
Ye haply may your own discover !
For, if ye claim the "pastoral right,"
To silence Freedom's voice of warn-
ing,

And from your precincts shut the
light
Of Freedom's day around ye dawn-
ing ;

If when an earthquake voice of power,
And signs in earth and heaven, are
showing

That forth, in its appointed hour,
The Spirit of the Lord is going !

And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light
On kindred, tongue, and people
breaking,

Whose slumbering millions, at the
sight,
In glory and in strength are waking !

When for the sighing of the poor,
And for the needy, God hath risen,
And chains are breaking, and a door
Is opening for the souls in prison !
If then ye would, with puny hands,
Arrest the very work of Heaven,
And bind anew the evil bands
Which God's right arm of power
hath riven,—

What marvel that, in many a mind,
Those darker deeds of bigot madness
Are closely with your own combined,
Yet "less in anger than in sadness" ?
What marvel, if the people learn
To claim the right of free opinion ?
What marvel, if at times they spurn
The ancient yoke of your dominion ?

A glorious remnant linger yet
Whose lips are wet at Freedom's
fountains,

The coming of whose welcome feet
Is beautiful upon our mountains !

Men, who the gospel tidings bring
Of Liberty and Love for ever,
Whose joy is an abiding spring,
Whose peace is as a gentle river !

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale
Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,
Which echoes here the mournful wail
Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,
Close while ye may the public ear,—
With malice vex, with slander
wound them,—

The pure and good shall throng to
hear,
And tried and manly hearts sur-
round them.

Oh, ever may the power which led
Their way to such a fiery trial,
And strengthened womanhood to tread
The wine-press of such self-denial,
Be round them in an evil land,
With wisdom and with strength
from Heaven,

With Miriam's voice, and Judith's
hand,
And Deborah's song for triumph
given !

And what are ye who strive with God
 Against the ark of His salvation,
 Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,
 With blessings for a dying nation?
 What, but the stubble and the hay
 To perish, even as flax consuming,
 With all that bars His glorious way,
 Before the brightness of His coming?

And thou, sad Angel, who so long
 Hast waited for the glorious token,
 That Earth from all her bonds of wrong
 To liberty and light has broken,—
 Angel of Freedom! soon to thee
 The sounding trumpet shall be given,
 And over Earth's full jubilee
 Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE MEETING OF THE
 ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT CHAT-
 HAM STREET CHAPEL, N. Y., HELD
 ON THE 4TH OF THE 7TH MONTH,
 1834.

O THOU, whose presence went before
 Our fathers in their weary way,
 As with Thy chosen moved of yore
 The fire by night, the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,
 A nation's song ascends to Heaven,
 Most Holy Father! unto Thee
 May not our humble prayer be
 given?

Thy children all, — though hue and
 form
 Are varied in Thine own good will, —
 With Thy own holy breathings warm,
 And fashioned in Thine image still.

We thank Thee, Father! — hill and
 plain [more,
 Around us wave their fruits once
 And clustered vine, and blossomed
 grain, [door.
 Are bending round each cottage

And peace is here; and hope and love
 Are round us as a mantle thrown,
 And unto Thee, supreme above,
 The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But oh, for those this day can bring,
 As unto us, no joyful thrill, —
 For those who, under Freedom's wing,
 Are bound in Slavery's fetters still:

For those to whom Thy living word
 Of light and love is never given, —
 For those whose ears have never heard
 The promise and the hope of
 Heaven!

For broken heart, and clouded mind,
 Whereon no human mercies fall, —
 Oh, be Thy gracious love inclined,
 Who, as a Father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time
 Of Earth's deliverance may be near,
 When every land and tongue and
 clime
 The message of Thy love shall
 hear, —

When, smitten as with fire from
 heaven,
 The captive's chain shall sink in
 dust,
 And to his fettered soul be given
 The glorious freedom of the just!

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF
 THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF BRIT-
 ISH EMANCIPATION AT THE BROAD-
 WAY TABERNACLE, N. Y., "FIRST
 OF AUGUST," 1837.

O HOLY FATHER! — just and true
 Are all Thy works and words and
 ways,
 And unto Thee alone are due
 Thanksgiving and eternal praise!

As children of Thy gracious eare,
 We veil the eye, we bend the knee,
 With broken words of praise and
 prayer,
 Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of Right,
 The sighing of the island slave ;
 And stretched for him the arm of
 might, [save.
 Not shortened that it could not
 The labourer sits beneath his vine,
 The shackled soul and hand are
 free,—
 Thanksgiving!—for the work is
 Thine !
 Praise!—for the blessing is of Thee !

And oh, we feel Thy presence here,—
 Thy awful arm in judgment bare !
 Thine eye hath seen the bondman's
 tear,—
 Thine ear hath heard the bond-
 man's prayer.
 Praise!—for the pride of man is low,
 The counsels of the wise are naught,
 The fountains of repentance flow ;
 What hath our God in mercy
 wrought ?

Speed on Thy work, Lord God of
 Hosts ! [riven,
 And when the bondman's chain is
 And swells from all our guilty coasts
 The anthem of the free to Heaven,
 Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,
 As with Thy cloud and fire before,
 But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
 Be praise and glory evermore.

—
 LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY
 CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF
 AUGUST, AT MILTON, 1846.

A FEW brief years have passed away
 Since Britain drove her million
 slaves
 Beneath the tropic's fiery ray :

God willed their freedom ; and to-day
 Life blooms above those island
 graves !

He spoke ! across the Carib Sea,
 We heard the clash of breaking
 chains,
 And felt the heart-throb of the free,
 The first, strong pulse of liberty
 Which thrilled along the bond-
 man's veins.

Though long delayed, and far, and
 slow,
 The Briton's triumph shall be ours :
 Wears slavery here a prouder brow
 Than that which twelve short years
 ago
 Scowled darkly from her island
 bowers ?

Mighty alike for good or ill
 With mother-land, we fully share
 The Saxon strength,—the nerve of
 steel,—
 The tireless energy of will,—
 The power to do, the pride to
 dare.

What she has done can we not do ?
 Our hour and men are both at
 hand ;
 The blast which Freedom's angel
 blew
 O'er her green islands, echoes through
 Each valley of our forest land.

Hear it, old Europe ! we have sworn
 The death of slavery.—When it
 falls,
 Look to your vassals in their turn,
 Your poor dumb millions, crushed
 and worn,
 Your prisons and your palace walls !

O kingly mockers !—scoffing show
 What deeds in Freedom's name we
 do ;
 Yet know that every taunt ye throw
 Across the waters, goads our slow
 Progression towards the right and
 true.

Not always shall your outraged poor,
Appalled by democratic crime,
Grind as their fathers ground before,—
The hour which sees our prison door
Swing wide shall be *their* triumph
time.

On then, my brothers! every blow
Ye deal is felt the wide earth
through;
Whatever here uplifts the low
Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,
Blesses the Old World through the
New.

Take heart! The promised hour
draws near,—
I hear the downward beat of wings,
And Freedom's trumpet sounding
clear:
"Joy to the people!—woe and fear
To new-world tyrants, old-world
kings!"

THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO
HER DAUGHTERS SOLD INTO SOUTH-
ERN BONDAGE.

GONE, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air,—
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,

Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Oh, when weary, sad and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet
them,—

There no father's welcome meet them.
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play,—
From the cool spring where they
drank,—

Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank,—
From the solemn house of prayer
And the holy counsels there,—
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,—
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
Oh that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love He beareth,—
By the bruised reed He spareth,—

Oh, may He, to whom alone
 All their cruel wrongs are known,
 Still their hope and refuge prove,
 With a more than mother's love.
 Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters,—
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,
 Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
 An iron race around her stood,
 Baptized her infant brow in blood;
 And through the storm which round
 her swept,
 Their constant ward and watching
 kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
 The roar of baleful battle rose,
 And brethren of a common tongue
 To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
 And every gift on Freedom's shrine
 Was man for beast, and blood for
 wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
 Their strife is past,—their triumph
 won;

But sterner trials wait the race
 Which rises in their honoured place,—
 A moral warfare with the crime
 And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
 We gird us for the coming fight,
 And, strong in Him whose cause is
 ours

In conflict with unholy powers,
 We grasp the weapons He has given,—
 The Light, and Truth, and Love of
 Heaven.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION,
 HELD IN LONDON IN 1840.

YES, let them gather!—Summon forth
 The pledged philanthropy of Earth,
 From every land whose hills have
 heard

The bugle blast of Freedom waking;
 Or shrieking of her symbol-bird

From out his cloudy eyrie breaking:
 Where Justice hath one worshipper,
 Or Truth one altar built to her;
 Where'er a human eye is weeping

O'er wrongs which Earth's sad
 children know,—

Where'er a single heart is keeping
 Its prayerful watch with human
 woe:

Thence let them come, and greet each
 other,

And know in each a friend and
 brother!

Yes, let them come! from each green
 vale

Where England's old baronial halls,
 Still bear upon their storied walls
 The grim crusader's rusted mail,
 Battered by Paynim spear and brand
 On Malta's rock or Syria's sand!
 And mouldering pennon-staves once
 set

Within the soil of Palestine,
 By Jordan and Gennesaret;

Or, borne with England's battle-line,
 O'er Aere's shattered turrets stooping,
 Or, midst the camp their banners
 drooping, [wet,

With dews from hallowed Hermon
 A holier summons now is given

Than that grey hermit's voice of
 old,

Which unto all the winds of heaven
 The banners of the Cross unrolled!

Not for the long-deserted shrine,—
 Not for the dull unconscious sod,

Which tells not by one lingering sign
 That there the hope of Israel trod;—

But for that TRUTH, for which alone
 In pilgrim eyes are sanctified

The garden moss, the mountain stone,

Whereon His holy sandals pressed,—
The fountain which His lip hath
blessed,—

Whate'er hath touched His garment's
hem

At Bethany or Bethlehem,
Or Jordan's river-side.

For FREEDOM, in the name of Him
Who came to raise Earth's drooping
poor,

To break the chain from every limb,
The bolt from every prison door!
For these, o'er all the earth hath
passed

An ever-deepening trumpet blast,
As if an angel's breath had lent
Its vigour to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowdon's moun-
tain wall,

Shall startle at that thrilling call,
As if she heard her bards again;
And Erin's "harp on Tara's wall"

Give out its ancient strain,
Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal,—
The melody which Erin loves,
When o'er that harp, 'mid bursts of
gladness

And slogan cries and lyke-wake sad-
ness,

The hand of her O'Connell moves!
Scotland, from lake and tarn and
rill,

And mountain hold, and heathery
hill,

Shall catch and echo back the note,
As if she heard upon her air
Once more her Cameronian's prayer
And song of Freedom float.

And cheering echoes shall reply
From each remote dependency,
Where Britain's mighty sway is known,
In tropic sea or frozen zone;
Where'er her sunset flag is furling,
Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curling;
From Indian Bengal's groves of palm
And rosy fields and gales of balm,
Where Eastern pomp and power are
rolled

Through regal Ava's gates of gold;
And from the lakes and ancient woods
And dim Canadian solitudes,

Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,
Queen of the North, Quebec looks
down;

And from those bright and ransomed
Isles

Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,
And the dark labourer still retains
The scar of slavery's broken chains!

From the hoar Alps, which sen-
tinel

The gateways of the land of Tell,
Where morning's keen and earliest
glance

On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,
And from the olive bowers of France
And vine groves garlanding the
Rhone,—

"Friends of the Blacks," as true and
tried

As those who stood by Oge's side,
And heard the Haytien's tale of
wrong,

Shall gather at that summons strong,—
Broglie, Passy, and him whose song
Breathed over Syria's holy sod,
And in the paths which Jesus trod,
And murmured midst the hills which
hem

Crownless and sad Jerusalem,
Hath echoes whereso'er the tone
Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come,—from Quito's
walls,

And from the Orinoco's tide,
From Lima's Inca-haunted halls,
From Santa Fe and Yucatan,—

Men who by swart Guerrero's side
Proclaimed the deathless RIGHTS OF
MAN,

Broke every bond and fetter off,
And hailed in every sable serf
A free and brother Mexican!

Chiefs who across the Andes' chain
Have followed Freedom's flowing
pennon,

And seen on Junin's fearful plain,
Glare o'er the broken ranks of
Spain

The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon!
And Hayti, from her mountain land,

Shall send the sons of those who
hurled
Defiance from her blazing strand,—
The war-gage from her Petion's hand,
Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,
Land of the dark and mystic Nile!—

Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame
All tyrants of a Christian name,—
When in the shade of Gizeli's pile,
Or, where from Abyssinian hills
El Gerek's upper fountain fills,
Or where from Mountains of the Moon
El Abiad bears his watery boon.

Where'er thy lotus blossoms swim
Within their ancient hollowed
waters,—

Where'er is heard the Coptic hymn,
Or song of Nubia's sable daugh-
ters,—

The curse of SLAVERY and the crime,
Thy bequest from remotest time,
At thy dark Mehemet's decree
For evermore shall pass from thee ;

And chains forsake each captive's
limb

Of all those tribes, whose hills around
Have echoed back the cymbal sound
And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose
crime

To earth's remotest bound and elime,
In mingled tones of awe and scorn,
The echoes of a world have borne,
My country ! glorious at thy birth,
As day-star flashing brightly forth,—

The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn !
Oh, who could dream that saw thee
then,

And watched thy rising from afar,
That vapours from oppression's fen
Would cloud the upward tending
star ?

Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which
heard,

Awe-struck, the shout which hailed
thy dawning,

Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and
king,

To mock thee with their welcoming,

Like Hades when her thrones were
stirred

To greet the down-cast Star of
Morning !

“Aha ! and art thou fallen thus ?

Art thou become as one of us ?”

Land of my fathers !—there will stand,
Amidst that world-assembled band,
Those owning thy maternal claim
Unweakened by thy crime and
shame,—

The sad reprovers of thy wrong,—
The children thou hast spurned so
long.

Still with affection's fondest yearning
To their unnatural mother turning.

No traitors they !—but tried and leal,
Whose own is but thy general weal,
Still blending with the patriot's zeal
The Christian's love for human kind,
To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gathering !—peaceful all :

No threat of war,—no savage call

For vengeance on an erring brother
But in their stead the godlike plan
To teach the brotherhood of man

To love and reverence one another,
As sharers of a common blood.

The children of a common God !—

Yet, even at its lightest word,
Shall Slavery's darkest depths be
stirred ;

Spain, watching from her Moro's keep

Her slave-ships traversing the deep,

And Rio, in her strength and pride,

Lifting, along her mountain-side,

Her snowy battlements and towers,—

Her lemon-groves and tropic bowers,

With bitter hate and sullen fear

Its freedom-giving voice shall hear ;

And where my country's flag is flow-
ing,

On breezes from Mount Vernon blow-
ing

Above the Nation's council halls

Where Freedom's praise is loud and
long,

While close beneath the outward
walls

The driver plies his reeking thong,—

The hammer of the man-thief falls,

O'er hypocritic cheek and brow
The crimson flush of shame shall
glow:

And all who for their native land
Are pledging life and heart and
hand,—

Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,
Who for her tarnished honour feel,—
Through cottage door and council-hall
Shall thunder an awakening call.

The pen along its page shall burn
With all intolerable scorn,—
An eloquent rebuke shall go
On all the winds that Southward
blow,—

From priestly lips, now sealed and
dumb,

Warning and dread appeal shall come,
Like those which Israel heard from
him,

The Prophet of the Cherubim,—
Or those which sad Esaias hurled
Against a sin-accursed world!

Its wizard leaves the Press shall fling
Unceasing from its iron wing,
With characters inscribed thereon,

As fearful in the despot's hall
As to the pomp of Babylon

The fire-sign on the palace wall!
And, from her dark iniquities,
Methinks I see my country rise:
Not challenging the nations round

To note her tardy justice done,—
Her captives from their chains un-
bound,

Her prisons opening to the sun:—
But tearfully her arms extending
Over the poor and unoffending;

Her regal emblem now no longer
A bird of prey, with talons reeking,
Above the dying captive shrieking,
But, spreading out her ample wing,—
A broad, impartial covering,—

The weaker sheltered by the stron-
ger!—

Oh, then to Faith's anointed eyes
The promised token shall be given;

And on a nation's sacrifice,
Atoning for the sin of years,
And wet with penitential tears,—

The fire shall fall from Heaven!

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1845.

God bless New Hampshire!—from her
granite peaks

Once more the voice of Stark and
Langdon speaks.

The long-bound vassal of the exulting
South

For very shame her self-forged
chain has broken,—

Torn the black seal of slavery from
her mouth,

And in the clear tones of her old
time spoken!

Oh, all undreamed-of, all unhoped-for
changes!—

The tyrant's ally proves his sternest
foe;

To all his biddings, from her moun-
tain ranges,

New Hampshire thunders an in-
dignant No!

Who is it now despairs? Oh, faint of
heart,

Look upward to those Northern
mountains cold,

Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag
unrolled,

And gather strength to bear a manlier
part!

All is not lost. The Angel of God's
blessing

Encamps with Freedom on the field
of fight;

Still to her banner, day by day, are
pressing,

Unlooked-for allies, striking for the
right!

Courage, then, Northern hearts!—Be
firm, be true:

What one brave State hath done, can
ye not also do?

THE NEW YEAR :

ADDRESSED TO THE PATRONS OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA FREEMAN.

THE wave is breaking on the shore,—
The echo fading from the chime,—
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time !

Oh, seer-seen Angel ! waiting now
With weary feet on sea and shore,
Impatient for the last dread vow
That time shall be no more !

Once more across thy sleepless eye
The semblance of a smile has passed :
The year departing leaves more nigh
Time's fearfullest and last.

Oh, in that dying year hath been
The sum of all since time began,—
The birth and death, the joy and
pain,
Of Nature and of Man.

Spring, with her change of sun and
shower,
And streams released from Winter's
chain,
And bursting bud, and opening flower,
And greenly growing grain ;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine
warm,
And rainbows o'er her hill-tops
bowed,
And voices in her rising storm,—
God speaking from His cloud !—

And Autumn's fruits and clustering
sheaves,
And soft, warm days of golden light,
The glory of her forest leaves,
And harvest-moon at night ;

And Winter with her leafless grove,
And prisoned stream, and drifting
snow,
The brilliance of her heaven above
And of her earth below :—

And man,—in whom an angel's mind
With earth's low instincts finds
abode,—
The highest of the links which bind
Brute nature to her God ;

His infant eye hath seen the light,
His childhood's merriest laughter
rung,
And active sports to manlier night
The nerves of boyhood strung !

And quiet love, and passion's fires,
Have soothed or burned in man-
hood's breast,
And lofty aims and low desires
By turns disturbed his rest.

The wailing of the newly-born
Has mingled with the funeral knell ;
And o'er the dying's ear has gone
The merry marriage-bell.

And Wealth has filled his halls with
mirth,
While Want, in many a humble
shed,
Toiled, shivering by her cheerless
hearth,
The live-long night for bread.

And worse than all,—the human
slave,—
The sport of lust, and pride, and
scorn !
Plucked off the crown his Maker
gave,—
His regal manhood gone !

Oh, still, my country ! o'er thy
plains,
Blackened with slavery's blight
and ban,
That human chattel drags his
chains,—
An uncreated man !

And still, where'er to sun and breeze,
My country, is thy flag unrolled,
With scorn, the gazing stranger
sees
A stain on every fold.

Oh, tear the gorgeous emblem down !
 It gathers scorn from every eye,
 And despots smile and good men frown
 Whene'er it passes by.

Shame ! shame ! its starry splendours
 glow
 Above the slaver's loathsome jail,—
 Its folds are ruffling even now
 His crimson flag of sale.

Still round our country's proudest
 hall
 The trade in human flesh is driven,
 And at each careless hammer-fall
 A human heart is riven.

And this, too, sanctioned by the men
 Vested with power to shield the
 right,
 And throw each vile and robber den
 Wide open to the light.

Yet, shame upon them !—there they
 sit,
 Men of the North, subdued and
 still ;
 Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit
 To work a master's will.

Sold,—bargained off for Southern
 votes,—
 A passive herd of Northern mules,
 Just braying through their purchased
 throats
 Whate'er their owner rules.

And he,³⁶—the basest of the base,
 The vilest of the vile,—whose name,
 Embalmed in infinite disgrace,
 Is deathless in its shame !—

A tool,—to bolt the people's door
 Against the people clamouring
 there,
 An ass,—to trample on their floor
 A people's right of prayer !

Nailed to his self-made gibbet fast,
 Self-pilloried to the public view,—
 A mark for every passing blast
 Of scorn to whistle through ;

There let him hang, and hear the
 boast
 Of Southrons o'er their pliant
 tool,—
 A new Stylites on his post,
 "Sacred to ridicule !"

Look we at home !—our noble hall,
 To Freedom's holy purpose given,
 Now rears its black and ruined wall,
 Beneath the wintry heaven,—

Telling the story of its doom,—
 The fiendish mob,—the prostrate
 law,—
 The fiery jet through midnight's gloom,
 Our gazing thousands saw.

Look to our State,—the poor man's
 right
 Torn from him :—and the sons of
 those
 Whose blood in Freedom's sternest
 fight
 Sprinkled the Jersey snows,

Outlawed within the land of Penn,
 That Slavery's guilty fears might
 cease,
 And those whom God created men
 Toil on as brutes in peace.

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm
 A bow of promise bends on high,
 And gleams of sunshine, soft and
 warm,
 Break through our clouded sky.

East, West, and North, the shout is
 heard,
 Of freemen rising for the right :
 Each valley hath its rallying word,—
 Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray,
 The strengthening light of freedom
 shines,
 Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay,—
 And Vermont's snow-hung pines !

From Hudson's frowning palisades
 To Alleghany's laurelled crest,
 O'er lakes and prairies, streams and
 glades,
 It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell
 In Slavery's land of woe and sin,
 And through the blackness of that
 hell,
 Let Heaven's own light break in.

So shall the Southern conscience quake
 Before that light poured full and
 strong,
 So shall the Southern heart awake
 To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land
 The song of grateful millions rise,
 Like that of Israel's ransomed band
 Beneath Arabia's skies :

And all who now are bound beneath
 Our banner's shade, our eagle's
 wing,
 From Slavery's night of moral death
 To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain, and
 gone
 The master's guilt, and hate, and
 fear,
 And unto both alike shall dawn
 A New and Happy Year.

1839.

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

[Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.]

THE blast from Freedom's Northern
 hills, upon its Southern way,
 Bears greeting to Virginia from Massa-
 chusetts Bay

No word of haughty challenging, nor
 battle bugle's peal,
 Nor steady tread of marching files, nor
 clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon
 along our highways go,—
 Around our silent arsenals untrodden
 lies the snow ;
 And to the land-breeze of our ports,
 upon their errands far,
 A thousand sails of commerce swell,
 but none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia ! thy
 stormy words and high,
 Swell harshly on the Southern winds
 Which melt along our sky ;
 Yet, not one brown, hard hand fore-
 goes its honest labour here,
 No hewer of our mountain oaks
 suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the
 reefs along St. George's bank,—
 Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog
 lies white and dark ;
 Through storm, and wave, and blind-
 ing mist, stout are the hearts
 which man
 The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the
 sea-boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun
 glare on their icy forms,
 Bent grimly o'er their straining lines
 or wrestling with the storms ;
 Free as the winds they drive before,
 rough as the waves they roam,
 They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat
 against their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion ? Hath
 she forgot the day
 When o'er her conquered valleys swept
 the Briton's steel array ?
 How side by side, with sons of hers,
 the Massachusetts men
 Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire,
 and stout Cornwallis, then ?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in
 answer to the call
 Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke
 out from Faneuil Hall?
 When, echoing back her Henry's cry,
 came pulsing on each breath
 Of Northern winds, the thrilling
 sounds of "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If
 now her sons have proved
 False to their fathers' memory,—false
 to the faith they loved,
 If she can scoff at Freedom, and its
 great charter spurn,
 Must we of Massachusetts from truth
 and duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from
 Slavery's hateful hell,—
 Our voices, at your bidding, take up
 the bloodhound's yell,—
 We gather, at your summons, above
 our fathers' graves,
 From Freedom's holy altar-horns to
 tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can
 Massachusetts bow; [even now;
 The spirit of her early time is with her
 Dream not because her Pilgrim blood
 moves slow and calm and cool,
 She thus can stoop her chainless neck,
 a sister's slave and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all
 that a *free* State may,
 Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as
 in our early day;
 But that one dark loathsome burden
 ye must stagger with alone,
 And reap the bitter harvest which ye
 yourselves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling
 slaves, and burden God's free air
 With woman's shriek beneath the lash,
 and manhood's wild despair;
 Cling closer to the "cleaving curse"
 that writes upon your plains
 The blasting of Almighty wrath
 against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the
 cavaliers of old,
 By watching round the shambles
 where human flesh is sold,—
 Gloat o'er the new-born child, and
 count his market value, when
 The maddened mother's cry of woe
 shall pierce the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink
 the Virginia name;
 Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves
 with rankest weeds of shame;
 Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's
 fair universe,—
 We wash our hands for ever of your
 sin and shame and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal
 from Freedom's shrine hath been,
 Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts
 of Berkshire's mountain men:
 The echoes of that solemn voice are
 sadly lingering still
 In all our sunny valleys, on every
 wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief
 came hunting for his prey
 Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's
 shaft of grey,
 How, through the free lips of the son,
 the father's warning spoke;
 How, from its bonds of trade and sect,
 the Pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were
 lifted up on high,—
 A hundred thousand voices sent back
 their loud reply;
 Through the thronged towns of Essex
 the startling summons rang,
 And up from bench and loom and wheel
 her young mechanics sprang!

The voice of free, broad Middlesex,—
 of thousands as of one,—
 The shaft of Bunker calling to that of
 Lexington,—
 From Norfolk's ancient villages, from
 Plymouth's rocky bound
 To where Nantucket feels the arms of
 ocean close her round;—

From rich and rural Worcester, where
 through the calm repose
 Of cultured vales and fringing woods
 the gentle Nashua flows,
 To where Wachuset's wintry blasts
 the mountain larches stir,
 Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry
 of "God save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet
 with the salt sea spray,—
 And Bristol sent her answering shout
 down Narragansett Bay!
 Along the broad Connecticut old
 Hampden felt the thrill,
 And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen
 swept down from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her
 free sons and daughters,—
 Deep calling unto deep aloud,—the
 sound of many waters!
 Against the burden of that voice what
 tyrant power shall stand?
*No fetters in the Bay State! No slave
 upon her land!*

Look to it well, Virginians! In calm-
 ness we have borne,
 In answer to our faith and trust, your
 insult and your scorn;
 You've spurned our kindest counsels,
 you've hunted for our lives,—
 And shaken round our hearths and
 homes your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war,—we lift no arm,—
 we fling no torch within
 The fire-damps of the quaking mine
 beneath your soil of sin;
 We leave ye with your bondmen, to
 wrestle, while ye can,
 With the strong upward tendencies
 and godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the
 vow which we have given
 For freedom and humanity is registered
 in heaven;
*No slave-hunt in our borders,—no
 pirate on our strand!*
*No fetters in the Bay State,—no slave
 upon our land!*

THE RELIC.

[PENNSYLVANIA HALL, dedicated to Free Discussion and the cause of human liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood-work which the fire had spared.]

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,
 From one whose fiery heart of youth
 With mine has beaten, side by side,
 For Liberty and Truth;
 With honest pride the gift I take,
 And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells
 Of generous hand and heart sincere;
 Around that gift of friendship dwells
 A memory doubly dear,—
 Earth's noblest aim,—man's holiest
 thought,
 With that memorial frail inwrought!

Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers
 unfold,
 And precious memories round it
 cling,
 Even as the Prophet's rod of old
 In beauty blossoming:
 And buds of feeling pure and good
 Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine!—a brand
 Plucked from its burning!—let it be
 Dear as a jewel from the hand
 Of a lost friend to me!—
 Flower of a perished garland left,
 Of life and beauty unbereft!

Oh, if the young enthusiast bears,
 O'er weary waste and sea, the stone
 Which crumbled from the Forum's
 stairs,
 Or round the Parthenon;
 Or olive-bough from some wild tree
 Hung over old Thermopylæ:

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,
 Or moss-wreath torn from ruins
 hoary,—
 Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom
 On fields renowned in story,—

Or fragment from the Alhambra's
 crest,
 Or the grey rock by Druids blessed ;
 Sad Erin's shamrock greenly grow-
 ing
 Where Freedom led her stalwart
 kern,
 Or Scotia's "rough bur thistle" blow-
 ing
 On Bruce's Bannockburn,—
 Or Runnymede's wild English rose.
 Or lichen plucked from Sempach's
 snows !—

If it be true that things like these
 To heart and eye bright visions
 bring,
 Shall not far holier memories
 To this memorial cling ?
 Which needs no mellowing mist of
 time
 To hide the crimson stains of crime !

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned,—
 Of courts where Peace with Freedom
 trod,
 Lifting on high, with hands un-
 stained,
 Thanksgiving unto God ;
 Where Mercy's voice of love was
 pleading
 For human hearts in bondage bleed-
 ing !—

Where, midst the sound of rushing
 feet
 And curses on the night-air flung,
 That pleading voice rose calm and
 sweet
 From woman's earnest tongue ;
 And Riot turned his scowling glance,
 Awed, from her tranquil counten-
 ance !

That temple now in ruin lies !—
 The fire-stain on its shattered
 wall,
 And open to the changing skies
 Its black and roofless hall,
 It stands before a nation's sight,
 A gravestone over buried right !

But from that ruin, as of old,
 The fire-scorched stones themselves
 are crying,
 And from their ashes white and
 cold
 Its timbers are replying !
 A voice which slavery cannot kill
 Speaks from the crumbling arches
 still !

And even this relie from thy shrine,
 O holy Freedom ! hath to me
 A potent power, a voice and sign
 To testify of thee ;
 And, grasping it, methinks I feel
 A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod,
 Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian
 wave,
 Which opened, in the strength of
 God,
 A pathway for the slave,
 It yet may point the bondman's way,
 And turn the spoiler from his prey.

 THE BRANDED HAND.

1846.

WELCOME home again, brave seaman !
 with thy thoughtful brow and
 gray,
 And the old heroic spirit of our earlier,
 better day,—
 With that front of calm endurance,
 on whose steady nerve in vain
 Pressed the iron of the prison, smote
 the fiery shafts of pain !

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee ? Did
 the brutal cravens aim
 To make God's truth thy falsehood,
 His holiest work thy shame ?
 When, all blood-quenched, from the
 torture the iron was withdrawn
 How laughed their evil angel the
 baffled fools to scorn !

They change to wrong the duty which
God hath written out

On the great heart of humanity, too
legible for doubt !

They, the loathsome moral lepers,
blotched from foot-sole up to
crown,

Give to shame what God hath given
unto honour and renown !

Why, that brand is highest honour !—
than its traces never yet

Upon old armorial hatchments was a
prouder blazon set ;

And thy unborn generations, as they
tread our rocky strand,

Shall tell with pride the story of their
father's BRANDED HAND !

As the Templar home was welcome,
bearing back from Syrian wars

The scars of Arab lances and of
Paynim scimitars,

The pallor of the prison, and the
shackle's crimson span,

So we meet thee, so we greet thee,
truest friend of God and man.

He suffered for the ransom of the
dear Redeemer's grave,

Thou for His living presence in the
bound and bleeding slave ;

He for a soil no longer by the feet of
angels trod,

Thou for the true Shechinah, the
present home of God !

For, while the jurist, sitting with the
slave-whip o'er him swung,

From the tortured truths of freedom
the lie of slavery wrung,

And the solemn priest to Moloch, on
each God-deserted shrine,

Broke the bondman's heart for bread,
poured the bondman's blood for
wine,—

While the multitude in blindness to
a far-off Saviour knelt,

And spurned, the while, the temple
where a present Saviour dwelt ;

Thou beheld'st him in the task-field,
in the prison shadows dim,
And thy mercy to the bondman, it
was mercy unto him !

In thy lone and long night-watches,
sky above and wave below,

Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than
the babbling schoolmen know ;

God's stars and silence taught thee,
as His angels only can,

That the one sole sacred thing beneath
the cope of heaven is Man !

That he who treads profanely on the
scrolls of law and creed,

In the depth of God's great goodness
may find mercy in his need ;

But woe to him who crushes the SOUL
with chain and rod,

And herds with lower natures the
awful form of God !

Then lift that manly right-hand, bold
ploughman of the wave !

Its branded palm shall prophesy,
"SALVATION TO THE SLAVE!"

Hold up its fire-wrought language,
that whoso reads may feel

His heart swell strong within him,
his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up
against our Northern air,—

Ho ! men of Massachusetts, for the
love of God, look there !

Take it henceforth for your standard,
like the Bruce's heart of yore,

In the dark strife closing round ye,
let that hand be seen before !

And the tyrants of the slave-land
shall tremble at that sign,

When it points its finger Southward
along the Puritan line :

Woe to the State-gorged leeches and
the Church's locust band,

When they look from slavery's ram-
parts on the coming of that hand !

TEXAS.

VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

Up the hillside, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen ;
Summon out the might of men !

Like a lion growling low,—
Like a night-storm rising slow,—
Like the tread of unseen foe,—

It is coming,—it is nigh !
Stand your homes and altars by ;
On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires ;
On the grey hills of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

From Wachuset, lone and bleak,
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,
Let the flame-tongued heralds speak.

Oh, for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow !

Freedom's soil hath only place
For a free and fearless race,—
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party,—perish clan ;
Strike together while ye can,
Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublime,
Heard above a world of crime,
Crying of the end of time,—

With one heart and with one mouth,
Let the North unto the South
Speak the word befitting both :

“What though Issachar be strong !
Ye may load his back with wrong
Overmuch and over long :

“Patience with her cup o'errun,
With her weary thread outspun,
Murmurs that her work is done.

“Make our Union-bond a chain,
Weak as tow in Freedom's strain,
Link by link shall snap in twain.

“Vainly shall your sand-wrought
rope
Bind the starry eluster up,
Shattered over heaven's blue cope !

“Give us bright though broken
rays,
Rather than eternal haze,
Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

“Take your land of sun and bloom ;
Only leave to Freedom room
For her plough, and forge, and
loom ;

“Take your slavery-blackened vales ;
Leave us but our own free gales,
Blowing on our thousand sails.

“Boldly, or with treacherous art,
Strike the blood-wrought chain
apart ;
Break the Union's mighty heart ;

“Work the ruin, if ye will ;
Pluck upon your heads an ill
Which shall grow and deepen still.

“With your bondman's right arm
bare,
With his heart of black despair,
Stand alone, if stand ye dare !

“Onward with your fell design ;
Dig the gulf and draw the line :
Fire beneath your feet the mine :

“Deeply, when the wide abyss
Yawns between your land and this,
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

“By the hearth, and in the bed,
Shaken by a look or tread,
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

"And the curse of unpaid toil,
Downward through your generous soil
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

"Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
Plenty in our valleys flow ;—

"And when vengeance clouds your
skies,
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,
As the lost on Paradise !

"We but ask our rocky strand,
Freedom's true and brother band,
Freedom's strong and honest hand,—

"Valleys by the slave untrod,
And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,
Blessed of our fathers' God !"

TO FANEUIL HALL.

1844.

MEN !—if manhood still ye claim,
If the Northern pulse can thrill,
Roused by wrong or stung by shame,
Freely, strongly still,—
Let the sounds of traffic die :
Shut the mill-gate,—leave the
stall,—

Fling the axe and hammer by,—
Throng to Faneuil Hall !

Wrongs which freemen never
brooked,—
Dangers grim and fierce as they,
Which, like couching lions, looked
On your fathers' way,—
These your instant zeal demand,
Snaking with their earthquake-call
Every rood of Pilgrim land,
Ho, to Faneuil Hall !

From your capes and sandy bars,—
From your mountain-ridges cold,
Through whose pines the westering
stars
Stoop their crowns of gold,—

Come, and with your footsteps wake
Echoes from that holy wall ;
Once again, for Freedom's sake,
Rock your fathers' hall !

Up, and tread beneath your feet
Every cord by party spun :
Let your hearts together beat
As the heart of one.
Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,
Let them rise or let them fall :
Freedom asks your common aid,—
Up, to Faneuil Hall !

Up, and let each voice that speaks
Ring from thence to Southern plains,
Sharply as the blow which breaks
Prison-bolts and chains !
Speak as well becomes the free :
Dreaded more than steel or ball,
Shall your calmest utterance be,
Heard from Faneuil Hall !

Have they wronged us ? Let us then
Render back nor threats nor
prayers ;
Have they chained our free-born men ?
LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS !
Up, your banner leads the van,
Blazoned, "Liberty for all !"
Finish what your sires began !
Up, to Faneuil Hall !

TO MASSACHUSETTS.

1844.

WHAT though around thee blazes
No fiery rallying sign ?
From all thy own high places,
Give heaven the light of thine !
What though unthrilled, unmoving,
The statesmen stand apart,
And comes no warm approving
From Mammon's crowded mart

Still, let the land be shaken
By a summons of thine own !
By all save truth forsaken,
Why, stand with that alone !

Shrink not from strife unequal !
 With the best is always hope ;
 And ever in the sequel
 God holds the right side up !

But when, with thine uniting,
 Come voices long and loud,
 And far-off hills are writing
 Thy fire-words on the cloud ;
 When from Penobscot's fountains
 A deep response is heard,
 And across the Western mountains
 Rolls back thy rallying word ;

Shall thy line of battle falter,
 With its allies just in view ?
 Oh, by hearth and holy altar,
 My fatherland, be true !
 Fling abroad thy scrolls of Freedom !
 Speed them onward far and fast !
 Over hill and valley speed them,
 Like the sibyl's on the blast !

Lo ! the Empire State is shaking
 The shackles from her hand ;
 With the rugged North is waking
 The level sunset land !
 On they come,—the free battalions !
 East and West and North they
 come,
 And the heart-beat of the millions
 Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

“To the tyrant's plot no favour !
 No heed to place-fed knaves !
 Bar and bolt the door for ever
 Against the land of slaves !”
 Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it,
 The Heavens above us spread !
 The land is roused,—its spirit
 Was sleeping, but not dead !

THE PINE-TREE.

1846.

LIFT again the stately emblem on the
 Bay State's rusted shield,
 Give to Northern winds the Pine-Tree
 on our banner's tattered field.

Sons of men who sat in council with
 their Bibles round the board,
 Answering England's royal missive
 with a firm, “THUS SAITH THE
 LORD !”

Rise again for home and freedom !—
 set the battle in array !—
 What the fathers did of old time we
 their sons must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs,—
 cease your paltry pedlar cries,—
 Shall the good State sink her honour
 that your gambling stocks may
 rise ?

Would ye barter man for cotton ?—
 That your gains may sum up
 higher,

Must we kiss the feet of Moloeh, pass
 our children through the fire ?

Is the dollar only real ?—God and
 truth and right a dream ?

Weighed against your lying ledgers
 must our manhood kick the beam !

O my God !—for that free spirit, which
 of old in Boston town

Smote the Province House with terror,
 struck the crest of Andros down !—

For another strong-voiced Adams in
 the city's streets to ery,

“Up for God and Massachusetts !—
 Set your feet on Mammon's lie !

Perish banks and perish traffic,—spin
 your cotton's latest pound,—

But in Heaven's name keep your hon-
 our,—keep the heart o' the Bay
 State sound !”

Where's the MAN for Massachusetts ?
 —Where's the voice to speak her
 free ?—

Where's the hand to light up bonfires
 from her mountains to the sea ?

Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer ?—
 Sits she dumb in her despair ?—

Has she none to break the silence ?—
 Has she none to do and dare ?

O my God ! for one right worthy to
 lift up her rusted shield,

And to plant again the Pine-Tree in
 her banner's tattered field !

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE CITY
OF WASHINGTON, IN THE 12TH
MONTH OF 1845.

WITH a cold and wintry noon-light,
On its roofs and steeples shed,
Shadows weaving with the sunlight
From the grey sky overhead,
Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies
the half-built town outspread.

Through this broad street, restless
ever,
Ebbs and flows a human tide,
Wave on wave a living river ;
Wealth and fashion side by side ;
Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the
same quick current glide.

Underneath yon dome, whose coping
Springs above them, vast and tall,
Grave men in the dust are groping
For the largesse, base and small,
Which the hand of Power is scattering,
crumbs which from its table fall.

Base of heart ! They vilely barter
Honour's wealth for party's place :
Step by step on Freedom's charter
Leaving footprints of disgrace ;
For to-day's poor pittance turning from
the great hope of their race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing
Glory round the dancer's hair,
Gold-tressed, like an angel's flowing
Backward on the sunset air ;
And the low quick pulse of music beats
its measure sweet and rare

There to-night shall woman's
glances,
Star-like, welcome give to them,
Fawning fools with shy advances
Seek to touch their garment's
hem,
With the tongue of flattery glozing
deeds which God and Truth
condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision
Takes a broader, sadder range,
Full before me have arisen
Other pictures dark and strange ;
From the parlour to the prison meet
the scene and witness change.

Hark ! the heavy gate is swinging
On its hinges, harsh and slow ;
One pale prison lamp is flinging
On a fearful group below
Such a light as leaves to terror what-
soever it does not show.

Pitying God !—Is that a WOMAN
On whose wrist the shackles
clash ?
Is that shriek she utters human,
Underneath the stinging lash ?
Are they MEN whose eyes of madness
from that sad procession flash ?

Still the dance goes gaily onward !
What is it to Wealth and Pride
That without the stars are look-
ing
On a scene which earth should
hide ?
That the SLAVE-SHIP lies in waiting,
rocking on Potomac's tide !

Vainly to that mean Ambition
Which, upon a rival's fall,
Winds above its old condition,
With a reptile's slimy crawl,
Shall the pleading voice of sorrow,
shall the slave in anguish call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,
Giving to ideal woe
Graceful luxury of compassion,
Shall the stricken mourner go ;
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow,
beautiful the hollow show !

Nay, my words are all too sweeping :
In this crowded human mart,
Feeling is not dead, but sleeping ;
Man's strong will and woman's
heart,
In the coming strife for Freedom, yet
shall bear their generous part.

And from yonder sunny valleys,
 Southward in the distance lost,
 Freedom yet shall summon allies
 Worthier than the North can
 boast,
 With the Evil by their hearth-stones
 grappling at severer cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing :
 Faint the heart and weak the
 knee ;
 And as yet no lip is thrilling
 With the mighty words, " BE
 FREE !"
 Tarrieth long the land's Good Angel,
 but his advent is to be !

Meanwhile, turning from the revel
 To the prison-cell my sight,
 For intenser hate of evil,
 For a keener sense of right,
 Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee,
 City of the Slaves, to-night !

"To thy duty now and ever !
 Dream no more of rest or stay ;
 Give to Freedom's great endeavour
 All thou art and hast to-day :"—
 Thus, above the city's murmur, saith
 a Voice, or seems to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted
 To discern and love the right,
 Whose worn faces have been lifted
 To the slowly-growing light,
 Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted
 slowly back the murk of
 night !—

Ye who through long years of trial
 Still have held your purpose fast,
 While a lengthening shade the dial
 From the westering sunshine east,
 And of hope each hour's denial seemed
 an echo of the last !—

O my brothers ! O my sisters !
 Would to God that ye were near,
 Gazing with me down the vistas
 Of a sorrow strange and drear ;
 Would to God that ye were listeners
 to the Voice I seem to hear !

With the storm above us driving,
 With the false earth mined be-
 low,—
 Who shall marvel if thus striving
 We have counted friend as foe ;
 Unto one another giving in the dark-
 ness blow for blow.

Well it may be that our natures
 Have grown sterner and more
 hard,
 And the freshness of their features
 Somewhat harsh and battle-
 scarred,
 And their harmonies of feeling over-
 tasked and rudely jarred.

Be it so. It should not swerve us
 From a purpose true and brave ;
 Dearer Freedom's rugged service
 Than the pastime of the slave ;
 Better is the storm above it than the
 quiet of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury
 All our idle feuds in dust,
 And to future conflicts carry
 Mutual faith and common trust ;
 Always he who most forgiveth in his
 brother is most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding
 All our sun and starlight here,
 Voices of our lost ones sounding
 Bid us be of heart and cheer,
 Through the silence, down the spaces,
 falling on the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
 Downward with a sad surprise,
 All our strife of words rebuking
 With their mild and loving
 eyes ?
 Shall we grieve the holy angels ? Shall
 we cloud their blessed skies ?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
 Which have fallen in our way ;
 Let us do the work before us,
 Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
 Ere the long night-silence cometh,
 and with us it is not day !

LINES,

FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG
CLERICAL FRIEND.

A STRENGTH Thy service cannot
tire,—

A faith which doubt can never
dim,—

A heart of love, a lip of fire,—
O Freedom's God! be Thou to him!

Speak through him words of power
and fear,

As through Thy prophet bards of
old,

And let a scornful people hear
Once more Thy Sinai-thunders
rolled.

For lying lips Thy blessing seek,
And hands of blood are raised to
Thee,

And on Thy children, crushed and
weak,

The oppressor plants his kneeling
knee.

Let then, O God! Thy servant dare
Thy truth in all its power to tell,
Unmask the priestly thieves, and tear
The Bible from the grasp of hell!

From hollow rite and narrow span
Of law and sect by Thee released,
Oh, teach him that the Christian man
Is holier than the Jewish priest.

Chase back the shadows, grey and old,
Of the dead ages, from his way,
And let his hopeful eyes behold
The dawn of Thy millennial day;—

That day when fettered limb and mind
Shall know the truth which maketh
free,

And he alone who loves his kind
Shall, childlike, claim the love of
Thee!

YORKTOWN.³⁷

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and
still

Two lines stretch far o'er vale and
hill:

Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
Who bends his keen, approving glance
Where down the gorgeous line of
France

Shine knightly star and plume of
snow?

Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof
and wheel,

Shot-sown and bladed thick with
steel;

October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
And down night's double blackness
fell,

Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming
lines

Stand moveless as the neighbouring
pines;

While through them, sullen, grim,
and slow.

The conquered hosts of England go:
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless:
Shout, from thy fired and wasted
homes,

Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime,
She waits with sleepless eye her
time,

Shouting from cave and mountain
wood

Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with
fear;

The New World's chain lies broken
here!

But who are they, who, cowering, wait
 Within the shattered fortress gate?
 Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,
 Classed with the battle's common spoil,
 With household stuffs, and fowl, and
 swine,
 With Indian weed and planters' wine.
 With stolen beeves, and foraged
 corn,—
 Are they not men, Virginian born?

Oh, veil your faces, young and brave!
 Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!
 Sons of the Northland, ye who set
 Stout hearts against the bayonet,
 And pressed with steady footfall near
 The moated battery's blazing tier,
 Turn your scarred faces from the sight,
 Let shame do homage to the right!

Lo! threescore years have passed;
 and where
 The Gallic timbrel stirred the air,
 With northern drum-roll, and the
 clear,
 Wild horn-blow of the mountaineer,
 While Britain grounded on that plain
 The arms she might not lift again,
 As abject as in that old day
 The slave still toils his life away.

Oh, fields still green and fresh in story,
 Old days of pride, old names of glory,
 Old marvels of the tongue and pen,
 Old thoughts which stirred the hearts
 of men,
 Ye spared the wrong; and over all
 Behold the avenging shadow fall!
 Your world-wide honour stained with
 shame,—
 Your freedom's self a hollow name!

Where's now the flag of that old war?
 Where flows its stripe? Where burns
 its star?

Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,
 Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,
 Where Mexic Freedom, young and
 weak,
 Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak;
 Symbol of terror and despair,
 Of chains and slaves, go seek it there!

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks!
 Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's
 banks!

Brave sport to see the fledgling born
 Of Freedom by its parent torn!
 Safe now is Spielberg's dungeon cell,
 Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell:
 With Slavery's flag o'er both unrolled,
 What of the New World fears the
 Old?

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A
 FRIEND.

ON page of thine I cannot trace
 The cold and heartless common-
 place,—
 A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines I penned,
 Still with the thought of thee will
 blend
 That of some loved and common
 friend,—

Who in life's desert track has made
 His pilgrim tent with mine, or strayed
 Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves
 In freedom which the heart ap-
 proves,—
 The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift
 less
 For simple air and rustic dress,
 And sign of haste and carelessness?—

Oh, more than specious counterfeit
 Of sentiment or studied wit,
 A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be
 Unto thy book, if not to thee,
 Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from Fashion's
sphere,
A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,
Forbid, disowned, — what do they
here?—

Upon my ear not all in vain
Came the sad captive's clanking
chain,—
The groaning from his bed of pain

And sadder still, I saw the woe
Which only wounded spirits know
When Pride's strong footsteps o'er
them go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,
But from the "temples of the Lord"
Thrust out apart, like things abhorred.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,
In words which Prudence smothered
long,
My soul spoke out against the wrong ;

Not mine alone the task to speak
Of comfort to the poor and weak,
And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek ;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,
To pour the fiery breath of storm
Through the harsh trumpet of Re-
form ;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,
From ermined robe and saintly gown,
While wrestling revered Error
down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,
Cool shadows on the greensward lay,
Flowers swung upon the bending
spray.

And, broad and bright, on either
hand, [land,
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy-
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned ;

Whence voices called me like the flow,
Which on the listener's ear will grow,
Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes, which still retain
Their picture on the heart and brain,
Smiled, beckoning from that path of
pain.

In vain!—nor dream, nor rest, nor
pause
Remain for him who round him draws
The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes, — from each
green spot
Of young Romance, and gentle
Thought,
Where storm and tumult enter not,—

From each fair altar, where belong
The offerings Love requires of Song
In homage to her bright-eyed
through,—

With soul and strength, with heart
and hand,
I turned to Freedom's struggling
band,—
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should
turn
Her notes of praise to those of scorn,—
Her gifts reclaimed,—her smiles with-
drawn ?

What matters it!—a few years more,
Life's surge, so restless heretofore,
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear
The shadows which we follow here,—
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere!

Before no work of mortal hand,
Of human will or strength expand
The pearl gates of the Better Land ;

Alone in that great love which gave
Life to the sleeper of the grave,
Resteth the power to "seek and save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through
The vista of the past can view
One deed to Heaven and virtue true,—

If through the wreck of wasted
powers,
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's
bowers,
Of idle aims and misspent hours,—

The eye can note one sacred spot
By Pride and Self profaned not,—
A green place in the waste of
thought,—

Where deed or word hath rendered
less
"The sum of human wretchedness,"
And Gratitude looks forth to bless,—

The simple burst of tenderest feeling
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,
For blessing on the hand of healing,—

Better than Glory's pomp will be
That green and blessed spot to me,
A palm-shade in Eternity!—

Something of Time which may invite
The purified and spiritual sight
To rest on with a calm delight.

And when the summer winds shall
sweep
With their light wings my place of
sleep,
And mosses round my headstone
creep,—

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,
Upon the young heart's altars shine
The very fires they caught from
mine,—

If words my lips once uttered still,
In the calm faith and steadfast will
Of other hearts, their work fulfil,—

Perchance with joy the soul may
learn
These tokens, and its eye discern
The fires which on those altars burn,—

A marvellous joy that even then,
The spirit bath its life again,
In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,
No gay and graceful offering,—
No flower-smile of the laughing
spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh
May,
With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind
A sense of suffering human-kind,—
The outcast and the spirit-blind :

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride,
Life's common courtesies denied ;

Sad mothers mourning o'er their
trust,
Children by want and misery nursed,
Tasting life's bitter cup at first ;

If to their strong appeals which come
From fireless hearth, and crowded
room,
And the close alleys noisome gloom,—

Though dark the hands upraised to
thee
In mute beseeching agony,
Thou lend'st thy woman's sym-
pathy,—

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine,
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friend-
ship twine
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

— — —

PÆAN.

1848.

Now, joy and thanks for evermore !
The dreary night has well-nigh
passed,
The slumbers of the North are o'er,
The Giant stands erect at last !

More than we hoped in that dark
time

When, faint with watching, few
and worn,

We saw no welcome day-star climb
The cold grey pathway of the morn !

O weary hours ! O night of years !

What storms our darkling pathway
swept,

Where, beating back our thronging
fears,

By Faith alone our march we kept.

How jeered the scoffing crowd be-
hind,

How mocked before the tyrant
train,

As, one by one, the true and kind
Fell fainting in our path of pain !

They died,—their brave hearts break-
ing slow,—

But, self-forgotten to the last,

In words of cheer and bugle blow
Their breath upon the darkness
passed.

A mighty host, on either hand,
Stood waiting for the dawn of
day

To crush like reeds our feeble band ;
The morn has come,—and where
are they ?

Troop after troop their line forsakes ;
With peace-white banners waving
free,

And from our own the glad shout
breaks,
Of Freedom and Fraternity !

Like mist before the growing light,

The hostile cohorts melt away ;

Our frowning foemen of the night
Are brothers at the dawn of day !

As unto these repentant ones

We open wide our toil-worn ranks,
Along our line a murmur runs

Of song, and praise, and grateful
thanks.

Sound for the onset !—Blast on blast !
Till Slavery's minions cower and
quail ;

One charge of fire shall drive them
fast

Like chaff before our Northern gale !

O prisoners in your house of pain,

Dumb, toiling millions, bound and
sold,

Look ! stretched o'er Southern vale
and plain,

The Lord's delivering hand behold !

Above the tyrant's pride of power,

His iron gates and guarded wall,

The bolts which shattered Shinar's
tower

Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall.

Awake ! awake ! my Fatherland !

It is thy Northern light that shines ;

This stirring march of Freedom's band
The storm-song of thy mountain
pines.

Wake, dwellers where the day expires !
And hear, in winds that sweep your
lakes

And fan your prairies' roaring fires,
This signal-call that Freedom makes !

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY.

GONE to thy Heavenly Father's rest !
The flowers of Eden round thee
blowing,

And on thine ear the murmurs blest

Of Siloa's waters softly flowing !

Beneath that Tree of Life which gives
To all the earth its healing leaves

In the white robe of angels clad,
And wandering by that sacred
river,

Whose streams of holiness make glad
The city of our God for ever !

Gentlest of spirits!—not for thee
Our tears are shed, our sighs are
given ;

Why mourn to know thou art a free
Partaker of the joys of Heaven?
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith
In Christian firmness unto death ;
And beautiful as sky and earth,

When autumn's sun is downward
going,
The blessed memory of thy worth
Around thy place of slumber glow-
ing !

But woe for us ! who linger still
With feebler strength and hearts
less lowly,

And minds less steadfast to the will
Of Him whose every work is holy.
For not like thine, is crucified
The spirit of our human pride :
And at the bondman's tale of woe,
And for the outcast and forsaken,
Not warm like thine, but cold and
slow,

Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way [ing ;
The storm of human hate is sweep-
Hunted and branded, and a prey,
Our watch amidst the darkness
keeping,

Oh for that hidden strength which can
Nerve unto death the inner man !

Oh for thy spirit, tried and true,
And constant in the hour of trial,
Prepared to suffer, or to do,
In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh for that spirit, meek and mild,
Derided, spurned, yet uncomplain-
ing, —

By man deserted and reviled,
Yet faithful to its trust remaining.
Still prompt and resolute to save
From scourge and chain the hunted
slave ;

Unwavering in the Truth's defence,
Even where the fires of Hate were
burning,

The unquailing eye of innocence
Alone upon the oppressor turning !

O loved of thousands ! to thy grave,
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren
bore thee.

The poor man and the rescued slave
Wept as the broken earth closed
o'er thee ;

And grateful tears, like summer rain,
Quickened its dying grass again !

And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,
Shall come the outcast and the
lowly,

Of gentle deeds and words of thine
Recalling memories sweet and holy !

Oh for the death the righteous die !
An end, like autumn's day declin-
ing,

On human hearts, as on the sky,
With holier, tenderer beauty shin-
ing ;

As to the parting soul were given
The radiance of an opening Heaven !
As if that pure and blessed light,

From off the Eternal altar flowing,
Were bathing, in its upward flight,
The spirit to its worship going !

TO A SOUTHERN STATESMAN.

1846.

Is this thy voice, whose treble notes
of fear

Wail in the wind? And dost thou
shake to hear,

Actæon-like, the bay of thine own
hounds,

Spurning the leash, and leaping o'er
their bounds ?

Sore-baffled statesman ! when thy
eager hand,

With game afoot, unslipped the
hungry pack,

To hunt down Freedom in her chosen
land,

Hadst thou no fear, that, ere long,
doubling back,

These dogs of thine might snuff on
Slavery's track ?

Where's now the boast, which even
 thy guarded tongue,
 Cold, calm, and proud, in the teeth
 o' the Senate flung,
 O'er the fulfilment of thy baleful plan,
 Like Satan's triumph at the fall of
 man ?
 How stood'st thou then, thy feet on
 Freedom planting,
 And pointing to the lurid heaven
 afar,
 Whence all could see, through the
 south window slanting,
 Crimson as blood, the beams of that
 Lone Star !
 The Fates are just ; they give us but
 our own ;
 Nemesis ripens what our hands have
 sown.
 There is an Eastern story, not un-
 known,
 Doubtless, to thee, of one whose magic
 skill
 Called demons up his water-jars to
 fill ;
 Deftly and silently, they did his
 will,
 But, when the task was done, kept
 pouring still.
 In vain with spell and charm the
 wizard wrought,
 Faster and faster were the buckets
 brought,
 Higher and higher rose the flood
 around,
 Till the fiends clapped their hands
 above their master drowned !
 So, Carolinian, it may prove with
 thee,
 For God still overrules man's schemes,
 and takes
 Craftiness in its self-set snare, and
 makes
 The wrath of man to praise Him. It
 may be,
 That the roused spirits of Democracy
 May leave to freer States the same
 wide door
 Through which thy slave-cursed Texas
 entered in,
 From out the blood and fire, the
 wrong and sin,

Of the stormed city and the ghastly
 plain,
 Beat by hot hail, and wet with bloody
 rain,
 A myriad-handed Aztec host may
 pour,
 And swarthy South with pallid North
 combine
 Back on thyself to turn thy dark
 design.

 LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE ADOPTION OF
 PINCKNEY'S RESOLUTIONS, IN THE
 HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND
 THE PASSAGE OF CALHOUN'S "BILL
 FOR EXCLUDING PAPERS WRITTEN
 OR PRINTED, TOUCHING THE SUB-
 JECT OF SLAVERY, FROM THE U. S.
 POST-OFFICE," IN THE SENATE OF
 THE UNITED STATES.

MEN of the North-land ! where's the
 manly spirit
 Of the true-hearted and the un-
 shackled gone ?
 Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit
 Their names alone ?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched
 within us,
 Stoops the strong manhood of our
 souls so low,
 That Mammon's lure or Party's wile
 can win us
 To silence now ?

Now, when our land to ruin's brink
 is verging,
 In God's name, let us speak while
 there is time !
 Now, when the padlocks for our lips
 are forging,
 Silence is crime !

What! shall we henceforth humbly
ask as favours
Rights all our own? In madness
shall we barter,
For treacherous peace, the freedom
Nature gave us,
God and our charter?

Here shall the statesman forge his
human fetters,
Here the false jurist human rights
deny,
And, in the Church, their proud and
skilled abettors
Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallowed
Bible,
To sanction crime, and robbery,
and blood?
And, in Oppression's hateful service,
libel
Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect
no longer,
But stoop in chains upon her down-
ward way,
Thicker to gather on her limbs and
stronger
Day after day?

Oh no; methinks from all her wild,
green mountains,—
From valleys where her slumbering
fathers lie,—
From her blue rivers and her welling
fountains,
And clear, cold sky,—

From her rough coast, and isles, which
hungry Ocean
Gnaws with his surges,—from the
fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the bil-
lows' motion
Round rock and cliff,—

From the free fireside of her unbought
farmer,
From her free labourer at his loom
and wheel,—

From the brown smith-shop, where,
beneath the hammer,
Rings the red steel,—

From each and all, if God hath not
forsaken
Our land, and left us to an evil
choice,
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall
waken
A People's voice.

Startling and stern! the Northern
winds shall bear it
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave:
And buried Freedom shall awake to
hear it
Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth! The bond-
man sighing
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's
cane,
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom
dying,
Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who
are gazing
Sadly upon us from afar, shall
smile,
And unto God devout thanksgiving
raising,
Bless us the while.

Oh for your ancient freedom, pure and
holy,
For the deliverance of a groaning
earth,
For the wronged captive, bleeding,
crushed, and lowly,
Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye
falter
With all they left ye perilled and
at stake?
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy
altar
The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthened for the trial,
 come together,
 Put on the harness for the moral
 fight,
 And, with the blessing of your
 Heavenly Father,
 MAINTAIN THE RIGHT !

THE CURSE OF THE CHARTER-
 BREAKERS.³⁸

In Westminster's royal halls,
 Robed in their pontificals,
 England's ancient prelates stood
 For the people's right and good.

Closed around the waiting crowd,
 Dark and still, like winter's cloud ;
 King and council, lord and knight,
 Squire and yeoman, stood in sight,—

Stood to hear the priest rehearse,
 In God's name, the Church's curse,
 By the tapers round them lit,
 Slowly, sternly uttering it.

“ Right of voice in framing laws,
 Right of peers to try each cause ;
 Peasant homestead, mean and small,
 Sacred as the monarch's hall,—

“ Whoso lays his hand on these,
 England's ancient liberties,—
 Whoso breaks, by word or deed,
 England's vow at Runnymede,—

“ Be he Prince or belted knight,
 Whatsoe'er his rank or might,
 If the highest, then the worst,
 Let him live and die accursed.

“ Thou, who to Thy Church hast given
 Keys alike of hell and heaven,
 Make our word and witness sure,
 Let the curse we speak endure !”

Silent, while that curse was said,
 Every bare and listening head
 Bowed in reverent awe, and then
 All the people said, Amen !

Seven times the bells have tolled,
 For the centuries grey and old,
 Since that stoled and mitred band
 Cursed the tyrants of their land.

Since the priesthood, like a tower,
 Stood between the poor and power ;
 And the wronged and trodden down
 Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

Gone, thank God, their wizard spell,
 Lost, their keys of heaven and
 hell ;

Yet I sigh for men as bold
 As those bearded priests of old.

Now, too oft the priesthood wait
 At the threshold of the State,—
 Waiting for the beck and nod
 Of its power as law and God.

Fraud exults, while solemn words
 Sanctify his stolen hoards ;
 Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips
 Bless his manacles and whips.

Not on them the poor rely,
 Not to them looks liberty,
 Who with fawning falsehood cower
 To the wrong, when clothed with
 power.

Oh, to see them meanly cling,
 Round the master, round the king,
 Sported with, and sold and bought,—
 Pitifuller sight is not !

Tell me not that this must be .
 God's true priest is always free ;
 Free, the needed truth to speak,
 Right the wronged, and raise the
 weak.

Not to fawn on wealth and state,
 Leaving Lazarus at the gate,—
 Not to peddle creeds like wares,—
 Not to mutter hireling prayers,—

Nor to paint the new life's bliss
 On the sable ground of this,—
 Golden streets for idle knave,
 Sabbath rest for weary slave !

Not for words and works like these,
 Priest of God, thy mission is ;
 But to make earth's desert glad,
 In its Eden greenness clad ;

And to level manhood bring
 Lord and peasant, serf and king ;
 And the Christ of God to find
 In the humblest of thy kind !

Thine to work as well as pray,
 Clearing thorny wrongs away ;
 Plucking up the weeds of sin,
 Letting heaven's warm sunshine in,—

Watching on the hills of Faith ;
 Listening what the Spirit saith,
 Of the dim-seen light afar,
 Growing like a nearing star.

God's interpreter art thou,
 To the waiting ones below ;
 'Twixt them and its light midway
 Heraldng the better day,—

Catching gleams of temple spires,
 Hearing notes of angel choirs,
 Where, as yet unseen of them,
 Comes the New Jerusalem !

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,
 On the glory downward blazing ;
 Till upon Earth's grateful sod
 Rests the City of our God !



THE SLAVES OF MARTINIQUE.

SUGGESTED BY A DAGUERRETYPE
 FROM A FRENCH ENGRAVING.

BEAMS of noon, like burning lances,
 through the tree-tops flash and
 glisten,
 As she stands before her lover, with
 raised face to look and listen.

Dark, but comely, like the maiden in
 the ancient Jewish song :
 Scarcely has the toil of task-fields done
 her graceful beauty wrong.

He, the strong one and the manly,
 with the vassal's garb and hue,
 Holding still his spirit's birthright,
 to his higher nature true ;

Hiding deep the strengthening pur-
 pose of a freeman in his heart,
 As the greegree holds his Fetich from
 the white man's gaze apart.

Ever foremost of his comrades, when
 the driver's morning horn
 Calls away to stifling mill-house, to
 the fields of cane and corn :

Fall the keen and burning lashes
 never on his back or limb ;
 Scarcely with look or word of censure,
 turns the driver unto him.

Yet, his brow is always thoughtful,
 and his eye is hard and stern ;
 Slavery's last and humblest lesson he
 has never deigned to learn.

And, at evening, when his comrades
 dance before their master's door,
 Folding arms and knitting forehead,
 stands he silent evermore.

God be praised for every instinct which
 rebels against a lot
 Where the brute survives the human,
 and man's upright form is not !

As the serpent-like bejuco winds his
 spiral fold on fold
 Round the tall and stately ceiba, till
 it withers in his hold ;—

Slow decays the forest monarch, closer
 girds the fell embrace,
 Till the tree is seen no longer and the
 vine is in its place,—

So a base and bestial nature round
 the vassal's manhood twines,
 And the spirit wastes beneath it, like
 the ceiba choked with vines.

God is Love, saith the Evangel ; and
our world of woe and sin
Is made light and happy only when
a Love is shining in.

Ye whose lives are free as sunshine,
finding, wheresoe'er ye roam,
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindness,
making all the world like home ;

In the veins of whose affections
kindred blood is but a part,
Of one kindly current throbbing from
the universal heart ;

Can ye know the deeper meaning of
a love in Slavery nursed,
Last flower of a lost Eden, blooming
in that Soil accursed ?

Love of Home, and Love of Woman !—
dear to all, but doubly dear
To the heart whose pulses elsewhere
measure only hate and fear.

All around the desert circles, under-
neath a brazen sky,
Only one green spot remaining where
the dew is never dry !

From the horror of that desert, from
its atmosphere of hell,
Turns the fainting spirit thither, as
the diver seeks his bell.

'Tis the fervid tropic noontime ; faint
and low the sea-waves beat ;
Hazy rise the inland mountains
through the glimmer of the
heat,—

Where, through mingled leaves and
blossoms, arrowy sunbeams flash
and glisten,
Speaks her lover to the slave-girl, and
she lifts her head to listen :—

“ We shall live as slaves no longer !
Freedom's hour is close at hand !
Rocks her bark upon the waters, rests
the boat upon the strand !

“ I have seen the Haytien Captain ;
I have seen his swarthy crew,
Haters of the pallid faces, to their
race and colour true.

“ They have sworn to wait our coming
till the night has passed its
noon,
And the grey and darkening waters
roll above the sunken moon ! ”

Oh the blessed hope of freedom ! how
with joy and glad surprise,
For an instant throbs her bosom, for
an instant beam her eyes !

But she looks across the valley, where
her mother's hut is seen,
Through the snowy bloom of coffee,
and the lemon leaves so green.

And she answers, sad and earnest :
“ It were wrong for thee to stay ;
God hath heard thy prayer for free-
dom, and His finger points the
way.

“ Well I know with what endurance,
for the sake of me and mine,
Thou hast borne too long a burden
never meant for souls like thine.

“ Go ; and at the hour of midnight,
when our last farewell is o'er,
Kneeling on our place of parting, I
will bless thee from the shore.

“ But for me, my mother, lying on
her sick-bed all the day,
Lifts her weary head to watch me, com-
ing through the twilight gray.

“ Should I leave her sick and helpless,
even freedom, shared with thee,
Would be sadder far than bondage,
lonely toil, and stripes to me.

“ For my heart would die within me,
and my brain would soon be wild ;
I should hear my mother calling
through the twilight for her
child ! ”

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines
the sun of morning-time,
Through the coffee-trees in blossom,
and green hedges of the lime.

Side by side, amidst the slave-gang,
toil the lover and the maid ;
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters,
leaning forward on his spade ?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he : 'tis
the Haytien's sail he sees,
Like a white cloud of the mountains,
driven seaward by the breeze !

But his arm a light hand presses, and
he hears a low voice call :
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom,
Love is mightier than all.

THE CRISIS.

WRITTEN ON LEARNING THE TERMS
OF THE TREATY WITH MEXICO.

ACROSS the Stony Mountains, o'er the
desert's drouth and sand,
The circles of our empire touch the
Western Ocean's strand ;
From slumberous Timpanogos, to Gila,
wild and free,
Flowing down from Nuevo-Leon to
California's sea ;
And from the mountains of the East,
to Santa Rosa's shore,
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the
air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo ! Let thy simple
children weep ;
Close watch about their holy fire let
maids of Pecos keep ;
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra
Madre's pines,
And Algodones toll her bells amidst
her corn and vines ;
For lo ! the pale land-seekers come,
with eager eyes of gain,
Wide scattering, like the bison herds
on broad Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what
sound the winds bring down
Of footsteps on the crisping snow,
from cold Nevada's crown !
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides,
with rein of travel slack,
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves
the sunrise at his back ;
By many a lonely river, and gorge of
fir and pine,
On many a wintry hill-top, his nightly
camp-fires shine.

O countrymen and brothers ! that land
of lake and plain,
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys
fat with grain ;
Of mountains white with winter,
looking downward, cold, serene,
On their feet with spring-vines tangled
and lapped in softest green ;
Swift through whose black volcanic
gates, o'er many a sunny vale,
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the
bison's dusty trail !

Great spaces yet untravelled, great
lakes whose mystic shores
The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip
of Saxon oars ;
Great herds that wander all un-
watched, wild steeds that none
have tamed,
Strange fish in unknown streams, and
birds the Saxon never named ;
Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles,
where Nature's chemic powers
Work out the Great Designer's will -
—all these ye say are ours !

For ever ours ! for good or ill, on us
the burden lies ;
God's balance, watched by angels, is
hung across the skies.
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn
the poised and trembling scale ?
Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber
Wrong prevail ?
Shall the broad land o'er which our
flag in starry splendour waves,
Forego through us its freedom, and
bear the tread of slaves ?

The day is breaking in the East of
 which the prophets told,
 And brightens up the sky of Time the
 Christian Age of Gold ;
 Old Might to Right is yielding, battle
 blade to clerkly pen,
 Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and
 her serfs stand up as men ;
 The isles rejoice together, in a day are
 nations born,
 And the slave walks free in Tunis, and
 by Stamboul's Golden Horn !

Is this, O countrymen of mine ! a day
 for us to sow
 The soil of new-gained empire with
 slavery's seeds of woe ?
 To feed with our fresh life-blood the
 Old World's cast-off crime,
 Dropped, like some monstrous early
 birth, from the tired lap of Time ?
 To run anew the evil race the old lost
 nations ran,
 And die like them of unbelief of God,
 and wrong of man ?

Great Heaven ! Is this our mission ?
 End in this the prayers and tears,
 The toil, the strife, the watchings of
 our younger, better years ?
 Still as the Old World rolls in light,
 shall ours in shadow turn,
 A beamless Chaos, cursed of God,
 through outer darkness borne ?
 Where the far nations looked for
 light, a blackness in the air ?
 Where for words of hope they listened,
 the long wail of despair ?

The Crisis presses on us ; face to face
 with us it stands,
 With solemn lips of question, like the
 Sphinx in Egypt's sands !
 This day we fashion Destiny, our web
 of Fate we spin ;
 This day for all hereafter choose we
 holiness or sin ;
 Even now from starry Gerizim, or
 Ebal's cloudy crown,
 We call the dews of blessing or the
 bolts of cursing down !

By all for which the martyrs bore their
 agony and shame ;
 By all the warning words of truth with
 which the prophets came ;
 By the Future which awaits us ; by all
 the hopes which cast
 Their faint and trembling beams across
 the blackness of the Past ;
 And by the blessed thought of Him
 who for Earth's freedom died,
 O my people ! O my brothers ! let
 us choose the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joy-
 ful on his way ;
 To wed Penobscot's waters to San
 Francisco's bay ;
 To make the rugged places smooth,
 and sow the vales with grain ;
 And bear, with Liberty and Law, the
 Bible in his train :
 The mighty West shall bless the East,
 and sea shall answer sea,
 And mountain unto mountain call,
 PRAISE GOD, FOR WE ARE FREE



SONGS OF LABOUR.

—: o:—

DEDICATION.

I WOULD the gift I offer here
Might graces from thy favour take,
And, seen through Friendship's at-
mosphere,
On softened lines and colouring,
wear
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for
thy sake.

Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain :
But what I have I give to thee, —
The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's
plain,
And paler flowers, the latter rain
Calls from the westering slope of life's
autumnal lea.

Above the fallen groves of green,
Where youth's enchanted forest
stood,
Dry root and mossèd trunk between,
A sober after-growth is seen,
As springs the pine where falls the
gay-leafed maple wood !

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play
Their leaf-harps in the sombre
tree ; [day
And through the bleak and wintry
It keeps its steady green alway,
So, even my after-thoughts may have
a charm for thee.

Art's perfect forms no moral need, —
And beauty is its own excuse ;³⁹
But for the dull and flowerless weed
Some healing virtue still must plead,
And the rough ore must find its hon-
ours in its use.

So haply these, my simple lays
Of homely toil, may serve to show
The orchard bloom and tasselled
maize
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid life's common
things below.

Haply from them the toiler, bent
Above his forge or plough, may
gain
A manlier spirit of content,
And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong working hand makes
strong the working brain.

The doom which to the guilty pair
Without the walls of Eden came,
Transforming sinless ease to care
And rugged toil, no more shall bear
The burden of old crime, or mark of
primal shame.

A blessing now, — a curse no more ;
Since He, whose name we breathe
with awe,
The coarse mechanic vesture wore, —
A poor man toiling with the poor,
In labour, as in prayer, fulfilling the
same law.

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

THE sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is grey below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.

Then let the sounds of measured
stroke

And grating saw begin ;
The broad axe to the gnarlèd oak,
The mallet to the pin !

Hark !—roars the bellows, blast on
blast,

The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge ;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills the panting team
For us is toiling near ;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axeman's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls erashing down his hill.

Up !—up !—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part :
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the tree-nails free ;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea !

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough,—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below,—
That ship must heed her master's
beck,

Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel ;
The sunken rock and eoral peak
May grate along her keel ;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave !

Ho !—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free !
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea ?
Look ! how she moves adown the
grooves,
In graceful beauty now !
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow !

God bless her ! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan !
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world !

Speed on the ship !—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within ;
No Lethæan drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours ;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land !
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea !

THE SHOEMAKERS.

Ho ! workers of the old time styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather !
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together !
Call out again your long array,
In the olden merry manner !
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out your blazoned banner !

Rap, rap ! upon the well-worn stone
 How falls the polished hammer !
 Rap, rap ! the measured sound has
 grown

A quick and merry clamour.
 Now shape the sole ! now deftly
 curl

The glossy vamp around it,
 And bless the while the bright-eyed
 girl

Whose gentle fingers bound it !

For you, along the Spanish main
 A hundred keels are ploughing ;
 For you, the Indian on the plain
 His lasso-coil is throwing ;
 For you, deep glens with hemlock
 dark

The woodman's fire is lighting ;
 For you, upon the oak's grey bark,
 The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine
 The rosin-gum is stealing ;
 For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
 Her silken skein is reeling ;
 For you, the dizzy goatherd roams
 His rugged Alpine ledges ;
 For you, round all her shepherd
 homes,
 Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,
 On moated mound or heather,
 Where'er the need of trampled
 right

Brought toiling men together ;
 Where the free burghers from the
 wall

Defied the mail-clad master,
 Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,
 No craftsman rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,—
 Ye heed no idle scorner ;
 Free hands and hearts are still your
 pride,

And duty done, your honour.
 Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,
 The jury Time empanels,
 And leave to truth each noble name
 Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Han Sachs, are living yet,
 In strong and hearty German ;
 And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's
 wit,

And patriot fame of Sherman ;
 Still from his book, a mystic seer,
 The soul of Behmen teaches,
 And England's priestcraft shakes to
 hear

Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours ; where'er it falls,
 It treads your well-wrought leather,
 On earthen floor, in marble halls,
 On carpet, or on heather.
 Still there the sweetest charm is found
 Of matron grace or vestal's,
 As Hebe's foot bore nectar round
 Among the old celestials !

Rap, rap !— your stout and bluff
 brogan,

With footsteps slow and weary,
 May wander where the sky's blue span
 Shuts down upon the prairie.
 On Beauty's foot your slippers glance,
 By Saratoga's fountains,
 Or twinkle down the summer dance
 Beneath the Crystal Mountains !

The red brick to the mason's hand,
 The brown earth to the tiller's,
 The shoe in yours shall wealth com-
 mand,

Like fairy Cinderella's !
 As they who shunned the household
 maid

Beheld the crown upon her,
 So all shall see your toil repaid
 With hearth and home and honour.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
 In water cool and brimming,—
 " All honour to the good old Craft
 Its merry men and women !"
 Call out again your long array,
 In the old time's pleasant manner :
 Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
 Fling out his blazoned banner !

THE DROVERS.

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower
and sun,

Still onward cheerly driving !
There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.
But see ! the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us ;
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our footsore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.
The landlord beckons from his door,
His beechen fire is glowing ;
These ample barns, with feed in store,
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across
By brows of rugged mountains ;
From hillsides where, through spongy
moss,
Gush out the river fountains ;
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,
And bright with blooming clover ;
From vales of corn the wandering
crow
No richer hovers over ;

Day after day our way has been,
O'er many a hill and hollow ;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
Our stately drove we follow.
Through dust-clouds rising thick and
dun,
As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns glisten in the sun,
Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,
As slow behind it sinking ;
Or, thronging close, from roadside
rill,
Or sunny lakelet, drinking.
Now crowding in the narrow road,
In thick and struggling masses,
They glare upon the teamster's load,
Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,
And paw of hoof, and bellow,
They leap some farmer's broken
pale,
O'er meadow-close or fallow.
Forth comes the startled goodman ;
forth
Wife, children, house-dog, sally ;
Till once more on their dusty path
The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy
grown,
Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony,
Like those who grind their noses
down
On pastures bare and stony,—
Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,
And cows too lean for shadows,
Disputing feebly with the frogs
The crop of saw-grass meadows !

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,
No bones of leanness rattle ;
No tottering hide-bound ghosts are
there,
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.
Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand
That fed him unrepining ;
The fatness of a goodly land
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest
nooks,
The freshest feed is growing,
By sweetest springs and clearest
brooks
Through honeysuckle flowing ;
Wherever hillsides, sloping south,
Are bright with early grasses,
Or, tracking green the lowland's
drouth,
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.
The cricket to the frog's bassoon
His shrillest time is keeping ;
The sickle of yon setting moon
The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
 Our footsore beasts are weary,
 And through yon elms the tavern sign
 Looks out upon us cheery.
 To-morrow, eastward with our charge
 We'll go to meet the dawning,
 Ere yet the pines of Kéarsarge
 Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen
 earth,
 Instead of birds, are flitting ;
 When children through the glowing
 hearth,
 And quiet wives are knitting ;
 While in the fire-light strong and
 clear
 Young eyes of pleasure glisten,
 To tales of all we see and hear
 The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,
 From many a mountain pasture,
 Shall Fancy play the Drover still,
 And speed the long night faster.
 Then let us on, through shower and
 sun,
 And heat and cold, be driving ;
 There's life alone in duty done,
 And rest alone in striving.

THE FISHERMEN.

HURRAH ! the seaward breezes
 Sweep down the bay amain ;
 Heave up, my lads, the anchor !
 Run up the sail again !
 Leave to the lubber landsmen
 The rail-car and the steed ;
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,
 The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
 And the lighthouse from the sand ;
 And the scattered pines are waving
 Their farewell from the land.
 One glance, my lads, behind us,
 For the homes we leave one sigh,
 Ere we take the change and chances
 Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
 Of frozen Labrador,
 Floating spectral in the moonshine,
 Along the low, black shore !
 Where like snow the gannet's feathers
 On Brador's rocks are shed,
 And the noisy murr are flying,
 Like black seeds, overhead ;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
 And the sharp reef lurks below,
 And the white squall smites in
 summer,
 And the autumn tempests blow ;
 Where, through grey and rolling
 vapour,
 From evening unto morn,
 A thousand boats are hailing,
 Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah ! for the Red Island,
 With the white cross on its crown !
 Hurrah ! for Meccatina,
 And its mountains bare and brown !
 Where the Caribou's tall antlers
 O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
 And the footstep of the Mickmack
 Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and
 gather
 Old Ocean's treasures in,
 Where'er the mottled mackerel
 Turns up a steel-dark fin.
 The sea's our field of harvest,
 Its scaly tribes our grain ;
 We'll reap the teaming waters
 As at home they reap the plain !

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
 And light the hearth of home ;
 From our fish, as in the old time,
 The silver coin shall come.
 As the demon fled the chamber
 Where the fish of Tobit lay,
 So ours from all our dwellings
 Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets
 In the bitter air congeals,
 And our lines wind stiff and slowly
 From off the frozen reels ;

Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind,
And laugh beneath the cloud !

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand !
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot ;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah !—hurrah !—the west-wind
Comes freshening down the bay,
The rising sails are filling,—
Give way, my lads, give way !
Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth, like a weed,—
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed !

THE HUSKERS.

It was late in mild October, and the
long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all
green with grass again ;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leav-
ing all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow,
or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morn-
ing, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disc of fire he
brightened as he sped ;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell
chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards,
and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow
sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze
with yellow light ;
Slanting through the painted beeches,
he glorified the hill ;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow
lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts
caught glimpses of that sky,
Fleeked by the many-tinted leaves, and
laughed, they knew not why ;
And school-girls, gay with aster-
flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the
sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly
the patient weatherecks ;
But even the birches on the hill stood
motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save
the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the
boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested ;
the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and
shade, the pale green waves of
rye ;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in
valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the
heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain,
through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge,
shone out the yellow ear ;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in
many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the
pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters ;
and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its
load of husk and grain ;
Till broad and red, as when he rose,
the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the
day in brightness passed.

And lo ! as through the western pines,
on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set
all afire beyond,

Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a
milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were
mingled into one !

As thus into the quiet night the
twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon
the tranquil shadows lay ;
From many a brown old farm-house,
and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks
done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest,
from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the
pleasant scene below ;
The growing pile of husks behind, the
golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and
brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene
of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old
men sat apart ;
While, up and down the unhusked
pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and
shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a
maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes
and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek
of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm,
a husking-ballad sung.

THE CORN-SONG.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard !
Heap high the golden corn !
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine ;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of
flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and
plain,
Beneath the sun of May, [grain
And frightened from our sprouting
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of
June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board ;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls ?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn !

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
 Let mildew blight the rye,
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheat-field to the fly :

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod ;
 Still let us, for His golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God !

THE LUMBERMEN.

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,
 Sad-voiced Autumn grieves ;
 Thickly down these swelling waters
 Float his fallen leaves.
 Through the tall and naked timber,
 Column-like and old,
 Gleam the sunsets of November,
 From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,
 Screams the grey wild-geese ;
 On the night-frost sounds the treading
 Of the brindled moose. [ing
 Noiseless creeping, while we're sleep-
 Frost his task-work plies ;
 Soon, his icy bridges heaping,
 Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered
 thunder,
 On some night of rain,
 Lake and river break asunder
 Winter's weakened chain,
 Down the wild March flood shall bear
 them
 To the saw-mill's wheel,
 Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear
 them
 With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,
 In these vales below,
 When the earliest beams of sunlight
 Streak the mountain's snow,
 Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,
 To our hurrying feet,
 And the forest echoes clearly
 All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijejis
 Stretches broad and clear,
 And Millnoket's pine-black ridges
 Hide the browsing deer :
 Where, through lakes and wide mor-
 asses,
 Or through rocky walls,
 Swift and strong, Penobseot passes
 White with foamy falls ;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses
 given
 Of Katahdin's sides, —
 Rock and forest piled to heaven,
 Torn and ploughed by slides !
 Far below, the Indian trapping,
 In the sunshine warm ;
 Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping
 Half the peak in storm !

Where are mossy carpets better
 Than the Persian weaves,
 And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
 Seem the fading leaves ;
 And a music wild and solemn,
 From the pine-tree's height,
 Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
 On the wind of night ;

Make we here our camp of winter ;
 And, through sleet and snow,
 Pitehy knot and beechen splinter
 On our hearth shall glow.
 Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
 We shall lack alone
 Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
 Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning
 For our toil to-day ;
 And the welcome of returning
 Shall our loss repay,
 When, like seamen from the waters,
 From the woods we come,
 Greeting sisters, wives, and daugh-
 ters,
 Angels of our home !

Not for us the measured ringing
 From the village spire,
 Not for us the Sabbath singing
 Of the sweet-voiced choir :

Ours the old, majestic temple,
 Where God's brightness shines
 Down the dome so grand and
 ample,
 Propped by lofty pines !

Through each branch-enwoven sky-
 light
 Speaks He in the breeze,
 As of old beneath the twilight
 Of lost Eden's trees !
 For His ear, the inward feeling
 Needs no outward tongue ;
 He can see the spirit kneeling
 While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning
 From the false and dim,
 Lamp of toil or altar burning
 Are alike to Him.
 Strike, then, comrades !—Trade is
 waiting
 On our rugged toil ;
 Far ships waiting for the freighting
 Of our woodland spoil !

Ships, whose traffic links these high-
 lands,
 Bleak and cold, of ours,
 With the citron-planted islands
 Of a clime of flowers ;
 To our frosts the tribute bringing
 Of eternal heats ;
 In our lap of winter flinging
 Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labour,
 Let the sunbeams dance,
 Better than the flash of sabre
 Or the gleam of lance !

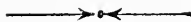
Strike !—With every blow is given
 Freer sun and sky,
 And the long-hid earth to heaven
 Looks, with wondering eye !

Loud behind us grow the murmurs
 Of the age to come ;
 Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,
 Bearing harvest home !
 Here her virgin lap with treasures
 Shall the green earth fill ;
 Waving wheat and golden maize-ears
 Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,
 Take the smooth-shorn plain,—
 Give to us the cedar valleys,
 Rocks and hills of Maine !
 In our North-land, wild and woody,
 Let us still have part :
 Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
 Hold us to thy heart !

Oh, our free hearts beat the warmer
 For thy breath of snow ;
 And our tread is all the firmer
 For thy rocks below.
 Freedom, hand in hand with Labour,
 Walketh strong and brave ;
 On the forehead of his neighbour
 No man writeth Slave !

Lo, the day breaks ! old Katahdin's
 Pine-trees show its fires,
 While from these dim forest gardens
 Rise their blackened spires.
 Up, my comrades ! up and doing !
 Manhood's rugged play
 Still renewing, bravely hewing
 Through the world our way !



HOME BALLADS.

—: o :—

I CALL the old time back : I bring
these lays
To thee, in memory of the summer
days
When, by our native streams and
forest ways,

We dreamed them over ; while the
rivulets made
Songs of their own, and the great
pine-trees laid
On warm noon-lights the masses of
their shade.

And *she* was with us, living o'er again
Her life in ours, despite of years and
pain,—
The autumn's brightness after latter
rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one
Who stands, at evening, when the
work is done,
Glorified in the setting of the sun !

Her memory makes our common land-
scape seem
Fairer than any of which painters
dream,
Lights the brown hills and sings in
every stream ;

For she whose speech was always
truth's pure gold
Heard, not unpleased, its simple
legends told,
And loved with us the beautiful and
old.

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

It was the pleasant harvest time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their
load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of
seams
Through which the moted sunlight
streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,
And the loose hay-mow's scented
locks—

Are filled with summer's ripened
stores,
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their
eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing
worn, [corn.
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked

And thither came young men and
maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and
low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places ; some by
chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their
choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great
elm-boughs !—

On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless
nerves !

And jest went round, and laughs that
made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl ;

And quaint old songs their fathers
sung,
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,
Ere Norman William trod their
shores ;

And tales, whose merry license shook
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,
Forgetful of the hovering Dane !

But still the sweetest voice was mute
That river valley ever heard
From lip of maid or throat of bird ;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would con-
descend [friend.
To own the Witch-wife's child a

The seasons scarce had gone their
round,
Since curious thousands thronged
to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree ;

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That faltered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lip trembling with its
prayers !

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that
day,
As men and Christians justified :
God willed it, and the wretch had
died !

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,—
Forgive the blindness that denies !

Forgive Thy creature when he takes
For the all-perfect love Thou art,
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn
Our bloody altars ; let us see
Thyself in Thy humanity !

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,
And wrestled with her fate alone ;

With love, and anger, and despair,
The phantoms of disordered sense,
The awful doubts of Providence !

The school-boys jeered her as they
passed,
And, when she sought the house of
prayer,
Her mother's curse pursued her
there.

And still o'er many a neighbouring
door
She saw the horseshoe's curvèd
charm,
To guard against her mother's
harm ;—

That mother, poor, and sick, and
lame,
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,
Folded her withered hands in
prayer ;—

Who turned, in Salem's dreary
jail,
Her worn old Bible o'er and
o'er,
When her dim eyes could read no
more !

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl
 kept
 Her faith, and trusted that her way,
 So dark, would somewhere meet the
 day.

And still her weary wheel went round
 Day after day, with no relief ;
 Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits ;
 Untouched by mirth she sees and
 hears,
 Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
 And cruel lips repeat her name,
 And taunt her with her mother's
 shame.

She answered not with railing words,
 But drew her apron o'er her face,
 And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,
 Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
 Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,
 Ere yet her mother's doom had
 made
 Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
 And, starting, with an angry frown
 Hushed all the wicked murmurs
 down.

"Good neighbours mine," he sternly
 said,
 "This passes harmless mirth or
 jest ;
 I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child ;
 But God's sweet pity ministers
 Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace ;
 I never knew her harm a fly,
 And witch or not, God knows,—
 not I.

"I know who swore her life away ;
 And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
 An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,
 The skill to guide, the power to
 awe,
 Were Harden's ; and his word was
 law.

None dared withstand him to his face,
 But one sly maiden spake aside :
 "The little witch is evil-eyed !

"Her mother only killed a cow,
 Or witched a churn or dairy-pan ;
 But she, forsooth, must charm a
 man !"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
 Sat by the window's narrow pane,
 White in the moonlight's silver
 rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,
 Made music such as childhood
 knew ;
 The door-yard tree was whispered
 through

By voices such as childhood's ear
 Had heard in moonlights long ago ;
 And through the willow-boughs
 below

She saw the rippled waters shine ;
 Beyond, in waves of shade and
 light
 The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so
 The sadness of her human lot,
 She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of
 wrong,
 And, in her old and simple way,
 To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child ! the prayer, begun in faith,
 Grew to a low, despairing cry
 Of utter misery : "Let me die !

"Oh ! take me from the scornful eyes,
And hide me where the cruel speech
And mocking finger may not reach !

"I dare not breathe my mother's
name :
A daughter's right I dare not crave
To weep above her unblest grave !

"Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.

"O God ! have mercy on Thy child,
Whose faith in Thee grows weak
and small,
And take me ere I lose it all !"

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave
became
A voice whose burden was her name.

Had then God heard her ? Had He
sent
His angel down ? In flesh and
blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood !

He laid his hand upon her arm :
"Dear Mabel, this no more shall
be ;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.

"You know rough Esek Harden well ;
And if he seems no-suitor gay,
And if his hair is touched with
gray,

"The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she
smiled,
Upon his knees, a little child !"

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

"O truest friend of all !" she said,
"God bless you for your kindly
thought,
And make me worthy of my lot !"

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns
glowed,
And through the doors the huskers
showed.

"Good friends and neighbours !"
Esek said,
"I'm weary of this lonely life ;
In Mabel see my chosen wife !

"She greets you kindly, one and all ;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.

"Henceforth she stands no more
alone ;
You know what Esek Harden is :—
He brooks no wrong to him or his."

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung
That ever made the old heart
young !

For now the lost has found a home ;
And a lone hearth shall brighter
burn,
As all the household joys return !

Oh, pleasantly the harvest moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great
elm-boughs !

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell ;
And the wind whispered, "It is
well !"

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

FROM the hills of home forth looking,
far beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of
the headland of Cape Ann.
Well I know its coves and beaches to
the ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children
of its ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning,
and its memory waxes old,
When along yon breezy headlands
with a pleasant friend I strolled.
Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and
the ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom
around thy grave, Rantoul!

With the memory of that morning
by the summer sea I blend
A wild and wondrous story, by the
younger Mather penned,
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*,
with all strange and marvellous
things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like
the chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses
of the dual life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and rever-
ence; outward, mean and coarse
and cold;
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over
dull and vulgar clay;
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a
web of hodden gray.

The great eventful Present hides the
Past; but through the din
Of its loud life hints and echoes from
the life behind steal in;
And the lore of home and fireside,
and the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter which
the true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling
which the Covenanter knew,
When with pious chisel wandering
Scotland's moorland graveyards
through,
From the graves of old traditions I
part the blackberry-vines,
Wipe the moss from off the head-
stones, and retouch the faded
lines.

Where the sea-waves back and for-
ward, hoarse with rolling pebbles,
ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on
the grey rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windy site uplifting gabled
roof and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber
with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry,
south and eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line,
white with breakers stretching
north,—
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-
drift, jagged capes, with bush
and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of
the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney,
dimly lit by dying brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with
their muskets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the
venison haunch was shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly
round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together,—
talked of wizards Satan-sold;
Of all ghostly sights and noises,—
signs and wonders manifold;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with
the dead men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water in the
loom of morning clouds;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in
the depths of Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer,—
blooms of warmer latitudes;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by
the tropic's flowery vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms
star the twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank
to husky tones of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of
the powers of evil near;

Of a spectral host, defying stroke of
steel and aim of gun ;
Never yet was ball to slay them in
the mould of mortals run !

Thrice, with plumes and flowing
scalp-locks, from the midnight
wood they came,—

Thrice around the block-house march-
ing, met, unharmed, its volleyed
flame ;

Then, with mocking laugh and ges-
ture, sunk in earth or lost in
air,

All the ghostly wonder vanished, and
the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came ; from out the forest
moved a dusky mass that soon

Grew to warriors, plumed and painted,
grimly marching in the moon.

“Ghosts or witches,” said the cap-
tain, “thus I foil the Evil One !”

And he rammed a silver button, from
his doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved
the guarded wall about ;

Once again the levelled muskets
through the palisades flashed out,

With that deadly aim the squirrel on
his tree-top might not shun,

Nor the beach-bird seaward flying
with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the
harmless shower of lead.

With a laugh of fierce derision, once
again the phantoms fled ;

Once again, without a shadow on the
sands the moonlight lay,

And the white smoke curling through
it drifted slowly down the bay !

“God preserve us !” said the captain ;
“never mortal foes were there ;

They have vanished with their leader,
Prince and Power of the air !

Lay aside your useless weapons ; skill
and prowess naught avail ;

They who do the devil’s service wear
their master’s coat of mail !”

So the night grew near to cock-crow,
when again a warning call

Roused the score of weary soldiers
watching round the dusky hall :

And they looked to flint and priming,
And they longed for break of day ;

But the captain closed his Bible : “Let
us cease from man, and pray !”

To the men who went before us, all
the unseen powers seemed near,

And their steadfast strength of courage
struck its roots in holy fear.

Every hand forsook the musket, every
head was bowed and bare,

Every stout knee pressed the flag-
stones, as the captain led in
prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching
of the spectres round the wall,

But a sound abhorred, unearthly,
smote the ears and hearts of all,—

Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish !
Never after mortal man

Saw the ghostly leaguers marching
round the block-house of Cape
Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through
the cool and sea-blown town,

From the childhood of its people
comes the solemn legend down.

Not in vain the ancient fiction, in
whose moral lives the youth

And the fitness and the freshness of
an undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come
the spectres of the mind,

Doubts and fears and dread forebod-
ings, in the darkness undefined ;

Round us through the grim projections
of the heart and of the brain,

And our pride of strength is weakness,
and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we ery like children ; and
no answer from on high

Breaks the crystal spheres of silence,
and no white wings downward

fly ;

But the heavenly help we pray for
comes to faith, and not to sight,
And our prayers themselves drive
backward all the spirits of the
night !

THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL
SEWALL.

1697.

Up and down the village streets
Strange are the forms my fancy meets,
For the thoughts and things of to-
day are hid,
And through the veil of a closed lid
The ancient worthies I see again :
I hear the tap of the elder's cane,
And his awful periwig I see,
And the silver buckles of shoe and
knee.
Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,
His black cap hiding his whitened
hair,
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.
His face with lines of firmness wrought,
He wears the look of a man unbought,
Who swears to his hurt and changes
not ;
Yet, touched and softened neverthe-
less
With the grace of Christian gentle-
ness,
The face that a child would climb to
kiss !
True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honour and woman
trust.

Touching and sad, a tale is told,
Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist
old,
Of the fast which the good man life-
long kept
With a haunting sorrow that never
slept,
As the circling year brought round
the time
Of an error that left the sting of crime,

When he sat on the bench of the
witchcraft courts,
With the laws of Moses and Hale's
Reports,
And spake, in the name of both, the
word
That gave the witch's neck to the cord,
And piled the oaken planks that
pressed
The feeble life from the warlock's
breast !
All the day long, from dawn to dawn,
His door was bolted, his curtain drawn ;
No foot on his silent threshold trod,
No eye looked on him save that of
God,
As he baffled the ghosts of the dead
with charms
Of penitent tears, and prayers, and
psalms,
And, with precious proofs from the
sacred word
Of the boundless pity and love of the
Lord,
His faith confirmed and his trust re-
newed
That the sin of his ignorance, sorely
rued,
Might be washed away in the mingled
blood
Of his human sorrow and Christ's
dear blood !

Green for ever the memory be
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,
Whom even his errors glorified,
Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side
By the cloudy shadows which o'er it
glide !
Honour and praise to the Puritan
Who the halting step of his age outran,
And, seeing the infinite worth of man
In the priceless gift the Father gave,
In the infinite love that stooped to
save,
Dared not brand his brother a slave !
"Who doth such wrong," he was
wont to say,
In his own quaint, picture-loving way,
"Flings up to Heaven a hand-grenade
Which God shall cast down upon his
head !"

Widely as heaven and hell, contrast
 That brave old jurist of the past
 And the cunning trickster and knave
 of courts
 Who the holy features of Truth dis-
 torts,—
 Ruling as right the will of the strong,
 Poverty crime, and weakness wrong ;
 Wide-cared to power, to the wronged
 and weak
 Deaf as Egypt's gods of leek ;
 Scolding aside at party's nod
 Order of nature and law of God ;
 For whose dabbled ermine respect
 were waste,
 Reverence folly, and awe misplaced ;
 Justice of whom 'twere vain to seek
 As from Koordish robber or Syrian
 Sheik !
 Oh, leave the wretch to his bribes
 and sins,
 Let him rot in the web of lies he spins !
 To the saintly soul of the early day,
 To the Christian judge, let us turn
 and say :
 " Praise and thanks for an honest
 man !—
 Glory to God for the Puritan !"

I see, far southward, this quiet day,
 The hills of Newbury rolling away,
 With the many tints of the season gay,
 Dreamily blending in autumn mist
 Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.
 Long and low, with dwarf trees
 crowned,
 Plum Island lies, like a whale a-
 ground,
 A stone's toss over the narrow sound.
 Inland, as far as the eye can go,
 The hills curve round like a bended
 bow ;
 A silver arrow from out them sprung,
 I see the shine of the Quasyeung ;
 And, round and round, over valley
 and hill,
 Old roads winding, as old roads will,
 Here to a ferry, and there to a mill ;
 And glimpses of chimneys and gabled
 eaves,
 Through green elm arches and maple
 leaves,—

Old homesteads sacred to all that
 can
 Gladden or sadden the heart of man,—
 Over whose thresholds of oak and
 stone
 Life and Death have come and gone !
 There pictured tiles in the fireplace
 show,
 Great beams sag from the ceiling low,
 The dresser glitters with polished
 wares,
 The long clock ticks on the foot-worn
 stairs,
 And the low, broad chimney shows
 the crack
 By the earthquake made a century
 back.
 Up from their midst springs the
 village spire
 With the crest of its cock in the sun
 afire ;
 Beyond are orchards and planting
 lands,
 And great salt marshes and glimmer-
 ing sands,
 And, where north and south the coast-
 lines run,
 The blink of the sea in breeze and sun !

I see it all like a chart unrolled,
 But my thoughts are full of the past
 and old,
 I hear the tales of my boyhood told ;
 And the shadows and shapes of early
 days
 Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,
 With measured movement and rhyth-
 mic chime
 Weaving like shuttles my web of
 rhyme.
 I think of the old man wise and good
 Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,
 (A poet who never measured rhyme,
 A seer unknown to his dull-cared
 time,)
 And, propped on his staff of age,
 looked down,
 With his boyhood's love on his native
 town,
 Where, written, as if on its hills and
 plains,
 His burden of prophecy yet remains,

For the voices of wood, and wave,
and wind
To read in the ear of the musing
mind :—

“As long as Plum Island, to guard
the coast

As God appointed, shall keep its post ;
As long as a salmon shall haunt the
deep

Of Merrimaek River, or sturgeon leap ;
As long as pickerel swift and slim.
Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond
swim ;

As long as the annual sea-fowl know
Their time to come and their time to
go ;

As long as cattle shall roam at will
The green, grass meadows by Turkey
Hill ;

As long as sheep shall look from the
side

Of Oldtown Hill on marshes wide,
And Parker River, and salt-sea tide ;
As long as a wandering pigeon shall
search

The fields below from his white oak
perch,

When the barley-harvest is ripe and
shorn,

And the dry husks fall from the
standing corn ;

As long as Nature shall not grow
old,

Nor drop her work from her doting
hold,

And her care for the Indian corn for-
get,

And the yellow rows in pairs to set ;—
So long shall Christians here be
born,

Grow up and ripen as God's sweet
corn !—

By the beak of bird, by the breath of
frost,

Shall never a holy ear be lost,
But, husked by Death in the Planter's
sight,

Be sown again in the fields of light !”

The Island still is purple with plums,
Up the river the salmon comes,

The sturgeon leaps and the wild-fowl
feeds

On hillside berries and marish seeds,—
All the beautiful signs remain,
From spring-time sowing to autumn
rain

The good man's vision returns again !
And let us hope, as well we can,
That the Silent Angel who garners
man

May find some grain as of old he found
In the human cornfield ripe and sound,
And the Lord of the Harvest deign
to own

The precious seed by the fathers sown !

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead !

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead !

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill re-
frain :

“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' eorr'd in a
cort

By the women o' Morble'ead !”

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,

Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-
horns' twang,

Over and over the Mænads sang :
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corrd in a
corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead !"

Small pity for him !—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur
Bay,—

Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her
deck !

"Lay by ! lay by !" they called to
him.

Back he answered, "Sink or swim !
Brag of your catch of fish again !"
And off he sailed through the fog and
rain !

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead !

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might
not be !

What did the winds and the sea-birds
say

Of the cruel captain who sailed
away ?—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead !

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide ;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives
gray,

Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,

Shook head, and fist, and hat, and
cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse
refrain :

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corrd in a
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead !"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so
blue.

Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near :

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,

Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corrd in a
corrt

By the women o' Morble'ead !"

"Hear me, neighbours !" at last he
cried,—

"What to me is this noisy ride ?
What is the shame that clothes the
skin

To the nameless horror that lives
within !

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck !
Hate me and curse me,—I only
dread

The hand of God and the face of the
dead !"

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at
sea

Said, "God has touched him !—why
should we ?"

Said an old wife mourning her only
son,

"Cut the rogue's tether and let him
run !"

So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him
loose,

And gave him a cloak to hide him in.
And left him alone with his shame and
sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead !

TELLING THE BEES.⁴⁰

HERE is the place ; right over the hill
Runs the path I took :

You can see the gap in the old wall
still,

And the stepping-stones in the
shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-
barred,

And the poplars tall ;

And the barn's brown length, and the
cattle-yard,

And the white horns tossing above
the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the
sun ;

And down by the brink

Of the brook are her poor flowers,
weed-o'errun,

Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow ;

And the same rose blows, and the
same sun glows,

And the same brook sings of a year
ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell
in the breeze ;

And the June sun warm

Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside
farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat

I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed
my hair,

And cooled at the brookside my brow
and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed, —
To love, a year ;

Down through the beeches I looked
at last

On the little red gate and the well-
sweep near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,

The sundown's blaze on her window-
pane,

The bloom of her roses under the
caves.

Just the same as a month before, —
The house and the trees,

The barn's brown gable, the vine by
the door, —

Nothing changed but the hives of
bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,

Went drearily singing the chore-girl
small,

Draping each hive with a shred of
black.

Trembling, I listened : the summer
sun

Had the chill of snow ;

For I knew she was telling the bees
of one

Gone on the journey we all must go !

Then I said to myself, " My Mary
weeps

For the dead to-day :

Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age
away."

But her dog whined low ; on the door-
way sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat ; and the chore-girl
still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever
since
In my ear sounds on :—
“ Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not
hence !
Mistress Mary is dead and gone ! ”

— — —
THE SYCAMORES.

In the outskirts of the village,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,
And another half-way told,
Since the rustie Irish gleeman
Broke from them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,
At his violin's sound they grew,
Through the moonlit eyes of summer,
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant !
Pass in jerkin green along,
With thy eyes brimful of laughter,
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
With his fiddle and his paek ;
Little dreamed the village Saxons
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
Delved by day and sang by night,
With a hand that never wearied,
And a heart for ever light,—

Still the gay tradition mingles
With a record grave and drear,
Like the rolie air of Cluny,
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blos-
soms,
Made the sweet May woodlands
glad,
And the Aronia by the river
Lighted up the swarming shad.

And the bulging nets swept shore-
ward,
With their silver-sided haul,
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,
Love stole in at Labour's side
With the lusty airs of England,
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,
And the merry fair's carouse ;
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin
And the Woman of Three Cows,

By the blazing hearths of winter,
Pleasant seemed his simple tales,
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who at Tara
Played all night to ghosts of kings ;
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies
Dancing in their moorland rings !

Jolliest of our birds of singing,
Best he loved the Bob-o-link.
“ Hush ! ” he'd say, “ the tipsy fairies !
Hear the little folks in drink ! ”

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,
Singing through the ancient town,
Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,
Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses ;
But if yet his spirit walks,
'Tis beneath the trees he planted,
And when Bob-a-Lincoln talks ;

Green memorials of the gleeman !
 Linking still the river-shores,
 With their shadows east by sunset,
 Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores !

When the Father of his Country
 Through the north-land riding
 came, [banners,
 And the roofs were starred with
 And the steeples rang acclaim,—

When each war-scarred Continental,
 Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,
 Waved his rusted sword in welcome,
 And shot off his old king's arm,—

Slowly passed that august Presenee
 Down the thronged and shouting
 street ;
 Village girls as white as angels,
 Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's sha-
 dow
 Deepest fell, his rein he drew :
 On his stately head, uncovered,
 Cool and soft the west-wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
 Looking up and looking down
 On the hills of Gold and Silver
 Rimming round the little town.—

On the river, full of sunshine,
 To the lap of greenest vales [lands,
 Winding down from wooded head-
 Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping
 Slowly with his ungloved hand,
 "I have seen no prospect fairer
 In this goodly Eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort
 Stirred to life the cavalcade :
 And that head, so bare and stately,
 Vanished down the depths of shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,
 Life has had its ebb and flow ;
 Thrice hath passed the human harvest
 To its garner green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,
 Through the changes, changeless
 stand ;
 As the marble calm of Tadmor
 Marks the desert's shifting sand

Still the level moon at rising
 Silvers o'er each stately shaft ;
 Still beneath them, half in shadow,
 Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,
 Love and Youth together stray ;
 While, as heart to heart beats faster,
 More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,
 On the open hillside wrought,
 Singing, as he drew his stitches,
 Songs his German masters taught,

Singing, with his grey hair floating
 Round his rosy ample face,—
 Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen
 Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy
 Now are Traffic's dusty streets ;
 From the village, grown a city,
 Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,
 On the river's winding shores,
 Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
 Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

"Concerning y^e Amphisbœna, as soon as I received your commands, I made diligent inquiry : . . . he assured me y^e it had really two heads, one at each end ; two mouths, two stings or tongues."—REV. CHRISTOPHER TOPPAN TO COTTON MATHER.

FAR away in the twilight time
 Of every people, in every clime,
 Dragons and griffins and monsters
 dire,
 Born of water, and air, and fire,

Or nursed, like the Python, in the
mud

And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,
Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,
Through dusk tradition and ballad
age.

So from the childhood of Newbury
town

And its time of fable the tale comes
down

Of a terror which haunted bush and
brake,

The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake !

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
Consider that strip of Christian earth
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,
Full of terror and mystery,

Half redeemed from the evil hold
Of the wood so dreary, and dark, and
old,

Which drank with its lips of leaves
the dew

When Time was young, and the world
was new,

And wove its shadows with sun and
moon,

Ere the stones of Cheops were squared
and hewn.

Think of the sea's dread monotone,
Of the mournful wail from the pine-
wood blown,

Of the strange, vast splendours that
lit the North,

Of the troubled throes of the quaking
earth,

And the dismal tales the Indian told,
Till the settler's heart at his hearth
grew cold,

And he shrank from the tawny
wizard's boasts,

And the hovering shadows seemed full
of ghosts,

And above, below, and on every side,
The fear of his creed seemed verified ;—

And think, if his lot were now thine
own,

To grope with terrors nor named nor
known,

How laxer muscle and weaker nerve
And a feebler faith thy need might
serve ;

And own to thyself the wonder more
That the snake had two heads, and
not a score !

Whether he lurked in the old town
fen

Or the grey earth-flax of the Devil's
Den,

Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,
Or coiled by the Northman's Written
Rock,

Nothing on record is left to show ;
Only the fact that he lived, we know,

And left the cast of a double head
In the sealy mask which he yearly
shed.

For he carried a head where his tail
should be,

And the two, of course, could never
agree,

But wriggled about with main and
might,

Now to the left and now to the right ;
Pulling and twisting this way and
that,

Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so
near !—

Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear !
Think what ancient gossips might say,
Shaking their heads in their dreary
way,

Between the meetings on Sabbath-
day !

How urchins, searching at day's de-
cline

The Common Pasture for sheep or
kine,

The terrible double-ganger heard
In leafy rustle or whirl of bird !

Think what a zest it gave to the sport,
In berry-time, of the younger sort,
As over pastures blaekberry-twined,
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,
And closer and closer, for fear of harm,
The maiden clung to her lover's arm ;
And how the spark, who was forced to
stay,

By his sweetheart's fears, till the break
of day,

Thanked the snake for the fond de-
lay !

Far and wide the tale was told,
Like a snowball growing while it
rolled.

The nurse hushed with it the baby's
cry ;

And it served, in the worthy minister's
eye,

To paint the primitive serpent by.

Cotton Mather came galloping down
All the way to Newbury town,

With his eyes agog and his ears set
wide,

And his marvellous inkhorn at his
side ;

Stirring the while in the shallow pool
Of his brains for the lore he learned
at school,

To garnish the story, with here a
streak

Of Latin, and there another of Greek :
And the tales he heard and the notes
he took,

Behold ! are they not in his Wonder-
Book ?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.
If the snake does not, the tale runs
still

In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave
Hill.

And still, whenever husband and wife
Publish the shame of their daily strife,
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug
and strain

At either end of the marriage-chain,
The gossips say, with a knowing shake
Of their grey heads, "Look at the
Double Snake !"

One in body and two in will,
The Amphisbæna is living still !"

—

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended,
and the summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury,
with his wife and children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbour in
the shallop "Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the
mellow summer-morn,
With the newly-planted orchards
dropping their fruits first-born,
And the homesteads like green islands
amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward
the tided creeks between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with
oaks and walnuts green :—
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his
eyes had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away
where duty led,
And the voice of God seemed calling,
to break the living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the
rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed : at nightfall the
pleasant land-breeze died,
The blaekening sky, at midnight, its
starry lights denied,
And far and low the thunder of
tempest prophesied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines.
gone were rock, and wood, and
sand ;

Grimly anxious stood the skipper with
the rudder in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what
was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones,
nestled round him, weeping sore :
"Never heed, my little children !
Christ is walking on before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where
the sea shall be no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like
a curtain drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on
the terror far and wide ;
And the thunder and the whirlwind
together smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop,
 woman's wail and man's despair,
 A crash of breaking timbers on the
 rocks so sharp and bare,
 And, through it all, the murmur of
 Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with
 the wild waves and the blast,
 On a rock, where every billow broke
 above him as it passed,
 Alone, of all his household, the man
 of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying,
 in the pause of wave and wind:
 "All my own have gone before me,
 and I linger just behind ;
 Not for life I ask, but only for the
 rest Thy ransomed find !

"In this night of death I challenge
 the promise of Thy word !—
 Let me see the great salvation of which
 mine ears have heard !—
 Let me pass from hence forgiven,
 through the grace of Christ, our
 Lord !

"In the baptism of these waters wash
 white my every sin,
 And let me follow up to Thee my
 household and my kin !
 Open the sea-gate of Thy heaven, and
 let me enter in !"

When the Christian sings his death-
 song, all the listening heavens
 draw near,
 And the angels, leaning over the walls
 of crystal, hear
 How the notes so faint and broken
 swell to music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to His
 servant's last request ;
 As the strong wave swept him down-
 ward the sweet hymn upward
 pressed,
 And the soul of Father Avery went,
 singing, to its rest

There was wailing on the mainland,
 from the rocks of Marblehead ;
 In the stricken church of Newbury
 the notes of prayer were read ;
 And long, by board and hearthstone,
 the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or
 scudding from the squall,
 With grave and reverend faces, the
 ancient tale recall,
 When they see the white waves break-
 ing on the Rock of Avery's Fall !

THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA.

1675.

RAZE these long blocks of brick and
 stone,
 These huge mill-monsters overgrown ;
 Blot out the humbler piles as well,
 Where, moved like living shuttles,
 dwell
 The weaving genii of the bell ;
 Tear from the wild Coheco's track
 The dams that hold its torrents back ;
 And let the loud-rejoicing fall
 Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall ;
 And let the Indian's paddle play
 On the unbridged Piscataqua !
 Wide over hill and valley spread
 Once more the forest, dusk and dread,
 With here and there a clearing cut
 From the walled shadows round it
 shut ;
 Each with its farm-house builded rude,
 By English yeoman squared and
 hewed,
 And the grim, flankered block-house
 bound
 With bristling palisades around.
 So, haply shall before thine eyes
 The dusty veil of centuries rise,
 The old, strange scenery overlay
 The tamer pictures of to-day,
 While, like the actors in a play,
 Pass in their ancient guise along
 The figures of my border song :

What time beside Coheco's flood
The white man and the red man stood,
With words of peace and brotherhood ;
When passed the sacred calumet
From lip to lip with fire-draught wet,
And, puffed in scorn, the peace-pipe's
smoke, [broke,
Through the grey beard of Waldron
And Squando's voice, in suppliant plea
For mercy, struck the haughty key
Of one who held, in any fate,
His native pride inviolate !

"Let your ears be opened wide !
He who speaks has never lied.
Waldron of Piscataqua,
Hear what Squando has to say !

"Squando shuts his eyes and sees
Far off, Saco's hemlock-trees.
In his wigwam, still as stone,
Sits a woman all alone,

"Wampum beads and birchen strands
Dropping from her careless hands,
Listening ever for the fleet
Patter of a dead child's feet !

"When the moon a year ago
Told the flowers the time to blow,
In that lonely wigwam smiled
Menewee, our little child.

"Ere that moon grew thin and old,
He was lying stiff and cold ;
Sent before us, weak and small,
When the Master did not call !

"On his little grave I lay ;
Three times went and came the day ;
Thrice above me blazed the noon,
Thrice upon me wept the moon.

"In the third night-watch I heard,
Far and low, a spirit-bird ;
Very mournful, very wild,
Sang the totem of my child.

"Menewee, poor Menewee,
Walks a path he cannot see ;
Let the white man's wigwam light
With its blaze his steps aright.

"All uncalled, he dares not show
Empty hands to Manito :
Better gifts he cannot bear
Than the scalps his slayers wear."

"All the while the totem sang,
Lightning blazed and thunder rang ;
And a black cloud, reaching high,
Pulled the white moon from the
sky.

"I, the medicine-man, whose ear
All that spirits hear can hear,—
I, whose eyes are wide to see
All the things that are to be,—

"Well I knew the dreadful signs
In the whispers of the pines,
In the river roaring loud,
In the mutter of the cloud.

"At the breaking of the day,
From the grave I passed away ;
Flowers bloomed round me, birds sang
glad,
But my heart was hot and mad.

"There is rust on Squando's knife,
From the warm, red springs of
life ;
On the funeral hemlock-trees
Many a scalp the totem sees.

"Blood for blood ! But evermore
Squando's heart is sad and sore ;
And his poor squaw waits at home
For the feet that never come !

"Waldron of Coheco, hear !
Squando speaks, who laughs at fear ;
Take the captives he has ta'en ;
Let the land have peace again !"

As the words died on his tongue,
Wide apart his warriors swung ;
Parted, at the sign he gave,
Right and left, like Egypt's wave.

And, like Israel passing free
Through the prophet-charmed sea,
Captive mother, wife, and child
Through the dusky terror filed.

One alone, a little maid,
Middleway her steps delayed,
Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,
Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid
On the little maiden's head,
Lightly from her forehead fair
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

"Gift or favour ask I none ;
What I have is all my own :
Never yet the birds have sung,
'Squando hath a beggar's tongue.'

"Yet for her who waits at home
For the dead who cannot come,
Let the little Gold-hair be
In the place of Menewee !

"Mishanock, my little star !
Come to Saco's pines afar ;
Where the sad one waits at home,
Wequashim, my moonlight, come !"

"What !" quoth Waldron, "leave a
child
Christian-born to heathens wild ?
As God lives, from Satan's hand
I will pluck her as a brand !"

"Hear me, white man !" Squando
cried ;
"Let the little one decide.
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,
Wilt thou go with me, or stay ?"

Slowly, sadly, half afraid,
Half regretfully, the maid
Owned the ties of blood and race,—
Turned from Squando's pleading
face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,
But his wampum chain he broke,
And the beaded wonder hung
On that neck so fair and young.

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem
In the marches of a dream,
Single-filed, the grim array
Through the pine-trees wound away.

Doubting, trembling, sore amazed,
Through her tears the young child
gazed.

"God preserve her !" Waldron said ;
"Satan hath bewitched the maid !"

Years went and came. At close of
day

Singing came a child from play,
Tossing from her loose-locked head
Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother's look,
But her head she gravely shook,
And with lips that fondly smiled
Feigned to elude her truant child.

Unabashed, the maid began :
"Up and down the brook I ran,
Where, beneath the bank so steep,
Lie the spotted trout asleep.

"'Chip !' went squirrel on the
wall,
After me I heard him call,
And the cat-bird on the tree
Tried his best to mimic me.

"Where the hemlocks grew so dark
That I stopped to look and hark,
On a log, with feather-hat,
By the path, an Indian sat.

"Then I cried, and ran away ;
But he called, and bade me stay ;
And his voice was good and mild
As my mother's to her child.

"And he took my wampum chain,
Looked and looked it o'er again ;
Gave me berries, and, beside,
On my neck a plathing tied."

Straight the mother stooped to see
What the Indian's gift might be,
On the braid of wampum hung,
Lo ! a cross of silver swung.

Well she knew its graven sign,
Squando's bird and totem pine ;
And, a mirage of the brain,
Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine through,
 Into space the walls outgrew ;
 On the Indian's wigwam-mat,
 Blossom-crowned, again she sat.

Cool she felt the west-wind blow,
 In her ear the pines sang low,
 And, like links from out a chain.
 Dropped the years of care and pain.

From the outward toil and din,
 From the griefs that gnaw within,
 To the freedom of the woods
 Called the birds, and winds, and
 floods.

Well, O painful minister !
 Watch thy flock, but blame not her,
 If her ear grew sharp to hear
 All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul
 All the desert's glamour stole,
 That a tear for childhood's loss
 Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, that night, the Book was
 read,
 And she bowed her widowed head,
 And a prayer for each loved name
 Rose like incense from a flame,

To the listening ear of Heaven,
 Lo ! another name was given :
 "Father, give the Indian rest !
 Bless him ! for his love has blest !"

MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth
 hill,
 Their song was soft and low ;
 The blossoms in the sweet May wind
 Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
 The orchard birds sang clear ;
 The sweetest and the saddest day
 It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
 My playmate left her home,
 And took with her the laughing
 spring,
 The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
 She laid her hand in mine :
 What more could ask the bashful boy
 Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :
 The constant years told o'er
 Their seasons with as sweet May
 morns,
 But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
 Of uneventful years ;
 Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
 And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
 Her summer roses blow ;
 The dusky children of the sun
 Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
 She smooths her silken gown,—
 No more the homespun lap wherein
 I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
 The brown nuts on the hill,
 And still the May-day flowers make
 sweet
 The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
 The bird builds in the tree,
 The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
 The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
 And how the old time seems,—
 If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
 Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice :
 Does she remember mine ?
 And what to her is now the boy
 Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles
 build

For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and
 fern

A sweeter memory blow ;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee !



BALLADS.

—:0:—

MARY GARVIN.

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna,
from the lake that never fails,
Falls the Saco in the green lap of
Conway's intervales ;

There, in wild and virgin freshness,
its waters foam and flow,
As when Darby Field first saw them,
two hundred years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course
with bridges, dams, and mills,
How changed is Saco's stream, how
lost its freedom of the hills,

Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines,
and stately Champernoou
Heard on its banks the grey wolf's
howl, the trumpet of the loon !

With smoking axle hot with speed,
with steeds of fire and steam,
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday
behind him like a dream.

Still, from the hurrying train of Life,
fly backward far and fast
The milestones of the fathers, the
landmarks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged :
the sorrow and the sin,
The loves and hopes and fears of old,
are to our own akin ;

And if, in tales our fathers told, the
songs our mothers sung,
Tradition wears a snowy beard,
Romance is always young.

O sharp-lined man of traffic, on Saco's
banks to-day !

O mill-girl watching late and long the
shuttle's restless play !

Let, for the once, a listening ear the
working hand beguile,
And lend my old Provincial tale, as
suits, a tear or smile !

The evening gun had sounded from
grey Fort Mary's walls ;
Through the forest, like a wild beast,
roared and plunged the Saco's
falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that
damp and gusty grew,
Over cedars darkening inland the
smokes of Sparwink blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin
blazed the crackling walnut log ;
Eight and left sat dame and good-
man, and between them lay the
dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging,
and beside him on her mat,
Sitting drowsy in the fire-light, winked
and purred the mottled cat.

"Twenty years !" said Goodman Gar-
vin, speaking sadly, under breath,
And his grey head slowly shaking, as
one who speaks of death.

The goodwife dropped her needles :
"It is twenty years to-day,
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and
stole our child away."

Then they sank into the silence, for
each knew the other's thought,
Of a great and common sorrow, and
words were needed not.

"Who knocks?" cried Goodman Gar-
vin. The door was open thrown;
On two strangers, man and maiden,
cloaked and furred, the fire-light
shone.

One with courteous gesture lifted the
bear-skin from his head;
"Lives here Elkanah Garvin?" "I
am he," the goodman said.

"Sit ye down, and dry and warm ye,
for the night is chill with rain."
And the goodwife drew the settle, and
stirred the fire amain.

The maid unelased her eloak-hood,
the fire-light glistened fair
In her large, moist eyes, and over
soft folds of dark brown hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her: "It
is Mary's self I see!
Dear heart!" she cried, "now tell me,
has my child come back to me?"

"My name indeed is Mary," said the
stranger, sobbing wild;
"Will you be to me a mother? I am
Mary Garvin's child!"

"She sleeps by wooded Simeoe, but
on her dying day
She bade my father take me to her
kinsfolk far away.

"And when the priest besought her
to do me no such wrong,
She said, 'May God forgive me! I
have closed my heart too long.

"When I hid me from my father,
and shut out my mother's call,
I sinned against those dear ones, and
the Father of us all.

"Christ's love rebukes no home-love
breaks no tie of kin apart;
Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy
of heart.

"Tell me not the Church must cen-
sure: she who wept the Cross
beside
Never made her own flesh strangers,
nor the claims of blood denied;

"And if she who wronged her parents,
with her child atones to them,
Earthly daughter, Heavenly mother!
thou at least wilt not condemn!"

"So upon her death-bed lying, my
blessed mother spake;
As we come to do her bidding, so
receive us for her sake."

"God be praised!" said Goodwife
Garvin, "He taketh and He
gives;
He woundeth, but He healeth; in her
child our daughter lives!"

"Amen!" the old man answered, as
he brushed a tear away,
And, kneeling by his hearthstone, said
with reverence, "Let us pray."

All its Oriental symbols, and its
Hebrew paraphrase,
Warm with earnest life and feeling,
rose his prayer of love and praise.

But he started at beholding, as he
rose from off his knee,
The stranger cross his forehead with
the sign of Papistrie.

"What is this?" cried Farmer Garvin.
"Is an English Christian's home
A chapel or a mass-house, that you
make the sign of Rome?"

Then the young girl knelt beside him,
kissed his trembling hand, and
cried:

"Oh, forbear to chide my father; in
that faith my mother died!"

“On her wooden cross at Simeoe the
dews and sunshine fall,
As they fall on Spurwink’s graveyard;
and the dear God watches all!”

The old man stroked the fair head
that rested on his knee;
“Your words,” dear child, he answered,
“are God’s rebuke to me.

“Creed and rite perchance may differ,
yet our faith and hope be one.
Let me be your father’s father, let him
be to me a son.”

When the horn, on Sabbath morning,
through the still and frosty air,
From Spurwink, Pool, and Black
Point, called to sermon and to
prayer,

To the goodly house of worship, where,
in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and
ranked the people sit;

Mistress first and goodwife after,
clerkly squire before the clown,
From the brave coat, lace-embroidered,
to the grey frock, shading down;

From the pulpit read the preacher,—
“Goodman Garvin and his wife
Fain would thank the Lord, whose
kindness has followed them
through life,

“For the great and crowning mercy,
that their daughter from the wild,
Where she rests (they hope in God’s
peace), has sent to them her child;

“And the prayers of all God’s people
they ask, that they may prove
Not unworthy, through their weak-
ness, of such special proof of love.”

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the
aged couple stood,
And the fair Canadian also, in her
modest maidenhood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubt-
ing, “She is Papist born and
bred;”

Thought the young men, “’Tis an
angel in Mary Garvin’s stead!”

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer’s day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry
glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off
town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her
breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dare to own,
For something better than she had
known.

The Judge rode slowly down the
lane,
Smoothing his horse’s chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring
that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring
bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking
down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered
gown.

“Thanks!” said the Judge; “a
sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.”

He spoke of the grass and flowers and
trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming
bees;

Then talked of the haying, and
wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring
foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and
brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel
eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed:
“Ah me!
That I the Judge’s bride might be!

“He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“My father should wear a broadcloth
coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

“I’d dress my mother so grand and
gay,
And the baby should have a new toy
each day.

“And I’d feed the hungry and clothe
the poor,
And all should bless me who left our
door.”

The Judge looked back as he climbed
the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

“A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne’er hath it been my lot to meet.

“And her modest answer and graceful
air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

“No doubtful balance of rights and
wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless
tongues,

“But low of cattle and song of
birds,
And health and quiet and loving
words.”

But he thought of his sisters proud
and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and
gold.

So, closing his heart the Judge rode
on,
And Maud was left in the field
alone.

But the lawyers smiled that after-
noon,
When he hummed in Court an old
love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the
well
Till the rain on the unraked clover
fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for
power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth’s bright
glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller’s hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was
red,
He longed for the wayside well in-
stead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished
rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-
blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a
secret pain,
“Ah, that I were free again !

“Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her
hay.”

She wedded a man unlearned and
poor, [door.
And many children played round her

But care and sorrow, and childbirth
pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone
hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow
lot,

And she heard the little spring brook
fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney
lug, [mug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life
again,
Saying only, “It might have been.”

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household
drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth
recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or
pen,
The saddest are these : “It might
have been !”

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope
lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

THE RANGER.

ROBERT RAWLIN !—Frosts were fall-
ing
When the ranger's horn was calling
Through the woods to Canada.
Gone the winter's sleet and snowing,
Gone the spring-time's bud and
blowing,
Gone the summer's harvest mowing,
And again the fields are gray.
Yet away, he's away !
Faint and fainter hope is growing
In the hearts that mourn his
stay.

Where the lion, crouching high on
Abraham's rock with teeth of iron,
Glares o'er wood and wave away,
Faintly thence, as pines far sighing,
Or as thunder spent and dying,
Come the challenge and replying,
Come the sounds of flight and
fray,
Well-a-day ! Hope and pray !
Some are living, some are lying
In their red graves far away.

Straggling rangers, worn with dangers,
Homeward faring, weary strangers

Pass the farm-gate on their way ;
Tidings of the dead and living,
Forest march and ambush, giving,
Till the maidens leave their weaving,
And the lads forget their play.

"Still away, still away !"
Sighs a sad one, sick with grieving,
"Why does Robert still delay !"

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,
Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
Through his painted woodlands
stray,

Than where hillside oaks and beeches
Overlook the long, blue reaches,
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
And green isles of Casco Bay ;
Nowhere day, for delay,
With a tenderer look beseeches,
"Let me with my charmed earth
stay."

On the grain-lands of the mainlands
Stands the serried corn like train-
bands,

Plume and pennon rustling gay ;
Out at sea, the islands wooded,
Silver birches, golden-hooded,
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
Stretch away, far away.
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
By the hazy autumn day.

Gaily chattering to the clattering
Of the brown nuts downward patter-
ing

Leap the squirrels, red and gray.
On the grass-land, on the fallow,
Drop the apples, red and yellow ;
Drop the russet pears and mellow,
Drop the red leaves all the day.
And away, swift away,
Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow
Chasing, weave their web of play.

"Martha Mason, Martha Mason,
Prithce tell us of the reason
Why you mope at home to-day ;
Surely smiling is not sinning ;

Leave your quilling, leave your spin-
What is all your store of linen, [ning ;
If your heart is never gay ?
Come away, come away !
Never yet did sad beginning
Make the task of life a play."

Overbending, till she's blending
With the flaxen skein she's tending
Pale brown tresses smoothed away
From her face of patient sorrow,
Sits she, seeking but to borrow,
From the trembling hope of morrow,
Solace for the weary day.
"Go your way, laugh and play ;
Unto Him who heeds the sparrow
And the lily, let me pray."

"With our rally, rings the valley,—
Join us !" cried the blue-eyed Nelly ;
"Join us !" cried the laughing
"To the beach we all are going, [May,
And, to save the task of rowing,
West by north the wind is blowing,
Blowing briskly down the bay !
Come away, come away !
Time and tide are swiftly flowing,
Let us take them while we may !

"Never tell us that you'll fail us,
Where the purple beach-plum mellow
On the bluffs so wild and gray.
Hasten, for the oars are falling ;
Hark, our merry mates are calling ;
Time it is that we were all in,
Singing tideward down the bay !"
"Nay, nay, let me stay ;
Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin
Is my heart," she said, "to-day."

"Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin !
Some red squaw his moose-meat's
broiling,
Or some French lass, singing gay ;
Just forget as he's forgetting ;
What avails a life of fretting ?
If some stars must needs be setting,
Others rise as good as they."
"Cease, I pray ; go your way !"
Martha cries, her eyelids wetting ;
"Foul and false the words you
say !"

“Martha Mason, hear to reason!
Prithee, put a kinder face on!”

“Cease to vex me,” did she say;
“Better at his side be lying,
With the mournful pine-trees sighing,
And the wild birds o’er us crying,
Than to doubt like mine a prey;
While away, far away,
Turns my heart, for ever trying
Some new hope for each new day.

“When the shadows veil the meadows,
And the sunset’s golden ladders
Sink from twilight’s walls of gray,—
From the window of my dreaming,
I can see his sickle gleaming,
Cheery-voiced, can hear him teaming
Down the loenst-shaded way;
But away, swift away,
Fades the fond, delusive seeming,
And I kneel again to pray.

“When the growing dawn is showing,
And the barn-yard cock is crowing,
And the horned moon pales away:
From a dream of him awaking,
Every sound my heart is making
Seems a footstep of his taking;
Then I hush the thought, and say,
‘Nay, nay, he’s away!’
Ah! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the dear one far away.”

Look up, Martha! worn and swarthy,
Glows a face of manhood worthy:
“Robert!” “Martha!” all they
say.

O’er went wheel and reel together,
Little cared the owner whither;
Heart of lead is heart of feather,
Noon of night is noon of day!
Come away, come away!
When such lovers meet each other,
Why should prying idlers stay?

Quench the timber’s fallen embers,
Quench the red leaves in December’s
Hoary rime and chilly spray.
But the hearth shall kindle clearer,
Household welcomes sound sincerer,
Heart to loving heart grow nearer,

When the bridal bells shall say:
“Hope and pray, trust alway;
Life is sweeter, love is dearer,
For the trial and delay!”

COBBLER KEEZAR’S VISION.^a

THE beaver cut his timber
With patient teeth that day,
The minks were fish-wards, and the
crows
Surveyors of highway,—

When Keezar sat on the hillside
Upon his cobbler’s form,
With a pan of coals on either hand
To keep his waxed-ends warm.

And there, in the golden weather,
He stitched and hammered and
sung;
In the brook he moistened his leather,
In the pewter mug his tongue.

Well knew the tough old Teuton
Who brewed the stoutest ale,
And he paid the goodwife’s reckon-
ing
In the coin of song and tale.

The songs they still are singing
Who dress the hills of vine,
The tales that haunt the Broecken
And whisper down the Rhine.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,
The swift stream wound away,
Through birches and scarlet maples
Flashing in foam and spray,—

Down on the sharp-horned ledges
Plunging in steep cascade,
Tossing its white-maned waters
Against the hemlock’s shade.

^a This ballad was written on the occasion of a Horticultural Festival. Cobbler Keezar was a noted character among the first settlers in the valley of the Merrimack.

Woodsy and wild and lonesome,
 East and west and north and
 Only the village of fishers [south ;
 Down at the river's mouth ;

Only here and there a clearing,
 With its farm-house rude and new,
 And tree-stumps, swart as Indians,
 Where the scanty harvest grew.

No shout of home-bound reapers,
 No vintage-song he heard,
 And on the green no dancing feet
 The merry violin stirred.

"Why should folk be glum," said
 Keezar.

"When Nature herself is glad,
 And the painted woods are laughing
 At the faces so sour and sad?"

Small heed had the careless cobbler
 What sorrow of heart was theirs
 Who travailed in pain with the births
 of God,
 And planted a state with prayers,—

Hunting of witches and warlocks,
 Smiting the heathen horde,—
 One hand on the mason's trowel,
 And one on the soldier's sword !

But give him his ale and cider,
 Give him his pipe and song,
 Little he cared for Church or State,
 Or the balance of right and wrong.

"'Tis work, work, work," he mut-
 tered,—

"And for rest a snuffle of psalms !"
 He smote on his leathern apron
 With his brown and waxen palms.

"Oh for the purple harvests
 Of the days when I was young !
 For the merry grape-stained maidens,
 And the pleasant songs they sung !

"Oh for the breath of vineyards,
 Of apples and nuts and wine !
 For an oar to row and a breeze to blow
 Down the grand old river Rhine !"

A tear in his blue eye glistened,
 And dropped on his beard so gray.
 "Old, old am I," said Keezar,
 "And the Rhine flows far away !"

But a cunning man was the cobbler ;
 He could call the birds from the
 trees,
 Charm the black snake out of the
 ledges,
 And bring back the swarming bees.

All the virtues of herbs and metals,
 All the lore of the woods, he knew,
 And the arts of the Old World mingled
 With the marvels of the New.

Well he knew the tricks of magic,
 And the lapstone on his knee
 Had the gift of the Mormon's goggles
 Or the stone of Doctor Dee.

For the mighty master Agrippa
 Wrought it with spell and rhyme
 From a fragment of mystic moonstone
 In the tower of Nettesheim.

To a cobbler Minnesinger
 The marvellous stone gave he,—
 And he gave it, in turn, to Keezar,
 Who brought it over the sea.

He held up that mystic lapstone,
 He held it up like a lens,
 And he counted the long years coming
 By twenties and by tens.

"One hundred years," quoth Keezar,
 "And fifty have I told :
 Now open the new before me,
 And shut me out the old !"

Like a cloud of mist, the blackness
 Rolled from the magic stone,
 And a marvellous picture mingled
 The unknown and the known.

Still ran the stream to the river,
 And river and ocean joined ;
 And there were the bluffs and the
 blue sea-line,
 And cold north hills behind,

But the mighty forest was broken
 By many a steepled town,
 By many a white-walled farm-house,
 And many a garner brown.

Turning a score of mill-wheels,
 The stream no more ran free ;
 White sails on the winding river,
 White sails on the far-off sea.

Below in the noisy village
 The flags were floating gay,
 And shone on a thousand faces
 The light of a holiday.

Swiftly the rival ploughmen
 Turned the brown earth from their
 shares ;
 Here were the farmer's treasures,
 There were the craftsman's wares.

Golden the goodwife's butter,
 Ruby her currant-wine ;
 Grand were the strutting turkeys,
 Fat were the beeves and swine.

Yellow and red were the apples,
 And the ripe pears russet-brown,
 And the peaches had stolen blushes
 From the girls who shook them
 down.

And with blooms of hill and wild-
 wood,
 That shame the toil of art,
 Mingled the gorgeous blossoms
 Of the garden's tropic heart.

"What is it I see ?" said Keezar :
 "Am I here, or am I there ?
 Is it a fête at Bingen ?
 Do I look on Frankfort fair ?

"But where are the clowns and
 puppets,
 And imps with horns and tail ?
 And where are the Rhenish flagons ?
 And where is the foaming ale ?

"Strange things, I know, will hap-
 pen,—
 Strange things the Lord permits ;
 But that droughty folk should be jolly
 Puzzles my poor old wits.

"Here are smiling manly faces,
 And the maiden's step is gay ;
 Nor sad by thinking, nor mad by
 drinking,
 Nor mopes, nor fools, are they.

"Here's pleasure without regretting,
 And good without abuse,
 The holiday and the bridal
 Of beauty and of use.

"Here's a priest and there is a
 Quaker,—
 Do the cat and dog agree ?
 Have they burned the stocks for
 oven-wood ?
 Have they cut down the gallows-
 tree ?

"Would the old folk know their chil-
 dren ?
 Would they own the graceless
 town,
 With never a ranter to worry
 And never a witch to drown ?"

Loud laughed the cobbler Keezar,
 Laughed like a school-boy gay ;
 Tossing his arms above him,
 The lapstone rolled away.

It rolled down the rugged hillside,
 It spun like a wheel bewitched,
 It plunged through the leaning
 willows,
 And into the river pitched.

There, in the deep, dark water
 The magic stone lies still,
 Under the leaning willows,
 In the shadow of the hill.

But oft the idle fisher
 Sits on the shadowy bank,
 And his dreams make marvellous pic-
 tures
 Where the wizard's lapstone sank.

And still, in the summer twilights,
 When the river seems to run
 Out from the inner glory,
 Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers
Beside the charmed stream,
And the sky and the golden water
Shape and colour her dream.

Fair wave the sunset gardens,
The rosy signals fly ;
Her homestead beckons from the
cloud,
And love goes sailing by.

AMY WENTWORTH.

TO W. E.

As they who watch by sick-beds find
relief
Unwittingly from the great stress of
grief
And anxious care in fantasies out-
wrought
From the hearth's embers flickering
low, or caught
From whispering wind, or tread of
passing feet,
Or vagrant memory calling up some
sweet
Snatch of old song or romance, whence
or why
They scarcely know or ask,—so, thou
and I,
Nursed in the faith that Truth alone
is strong
In the endurance which outwearies
Wrong,
With meek persistence baffling brutal
force,
And trusting God against the uni-
verse,—
We, doomed to watch a strife we may
not share
With other weapons than the patriot's
prayer,
Yet owning, with full hearts and
moistened eyes,
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,
And wrung by keenest sympathy for
all
Who give their loved ones for the
living wall

'Twixt law and treason,—in this evil
day
May haply find, through automatic
play
Of pen and pencil, solace to our
pain,
And hearten others with the strength
we gain.
I know it has been said our times
require
No play of art, nor dalliance with the
lyre,
No weak essay with Fancy's chloro-
form
To calm the hot, mad pulses of the
storm,
But the stern war-blast rather, such
as sets
The battle's teeth of serried bayonets,
And pictures grim as Vernet's. Yet
with these
Some softer tints may blend, and
milder keys
Relieve the storm-stunned ear. Let
us keep sweet
If so we may, our hearts, even while
we eat
The bitter harvest of our own device
And half a century's moral cowardice.
As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg
defied,
And Kranach painted by his Luther's
side,
And through the war-march of the
Puritan
The silver stream of Marvell's music
ran,
So let the household melodies be
sung,
The pleasant pictures on the wall be
hung,—
So let us hold against the hosts of
night
And slavery all our vantage-ground
of light.
Let Treason boast its savagery and
shake [snake,
From its flag-folds its symbol rattle-
Nurse its fine arts, lay human skins
in tan,
And carve its pipe-bowls from the
bones of man,

And make the tale of Fijian banquets
dull
By drinking whiskey from a loyal
skull,—
But let us guard, till this sad war
shall cease,
(God grant it soon !) the graceful arts
of peace :
No foes are conquered who the victors
teach
Their vandal manners and barbaric
speech.

And while, with hearts of thankful-
ness, we bear
Of the great common burden our full
share,
Let none upbraid us that the waves
entice
Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint
device,
Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen
away
From the sharp strifes and sorrows of
to-day.
Thus, while the east-wind keen from
Labrador
Sings in the leafless elms, and from
the shore
Of the great sea comes the monotonous
roar [sky
Of the long-breaking surf, and all the
Is grey with cloud, home-bound and
dull, I try
To time a simple legend to the sounds
Of winds in the woods, and waves on
pebbled bounds,—
A song for oars to chime with, such
as might
Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at
night
Look from their hemlock camps, by
quiet cove
Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves
they love.
(So hast thou looked, when level sun-
set lay [bay,
On the calm bosom of some Eastern
And all the spray-moist rocks and
waves that rolled
Up the white sand-slopes flashed with
ruddy gold.)

Something it has—a flavour of the sea,
And the sea's freedom—which re-
minds of thee.
Its faded picture, dimly smiling down
From the blurred fresco of the ancient
town, [in vain,
I have not touched with warmer tints
If, in this dark, sad year, it steals
one thought from pain.

HER fingers shame the ivory keys
They dance so light along ;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles !
Her thoughts are not of thee ;
She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings ;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her
praise,
But dreams the while of one
Who watches from his sea-blown deck
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,
And every fog-wreath dim,
And bids the sea-birds flying north
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of
men
He perilled life to save,
And grateful prayers, like holy oil
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smaek !
Fair toast of all the town !—
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems
The lady's silken gown !

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear
For him the blush of shame
Who dares to set his manly gifts
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
 And blood is not like wine ;
 Nor honoured less than he who heirs
 Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
 If love be Fortune's spur ;
 And never maiden stoops to him
 Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
 With stately stairways worn
 By feet of old Colonial knights
 And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch
 The English ivy twines,
 Trained back to show in English oak
 The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the waincoat old,
 Ancestral faces frown,—
 And this has worn the soldier's sword,
 And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,
 She walks the gallery floor
 As if she trod her sailor's deck
 By stormy Labrador !

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-side,
 And green are Elliot's bowers ;
 Her garden is the pebbled beach,
 The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbour-bar
 To see the white gulls fly ;
 His greeting from the Northern sea
 Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
 As in its romance old,
 Shall homeward ride with silken sails
 And masts of beaten gold !

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
 And high and low mate ill ;
 But love has never known a law
 Beyond its own sweet will !

THE COUNTESS.

TO E. W.

I KNOW not, Time and Space so inter-
 vene,
 Whether, still waiting with a trust
 serene,
 Thou bearest up thy fourscore years
 and ten,
 Or, called at last, art now Heaven's
 citizen ;
 But, here or there, a pleasant thought
 of thee,
 Like an old friend, all day has been
 with me,
 The shy, still boy, for whom thy
 kindly hand
 Smoothed his hard pathway to the
 wonder-land
 Of thought and fancy, in grey man-
 hood yet
 Keeps green the memory of his early
 debt.
 To-day, when truth and falsehood
 speak their words
 Through hot-lipped cannon and the
 teeth of swords,
 Listening with quickened heart and
 ear intent
 To each sharp clause of that stern
 argument,
 I still can hear at times a softer note
 Of the old pastoral music round me
 float,
 While through the hot gleam of our
 civil strife
 Looms the green mirage of a simpler
 life.
 As, at his alien post, the sentinel
 Drops the old bucket in the homestead
 well,
 And hears old voices in the winds that
 toss
 Above his head the live-oak's beard
 of moss,
 So, in our trial-time, and under skies
 Shadowed by swords like Islam's
 paradise,
 I wait and watch, and let my fancy
 stray
 To milder scenes and youth's Arcadian
 day ;

And howsoe'er the pencil dipped in
dreams
Shades the brown woods or tints the
sunset streams,
The country doctor in the foreground
seems,
Whose ancient sulky down the village
lanes
Dragged, like a war-car, captive ills
and pains.
I could not paint the scenery of my
song,
Mindless of one who looked thereon
so long ;
Who, night and day, on duty's lonely
round,
Made friends o' the woods and rocks,
and knew the sound
Of each small brook, and what the
hillside trees
Said to the winds that touched their
leafy keys ;
Who saw so keenly and so well could
paint
The village-folk, with all their
humours quaint,—
The parson ambling on his wall-eyed
roan,
Grave and erect, with white hair
backward blown ;
The tough old boatman, half amphi-
bious grown ;
The muttering witch-wife of the
gossip's tale,
And the loud straggler levying his
blackmail,—
Old customs, habits, superstitions,
fears,
All that lies buried under fifty
years.
To thee, as is most fit, I bring my
lay,
And, grateful, own the debt I cannot
pay.



OVER the wooded northern ridge,
Between its houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The street comes straggling down.

You catch a glimpse, through birch
and pine,
Of gable, roof, and porch,
The tavern with its swinging sign
The sharp horn of the church.

The river's steel-blue crescent curves
To meet, in ebb and flow,
The single broken wharf that serves
For sloop and gundelow.

With salt sea-seents along its shores
The heavy hay-boats crawl,
The long antennæ of their oars
In lazy rise and fall.

Along the grey abutment's wall,
The idle shad-net dries ;
The toll-man in his cobbler's stall
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

You hear the pier's low undertone
Of waves that chafe and gnaw ;
You start,—a skipper's horn is blown
To raise the creaking draw.

At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds
With slow and sluggish beat,
Or stage-coach on its dusty rounds
Wakes up the staring street.

A place for idle eyes and ears,
A cobwebbed nook of dreams ;
Left by the stream whose waves are
years
The stranded village seems.

And there, like other moss and
rust,
The native dweller clings,
And keeps, in uninquiring trust,
The old, dull round of things.

The fisher drops his patient lines,
The farmer sows his grain,
Content to hear the murmuring pines
Instead of railroad-train.

Go where, along the tangled steep
That slopes against the west,
The hamlet's buried idlers sleep
In still profounder rest.

Throw back the locust's flowery plume,
The birch's pale-green scarf,
And break the web of brier and bloom
From name and epitaph.

A simple muster-roll of death,
Of pomp and romance shorn,
The dry, old names that common
breath
Has cheapened and outworn.

Yet pause by one low mound, and part
The wild vines o'er it laced,
And read the words by rustic art
Upon its headstone traced.

Haply yon white-haired villager
Of fourscore years can say
What means the noble name of her
Who sleeps with common clay.

An exile from the Gascon land
Found refuge here and rest,
And loved, of all the village band,
Its fairest and its best.

He knelt with her on Sabbath morns,
He worshipped through her eyes,
And on the pride that doubts and
scorns
Stole in her faith's surprise.

Her simple daily life he saw
By homeliest duties tried,
In all things by an untaught law
Of fitness justified.

For her his rank aside he laid,
He took the hue and tone
Of lowly life and toil, and made
Her simple ways his own.

Yet still, in gay and careless ease,
To harvest-field or dance
He brought the gentle courtesies,
The nameless grace of France.

And she who taught him love not
less
From him she loved in turn
Caught in her sweet unconsciousness
What love is quick to learn.

Each grew to each in pleased accord,
Nor knew the gazing town
If she looked upward to her lord
Or he to her looked down.

How sweet, when summer's day was
o'er,
His violin's mirth and wail,
The walk on pleasant Newbury's
shore,
The river's moonlit sail !

Ah ! life is brief, though love be
long ;
The altar and the bier,
The burial hymn and bridal song,
Were both in one short year.

Her rest is quiet on the hill,
Beneath the locust's bloom :
Far off her lover sleeps as still
Within his sentcheoned tomb.

The Gascon lord, the village maid,
In death still clasp their hands ;
The love that levels rank and grade
Unites their severed lands.

What matter whose the hillside grave,
Or whose the blazoned stone ?
For ever to her western wave
Shall whisper blue Garonne !

O Love !—so hallowing every soil
That gives thy sweet flower room,
Wherever, nursed by ease or toil,
The human heart takes bloom !—

Plant of lost Eden, from the sod
Of sinful earth unripen,
White blossom of the trees of God
Dropped down to us from heaven !—

This tangled waste of mound and stone
Is holy for thy sake ;
A sweetness which is all thy own
Breathes out from fern and brake.

And while ancestral pride shall twine
The Gascon's tomb with flowers,
Fall sweetly here, O song of mine,
With summer's bloom and showers !

And let the lines that severed seem
Unite again in thee,
As western wave and Gallic stream
Are mingled in one sea !

THE WITCH OF WENHAM.

I.

ALONG Crane River's sunny slopes,
Blew warm the winds of May,
And over Naumkeag's ancient oaks
The green outgrew the gray.

The grass was green on Rial-side,
The early birds at will
Waked up the violet in its dell,
The wind-flower on its hill.

"Where go you, in your Sunday coat
Son Andrew, tell me, pray."
"For striped perch in Wenham Lake
I go to fish to-day."

"Unharm'd of thee in Wenham Lake
The mottled perch shall be :
A blue-eyed witch sits on the bank
And weaves her net for thee.

"She weaves her golden hair ; she
sings
Her spell-song low and faint ;
The wickedest witch in Salem jail
Is to that girl a saint."

"Nay, mother, hold thy cruel tongue ;
God knows," the young man cried,
"He never made a whiter soul
Than hers by Wenham side.

"She tends her mother sick and blind,
And every want supplies ;
To her above the blessed Book
She lends her soft blue eyes.

"Her voice is glad with holy songs,
Her lips are sweet with prayer ;
Go where you will, in ten miles round
Is none more good and fair."

"Son Andrew, for the love of God
And of thy mother, stay !"
She clasped her hands, she wept
aloud,
But Andrew rode away.

"O reverend sir, my Andrew's soul
The Wenham witch has caught :
She holds him with the curl'd gold
Whereof her snare is wrought.

"She charms him with her great blue
eyes,
She binds him with her hair ;
Oh, break the spell with holy words,
Unbind him with a prayer !"

"Take heart," the painful preacher
said,
"This mischief shall not be ;
The witch shall perish in her sins
And Andrew shall go free.

"Our poor Ann Putman testifies
She saw her weave a spell,
Bare-armed, loose-haired, at full of
moon,
Around a dried-up well.

"Spring up, O well !" she softly
sang
The Hebrew's old refrain
(For Satan uses Bible words),
Till water flowed amain.

"And many a goodwife heard her
speak
By Wenham water words
That made the buttercups take wings
And turn to yellow birds.

"They say that swarming wild bees
seek
The hive at her command :
And fishes swim to take their food
From out her dainty hand.

"Meek as she sits in meeting-time,
The godly minister
Notes well the spell that doth com-
pel
The young men's eyes to her.

“The mole upon her dimpled chin
Is Satan’s seal and sign ;
Her lips are red with evil bread
And stain of unblest wine.

“For Tituba, my Indian, saith
At Quasyeung she took
The Black Man’s godless sacrament
And signed his dreadful book.

“Last night my sore-afflicted child
Against the young witch cried.
To take her Marshal Herriek rides
Even now to Wenham side.”

The marshal in his saddle sat,
His daughter at his knee ;
“I go to fetch that arrant witch,
Thy fair playmate,” quoth he.

“Her spectre walks the parsonage,
And haunts both hall and stair ;
They know her by the great blue
eyes
And floating gold of hair.”

“They lie, they lie, my father dear !
No foul old witch is she,
But sweet and good and crystal-pure
As Wenham waters be.”

“I tell thee, child, the Lord hath set
Before us good and ill,
And woe to all whose carnal loves
Oppose His righteous will.

“Between Him and the powers of
hell
Choose thou, my child, to-day :
No sparing hand, no pitying eye,
When God commands to slay !”

He went his way ; the old wives shook
With fear as he drew nigh :
The children in the dooryards held
Their breath as he passed by.

Too well they knew the gaunt grey
horse
The grim witch-hunter rode—
The pale Apocalyptic beast
By grisly Death bestrode.

II.

Oh, fair the face of Wenham Lake
Upon the young girl’s shone,
Her tender mouth, her dreaming eye,
Her yellow hair outblown.

By happy youth and love attuned
To natural harmonies,
The singing birds, the whispering
wind,
She sat beneath the trees.

Sat shaping for her bridal dress
Her mother’s wedding gown,
When lo ! the marshal, writ in hand,
From Alford hill rode down.

His face was hard with cruel fear,
He grasped the maiden’s hands :
“Come with me unto Salem town,
For so the law commands !”

“Oh, let me to my mother say
Farewell before I go !”
He closer tied her little hands
Unto his saddle bow.

“Unhand me,” cried she piteously,
“For thy sweet daughter’s sake.”
“I’ll keep my daughter safe,” he
said,
“From the witch of Wenham Lake.”

“Oh, leave me for my mother’s
sake,
She needs my eyes to see.”
“Those eyes, young witch, the crows
shall peck
From off the gallows-tree.”

He bore her to a farm-house old,
And up its stairway long,
And closed on her the garret-door
With iron bolted strong.

The day died out, the night came
down :
Her evening prayer she said,
While, through the dark, strange faces
seemed
To mock her as she prayed.

The present horror deepened all
The fears her childhood knew ;
The awe wherewith the air was filled
With every breath she drew.

And could it be, she trembling asked,
Some secret thought or sin
Had shut good angels from her heart
And let the bad ones in ?

Had she in some forgotten dream
Let go her hold on Heaven,
And sold herself unwittingly
To spirits unforgiven ?

Oh, weird and still the dark hours
passed ;
No human sound she heard,
But up and down the chimney stack
The swallows moaned and stirred.

And o'er her, with a dread surmise
Of evil sight and sound,
The blind bats on their leathern
wings
Went wheeling round and round.

Low hanging in the midnight sky
Looked in a half-faced moon.
Was it a dream, or did she hear
Her lover's whistled tune ?

She forced the oaken scuttle back ;
A whisper reached her ear :
"Slide down the roof to me," it said,
"So softly none may hear."

She slid along the sloping roof
Till from its eaves she hung,
And felt the loosened shingles yield
To which her fingers clung.

Below, her lover stretched his hands
And touched her feet so small ;
"Drop down to me, dear heart," he
said,
"My arms shall break the fall."

He set her on his pillion soft,
Her arms about him twined ;
And, noiseless as if velvet-shod,
They left the house behind.

But when they reached the open way,
Full free the rein he cast ;
Oh, never through the mirk midnight
Rode man and maid more fast.

Along the wild wood-paths they sped,
The bridgeless streams they swam ;
At set of moon they passed the Bass,
At sunrise Agawam.

At high noon on the Merrimack
The ancient ferryman
Forgot, at times, his idle oars,
So fair a freight to scan.

And when from off his grounded boat
He saw them mount and ride,
"God keep her from the evil eye,
And harm of witch !" he cried.

The maiden laughed, as youth will
laugh
At all its fears gone by ; [low,
"He does not know," she whispered
"A little witch am I."

All day he urged his weary horse,
And, in the red sundown,
Drew rein before a friendly door
In distant Berwick town.

A fellow-feeling for the wronged
The Quaker people felt ;
And safe beside their kindly hearths
The hunted maiden dwelt,

Until from off its breast the land
The haunting horror threw,
And hatred, born of ghastly dreams,
To shame and pity grew.

Sad were the year's spring morns, and
sad
Its golden summer day,
But blithe and glad its withered fields,
And skies of ashen gray ;

For spell and charm had power no
more,
The spectres ceased to roam,
And scattered households knelt again
Around the hearths of home.

And when once more by Beaver Dam The meadow-lark outsang, And once again on all the hills The early violets sprang, And all the windy pasture slopes Lay green within the arms		Of creeks that bore the salted sea To pleasant inland farms, The smith filed off the chains he forged, The jail-bolts backward fell ; And youth and hoary age came forth Like souls escaped from hell.
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IN WAR TIME.

—: o :—

TO SAMUEL E. SEWALL

AND

HARRIET W. SEWALL,

OF MELROSE.

OLOR ISCANUS queries: "Why should
we
Vex at the land's ridiculous miserie?"
So on his Usk banks, in the blood-red
dawn
Of England's civil strife, did careless
Vaughan
Bemoek his times. O friends of many
years!
Though faith and trust are stronger
than our fears,
And the signs promise peace with
liberty,
Not thus we trifle with our country's
tears
And sweat of agony. The future's
gain
Is certain as God's truth; but, mean-
while, pain
Is bitter and tears are salt: our voices
take
A sober tone; our very household
songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and
wrongs;
And innocent mirth is chastened for
the sake
Of the brave hearts that never more
shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more, the un-
returning feet!

THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not; all our way
Is night,—with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson
scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present
pain,
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies !
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done !

A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

THE firmament breaks up. In black
eclipse
Light after light goes out. One evil
star,
Luridly glaring through the smoke of
war,
As in the dream of the Apocalypse,
Drags others down. Let us not weakly
weep
Nor rashly threaten. Give us grace
to keep
Our faith and patience; wherefore
should we leap
On one hand into fratricidal fight,
Or, on the other, yield eternal right,
Frame lies of law, and good and ill
confound ?
What fear we ? Safe on Freedom's
vantage-ground
Our feet are planted: let us there
remain
In unvengeful calm, no means un-
tried
Which truth can sanction, no just
claim denied,
The sad spectators of a suicide !
They break the links of Union: shall
we light
The fires of hell to weld anew the
chain
On that red anvil where each blow is
pain ?
Draw we not even now a freer breath,
As from our shoulders falls a load of
death
Loathsome as that the Tuscan's victim
bore
When keen with life to a dead horror
bound ?
Why take we up the accursed thing
again ?

Pity, forgive, but urge them back no
more
Who, drunk with passion, flaunt dis-
union's rag
With its vile reptile-blazon. Let us
press
The golden cluster on our brave old
flag
In closer union, and, if numbering
less,
Brighter shall shine the stars which
still remain.

16th 1st mo., 1861.

"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER
GOTT."

(LUTHER'S HYMN.)

WE wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation ;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire ;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

The hand-breadth cloud the sages
feared
Its bloody rain is dropping ;
The poison plant the fathers spared
All else is overtopping.
East, West, South, North,
It curses the earth ;
All justice dies,
And fraud and lies
Live only in its shadow.

What gives the wheat-field blades of
steel ?
What points the rebel cannon ?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star-spangled pennon ?
What breaks the oath
Of the men o' the South ?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life ?—
Hark to the answer : Slavery !

Then waste no blows on lesser foes
 In strife unworthy freemen.
 God lifts to-day the veil, and shows
 The features of the demon !
 O North and South,
 Its victims both,
 Can ye not cry,
 " Let Slavery die ! "
 And union find in freedom ?

What though the cast-out spirit tear
 The nation in his going ?
 We who have shared the guilt must
 share
 The pang of his o'erthrowing ;
 Whate'er the loss,
 Whate'er the cross,
 Shall they complain
 Of present pain
 Who trust in God's hereafter ?

For who that leans on His right arm
 Was ever yet forsaken ?
 What righteous cause can suffer harm
 If He its part has taken ?
 Though wild and loud,
 And dark the cloud,
 Behind its folds
 His hand upholds
 The calm sky of to-morrow !

Above the maddening cry for blood,
 Above the wild war-drumming,
 Let Freedom's voice be heard, with
 good
 The evil overcoming.
 Give prayer and purse
 To stay the Curse
 Whose wrong we share,
 Whose shame we bear,
 Whose end shall gladden Heaven !

In vain the bells of war shall ring
 Of triumphs and revenges,
 While still is spared the evil thing
 That severs and estranges.
 But blest the ear
 That yet shall hear
 The jubilant bell
 That rings the knell
 Of Slavery for ever !

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
 And hushed the breath of sighing ;
 Before the joy of peace must come
 The pains of purifying.
 God give us grace
 Each in his place
 To bear his lot,
 And, murmuring not,
 Endure and wait and labour !

TO JOHN C. FREMONT.

Thy error, Fremont, simply was to
 act
 A brave man's part, without the
 statesman's tact,
 And, taking counsel but of common
 sense,
 To strike at cause as well as conse-
 quence.
 Oh, never yet since Roland wound
 his horn [blown
 At Roncesvalles, has a blast been
 Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as
 thine own,
 Heard from the van of freedom's hope
 forlorn !
 It had been safer, doubtless, for the
 time,
 To flatter treason, and avoid offence
 To that Dark Power whose underlying
 crime
 Heaves upward its perpetual turbu-
 lence.
 But if thine be the fate of all who
 break
 The ground for truth's seed, or fore-
 run their years
 Till lost in distance, or with stout
 hearts make
 A lane for freedom through the level
 spears,
 Still take thou courage ! God has
 spoken through thee,
 Irrevocable, the mighty words, Be
 free !
 The land shakes with them, and the
 slave's dull ear
 Turns from the rice-swamp stealthily
 to hear.

Who would recall them now must
 first arrest
 The winds that blow down from the
 free North-west, [back
 Ruffling the Gulf; or like a scroll roll
 The Mississippi to its upper springs.
 Such words fulfil their prophecy, and
 lack
 But the full time to harden into
 things.

THE WATCHERS.

BESIDE a stricken field I stood;
 On the torn turf, on grass and wood,
 Hung heavily the dew of blood.

Still in their fresh mounds lay the
 slain,
 But all the air was quick with pain
 And gusty sighs and tearful rain.

Two angels, each with drooping head
 And folded wings and noiseless tread,
 Watched by that valley of the dead.

The one, with forehead saintly bland
 And lips of blessing, not command,
 Leaned, weeping, on her olive wand.

The other's brows were scarred and
 knit,
 His restless eyes were watch-fires lit,
 His hands for battle-gamblers fit.

"How long!"—I knew the voice of
 Peace,—

"Is there no respite?—no release?—
 When shall the hopeless quarrel
 cease?"

"O Lord, how long!—One human
 soul

Is more than any parchment scroll,
 Or any flag Thy winds unroll.

"What price was Ellsworth's, young
 and brave?"

How weigh the gift that Lyon gave,
 Or count the cost of Winthrop's
 grave?"

"O brother! if thine eye can see,
 Tell how and when the end shall be,
 What hope remains for thee and me."

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
 No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
 When human rights are staked and
 won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,
 I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,
 I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,
 Through Jersey snows the march I
 led,
 My voice Magenta's charges sped.

"But now, through weary day and
 night,
 I watch a vague and aimless fight
 For leave to strike one blow aright.

"On either side my foe they own:
 One guards through love his ghastly
 throne,
 And one through fear to reverence
 grown.

"Why wait we longer, mocked, be-
 trayed,
 By open foes, or those afraid
 To speed thy coming through my aid?"

"Why watch to see who win or fall?—
 I shake the dust against them all,
 I leave them to their senseless brawl."

"Nay," Peace implored: "yet longer
 wait;
 The doom is near, the stake is great:
 God knoweth if it be too late.

"Still wait and watch; the way pre-
 pare
 Where I with folded wings of prayer
 May follow, weaponless and bare."

"Too late!" the stern, sad voice re-
 plied,
 "Too late!" its mournful echo sighed,
 In low lament the answer died.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
An upward gleam of lessening white,
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell
Rung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

“Still hope and trust,” it sang; “the
rod
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,
But all is possible with God !”

TO ENGLISHMEN.

You flung your taunt across the
wave ;

We bore it as became us,
Well knowing that the fettered slave
Left friendly lips no option save
To pity or to blame us.

You scoffed our plea. “Mere lack of
will,
Not lack of power,” you told us :
We showed our free-state records ;
still [ill,
You mocked, confounding good and
Slave-haters and slave-holders.

We struck at Slavery ; to the verge
Of power and means we checked it ;
Lo !—presto, change ! its claims you
urge,
Send greetings to it o’er the surge,
And comfort and protect it.

But yesterday you searce could shake,
In slave-abhorring rigour,
Our Northern palms for conscience’
sake :

To-day you clasp the hands that ache
With “walloping the nigger !”⁴¹

O Englishmen !—in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers !
We too are heirs of Runnymede ;
And Shakespeare’s fame and Crom-
well’s deed
Are not alone our mother’s.

“Thicker than water,” in one rill
Through centuries of story
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinfolk, leagues of
wave

Nor length of years can part us :
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,
The common freehold of the brave,
The gift of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach
Our kindred frail and human :
We carp at faults with bitter speech,
The while, for one unshared by each,
We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart, if not the
knee,
To England’s Queen, God bless
her !

We praised you when your slaves
went free :
We seek to unchain ours. Will ye
Join hands with the oppressor ?

And is it Christian England cheers
The bruiser, not the bruised ?
And must she run, despite the tears
And prayers of eighteen hundred
years,
Amuck in Slavery’s crusade ?

O black disgrace ! O shame and loss
Too deep for tongue to phrase on !
Tear from your flag its holy cross,
And in your van of battle toss
The pirate’s skull-bone blazon !

ASTRÆA AT THE CAPITOL.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1862.

WHEN first I saw our banner wave
Above the nation’s council-hall,
I heard beneath its marble wall
The clanking fetters of the slave !

In the foul market-place I stood,
 And saw the Christian mother sold,
 And childhood with its locks of
 gold,
 Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood.

I shut my eyes, I held my breath,
 And, smothering down the wrath
 and shame
 That set my Northern blood aflame,
 Stood silent,—where to speak was
 death.

Beside me gloomed the prison-cell
 Where wasted one in slow decline
 For uttering simple words of mine,
 And loving freedom all too well.

The flag that floated from the dome
 Flapped menace in the morning
 air;
 I stood a perilled stranger where
 The human broker made his home.

For crime was virtue: Gown and Sword
 And Law their threefold sanction
 gave,
 And to the quarry of the slave
 Went hawking with our symbol-bird.

On the oppressor's side was power;
 And yet I knew that every wrong,
 However old, however strong,
 But waited God's avenging hour.

I knew that truth would crush the
 lie,—
 Somehow, some time, the end would
 be;
 Yet scarcely dared I hope to see
 The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it! In the sun
 A free flag floats from yonder dome,
 And at the nation's hearth and
 home
 The justice long delayed is done.

Not as we hoped, in calm of prayer,
 The message of deliverance comes,
 But heralded by roll of drums
 On waves of battle-troubled air!—

Midst sounds that madden and appall,
 The song that Bethlehem's shep-
 herds knew!
 The harp of David melting through
 The demon-agonies of Saul!

Not as we hoped;—but what are we?
 Above our broken dreams and plans
 God lays, with wiser hand than
 man's,
 The corner-stones of liberty.

I cavil not with Him: the voice
 That freedom's blessed gospel tells
 Is sweet to me as silver bells,
 Rejoicing!—yea, I will rejoice!

Dear friends still toiling in the sun,—
 Ye dearer ones who, gone before,
 Are watching from the eternal shore
 The slow work by your hands begun,—

Rejoice with me! The chastening rod
 Blossoms with love; the furnace
 heat
 Grows cool beneath His blessed feet
 Whose form is as the Son of God!

Rejoice! Our Marah's bitter springs
 Are sweetened; on our ground of
 grief
 Rise day by day in strong relief
 The prophecies of better things.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night
 Are one with God, and one with
 them
 Who see by faith the cloudy hem
 Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's
 light!

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF
 1862.

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly
 The charging trumpets blow;
 Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
 No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness
sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and
flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn, [grain
The mirth that shakes the beard of
And yellow locks of corn ?

Ah ! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot ;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain ;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving-psalm ;
Too near to God for doubt or fear.
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn ;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born,—
The hearts that blossom like her
flowers,
And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes ;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies !

Oh, give to us her finer ear !
Above this stormy din,
We too would hear the bells of cheer
Ring peace and freedom in,

MITHRIDATES AT CHIOS.⁴²

Know'st thou, O slave-cursed
land !

How, when the Chian's cup of guilt
Was full to overflow, there came
God's justice in the sword of flame
That, red with slaughter to its hilt,
Blazed in the Cappadocian victor's
hand ?

The heavens are still and far ;
But, not unheard of awful Jove,
The sighing of the island slave
Was answered, when the Ægean
wave
The keels of Mithridates clove,
And the vines shrivelled in the breath
of war.

"Robbers of Chios ! hark,"
The victor cried, "to Heaven's de-
cree !
Pluck your last cluster from the
vine,
Drain your last cup of Chian
wine !
Slaves of your slaves, your doom
shall be,
In Colchian mines by Phasis rolling
dark."

Then rose the long lament
From the hoar sea-god's dusky
caves :
The priestess rent her hair and
cried,
"Woe ! woe ! The gods are
sleepless eyed !"
And, chained and scourged, the
slaves of slaves,
The lords of Chios into exile went.

"The gods at last pay well,"
So Hellas sang her taunting song ;
"The fisher in his net is caught,
The Chian hath his master
bought" ;
And isle from isle, with laughter
long,
Took up and sped the mocking
parable.

Once more the slow, dumb years
 Bring their avenging cycle round,
 And, more than Hellas taught of
 old,
 Our wiser lesson shall be told,
 Of slaves uprising, freedom-crowned,
 To break, not wield, the scourge wet
 with their blood and tears.

—————

THE PROCLAMATION.

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of
 the herds
 Of Ballymena, wakened with these
 words :
 " Arise, and flee
 Out from the land of bondage, and be
 free ! "

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from
 heaven
 The angels singing of his sins for-
 given,
 And, wondering, sees
 His prison opening to their golden
 keys,

He rose a man who laid him down a
 slave,
 Shook from his locks the ashes of the
 grave,
 And outward trod
 Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame
 away ;
 And, passing where the sleeping
 Milcho lay,
 Though back and limb
 Smarted with wrong, he prayed, " God
 pardon him ! "

So went he forth ; but in God's time
 he came
 To light on Uilline's hills a holy
 flame ;
 And, dying, gave
 The land a saint that lost him as a
 slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and
 dumb
 Waiting for God, your hour, at last,
 has come,
 And freedom's song
 Breaks the long silence of your night
 of wrong !

Arise and flee ! shake off the vile re-
 straint
 Of ages ; but, like Ballymena's saint,
 The oppressor spare,
 Heap only on his head the coals of
 prayer.

Go forth, like him ! like him return
 again, [pain
 To bless the land whereon in bitter
 Ye toiled at first,
 And heal with freedom what your
 slavery cursed.

—————

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

[Read before the Alumni of the Friends
 Yearly Meeting School, at the Annual Meet-
 ing at Newport, R. I., 15th, 6th mo., 1863.]

ONCE more, dear friends, you meet
 beneath
 A clouded sky .
 Not yet the sword has found its
 sheath,
 And on the sweet spring airs the
 breath
 Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the
 ground,
 Nor pain from chance ;
 The Eternal order circles round,
 And wave and storm find mete and
 bound
 In Providence.

Full long our feet the flowery ways
 Of peace have trod,
 Content with creed and garb and
 phrase ;
 A harder path in earlier days
 Led up to God.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased
 dear,

Are made our own ;

Too long the world has smiled to
 hear

Our boast of full corn in the ear
 By others sown ;

To see us stir the martyr fires

Of long ago,

And wrap our satisfied desires

In the singed mantles that our sires
 Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthies bore

On us is laid ;

Profession's quiet sleep is o'er,

And in the scale of Truth once more
 Our faith is weighed.

The cry of innocent blood at last

Is calling down

An answer in the whirlwind-blast,

The thunder and the shadow cast
 From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments.

Who

Stands guiltless forth ?

Have *we* been faithful as we knee-

To God and to our brother true,

To Heaven and Earth ?

How faint, through din of merchan-
 dise

And count of gain,

Have seemed to us the captive's
 cries !

How far away the tears and sighs

Of souls in pain !

This day the fearful reckoning comes

To each and all ;

We hear amidst our peaceful homes

The summons of the conscript drums,
 The bugle's call.

Our path is plain ; the war-net draws
 Round us in vain,

While, faithful to the Higher Cause,

We keep our fealty to the laws

Through patient pain.

The levelled gun, the battle-brand,

We may not take ;

But, calmly loyal, we can stand

And suffer with our suffering land

For conscience' sake.

Why ask for ease where all is pain ?

Shall *we* alone

Be left to add our gain to gain,

When over Armageddon's plain

The trump is blown ?

To suffer well is well to serve ;

Safe in our Lord

The rigid lines of law shall curve

To spare us ; from our heads shall
 swerve

Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom,

And joy with grief ;

Divinest compensations come,

Through thorns of judgment mercies
 bloom

In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless,

By word and deed,

The widow in her keen distress,

The childless and the fatherless

The hearts that bleed !

For fields of duty, opening wide,

Where all our powers

Are tasked the eager steps to guide

Of millions on a path untried :

THE SLAVE IS OURS !

Ours by traditions dear and old,

Which make the race

Our wards to cherish and uphold,

And cast their freedom in the mould

Of Christian grace.

And we may tread the sick-bed floors

Where strong men pine,

And, down the groaning corridors,

Pour freely from our liberal stores

The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon His gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn, O outstretched
Hand!
Nor stint, nor stay;
The years have never dropped their
sand
On mortal issue vast and grand
As ours to-day.

Already, on the sable ground
Of man's despair
Is Freedom's glorious picture found,
With all its dusky hands unbound
Upraised in prayer.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping
eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross!

AT PORT ROYAL.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea;
The night-wind smooths with drifting
sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outside,
Our good boats forward swing;
And while we ride the land-locked
tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song:
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong;

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn and
byre,
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The rout runs mad and fast;
From hand to hand, from gate to
gate
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles:
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days,—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
The joy of uncaged birds:
Softening with Africa's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

Oh, praise an' tanks! De Lord He
come
To set de people free:
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves
He jus' as 'troug as den;
He say de word: we las' night slaves;
To-day, de Lord's freemen.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn:
Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you
hear
De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbels gone;
He leaf de land behind:
De Lord's breff blow him furdur on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind.
We own de hoe, we own de plough,
We own de hands dat hold;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebber chile be sold.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 We'll hab de rice an' corn :
 Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you
 hear
 De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord : He gib us signs
 Dat some day we be free ;
 De norf-wind tell it to de pines,
 De wild-duck to de sea ;
 We tink it when de church-bell ring,
 We dream it in de dream ;
 De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
 De eagle when he scream.
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 We'll hab de rice an' corn :
 Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you
 hear
 De driver blow his horn !

We know de promise nebber fail
 An' nebber lie de word ;
 So like de 'postles in de jail,
 We waited for de Lord :
 An' now He open ebery door,
 An' trow away de key ;
 He tink we lub Him so before,
 We lub Him better free.
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 He'll gib de rice an' corn :
 Oh nebber you fear, if nebber you
 hear
 De driver blow his horn !

So sing our dusky gondoliers ;
 And with a secret pain,
 And smiles that seem akin to tears,
 We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,
 Nor yet his hope deny ;
 We only know that God is just,
 And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song ; each swarthy
 Flame-lighted, ruder still : [face,
 We start to think that hapless race
 Must shape our good or ill ;

That laws of changeless justice bind
 Oppressor with oppressed :
 And, close as sin and suffering joined,
 We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall
 be
 Our sign of blight or bloom,—
 The Vala-song of Liberty,
 Or death-rune of our doom !

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
 Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
 To the eyes of the famished rebel
 horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
 When Lee march'd over the moun-
 tain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
 Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun
 Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietehie then,
 Bowed with her fourseore years and
 ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
 She took up the flag the men hauled
 down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,
 To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the level tread,
 Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
 He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!” — the dust-brown ranks
stood fast.

“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and
sash;

It rent the banner with seam and
gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken
scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old grey
head, ^{[said,} she
But spare your country’s flag,”

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and
word:

“Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset
light
Shone over it with a warm good-
night.

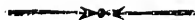
Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no
more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!



NATIONAL LYRICS.

— . o : —

THE MANTLE OF ST. JOHN DE MATHA.

A LEGEND OF "THE RED, WHITE,
AND BLUE," A.D. 1154-1864.

A STRONG and mighty Angel,
Calm, terrible, and bright,
The cross in blended red and blue
Upon his mantle white !

Two captives by him kneeling,
Each on his broken chain,
Sang praise to God who raiseth
The dead to life again !

Dropping his cross-wrought mantle,
"Wear this," the Angel said ;
"Take thou, O Freedom's priest, its
sign,—
The white, the blue, and red."

Then rose up John de Matha
In the strength the Lord Christ
gave,
And begged through all the land of
France
The ransom of the slave.

The gates of tower and castle
Before him open flew,
The drawbridge at his coming fell
The door-bolt backward drew.

For all men owned his errand,
And paid his righteous tax ;
And the hearts of lord and peasant
Were in his hands as wax.

At last, out-bound from Tunis,
His bark her anchor weighed,
Freighted with seven-score Christian
souls
Whose ransom he had paid

But, torn by Paynim hatred,
Her sails in tatters hung ;
And on the wild waves, rudderless,
A shattered hulk she swung.

"God save us !" cried the captain,
"For naught can man avail ;
Oh, woe betide the ship that lacks
Her rudder and her sail !"

"Behind us are the Moormen ;
At sea we sink or strand :
There's death upon the water,
There's death upon the land !"

Then up spake John de Matha :
"God's errands never fail !
Take thou the mantle which I wear,
And make of it a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought mantle,
The blue, the white, the red ;
And straight before the wind-off-shore
The ship of Freedom sped.

"God help us !" cried the seamen,
"For vain is mortal skill :
The good ship on a stormy sea
Is drifting at its will."

Then up spake John de Matha :
"My mariners, never fear ! [sail
The Lord whose breath has filled her
May well our vessel steer !"

So on through storm and darkness
 They drove for weary hours ;
 And lo ! the third grey morning shone
 On Ostia's friendly towers.

And on the walls the watchers
 The ship of mercy knew,—
 They knew far off its holy cross,
 The red, the white, and blue.

And the bells in all the steeples
 Rang out in glad accord,
 To welcome home to Christian soil
 The ransomed of the Lord.

So runs the ancient legend
 By bard and painter told ;
 And lo ! the cycle rounds again,
 The new is as the old !

With rudder foully broken,
 And sails by traitors torn,
 Our country on a midnight sea
 Is waiting for the morn.

Before her, nameless terror ;
 Behind, the pirate foe ;
 The clouds are black above her,
 The sea is white below.

The hope of all who suffer,
 The dread of all who wrong,
 She drifts in darkness and in storm,
 How long, O Lord ! how long ?

But courage, O my mariners !
 Ye shall not suffer wreck,
 While up to God the freedman's
 prayers
 Are rising from your deck.

Is not your sail the banner
 Which God hath blest anew,
 The mantle that De Matha wore,
 The red, the white, the blue ?

Its hues are all of heaven,—
 The red of sunset's dye,
 The whiteness of the moonlit cloud,
 The blue of morning's sky.

Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,
 For daylight and for land ;
 The breath of God is in your sail,
 Your rudder is His hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted
 With blessings and with hopes ;
 The saints of old with shadowy hands
 Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind ye holy martyrs
 Uplift the palm and crown ;
 Before ye unborn ages send
 Their benedictions down.

Take heart from John de Matha !—
 God's errands never fail !
 Sweep on through storm and dark-
 ness,
 The thunder and the hail !

Sail on ! The morning cometh,
 The port ye yet shall win ;
 And all the bells of God shall ring
 The good ship bravely in !

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

THE birds against the April wind
 Flew northward, singing as they
 flew ;
 They sang, "The land we leave be-
 hind
 Has swords for corn-blades, blood
 for dew."

"O wild-birds, flying from the South,
 What saw and heard ye, gazing
 down ?"

"We saw the mortar's upturned
 mouth, [town !
 The sickened camp, the blazing

"Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps,
 We saw your march-worn children
 die ;

In shrouds of moss in cypress swamps,
 We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

“ We heard the starving prisoners’
sighs,
And saw, from line and trench, your
sons
Follow our flight with home-sick eyes
Beyond the battery’s smoking
guns.”

“ And heard and saw ye ouly wrong
And pain,” I cried, “ O wing-worn
flocks ? ”

“ We heard,” they sang, “ the freed-
man’s song,
The crash of Slavery’s broken locks !

“ We saw from new, uprising States
The treason - nursing mischief
spurned,
As, crowding Freedom’s ample gates,
The long - estranged and lost re-
turned.

“ O’er dusky faces, seamed and old,
And hands horn-hard with unpaid
toil,
With hope in every rustling fold,
We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

“ And struggling up through sounds
accursed,
A grateful murmur elomb the air ;
A whisper scarcely heard at first,
It filled the listening heavens with
prayer.

“ And sweet and far, as from a star,
Replied a voice which shall not
cease,
Till, drowning all the noise of war,
It sings the blessed song of peace ! ”

So to me, in a doubtful day
Of chill and slowly greening spring,
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,
The wild-birds sang or seemed to
sing.

They vanished in the misty air,
The song went with them in their
flight ;
But lo ! they left the sunset fair,
And in the evening there was light.

LAUS DEO !

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING ON THE
PASSAGE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL
AMENDMENT ABOLISHING SLAVERY.

It is done !
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel !
How the great guns, peal on
peal,
Fling the joy from town to town !

Ring, O bells !
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may
hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time !

Let us kneel :
God’s own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground,
Lord, forgive us ! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the
sound !

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad ;
In the earthquake He has spoken ;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron wall asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken !

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song ;
Sing with Miriam by the sea
He has cast the mighty down ;
Horse and rider sink and drown ;
“ He hath triumphed gloriously ! ”

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done ?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun ?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise !

Blotted out !
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin ;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin !

It is done !
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth !

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy ! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad !
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God !

THE PEACE AUTUMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE ESSEX COUNTY
AGRICULTURAL FESTIVAL, 1865.

THANK God for rest, where none
molest,
And none can make afraid,—
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest
Beneath the homestead shade !

Bring pike and guns, the sword's red
seourge,
The negro's broken chains, [forge
And beat them at the blaeksmith's
To ploughshares for our plains.

Alike henceforth our hills of snow,
And vales where cotton flowers ;
All streams that flow, all winds that
blow,
Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Henceforth to Labour's chivalry
Be knightly honours paid ;
For nobler than the sword's shall be
The sickle's accolade.

Build up an altar to the Lord,
O grateful hearts of ours !
And shape it of the greenest sward
That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
And there the orchard fruits ;
Bring golden grain from sun and air,
From earth her goodly roots.

There let our banners droop and flow,
The stars uprise and fall ;
Our roll of martyrs, sad and slow,
Let sighing breezes call.

Their names let hands of horn and tan
And rough-shod feet applaud,
Who died to make the slave a man,
And link with toil reward.

There let the common heart keep time
To such an anthem sung
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

Song of our burden and relief,
Of peace and long annoy ;
The passion of our mighty grief
And our exceeding joy !

A song of praise to Him who filled
The harvests sown in tears,
And gave each field a double yield
To feed our battle-years !

A song of faith that trusts the end
To match the good begun,
Nor doubts the power of Love to blend
The hearts of men as one !

TO THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

O PEOPLE-CHOSEN ! are ye not
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,
To do His will and speak His word ?

From the loud thunder-storm of
war

Not man alone hath called ye forth,
But He, the God of all the earth !

The torch of vengeance in your hands
He quenches ; unto Him belongs
The solemn recompense of wrongs.

Enough of blood the land has seen,
And not by cell or gallows-stair
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers,—Keep
Your manhood, bend no suppliant
knees,
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the wail
Of starving men ; we shut in vain
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

What words can drown that bitter
cry ?

What tears wash out that stain of
death ?

What oaths confirm your broken
faith ?

From you alone the guaranty
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim ;
We urge no conqueror's terms of
shame.

Alas ! no victor's pride is ours ;
We bend above our triumphs won
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars. Cancel all
By one brave, generous action ;
trust
Your better instincts, and be just !

Make all men peers before the law,
Take hands from off the negro's
throat,
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,
But give the common law's redress
To labour's utter nakedness.

Revive the old heroic will ;
Be in the right as brave and strong
As ye have proved yourselves in
wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory,
Your loss the wealth of full amends,
And hate be love, and foes be
friends.

Then buried be the dreadful past,
Its common slain be mourned, and
let
All memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart
Her lost and wandering ones recall,
Forgiving and restoring all,—

And Freedom break her marble trance
Above the Capitolian dome,
Stretch hands, and bid ye welcome
home !



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

—: o :—

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills
The sun shall sink again,
Farewell to life and all its ills,
Farewell to cell and chain.

These prison shades are dark and
cold,—
But, darker far than they,
The shadow of a sorrow old
Is on my heart always.

For since the day when Warkworth
wood
Closed o'er my steed and I,
An alien from my name and blood,
A weed cast out to die,—

When, looking back in sunset light,
I saw her turret gleam,
And from its casement, far and
white,
Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,
Doth home's green isles descry,
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er
The waste of wave and sky ;

So from the desert of my fate
I gaze across the past ;
For ever on life's dial-plate
The shade is backward cast !

I've wandered wide from shore to
shore,
I've knelt at many a shrine ;
And bowed me to the rocky floor
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine.

And by the Holy Sepulchre
I've pledged my knightly sword
To Christ, His blessed Church, and
her,
The Mother of our Lord.

Oh, vain the vow, and vain the
strife !
How vain do all things seem !
My soul is in the past, and life
To-day is but a dream !

In vain the penance strange and
long,
And hard for flesh to bear ;
The prayer, the fasting, and the
thong
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,—
Its ears are open still ;
And vigils with the past they keep
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old
Do evermore arise ;
I see the flow of locks of gold,
The shine of loving eyes !

Ah me ! upon another's breast
Those golden locks recline ;
I see upon another rest
The glance that once was mine.

“O faithless priest! O perjured
knight!”
I hear the Master ery ;
“Shut out the vision from thy
sight,
Let Earth and Nature die.

“The Church of God is now thy
spouse,
And thou the bridegroom art ;
Then let the burden of thy vows
Crush down thy human heart !”

In vain ! This heart its grief must
know,
Till life itself hath ceased,
And falls beneath the self-same blow
The lover and the priest !

O pitying Mother ! souls of light,
And saints, and martyrs old !
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,
And death unbind my chain,
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill
The sun shall fall again.

— — —
THE HOLY LAND.

FROM LAMARTINE.

I HAVE not felt, o'er seas of sand,
The rocking of the desert bark ;
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and
dark ;
Nor pitched my tent at even-fall,
On dust where Job of old has lain,
Nor dreamed beneath its canvas wall,
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread ;
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky,
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's
tread, [nigh !—
How beats the heart with God so
How round grey arch and column lone
The spirit of the old time broods,
And sighs in all the winds that moan
Along the sandy solitudes !

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,
I have not heard the nations' cries,
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.

The Christian's prayer I have not said
In Tadmor's temples of decay,
Nor startled, with my dreary tread,
The waste where Memnon's empire
lay.

Nor have I, from thy hallowed tide,
O Jordan ! heard the low lament,
Like that sad wail along thy side
Which Israel's mournful prophet
sent !
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone
Where, deep in night, the Bard of
Kings
Felt hands of fire direct his own,
And sweep for God the conscious
strings.

I have not climbed to Olivet,
Nor laid me where my Saviour lay,
And left His trace of tears as yet
By angel eyes unwept away ;
Nor watched, at midnight's solemn
time, [groan,
The garden where His prayer and
Wrung by His sorrow and our crime,
Rose to One listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot
Where in His Mother's arms He lay,
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot
Where last His footsteps pressed the
clay ;
Nor looked on that sad mountain
head, [wide
Nor smote my sinful breast, where
His arms to fold the world He spread,
And bowed His head to bless—and
died !

— — —
PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judæa ! thrice hallowed
of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-
like throng ;
In the shade of [thy palms, by the
shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart
is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that
 shore,
 Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before ;
 With the glide of a spirit I traverse
 the sod
 Made bright by the steps of the angels
 of God.

Blue sea of the hills !—in my spirit I
 hear
 Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my
 ear ;
 Where the Lowly and Just with the
 people sat down,
 And thy spray on the dust of His
 sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of
 green,
 And the desolate hills of the wild
 Gadarene ;
 And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor
 to see
 The gleam of thy waters, O dark
 Galilee !

Hark, a sound in the valley ! where,
 swollen and strong,
 Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping
 along ;
 Where the Canaanite strove with Je-
 hovah in vain,
 And thy torrent grew dark with the
 blood of the slain.

There down from his mountains stern
 Zebulon came,
 And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs
 of flame,
 And the chariots of Jabin rolled
 harmlessly on,
 For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's
 son !

There sleep the still rocks and the
 caverns which rang
 To the song which the beautiful pro-
 phetess sang,
 When the princes of Issachar stood by
 her side, [replied.
 And the shout of a host in its triumph

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is
 seen,
 With the mountains around, and the
 valleys between ;
 There rested the shepherds of Judah,
 and there
 The song of the angels rose sweet on
 the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty
 still throw
 Their shadows at noon on the ruins
 below ;
 But where are the sisters who hastened
 to greet [feet ?
 The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His

I tread where the TWELVE in their
 wayfaring trod ;
 I stand where they stood with the
 CHOSEN OF GOD,—
 Where His blessing was heard and His
 lessons were taught,
 Where the blind were restored and the
 healing was wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad
 Wanderer came,—
 These hills He toiled over in grief are
 the same,—
 The founts where He drank by the
 wayside still flow,
 And the same airs are blowing which
 breathed on His brow !

And throned on her hills sits Jerusa-
 lem yet,
 But with dust on her forehead, and
 chains on her feet ;
 For the crown of her pride to the
 mocker hath gone,
 And the holy Shechinah is dark where
 it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly
 abode
 Of Humanity clothed in the bright-
 ness of God ?
 Were my spirit but turned from the
 outward and dim,
 It could gaze, even now, on the pres-
 ence of Him !

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle
 as when,
 In love and in meekness, He moved
 among men ;
 And the voice which breathed peace
 to the waves of the sea
 In the hush of my spirit would whis-
 per to me !

And what if my feet may not tread
 where He stood,
 Nor my ears hear the dashing of Gali-
 lee's flood,
 Nor my eyes see the cross which He
 bowed Him to bear,
 Nor my knees press Gethsemane's
 garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, Thy Spirit
 is near
 To the meek, and the lowly, and
 penitent here ;
 And the voice of Thy love is the same
 even now
 As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's
 brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone !—but in
 glory and power,
 The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an
 hour ; [flame
 Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost
 On the heart's secret altar is burning
 the same !

EZEKIEL.

CHAPTER XXXIII. 30-33.

THEY hear Thee not, O God ! nor see ;
 Beneath Thy rod they mock at Thee ;
 The princes of our ancient line
 Lie drunken with Assyrian wine ;
 The priests around Thy altar speak
 The false words which their hearers
 seek ; [maids
 And hymns which Chaldea's wanton
 Have sung in Dura's idol-shades
 Are with the Levites' chant ascending,
 With Zion's holiest anthems blending !

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,
 The heathen heel is crushing yet ;
 The towers upon our holy hill
 Echo Chaldean footsteps still.
 Our wasted shrines,—who weeps for
 them ?

Who mourneth for Jerusalem ?
 Who turneth from his gains away ?
 Whose knee with mine is bowed to
 pray ?

Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,
 Takes Zion's lamentation up ?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went
 With Israel's early banishment ;
 And where the sullen Chebar crept,
 The ritual of my fathers kept.
 The water for the trench I drew,
 The firstling of the flock I slew,
 And, standing at the altar's side,
 I shared the Levites' lingering pride,
 That still, amidst her mocking foes,
 The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,
 The Spirit of the Highest came !
 Before mine eyes a vision passed,
 A glory terrible and vast ;
 With dreadful eyes of living things,
 And sounding sweep of angel wings,
 With circling light and sapphire
 throne,
 And flame-like form of One thereon,
 And voice of that dread Likeness sent
 Down from the crystal firmament !

The burden of a prophet's power
 Fell on me in that fearful hour ;
 From off unutterable woes
 The curtain of the future rose ;
 I saw far down the coming time
 The fiery chastisement of crime ;
 With noise of mingling hosts, and jar
 Of falling towers and shouts of war,
 I saw the nations rise and fall,
 Like fire-gleams on my tent's white
 wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain
 Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain.
 I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre
 Swept over by the spoiler's fire ;

And heard the low, expiring moan
Of Edom on his rocky throne ;
And, woe is me ! the wild lament
From Zion's desolation sent ;
And felt within my heart each blow
Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,
Before the pictured tile I lay ;
And there, as in a mirror, saw
The coming of Assyria's war,—
Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass
Like locusts through Bethhoron's
grass ;

I saw them draw their stormy hem
Of battle round Jerusalem ;
And, listening, heard the Hebrew wail
Blend with the victor-trump of Baal !

Who trembled at my warning word ?
Who owned the prophet of the Lord ?
How mocked the rude,—how scoffed
the vile,—

How stung the Levites' scornful smile,
As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,
The shadow crept of Israel's woe
As if the angel's mournful roll
Had left its record on my soul,
And traced in lines of darkness there
The picture of its great despair !

Yet ever at the hour I feel
My lips in prophecy unseal.
Prince, priest, and Levite gather near,
And Salem's daughters haste to hear,
On Chebar's waste and alien shore,
The harp of Judah swept once more.
They listen, as in Babel's throng
The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,
Or wild sabbeka's nightly play,
As careless and as vain as they.

And thus, O Prophet-bard of old,
Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told !
The same which earth's unwelcome
seers
Have felt in all succeeding years.
Sport of the changeful multitude,
Nor calmly heard nor understood,

Their song has seemed a trick of art,
Their warnings but the actor's part.
With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,
The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One
The garments of the flesh put on !
Men followed where the Highest led
For common gifts of daily bread,
And gross of ear, of vision dim,
Owned not the godlike power of Him.
Vain as a dreamer's words to them
His wail above Jerusalem.
And meaningless the watch He kept
Through which His weak disciples
slept.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,
For God's great purpose set apart,
Before whose far-discerning eyes,
The Future as the Present lies !
Beyond a narrow-bounded age
Stretches thy prophet-heritage,
Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-
trod,
Through arches round the throne of
God !
Thy audience, worlds !—all Time to
be
The witness of the Truth in thee !

THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER HUSBAND.

AGAINST the sunset's glowing wall
The city towers rise black and tall,
Where Zorah, on its rocky height,
Stands like an armed man in the light.

Down Eshtaol's vales of ripened grain
Falls like a cloud the night amain,
And up the hillsides climbing slow
The barley reapers homeward go.

Look, dearest ! how our fair child's
head
The sunset light hath hallowed,
Where at this olive's foot he lies,
Uplooking to the tranquil skies.

Oh, while beneath the fervent heat
Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,
I've watched, with mingled joy and
dread,
Our child upon his grassy bed.

Joy, which the mother feels alone
Whose morning hope like mine had
flown,
When to her bosom, over-blessed,
A dearer life than hers is pressed.

Dread, for the future dark and still,
Which shapes our dear one to its will ;
For ever in his large calm eyes,
I read a tale of sacrifice.—

The same foreboding awe I felt
When at the altar's side we knelt,
And He, who as a Pilgrim came,
Rose, winged and glorious, through
the flame.

I slept not, though the wild bees made
A dreamlike murmuring in the shade,
And on me the warm-fingered hours
Pressed with the drowsy smell of
flowers.

Before me, in a vision, rose
The hosts of Israel's scornful foes,—
Rank over rank, helm, shield, and
spear,
Glittered in noon's hot atmosphere.

I heard their boast, and bitter word,
Their mockery of the Hebrew's Lord,
I saw their hands His ark assail,
Their feet profane His holy veil.

No angel down the blue space spoke
No thunder from the still sky broke ;
But in their midst, in power and awe,
Like God's waked wrath, OUR CHILD
I saw !

A child no more !—harsh-browed and
strong,
He towered a giant in the throng,
And down his shoulders, broad and
bare,
Swept the black terror of his hair.

He raised his arm ; he smote amain ;
As round the reaper falls the grain,
So the dark host around him fell,
So sank the foes of Israel !

Again I looked. In sunlight shone
The towers and domes of Askelon.
Priest, warrior, slave, a mighty crowd,
Within her idol temple bowed.

Yet one knelt not ; stark, gaunt, and
blind,
His arms the massive pillars twined,—
An eyeless captive, strong with hate
He stood there like an evil Fate.

The red shrines smoked,—the trum-
pets pealed :
He stooped, — the giant columns
reeled,—
Reeled tower and fane, sank arch and
wall, [all !
And the thick dust-cloud closed o'er

Above the shriek, the crash, the groan
Of the fallen pride of Askelon,
I heard, sheer down the echoing sky,
A voice as of an angel cry,—

The voice of Him, who at our side
Sat through the golden eventide,—
Of Him who, on thy altar's blaze,
Rose fire-winged, with His song of
praise.

“ Rejoice o'er Israel's broken chain,
Grey mother of the mighty slain !
Rejoice ! ” it cried, “ he vanquisheth !
The strong in life is strong in death !

“ To him shall Zorah's daughters
raise
Through coming years their hymns
of praise,
And grey old men at evening tell
Of all he wrought for Israel.

“ And they who sing and they who
hear
Alike shall hold thy memory dear,
And pour their blessings on thy head,
O mother of the mighty dead ! ”

It ceased; and though a sound I
heard
As if great wings the still air stirred,
I only saw the barley sheaves
And hills half-hid by olive leaves.

I bowed my face, in awe and fear,
On the dear child who slumbered
near.

"With me, as with my only son,
O God," I said, "THY WILL BE
DONE!"

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

"GET ye up from the wrath of God's
terrible day!

Ungirdled, unsandalled, arise and
away!

'Tis the vintage of blood, 'tis the ful-
ness of time,

And vengeance shall gather the har-
vest of crime!"

The warning was spoken; the righte-
ous had gone,

And the proud ones of Sodom were
feasting alone;

All gay was the banquet; the revel
was long,

With the pouring of wine and the
breathing of song.

'Twas an evening of beauty; the air
was perfume,

The earth was all greenness, the trees
were all bloom;

And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes
of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down
in the dance,

With the magic of motion and sun-
shine of glance;

And white arms wreathed lightly,
and tresses fell free

As the plumage of birds in some
tropical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were
lighted on high, [the eye;
And wantonness tempted the lust of
Midst rites of obsceneness, strange,
loathsome, abhorred,
The blasphemers scoffed at the name
of the Lord.

Hark! the growl of the thunder,—
the quaking of earth!

Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to
the mirth!

The black sky has opened,—there's
flame in the air,—

The red arm of vengeance is lifted
and bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild
where the song

And the low tone of love had been
whispered along;

For the fierce flames went lightly o'er
palace and bower,

Like the red tongues of demons, to
blast and devour!

Down,—down on the fallen the red
ruin rained,

And the reveller sank with his wine-
cup undrained;

The foot of the dancer, the music's
loved thrill,

And the shout and the laughter grew
suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fear-
fully given;

The last eye glared forth in its mad-
ness on Heaven!

The last groan of horror rose wildly
and vain, [the Plain!

And death brooded over the pride of

THE CRUCIFIXION.

SUNLIGHT upon Judæa's hills!

And on the waves of Galilee,—

On Jordan's stream, and on the hills
That feed the dead and sleeping
sea!

Most freshly from the green wood
springs
The light breeze on its scented wings ;
And gaily quiver in the sun
The cedar tops of Lebanon !

A few more hours,—a change hath
come !

The sky is dark without a cloud !
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,
And proud knees unto earth are
bowed.

A change is on the hill of Death,
The helmed watchers pant for breath,
And turn with wild and maniac eyes
From the dark scene of sacrifice !

That Sacrifice !—the death of Him,—
The High and ever Holy One !

Well may the conscious Heaven grow
dim,

And blacken the beholding Sun
The wonted light hath fled away,
Night settles on the middle day,
And earthquake from his caverned
bed

Is waking with a thrill of dread !

The dead are waking underneath !

Their prison door is rent away !
And, ghastly with the seal of death,
They wander in the eye of day !
The temple of the Cherubim,
The House of God is cold and dim ;
A curse is on its trembling walls,
Its mighty veil asunder falls !

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth
Be shaken, and her mountains nod ;
Well may the sheeted dead come
forth

To gaze upon a suffering God !
Well may the temple-shrine grow
dim,

And shadows veil the Cherubim,
When He, the chosen One of Heaven,
A sacrifice for guilt is given !

And shall the sinful heart, alone,
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
When Nature trembles on her throne,
And Death resigns his iron power ?

Oh, shall the heart—whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to His sore distress,
And added to His tears of blood—
Refuse its trembling gratitude !

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHERE Time the measure of his
hours

By changeful bud and blossom
keeps,
And, like a young bride crowned with
flowers,
Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps ;

Where, to her poet's turban stone,
The Spring her gift of flowers im-
parts,

Less sweet than those his thoughts
have sown

In the warm soil of Persian hearts :

There sat the stranger, where the
shade

Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,
While in the hot clear heaven delayed
The long and still and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him
hung,

Strange odours filled the sultry air,
Strange birds upon the branches
swung,

Strange insect voices murmured
there.

And strange bright blossoms shone
around,

Turned sunward from the shadowy
bowers,

As if the Gheber's soul had found
A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,
Awakened feelings new and sad,—

No Christian garb, nor Christian
word,

Nor church with Sabbath-bell
chimes glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban
stones,
And mosque-spires gleaming white,
in view,
And greybeard Mollahs in low tones
Chanting their Koran service
through.

The flowers which smiled on either
hand,
Like tempting fiends, were such as
they
Which once, o'er all that Eastern land,
As gifts on demon altars lay.

As if the burning eye of Baal
The servant of his Conqueror knew,
From skies which knew no cloudy
veil,
The Sun's hot glances smote him
through.

"Ah me!" the lonely stranger said,
"The hope which led my footsteps
on,
And light from heaven around them
shed,
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone!"

"Where are the harvest fields all
white,
For Truth to thrust her sickle in?
Where flock the souls, like doves in
flight,
From the dark hiding-place of sin?"

"A silent horror broods o'er all,—
The burden of a hateful spell,—
The very flowers around recall
The hoary magi's rites of hell!"

"And what am I, o'er such a land
The banner of the Cross to bear?
Dear Lord, uphold me with Thy hand,
Thy strength with human weakness
share!"

He ceased; for at his very feet
In mild rebuke a floweret smiled,—
How thrilled his sinking heart to greet
The Star-flower of the Virgin's
child!

Sown by some wandering Frank, it
drew
Its life from alien air and earth,
And told to Paynim sun and dew
The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly
mood, [screened,
The Persian plants its beauty
And on its pagan sisterhood, [leaned.
In love, the Christian floweret

With tears of joy the wanderer felt
The darkness of his long despair
Before that hallowed symbol melt,
Which God's dear love had nurtured
there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower
The lines of sin and sadness swept;
And Magian pile and Paynim bower
In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,
Looked holy through the sunset air;
And, angel-like, the Muezzin told
From tower and mosque the hour of
prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's
dawn
From Shiraz saw the stranger part;
The Star-flower of the Virgin-Born
Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

 HYMNS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

ONE hymn more, O my lyre!
Praise to the God above,
Of joy and life and love,
Sweeping its strings of fire!

Oh, who the speed of bird and wind
And sunbeam's glance will lend to
me,
That, soaring upward, I may find
My resting-place and home in—
Thee?—

Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt
and gloom,

Adoreth with a fervent flame,—
Mysterious spirit! unto whom
Pertain nor sign nor name!

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go,
Up from the cold and joyless earth,
Back to the God who bade them
flow,

Whose moving spirit sent them
forth.

But as for me, O God! for me,
The lowly creature of Thy will,
Lingering and sad, I sigh to Thee,
An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine
Where yonder stars and suns are
glowing?

To breathe with them the light
divine

From God's own holy altar flowing?
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul
In dreams hath thirsted for so
long,—

A portion of Heaven's glorious whole
Of loveliness and song?

Oh, watchers of the stars at night,
Who breathe their fire, as we the
air,—

Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of
light,

Oh, say, is He, the Eternal, there?
Bend there around His awful throne
The seraph's glance, the angel's
knee?

Or are thy inmost depths His own,
O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye
go!

Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow,
To the far aim of your desire!

Thought after thought, ye thronging
rise,

Like spring-doves from the startled
wood,

Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God!

And shall these thoughts of joy and
love

Come back again no more to me?—
Returning like the Patriarch's dove
Wing-weary from the eternal sea,
To bear within my longing arms

The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green, immortal
Which shadow Paradise? [palms

All-moving spirit!—freely forth [goes:
At Thy command the strong wind
Its errand to the passive earth,
Nor art ean stay, nor strength
oppose,

Until it folds its weary wing
Once more within the hand divine;
So, weary from its wandering,
My spirit turns to Thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,
From its dark caverns, hurries on,
Ceaseless, by night and morning's
beam, [sun,

By evening's star and noontide's
Until at last it sinks to rest,
O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,
And moans upon its mother's breast,—
So turns my soul to Thee!

O Thou who bid'st the torrent flow,
Who lendest wings unto the wind,—
Mover of all things! where art Thou?
Oh, whither shall I go to find
The secret of Thy resting-place?

Is there no holy wing for me,
That, soaring, I may search the space
Of highest heaven for Thee?

Oh, would I were as free to rise
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind
borne,—

The arrowy light of sunset skies,
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,
Which melts in heaven at twilight's
close, [and free

Or aught which soars unchecked
Through Earth and Heaven; that I
might lose
Myself in finding Thee!

WHEN the BREATH DIVINE is flowing,
Zephyr-like o'er all things going,
And, as the touch of viewless fingers,
Softly on my soul it lingers,
Open to a breath the lightest,
Conscious of a touch the slightest,—
As some calm, still lake, whereon
Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,
And the glistening water-rings
Circle round her moving wings :
When my upward gaze is turning
Where the stars of heaven are burn-
ing

Through the deep and dark abyss,—
Flowers of midnight's wilderness,
Blowing with the evening's breath
Sweetly in their Maker's path :

When the breaking day is flushing
All the east, and light is gushing
Upward through the horizon's haze,
Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays.
Spreading, until all above
Overflows with joy and love,
And below, on earth's green bosom,
All is changed to light and blossom :

When my waking fancies over
Forms of brightness flit and hover,
Holy as the seraphs are,
Who by Zion's fountains wear
On their foreheads, white and broad,
"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD!"
When, inspired with rapture high
It would seem a single sigh
Could a world of love create,—
That my life could know no date,
And my eager thoughts could fill
Heaven and Earth, o'erflowing still!—

Then, O Father! Thou alone,
From the shadow of Thy throne,
To the sighing of my breast
And its rapture answerest.
All my thoughts, which, upward wing-
ing, [ing,—
Bathe where Thy own light is spring-
All my yearnings to be free
Are as echoes answering Thee!

Seldom upon lips of mine,
Father! rests that name of Thine,—

Deep within my inmost breast,
In the secret place of mind,
Like an awful presence shrined,
Doth the dread idea rest!
Hushed and holy dwells it there,—
Prompter of the silent prayer,
Lifting up my spirit's eye
And its faint, but earnest cry,
From its dark and cold abode,
Unto Thee, my Guide and God!

THE FEMALE MARTYR.

[MARY G.—, aged eighteen, a "SISTER OF CHARITY," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.]

"BRING out your dead!" The mid-
night street
Heard and gave back the hoarse,
low call;
Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet,—
Glanced through the dark the coarse
white sheet,—
Her coffin and her pall.
"What—only one!" the brutal hack-
man said,
As, with an oath, he spurned away
the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,
As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-
fall!
The dying turned him to the wall,
To hear it and to die!—
Onward it rolled; while oft its driver
stayed,
And hoarsely clamoured, "Ho!—
bring out your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place;
"Toss in your load!"—and it was
done,—
With quick hand and averted face,
Hastily to the grave's embrace
They cast them, one by one,—
Stranger and friend,—the evil and the
just,
Together trodden in the churchyard
dust!

And thou, young martyr!—thou wast
there,— [trod,—

No white-robed sisters round thee
Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer
Rose through the damp and noisome
air,

Giving thee to thy God ;
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed
taper gave [grave !
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the

Yet, gentle sufferer ! there shall be,
In every heart of kindly feeling,
A rite as holy paid to thee
As if beneath the convent-tree
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels,
keeping
Their tearful watch around thy place
of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light
Of Heaven's own love was kindled
well.

Enduring with a martyr's might,
Through weary day and wakeful night
Far more than words may tell:
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and
unknown,—
Thy mercies measured by thy God
alone !

Where manly hearts were failing,—
where [death,
The throngful street grew foul with
O high-souled martyr!—thou wast
there,
Inhaling, from the loathsome air,
Poison with every breath.
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
For the wrung dying, and the uncon-
scious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapours, damp,
confined,
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,—
A new Electra by the bed
Of suffering human-kind !
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
To that pure hope which fadeth not
away.

Innocent teacher of the high
And holy mysteries of Heaven !
How turned to thee each glazing eye,
In mute and awful sympathy,
As thy low prayers were given ;
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore,
the while,
An angel's features,—a deliverer's
smile !

A blessed task !—and worthy one
Who, turning from the world, as
thou,
Before life's pathway had begun
To leave its spring-time flower and
sun,
Had sealed her early vow ;
Giving to God her beauty and her
youth,
Her pure affections and her guileless
truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing
here
Could be for thee a meet reward ;
Thine is a treasure far more dear,—
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear
Of living mortal heard,—
The joys prepared,—the promised
bliss above,—
The holy presence of Eternal Love !

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not
A nobler name than thine shall be.
The deeds by martial manhood
wrought,
The lofty energies of thought,
The fire of poesy,—
These have but frail and fading
honours ;—thine
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble
down,
And human pride and grandeur
fall,—
The herald's line of long renown,—
The mitre and the kingly crown,—
Perishing glories all !
The pure devotion of thy generous
heart [a part,
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was

THE FROST SPIRIT.

HE comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now

On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the grey old trees where their pleasant green came forth,

And the winds which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen Labrador,—

From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er,—

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below

In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing Northern blast,

And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.

With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow

On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet lake shall feel

The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel;

And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,

Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him as we may,

And turn with the light of the parlour-fire his evil power away;

And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances high,

And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.⁴³

“O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,—

The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;

And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie;

I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?”

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls

Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;

And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned away,

But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—“My gentle lady, stay!”

“O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings,

Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of kings,—

A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,

Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy way!”

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,

Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls between;

“Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller grey and old,—
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy gold.”

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meagre book, Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took !

“Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee !
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the word of God is free !”

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind

Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's mind, And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth, And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth !

And she hath left the grey old halls, where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower ;

And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God !

THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Nor always as the whirlwind's rush
On Horeb's mount of fear,
Not always as the burning bush
To Midian's shepherd seer,
Nor as the awful voice which came
To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
Nor gift of fearful words,—

Not always thus, with outward sign
Of fire or voice from Heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God is given !

Awaking in the human heart
Love for the true and right,—
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
The holy influence steals :
Warm with a rapture not its own,
The heart of woman feels !
As she who by Samaria's wall
The Saviour's errand sought,—
As those who with the fervent Paul
And meek Aquila wrought :

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom
Rome's gathered grandeur saw :
Or those who in their Alpine home
Braved the Crusader's war,
When the green Vaudois, trembling,
heard,
Through all its vales of death
The martyr's song of triumph poured
From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things
Which o'er our spirits pass,
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
Or vapours o'er a glass,
Leaving their token strange and new
Of music or of shade,
The summons to the right and true
And merciful is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light

Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
Unfolding to thy mental sight
The wants of human-kind ;
If, brooding over human grief,
The earnest wish is known
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not thine own ;

Though heralded with naught of fear,
Or outward sign or show ;
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low ;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,—
Thy Father's call of love !

MY SOUL AND I.

STAND still, my soul, in the silent
dark

I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and stark
With God and me !

What, my soul, was thy errand here ?
Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year ?
"Nay, none of these !"

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the
night :
"To do His will !"

What hast thou done, O soul of mine,
That thou tremblest so ?—
Hast thou wrought His task, and kept
the line
He bade thee go ?

What, silent all !—art sad of cheer ?
Art fearful now ? [near,
When God seemed far and men were
How brave wert thou !

Aha ! thou tremblest !—well I see
Thou'rt craven grown.
Is it so hard with God and me
To stand alone ?—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back,
O wretched sprite !
Let me hear thy voice through this
deep and black
Abysmal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right
and Truth,
For God and Man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed
youth
To life's mid span ?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,
But weak and low,
Like far sad murmurs on my ear
They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the
Wrong,
And borne the Right
From beneath the footfall of the
throne,
To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,
God speed, quoth I ;
To Error amidst her shouting train
I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine ! ah, soul of mine !
Thy deeds are well :
Were they wrought for Truth's sake
or for thine ?
My soul, pray tell.

"Of all the work my hand hath
wrought
Beneath the sky,
Save a place in kindly human thought,
No gain have I."

Go to, go to !—for thy very self
Thy deeds were done :
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,
Your end is one !

And where art thou going, soul of
mine ?
Canst see the end ?
And whither this troubled life of
thine
Evermore doth tend ?

What daunts thee now ?—what shakes
thee so ?
My sad soul say.

"I see a cloud like a curtain low
Hang o'er my way.

"Whither I go I cannot tell :
That cloud hangs black,
High as the heaven and deep as
hell
Across my track.

"I see its shadow coldly enwrap
The souls before.
Sadly they enter it, step by step,
To return no more

“They shrink, they shudder, dear
 God ! they kneel
 To Thee in prayer.
 They shut their eyes on the cloud,
 but feel
 That it still is there.

“In vain they turn from the dread
 Before
 To the Known and Gone ; [more
 For while gazing behind them ever—
 Their feet glide on.

“Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale
 faces
 A light begin
 To tremble, as if from holy places
 And shrines within.

“And at times methinks their cold
 lips move
 With hymn and prayer, [love
 As if somewhat of awe, but more of
 And hope were there.

“I call on the souls who have left
 the light
 To reveal their lot ;
 I bend mine ear to that wall of night,
 And they answer not.

“But I hear around me sighs of pain
 And the cry of fear,
 And a sound like the slow sad drop-
 ping of rain,
 Each drop a tear !

“Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by
 day
 I am moving thither :
 I must pass beneath it on my way—
 God pity me !—WHITHER ?”

Ah, soul of mine ! so brave and wise
 In the life-storm loud,
 Fronting so calmly all human eyes
 In the sunlit crowd !

Now standing apart with God and me
 Thou art weakness all,
 Gazing vainly after the things to be
 Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this
 Was thy being lent ;
 For the craven's fear is but selfishness,
 Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain :
 One closing her eyes,
 The other peopling the dark inane
 With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand con-
 trols
 Whate'er thou fearest ;
 Round Him in ealmeſt music rolls
 Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is
 day,
 And the end He knoweth,
 And not on a blind and aimless way
 The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future,—a phantom show
 Is alone before him :
 Past Time is dead, and the grasses
 grow,
 And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind ;
 The steps of Faith
 Fall on the seeming void, and find
 The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou
 hast
 For thy sure possessing ;
 Like the patriarch's angel hold it
 fast
 Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night ? why shrink from
 Death,
 That phantom wan ?
 There is nothing in heaven or earth
 beneath
 Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from
 Him
 And from one another ;
 All is spectral and vague and dim
 Save God and our brother !

Like warp and woof all destinies
 Are woven fast,
 Linked in sympathy like the keys
 Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye
 mar;
 Break but one
 Of a thousand keys, and the paining
 jar
 Through all will run.

O restless spirit! wherefore strain
 Beyond thy sphere?
 Heaven and hell, with their joy and
 pain,
 Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well
 All thou hast given;
 Thy neighbour's wrong is thy present
 hell,
 His bliss thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and
 light,
 All are in God's care:
 Sound the black abyss, pierce the
 deep of night,
 And He is there!

All which is real now remaineth,
 And fadeth never:
 The hand which upholds it now sus-
 taineth
 The soul for ever.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent
 meekness
 His own thy will,
 And with strength from Him shall
 thy utter weakness
 Life's task fulfil;

And that cloud itself, which now be-
 fore thee
 Lies dark in view,
 Shall with beams of light from the
 inner glory
 Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through
 autumn's dawn
 Uprolling thin,
 Its thickest folds when about thee
 drawn
 Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is
 done,
 Why quierest thou?—
 The past and the time to be are one,
 And both are now!

TO A FRIEND,

ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE.

How smiled the land of France
 Under thy blue eye's glance,
 Light-hearted rover!
 Old walls of chateaux gray,
 Towers of an early day,
 Which the Three Colours play
 Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train
 Thronging the banks of Seine:
 Now midst the splendour
 Of the wild Alpine range,
 Waking with change on change
 Thoughts in thy young heart strange,
 Lovely, and tender.

Vales, soft Elysian,
 Like those in the vision
 Of Mirza, when, dreaming,
 He saw the long hollow dell
 Touched by the prophet's spell,
 Into an ocean swell
 With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapped in snows of years,
 Splintering with icy spears
 Autumn's blue heaven:
 Loose rock and frozen slide,
 Hung on the mountain-side,
 Waiting their hour to glide
 Downward, storm-driven!

Rhine-stream, by castle old,
 Baron's and robber's hold,
 Peacefully flowing ;
 Sweeping through vineyards green,
 Or where the cliffs are seen
 O'er the broad wave between
 Grim shadows throwing.

Or, where St. Peter's dome
 Swells o'er eternal Rome,
 Vast, dim, and solemn,—
 Hymns ever chanting low,—
 Censers swung to and fro,—
 Sables stoles sweeping slow
 Cornice and column !

Oh, as from each and all
 Will there not voices call
 Evermore back again ?
 In the mind's gallery
 Wilt thou not always see
 Dim phantoms beckon thee
 O'er that old track again ?

New forms thy presence haunt,—
 New voices softly chant,—
 New faces greet thee !—
 Pilgrims from many a shrine
 Hallowed by poet's line,
 At memory's magic sign,
 Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come
 Unto thy olden home,
 Will they not waken
 Deep thoughts of Him whose hand
 Led thee o'er sea and land
 Back to the household band
 Whence thou wast taken ?

While, at the sunset time,
 Swells the cathedral's chime,
 Yet, in thy dreaming,
 While to thy spirit's eye
 Yet the vast mountains lie
 Piled in the Switzer's sky,
 Icy and gleaming :

Prompter of silent prayer,
 Be the wild picture there
 In the mind's chamber,

And, through each coming day
 Him who, as staff and stay,
 Watched o'er thy wandering way,
 Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be
 Soon or late unto thee,
 As to all given,
 Still may that picture live,
 All its fair forms survive,
 And to thy spirit give
 Gladness in Heaven !

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE
 GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
 God's meekest Angel gently comes :
 No power has he to banish pain,
 Or give us back our lost again ;
 And yet in tenderest love, our dear
 And Heavenly Father sends him
 here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
 There's rest in his still countenance !
 He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
 Nor wounds with words the mourner's
 ear ;
 But ills and woes he may not cure
 He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
 Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;
 To lay the storms of hope and fear,
 And reconcile life's smile and tear :
 The throbs of wounded pride to still,
 And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,
 With longings for the close of day ;
 He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
 And gently whispers, " Be resigned :
 Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
 The dear Lord ordereth all things
 well ! "

FOLLEN.

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE
"FUTURE STATE."

FRIEND of my soul!—as with moist
eye

I look up from this page of thine,
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,
Thy mild face gazing into mine?

That presence seems before me now,
A placid heaven of sweet moon-
rise,
When, dew-like, on the earth below
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted
hair,
The gentle lips which knew no
guile,
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful
ear
With the bland beauty of their
smile.

Ah me!—at times that last dread
scene
Of Frost and Fire and moaning
Sea,
Will cast its shade of doubt between
The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,
Where through the twilight air of
earth,

Alike enthusiast and sage,
Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth;

Lifting the Future's solemn veil;
The reaching of a mortal hand
To put aside the cold and pale
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land;

In thoughts which answer to my
own,
In words which reach my inward
ear,

Like whispers from the void Un-
known,
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's
rest,

The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,
Unwasted, through each change, at-
test

The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive
The mind whose kingly will they
wrought?

Their gross unconsciousness survive
Thy godlike energy of thought?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN!—not in vain
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne
The burthen of Life's cross of pain,
And the throned crown of suffering
worn.

Oh, while Life's solemn mystery
glooms
Around us like a dungeon's wall,—
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,
Silent the heaven which bends o'er
all!—

While day by day our loved ones
glide

In spectral silence, hushed and
lone,

To the cold shadows which divide
The living from the dread Un-
known;

While even on the closing eye,
And on the lip which moves in
vain,

The seals of that stern mystery
Their undiscovered trust retain;—

And only midst the gloom of death,
Its mournful doubts and haunting
fears,

Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and
Faith,

Smile dimly on us through their
tears;

'Tis something to a heart like mine
To think of thee as living yet;
To feel that such a light as thine
Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way
 Since thou hast left thy footprints
 there,
 And beams of mournful beauty play
 Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh!—at this hour when half the
 sky
 Is glorious with its evening light,
 And fair broad fields of summer lie
 Hung o'er with greenness in my
 sight ;

While through these elm-boughs wet
 with rain
 The sunset's golden walls are
 seen,
 With clover-bloom and yellow grain
 And wood-draped hill and stream
 between ;

I long to know if scenes like this
 Are hidden from an angel's eyes ;
 If earth's familiar loveliness
 Haunts not thy heaven's serener
 skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew
 The lesson which that beauty gave,
 The ideal of the Pure and True
 In earth and sky and gliding
 wave.

And it may be that all which lends
 The soul an upward impulse here,
 With a diviner beauty blends,
 And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never
 fell
 The humbler flowers of earth may
 twine ;
 And simple draughts from childhood's
 well
 Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,
 And let the seeking lips be
 dumb,—
 Where even seraph eyes have failed
 Shall mortal blindness seek to
 come ?

We only know that thou hast gone,
 And that the same returnless tide
 Which bore thee from us still glides
 on,
 And we who mourn thee with it
 glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,
 And to our gaze ere long shall turn
 That page of God's mysterious book
 We so much wish, yet dread to
 learn.

With Him, before whose awful power
 Thy spirit bent its trembling
 knee:—
 Who, in the silent greeting flower,
 And forest leaf, looked out on
 thee,—

We leave thee, with a trust serene,
 Which Time, nor Change, nor
 Death can move,
 While with thy childlike faith we
 lean
 On Him whose dearest name is
 Love !

TO THE REFORMERS OF
 ENGLAND.

God bless ye, brothers!—in the fight
 Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,
 For better is your sense of right
 Than king's-craft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,
 More mighty is your simplest word ;
 The free heart of an honest man
 Than crosier or the sword.

Go,—let your bloated Church rehearse
 The lesson it has learned so well ;
 It moves not with its prayer or curse
 The gates of heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again,—
 Did Freedom die when Russell
 died ?
 Forget ye how the blood of Vane
 From earth's green bosom cried ?

The great hearts of your olden time
Are beating with you, full and
strong
All holy memories and sublime
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede
Are with ye still in times like these ;
The shades of England's mighty dead,
Your cloud of witnesses !

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and every tide ;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have
found
Are those which Heaven itself has
wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love ;— your
battle-ground
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
The simple beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts
And bounds beneath your words of
power,
The beating of her million hearts
Is with you at this hour !

O ye who, with undoubting eyes,
Through present cloud and gather-
ing storm,
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,
And sunshine soft and warm, —

Press bravely onward !—not in vain
Your generous trust in human-
kind ;
The good which bloodshed could not
gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on !—the triumph shall be won
Of common rights and equal laws,
The glorious dream of Harrington,
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,
Sweetening worn Labour's bitter
cup ;
And, plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on !—and we who may not share
The toil or glory of your fight,
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right !

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time !—
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law ;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong
partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer !

THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with
tan,

I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling
dome,

Essayed in vain her ghostly charm :
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in :
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy
pile ;

That grand, old, time-worn turret
spare ;"

Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear !"

Grey-bearded Use, who, deaf and
blind,

Groped for his old accustomed
stone,

Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy
eyes,

O'erhung with paly locks of gold,—
"Why smite," he asked, in sad
surprise,
"The fair, the old ?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's
stroke,

Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam ;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked : aside the dust-cloud
rolled,—

The Waster seemed the Builder too ;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,—
The wasting of the wrong and ill ;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared ;
The frown which awed me passed
away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed
the cow ;

The slave stood forging from his
chains
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions
gay

And cottage windows, flower-
entwined,

Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with
wine once red,

The lights on brimming crystal
fell,

Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet
head

And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-
sent hope,

Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams
strayed,

And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his
cell

Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the
bell,

Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,

I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest
driven,

The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
 The pious fraud transparent grown,
 The good held captive in the use
 Of wrong alone, —

These wait their doom, from that great
 law
 Which makes a past time serve
 to-day ;
 And fresher life the world shall draw
 From their decay.

Oh, backward-looking son of time !
 The new is old, the old is new,
 The cycle of a change sublime
 Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer ;
 Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
 Who wake by turns Earth's love and
 fear,
 Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day
 Thou mournest, did thy sire
 repine ;
 So, in his time, thy child grown gray
 Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go ;
 Th' eternal step of Progress beats
 To that great anthem, calm and
 slow,
 Which God repeats.

Take heart ! — the Waster builds
 again, —
 A charmed life old Goodness hath ;
 The tares may perish, — but the grain
 Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey
 His first propulsion from the
 night :
 Wake thou and watch ! — the world is
 grey
 With morning light !

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Look on him ! — through his dungeon
 grate
 Feebly and cold, the morning light
 Comes stealing round him, dim and
 late,
 As if it loathed the sight.
 Reclining on his strawy bed,
 His hand upholds his drooping head, —
 His bloodless cheek is seamed and
 hard,
 Unshorn his grey, neglected beard ;
 And o'er his bony fingers flow
 His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
 And yet the winter's breath is chill ;
 And o'er his half-elad person goes
 The frequent ague thrill !
 Silent, save ever and anon,
 A sound, half-murmur and half-groan,
 Forces apart the painful grip
 Of the old sufferer's bearded lip ;
 Oh sad and crushing is the fate
 Of old age chained and desolate !

Just God ! why lies that old man
 there ?
 A murderer shares his prison bed,
 Whose eyeballs, through his horrid
 hair,
 Gleam on him, fierce and red ;
 And the rude oath and heartless jeer
 Fall ever on his loathing ear,
 And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
 Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and
 creep
 Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
 Crimson with murder, touches him !

What has the grey-haired prisoner
 done ?
 Has murder stained his hands with
 gore ?
 Not so ; his crime's a fouler one ;
 GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR !
 For this he shares a felon's cell, —
 The fittest earthly type of hell !
 For this, the boon for which he poured
 His young blood on the invader's
 sword,

And counted light the fearful cost,—
His blood-gained liberty is lost !

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as
rain

On Concord's field, and Bunker's erest,
And Saratoga's plain ?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars ;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument upreared to thee, —
Piled granite and a prison cell,—
The land repays thy service well !

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out ;
Shout "Freedom !" till your lisping
ones

Give back their cradle shout ;
Let boastful eloquence declaim
Of honour, liberty, and fame ;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With glory for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty !"

But when the patron cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes
and stars

Rise on the wind, and fall, —
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer ?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry ?
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of
limb,
What is your carnival to him ?

Down with the LAW that binds him
thus !

Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind !
Open the prison's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code
To the free sun and air of God ;
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's
hand.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING PAMPHLETS
PUBLISHED BY CLERGYMEN AGAINST
THE ABOLITION OF THE GALLOWES.

I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have
shone
Since the Redeemer walked with
man, and made
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of
stone,
And mountain moss, a pillow for
His head ;
And He, who wandered with the
peasant Jew,
And broke with publicans the bread
of shame,
And drank, with blessings in His
Father's name,
The water which Samaria's outcast
drew,
Hath now His temples upon every
shore,
Altar and shrine and priest,—and
incense dim
Evermore rising, with low prayer
and hymn,
From lips which press the temple's
marble floor,
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread
Cross He bore.

II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing
good,"
He fed a blind and selfish multitude.
And even the poor companions of His
lot
With their dim earthly vision knew
Him not,
How ill are His high teachings
understood !
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the
priest
At His own altar binds the chain
anew ;
Where He hath bidden to Life's equal
feast,
The starving many wait upon the
few ;

Where He hath spoken Peace, His
 name hath been
 The loudest war-ery of contending
 men ;
 Priests, pale with vigils, in His name
 have blessed
 The unsheathed sword, and laid the
 spear in rest,
 Wet the war-banner with their sacred
 wine, [sign ;
 And crossed its blazon with the holy
 Yea, in His name who bade the erring
 live,
 And daily taught His lesson,—to for-
 give !—
 Twisted the cord and edged the
 murderous steel ;
 And, with His words of mercy on their
 lips,
 Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burn-
 ing grips,
 And the grim horror of the strain-
 ing wheel ;
 Fed the slow flame which gnawed the
 victim's limb,
 Who saw before his searing eyeballs
 swim [zeal,
 The image of *their* Christ in cruel
 Through the black torment-smoke,
 held mockingly to him !

III.

The blood which mingled with the
 desert sand,
 And beaded with its red and ghastly
 dew
 The vines and olives of the Holy
 Land,—
 The shrieking curses of the hunted
 Jew,—
 The white-sown bones of heretics,
 where'er
 They sank beneath the Crusade's holy
 spear,—
 Goa's dark dungeons,—Malta's sea-
 washed cell,
 Where with the hymns the ghostly
 fathers sung
 Mingled the groans by subtle torture
 wrung,

Heaven's anthem blending with the
 shriek of hell !
 The midnight of Bartholomew,—the
 stake
 Of Smithfield, and that thrice-ac-
 cursed flame
 Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's
 lake,—
 New England's scaffold, and the
 priestly sneer
 Which mocked its victims in that
 hour of fear,
 When guilt itself a human tear
 might claim,—
 Bear witness, O thou wronged and
 merciful One !
 That Earth's most hateful crimes have
 in Thy name been done !

IV.

Thank God ! that I have lived to see
 the time
 When the great truth begins at last
 to find
 An utterance from the deep heart
 of mankind,
 Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE
 IS CRIME !
 That man is holier than a creed,—
 that all
 Restraint upon him must consult his
 good,
 Hope's sunshine linger on his prison
 wall,
 And Love look in upon his soli-
 tude.
 The beautiful lesson which our Saviour
 taught
 Through long, dark centuries its way
 hath wrought
 Into the common mind and popular
 thought ;
 And words, to which by Galilee's lake
 shore
 The humble fishers listened with
 hushed oar,
 Have found an echo in the general
 heart,
 And of the public faith become a liv-
 ing part.

v.

Who shall arrest this tendency?—
 Bring back [rack?
 The cells of Venice and the bigot's
 Harden the softening human heart
 again [pain?
 To cold indifference to a brother's
 Ye most unhappy men!—who, turned
 away
 From the mild sunshine of the Gospel
 day,
 Grope in the shadows of Man's twi-
 light time,
 What mean ye, that with ghoulish
 zest ye brood,
 O'er those foul altars streaming with
 warm blood,
 Permitted in another age and clime?
 Why cite that law with which the
 bigot Jew
 Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he
 knew
 No evil in the Just One!—Wherefore
 turn
 To the dark eruel past?—Can ye not
 learn
 From the pure Teacher's life, how
 mildly free
 Is the great Gospel of Humanity?
 The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and
 no more
 Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,
 No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke
 Through the green arches of the
 Druid's oak;
 And ye of milder faith, with your high
 claim
 Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest
 name,
 Will ye become the Druids of *our*
 time?
 Set up your scaffold-altars in *our*
 land,
 And, consecrators of Law's darkest
 crime,
 Urge to its loathsome work the
 hangman's hand?
 Beware,—lest human nature, roused
 at last,
 From its peeled shoulder your encum-
 brance cast,

And, sick to loathing of your cry
 for blood,
 Rank ye with those who led their
 victims round
 The Celt's red altar and the Indian's
 mound,
 Abhorred of Earth and Heaven,—
 a pagan brotherhood!

THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

I.

FAR from his close and noisome cell,
 By grassy lane and sunny stream,
 Blown clover field and strawberry
 dell,
 And green and meadow freshness, fell
 The footsteps of his dream.
 Again from careless feet the dew
 Of summer's misty morn he shook;
 Again with merry heart he threw
 His light line in the rippling brook.
 Backerowed all his school-day joys,—
 He urged the ball and quoit again,
 And heard the shout of laughing boys
 Come ringing down the walnut glen.
 Again he felt the western breeze,
 With scent of flowers and crisping
 hay;
 And down again through wind-stirred
 trees
 He saw the quivering sunlight play.
 An angel in home's vine-hung door,
 He saw his sister smile once more;
 Once more the truant's brown-locked
 head
 Upon his mother's knees was laid,
 And sweetly lulled to slumber there,
 With evening's holy hymn and prayer!

II.

He woke. At once on heart and
 brain
 The present Terror rushed again,—
 Clanked on his limbs the felon's
 chain!
 He woke, to hear the church-tower
 tell
 Time's footfall on the conscious bell,

And, shuddering, feel that clanging
din

His life's LAST HOUR had ushered in ;
To see within his prison-yard,
Through the small window, iron
barred,

The gallows shadow rising dim
Between the sunrise heaven and
him,—

A horror in God's blessed air,—
A blackness in his morning light,—
Like some foul devil-altar here

Built up by demon hands at night.
And, maddened by that evil sight,
Dark, horrible, confused, and strange,
A chaos of wild, weltering change,
All power of check and guidance gone,
Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.

In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,
In vain he turned the Holy Book,
He only heard the gallows-stair
Creak as the wind its timbers shook.

No dream for him of sin forgiven,
While still that baleful spectre
stood, [Blood !”

With its hoarse murmur, “Blood for
Between him and the pitying Heaven !

III.

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,
And smote his breast, and on his
chain,

Whose iron clasp he always felt,
His hot tears fell like rain ;
And near him, with the cold, calm
look

And tone of one whose formal part,
Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,
Is measured out by rule and book,
With placid lip and tranquil blood,
The hangman's ghostly ally stood,
Blessing with solemn text and word
The gallows-drop and strangling cord ;
Lending the sacred Gospel's awe
And sanction to the crime of Law.

IV.

He saw the vietim's tortured brow,—
The sweat of anguish starting
there,—

The record of a nameless woe

In the dim eye's imploring stare,
Seen hideous through the long,
damp hair,—

Fingers of ghastly skin and bone
Working and writhing on the stone!—
And heard, by mortal terror wrung
From heaving breast and stiffened
tongue,

The choking sob and low hoarse
prayer ;

As o'er his half-crazed fancy came
A vision of the eternal flame,—
Its smoking cloud of agonies,—
Its demon-worm that never dies,—
The everlasting rise and fall

Of fire-waves round the infernal wall ;
While high above that dark red flood,
Black, giant-like, the gallows stood ;
Two busy fiends attending there :
One with cold mocking rite and
prayer,

The other with impatient grasp,
Tightening the death-rope's strangling
clasp.

V.

The unfelt rite at length was done,—
The prayer unheard at length was
said,— [sun

An hour had passed :—the noonday
Smote on the features of the dead !
And he who stood the doomed beside,
Calm gauger of the swelling tide
Of mortal agony and fear,

Heeding with curious eye and ear
Whate'er revealed the keen excess
Of man's extremest wretchedness :
And who in that dark anguish saw

An earnest of the vietim's fate,
The vengeful terrors of God's law,
The kindlings of Eternal hate,—
The first drops of that fiery rain
Which beats the dark red realm of
pain,

Did he uplift his earnest cries
Against the crime of Law, which
gave

His brother to that fearful grave,
Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,
And Faith's white blossoms never
wave

To the soft breath of Memory's sighs ;—

Which sent a spirit marred and stained,
By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,
In madness and in blindness stark,
Into the silent, unknown dark?
No,—from the wild and shrinking
dread

With which he saw the victim led
Beneath the dark veil which divides
Ever the living from the dead,

And Nature's solemn secret hides,
The man of prayer can only draw
New reasons for his bloody law;
New faith in staying Murder's hand
By murder at that Law's command;
New reverence for the gallows-rope,
As human nature's latest hope;
Last relie of the good old time,
When Power found license for its
crime,

And held a writhing world in check
By that fell eord about its neck;
Stifled Sedition's rising shout,
Choked the young breath of Freedom
out, [sprung

And timely checked the words which
From Heresy's forbidden tongue;
While in its noose of terror bound,
The Church its cherished union found,
Conforming, on the Moslem plan,
The motley-coloured mind of man,
Not by the Koran and the Sword,
But by the Bible and the Cord!

VI.

O Thou! at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life its sleeper gave,
Beneath whose sad and tearful glance
The cold and changed countenance
Broke the still horror of its trance,
And, waking, saw with joy above,
A brother's face of tenderest love;
Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,
And from Thy very garment's hem
Drew life and healing unto them.
The burden of Thy holy faith
Was love and life, not hate and death,
Man's demon ministers of pain,

The fiends of his revenge were sent
From Thy pure Gospel's element
To their dark home again.

Thy name is Love! What, then, is he,
Who in that name the gallows rears,
An awful altar built to Thee,

With sacrifice of blood and tears?
Oh, once again Thy healing lay (not,
On the blind eyes which knew Thee
And let the light of Thy pure day
Melt in upon his darkened thought.
Softened his hard, cold heart, and show
The power which in forbearance lies,
And let him feel that mercy now
Is better than old sacrifice!

VII.

As on the White Sea's charmed shore,
The Parsee sees his holy hill
With dunnest smoke-clouds curtained
o'er,

Yet knows beneath them, evermore,
The low, pale fire is quivering still;
So, underneath its clouds of sin,

The heart of man retaineth yet
Gleams of its holy origin; [set,
And half-quenched stars that never
Dim colours of its faded bow,
And early beauty, linger there,
And o'er its wasted desert blow

Faint breathings of its morning air,
Oh, never yet upon the scroll
Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,
Hath Heaven inscribed "DESPAIR!"

Cast not the clouded gem away,
Quench not the dim but living ray,—
My brother man, Beware!
With that deep voice which from the
skies

Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,
God's angel cries, FORBEAR!

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

O MOTHER EARTH! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving,
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
 And serpent hiss of scorning ;
 Nor let the storms of yesterday
 Disturb his quiet morning.

Breathe over him forgetfulness
 Of all save deeds of kindness,
 And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
 Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and
 eye

He heard Potomac's flowing,
 And, through his tall ancestral trees,
 Saw autumn's sunset glowing,
 He sleeps,—still looking to the west,
 Beneath the dark wood shadow,
 As if he still would see the sun
 Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune !—in himself

All moods of mind contrasting,—
 The tenderest wail of human woe,
 The scorn like lightning blasting ;
 The pathos which from rival eyes
 Unwilling tears could summon,
 The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
 Of hatred scarcely human !

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond
 shower,

From lips of life-long sadness ;
 Clear picturings of majestic thought
 Upon a ground of madness ;
 And over all Romance and Song
 A classic beauty throwing,
 And laurelled Clio at his side
 Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him : each in turn
 Beheld its schemes disjointed,
 As right or left his fatal glance
 And spectral finger pointed.

Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down
 With trenchant wit unsparing,
 And, mocking, rent with ruthless
 hand

The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign

A love he never cherished,
 Beyond Virginia's border line
 His patriotism perished.

While others hailed in distant skies
 Our eagle's dusky pinion,
 He only saw the mountain bird
 Stoop o'er his Old Dominion !

Still through each change of fortune
 strange,

Racked nerve, and brain all burn-
 ing,

His loving faith in Mother-land
 Knew never shade of turning ;
 By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave,
 Whatever sky was o'er him,
 He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
 Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal
 No false and vain pretences,
 Nor paid a lying priest to seek
 For Scriptural defences.

His harshest words of proud rebuke,
 His bitterest taunt and scorning,
 Fell fire-like on the Northern brow
 That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves ; yet kept the while
 His reverence for the Human ;
 In the dark vassals of his will
 He saw but Man and Woman !
 No hunter of God's outraged poor
 His Roanoke valley entered ;
 No trader in the souls of men
 Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man
 Lay down for his last sleeping,
 And at his side, a slave no more,
 His brother-man stood weeping,
 His latest thought, his latest breath,
 To Freedom's duty giving,
 With failing tongue and trembling
 hand
 The dying blest the living.

Oh, never bore his ancient State
 A truer son or braver !

None trampling with a calmer scorn
 On foreign hate or favour.
 He knew her faults, yet never stooped
 His proud and manly feeling
 To poor excuses of the wrong
 Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,
None heard more sure the steps of
Doom

Along her future treading.
For her as for himself he spake,
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,
He traced with dying hand "RE-
MORSE!"
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,
From Vernon's weeping willow,
And from the grassy pall which hides
The Sage of Monticello,
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,
Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves
A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields
Are sadder warnings spoken,
From quenched hearths, where thy
exiled sons
Their household gods have broken.
The curse is on thee,—wolves for men,
And briars for corn-sheaves giving!
Oh, more than all thy dead renown
Were now one hero living!

DEMOCRACY.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men
should do to you, do ye even so to them."—
Matthew vii. 12.

BEARER of Freedom's holy light,
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,
The foe of all which pains the sight,
Or wounds the generous ear of God!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,
Though there profaning gifts are
thrown;
And fires unkindled of the skies
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred,—though thy name be
breathed
By those whose hearts thy truth
deride;

And garlands, plucked from thee, are
wreathed
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

Oh, ideal of my boyhood's time!
The faith in which my father stood.
Even when the sons of Lust and
Crime
Had stained thy peaceful courts
with blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,
For through the mists which darken
there,
I see the flame of Freedom burn,—
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm,
Which owns the rights of *all*
divine,—
The pitying heart,—the helping
arm,— [thine.
The prompt self-sacrifice,—are

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and
birth!
How equal in their suffering lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed
By pomp or power, thou seest a
MAN
In prince or peasant,—slave or lord,—
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or
name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and
dim,
The crown upon his forehead set,—
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look ;
For that frail form which mortals
wear

The Spirit of the Holiest took,
And veiled His perfect brightness
there.

Not from the shallow babbling fount
Of vain philosophy thou art ;
He who of old on Syria's mount
Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the
listener's heart,

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to
know,
Proclaimed thy message from on
high,—
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died !
From the blue lake of Galilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this
land
I hear in every breeze that stirs,
And round a thousand altars stand
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,
At party's call, my gift I bring :
But on thy olden shrine I lay
A freeman's dearest offering :

The voiceless utterance of his will,—
His pledge to Freedom and to
Truth,

That manhood's heart remembers still
The homage of his generous youth.

Election Day, 1843.

TO RONGE.

STRIKE home, strong-hearted man !
Down to the root
Of old oppression sink the Saxon
steel.

Thy work is to hew down. In God's
name then
Put nerve into thy task. Let other
men
Plant, as they may, that better tree
whose fruit
The wounded bosom of the Church
shall heal.
Be thou the image-breaker. Let thy
blows
Fall heavy as the Suabian's iron hand,
On crown or crosier, which shall in-
terpose
Between thee and the weal of Father-
land.
Leave creeds to closet idlers. First
of all,
Shake thou all German dream-land
with the fall
Of that accursed tree, whose evil
trunk [monk.
Was spared of old by Erfurt's stalwart
Fight not with ghosts and shadows.
Let us hear
The snap of chain-links. Let our
gladdened ear
Catch the pale prisoner's welcome, as
the light
Follows thy axe-stroke, through his
cell of night.
Be faithful to both worlds ; nor think
to feed
Earth's starving millions with the
husks of creed.
Servant of Him whose mission high
and holy
Was to the wronged, the sorrowing,
and the lowly,
Thrust not His Eden promise from our
sphere,
Distant and dim beyond the bluesky's
span ;
Like him of Patmos, see it, now and
here,— [man !
The New Jerusalem comes down to
Be warned by Luther's error. Nor
like him,
When the roused Teuton dashes from
his limb
The rusted chain of ages, help to bind
His hands for whom thou claim'st the
freedom of the mind !

CHALKLEY HALL.⁴⁴

How bland and sweet the greeting of
 this breeze
 To him who flies
 From crowded street and red walls
 weary gleam,
 Till far behind him like a hideous
 dream
 The close dark city lies !

Here, while the market murmurs,
 while men throng
 The marble floor
 Of Mammon's altar, from the crush
 and din [in
 Of the world's madness let me gather
 My better thoughts once more.

Oh, once again revive, while on my
 ear
 The cry of Gain
 And low hoarse hum of Traffic die
 away,
 Ye blessed memories of my early day
 Like sere grass wet with rain !—

Once more let God's green earth and
 sunset air
 Old feelings waken ;
 Through weary years of toil and strife
 and ill, [still
 Oh, let me feel that my good angel
 Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my
 mood :
 Beneath the arms
 Of this embracing wood, a good man
 made
 His home, like Abraham resting in
 the shade
 Of Mamre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of
 countless years,
 The virgin soil
 Turned from the share he guided, and
 in rain
 And summer sunshine throve the
 fruits and grain
 Which blessed his honest toil.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy
 seas,
 Weary and worn,
 He came to meet his children and to
 bless
 The Giver of all good in thankful-
 ness
 And praise for his return.

And here his neighbours gathered in
 to greet
 Their friend again,
 Safe from the wave and the destroy-
 ing gales,
 Which reap untimely green Bermuda's
 vales,
 And vex the Carib main.

To hear the good man tell of simple
 truth,
 Sown in an hour
 Of weakness in some far-off Indian
 isle,
 From the parched bosom of a barren
 soil,
 Raised up in life and power :

How at those gatherings in Barbadian
 vales,
 A tendering love
 Came o'er him, like the gentle rain
 from heaven,
 And words of fitness to his lips were
 given,
 And strength as from above :

How the sad captive listened to the
 Word,
 Until his chain
 Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit
 felt
 The healing balm of consolation melt
 Upon its life-long pain :

How the armed warrior sat him down
 to hear
 Of Peace and Truth,
 And the proud ruler and his Creole
 dame,
 Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty
 came,
 And fair and bright-eyed youth.

Oh, far away beneath New England's
sky,
Even when a boy,
Following my plough by Merrimack's
green shore,
His simple record I have pondered o'er
With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory
warm,—
Its woods around,
Its still stream winding on in light and
shade,
Its soft, green meadows and its up-
land glade,—
To me is holy ground.

And dearer far than haunts where
Genius keeps
His vigils still ;
Than that where Avon's son of song
is laid, [shade,
Of Vaucluse hallowed by its Petrarch's
Or Virgil's laurelled hill.

To the grey walls of fallen Paraclete,
To Juliet's urn,
Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange-grove,
Where Tasso sang, let young Romance
and Love
Like brother pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm
To all is given ;
And blessed memories of the faithful
dead
O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream
have shed
The holy hues of Heaven !

TO J. P.

Not as a poor requital of the joy
With which my childhood heard
that lay of thine,
Which, like an echo of the song
divine
At Bethlehem breathed above the
Holy Boy, [tine,—
Bore to my ear the Airs of Pales-

Not to the poet, but the man I bring
In friendship's fearless trust my offer-
ing ;
How much it lacks I feel, and thou
wilt see,
Yet well I know that thou hast deemed
with me
Life all too earnest, and its time too
short
For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful
sport ;
And girded for thy constant strife
with wrong,
Like Nehemiah fighting while he
wrought
The broken walls of Zion, even thy
song
Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in
every thought !

THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.

[IBN BATUTA, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them was restored, at once, to youth and vigour. The traveller saw several venerable JOGGIES, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.]

THEY sat in silent watchfulness
The sacred cypress-tree about,
And, from beneath old wrinkled
brows,
Their failing eyes looked out.

Grey Age and Sickness waiting there
Through weary night and lingering
day,—
Grim as the idols at their side,
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above
The song of Ceylon's bird was sweet ;
Unseen of them the island flowers
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm
swept,
The thunder crashed on rock and
hill ;

The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed,
Yet there they waited still !

What was the world without to
them ?

The Moslem's sunset-call, — the
dance

Of Ceylon's maids, — the passing gleam
Of battle-flag and lance ?

They waited for that falling leaf
Of which the wandering Jogees
sing :

Which lends once more to wintry age
The greenness of its spring.

Oh, if these poor and blinded ones
In trustful patience wait to feel
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb
A youthful freshness steal ;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree
Whose healing leaves of life are
shed,

In answer to the breath of prayer
Upon the waiting head ;

Not to restore our failing forms,
And build the spirit's broken
shrine,

But on the fainting soul to shed
A light and life divine ;

Shall we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay ?
Impatient of our Father's time
And His appointed way ?

Or shall the stir of outward things
Allure and claim the Christian's
eye,

When on the heathen watcher's ear
Their powerless murmurs die ?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong, —
And in the car of Pride and Power
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than "watch one hour" in hum-
bling prayer.

Life's "great things," like the Syrian
lord,

Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh ! we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save ;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thon, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of Thy pain ;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits
free,

Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with Thee !

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June
The south-west breezes play ;
And, through its haze, the winter
noon

Seems warm as summer's day.

The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear ;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.

"Bear up, O Mother Nature !" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee !"

So, in those winters of the soul,
 By bitter blasts and drear
 O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
 Will sunny days appear.
 Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
 The soul its living powers,
 And how beneath the winter's snow
 Lie germs of summer flowers !

The Night is mother of the Day,
 The Winter of the Spring,
 And ever upon old Decay
 The greenest mosses cling.
 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
 Through showers the sunbeams fall ;
 For God, who loveth all His works,
 Has left His Hope with all !

4th 1st month, 1847.

TO ———,

WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

"Get the writings of John Woolman by heart."—*Essays of ELIA.*

MAIDEN ! with the fair brown tresses
 Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,
 Floating on thy thoughtful forehead
 Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,
 Joy with them should still abide,—
 Instinct take the place of Duty,
 Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,
 Kindly beckoning back the Old,
 Turning, with the gift of Midas,
 All things into gold.

And the passing shades of sadness
 Wearing even a welcome guise ;
 As, when some bright lake lies open
 To the sunny skies,

Every wing of bird above it,
 Every light cloud floating on,
 Glitters like that flashing mirror
 In the self-same sun.

But upon thy youthful forehead
 Something like a shadow lies ;
 And a serious soul is looking
 From thy earnest eyes.

With an early introversion,
 Through the forms of outward
 things
 Seeking for the subtle essence,
 And the hidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface
 Hath thy wakeful vision seen,
 Farther than the narrow present
 Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises
 Heard the solemn steps of Time,
 And the low mysterious voices
 Of another clime.

All the mystery of Being
 Hath upon thy spirit pressed,—
 Thoughts which, like the Deluge
 wanderer,
 Find no place of rest :

That which mystic Plato pondered,
 That which Zeno heard with awe,
 And the star-rapt Zoroaster
 In his night-watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness spring-
 ing
 Of the dim, uncertain Past,
 Moving to the dark still shadows
 O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question
 Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
 With a deep and strong beseeching :
 WHAT and WHERE IS TRUTH ?

Hollow creed and ceremonial,
 Whence the ancient life hath fled,
 Idle faith unknown to action,
 Dull and cold and dead.

Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings
 Only wake a quiet scorn,—
 Not from these thy seeking spirit
 Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even,
 On thy mother Nature's breast,
 Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking
 Truth, and peace, and rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features
 Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,
 Light and soft as woven moon-
 beams,
 Beautiful and frail !

O'er the rough chart of Existence,
 Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,
 Soft airs breathe, and green leaves
 tremble,
 And cool fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh
 From the earth and from the sky,
 And to thee the hills and waters
 And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer
 Hath no outward origin ;
 More than Nature's many voices
 May be heard within.

Even as the great Augustine
 Questioned earth and sea and sky,⁴⁵
 And the dusty tomes of learning
 And old poesy.

But his earnest spirit needed
 More than outward Nature
 taught, —
 More than blest the poet's vision
 Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence
 Of a calm and waiting frame
 Light and wisdom as from Heaven
 To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet
 Doth that inward answer tend,
 But to works of love and duty
 As our being's end, —

Not to idle dreams and trances,
 Length of face, and solemn tone
 But to Faith, in daily striving
 And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavour
 Of a spirit which within
 Wrestles with familiar evil
 And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigour,
 Steady heart, and weapon strong,
 In the power of truth assailing
 Every form of wrong.

Guided thus, how passing lovely
 Is the track of WOOLMAN'S feet !
 And his brief and simple record
 How serenely sweet !

O'er life's humblest duties throwing
 Light the earthling never knew,
 Freshening all its dark waste places
 As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages, —
 All which sainted Guion sought,
 Or the blue-eyed German Rahel
 Half-unconscious taught :—

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,
 Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed
 Living warmth and starry bright-
 ness
 Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,
 Not a poet's dream alone,
 But a presence warm and real,
 Seen and felt and known.

When the red right-hand of slaughter
 Moulders with the steel it swung,
 When the name of seer and poet
 Dies on Memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall
 gather
 Round that meek and suffering
 one, —
 Glorious, like the seer-seen angel
 Standing in the sun !

Take the good man's book and ponder
 What its pages say to thee, —
 Blessed as the hand of healing
 May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen
 Yearnings for a higher good,
 For the fount of living waters
 And diviner food ;

If the pride of human reason
 Feels its meek and still rebuke
 Quailing like the eye of Peter,
 From the Just One's look !—

If with readier ear thou heedest
 What the Inward Teacher saith,
 Listening with a willing spirit
 And a childlike faith,—

Thou mayst live to bless the giver,
 Who, himself but frail and weak,
 Would at least the highest welfare
 Of another seek ;

And his gift, though poor and lowly
 It may seem to other eyes,
 Yet may prove an angel holy
 In a pilgrim's guise.

LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets,"
 —*Holy Writ.*

YES,—pile the marble o'er him ! It
 is well
 That ye who mocked him in his
 long stern strife,
 And planted in the pathway of his
 life
 The ploughshares of your hatred hot
 from hell,
 Who clamoured down the bold
 reformer when
 He pleaded for his captive fellow-
 men,
 Who spurned him in the market-
 place, and sought
 Within thy walls, St. Tammany,
 to bind
 In party chains the free and honest
 thought,
 The angel utterance of an upright
 mind,

Well is it now that o'er his grave ye
 raise
 The stony tribute of your tardy praise,
 For not alone that pile shall tell to
 Fame
 Of the brave heart beneath, but of the
 builders' shame !

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, look-
 ing northward far away,
 O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the
 Mexican array,
 Who is losing ? who is winning ? are
 they far or come they near ?
 Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither
 rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the
 storm of battle rolls ;
 Blood is flowing, men are dying ; God
 have mercy on their souls !"
 Who is losing ? who is winning ?—
 "Over hill and over plain,
 I see but smoke of cannon clouding
 through the mountain rain."

Holy Mother ! keep our brothers !
 Look, Ximena, look once more.
 "Still I see the fearful whirlwind
 rolling darkly as before,
 Bearing on, in strange confusion,
 friend and foeman, foot and
 horse,
 Like some wild and troubled torrent
 sweeping down its mountain
 course."

Look forth once more, Ximena ! "Ah !
 the smoke has rolled away ;
 And I see the Northern rifles gleam-
 ing down the ranks of gray.
 Hark ! that sudden blast of bugles !
 there the troop of Minon wheels ;
 There the Northern horses thunder,
 with the cannon at their heels.

“Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now
 retreat and now advance!
 Right against the blazing cannon
 shivers Puebla's charging lance!
 Down they go, the brave young
 riders; horse and foot together
 fall;
 Like a ploughshare in the fallow,
 through them ploughs the
 Northern ball.”

Nearer came the storm and nearer,
 rolling fast and frightful on!
 Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us,
 who has lost, and who has won?
 “Alas! alas! I know not; friend
 and foe together fall,
 O'er the dying rush the living: pray,
 my sisters, for them all!

“Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting:
 Blessed Mother, save my brain!
 I can see the wounded crawling slowly
 out from heaps of slain.
 Now they stagger, blind and bleeding;
 now they fall, and strive to rise;
 Hasten, sisters, haste and save them,
 lest they die before our eyes!

“O my heart's love! O my dear
 one! lay thy poor head on my
 knee:
 Dost thou know the lips that kiss
 thee? Canst thou hear me?
 canst thou see?
 O my husband, brave and gentle!
 O my Bernal, look once more
 On the blessed cross before thee!
 Merely! merely! all is o'er!”

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay
 thy dear one down to rest;
 Let his hands be meekly folded, lay
 the cross upon his breast;
 Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and
 his funeral masses said:
 To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the
 living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning,
 fair and young, a soldier lay,
 Torn with shot and pierced with
 lances, bleeding slow his life
 away;
 But, as tenderly before him the lorn
 Ximena knelt,
 She saw the Northern eagle shining
 on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight
 she turned away her head;
 With a sad and bitter feeling looked
 she back upon her dead;
 But she heard the youth's low moan-
 ing, and his struggling breath of
 pain,
 And she raised the cooling water to
 his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier,
 pressed her hand and faintly
 smiled:
 Was that pitying face his mother's?
 did she watch beside her child?
 All his stranger words with meaning
 her woman's heart supplied;
 With her kiss upon his forehead,
 “Mother!” murmured he, and
 died!

“A bitter curse upon them, poor boy,
 who led thee forth,
 From some gentle, sad-eyed mother,
 weeping, lonely, in the North!”
 Spake the mournful Mexie woman, as
 she laid him with her dead,
 And turned to soothe the living, and
 bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! “Like
 a cloud before the wind
 Rolls the battle down the mountains,
 leaving blood and death behind;
 Ah! they plead in vain for merely; in
 the dust the wounded strive;
 Hide your faces, holy angels! O Thou
 Christ of God, forgive!”

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains!
 let the cool, grey shadows fall;
 Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop
 thy curtain over all!
 Through the thickening winter twilight,
 wide apart the battle rolled,
 In its sheath the sabre rested, and the
 cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexie women still their
 holy task pursued,
 Through that long, dark night of
 sorrow, worn and faint and lack-
 ing food.
 Over weak and suffering brothers,
 with a tender care they hung,
 And the dying foeman blessed them in
 a strange and Northern tongue.
 Not wholly lost, O Father; is this
 evil world of ours;
 Upward, through its blood and ashes,
 spring afresh the Eden flowers;
 From its smoking hell of battle, Love
 and Pity send their prayer,
 And still Thy white-winged angels
 hover dimly in our air!

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had
 been
 Abused, its kindness answered with
 foul wrong;
 So, turning gloomily from my fellow-
 men,
 One summer Sabbath day I strolled
 among
 The green mounds of the village
 burial-place;
 Where, pondering how all human
 love and hate
 Find one sad level; and how, soon
 or late,
 Wronged and wrongdoer, each with
 meekened face,
 And cold hands folded over a still
 heart,

Pass the green threshold of our
 common grave,
 Whither all footsteps tend, whence
 none depart,
 Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
 Our common sorrow, like a mighty
 wave,
 Swept all my pride away, and trem-
 bling I forgave!

BARCLAY OF URY.⁴⁶

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
 By the kirk and college green,
 Rode the Laird of Ury;
 Close behind him, close beside,
 Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
 Pressed the mob in fury.
 Flouted him the drunken churl,
 Jeered at him the serving-girl,
 Prompt to please her master;
 And the begging carlin, late
 Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
 Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
 Up the streets of Aberdeen
 Came he slowly riding:
 And, to all he saw and heard,
 Answering not with bitter word,
 Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swing-
 ing,
 Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
 Loose and free and froward;
 Quoth the foremost, "Ride him
 down!
 Push him! prick him! through the
 town
 Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
 Cried a sudden voice and loud:
 "Barelay! Ho! a Barelay!
 And the old man at his side
 Saw a comrade, battle-tried,
 Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud : " God save us,
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus ? "

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;
" Put it up, I pray thee :
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me.

" Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

" Woe's the day ! " he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity ;
" Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city !

" Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers, [teach
Smiting through their midst we'll
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers ! "

" Marvel not, mine ancient friend
Like beginning, like the end,"
Quoth the Laird of Ury ;
" Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

" Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer ;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer ?

" Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,

Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

" When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door ;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

" Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving :
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

" Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking ;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking ! "

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial ;
Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter ;
And while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow ;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow ;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow !

WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and
evil,

"Lord !" I cried in sudden ire,
"From Thy right hand, clothed with
thunder,
Shake the bolted fire !

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying,
With the brute the man is sold ;
And the dropping blood of Labour
Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,
There the battle's groan of pain ;
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mam-
mon
Reaping men like grain.

"Where is God, that we should fear
Him ?"
Thus the earth-born Titans say :
"God, if Thou art living, hear us !"
Thus the weak ones pray."

"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraid-
ing,"
Spake a solemn Voice within ;
"Weary of our Lord's forbearance,
Art thou free from sin ?

"Fearless brow to Him uplifting,
Canst thou for His thunders call,
Knowing that to guilt's attraction
Evermore they fall ?

"Know'st thou not all germs of evil
In thy heart await their time ?
Not thyself, but God's restraining,
Stays their growth of crime.

"Couldst thou boast, O child of
weakness !
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were their strong temptations planted
In thy path of life ?

"Thou hast seen two streamlets gush-
ing
From one fountain, clear and free,
But by widely varying channels
Searching for the sea.

"Glideth one through greenest valleys,
Kissing them with lips still sweet ;
One, mad roaring down the moun-
tains,
Stagnates at their feet.

"Is it choice whereby the Parsee
Kneels before his mother's fire ?
In his black tent did the Tartar
Choose his wandering sire ?

"He alone, whose hand is bounding
Human power and human will,
Looking through each soul's surround-
ing,
Knows its good or ill.

"For thyself, while wrong and sorrow
Make to thee their strong appeal,
Coward wert thou not to utter
What the heart must feel.

"Earnest words must needs be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or
burns
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

"But, by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.

"Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty
To thy lips her trumpet set,
But with harsher blasts shall mingle
Wailings of regret."

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
 Teacher sent of God, be near,
 Whispering through the day's cool
 silence,
 Let my spirit hear !

So, when thoughts of evil-doers,
 Waken scorn, or hatred move,
 Shall a mournful fellow-feeling
 Temper all with love.

TO DELAWARE.

[Written during the discussion in the
 Legislature of that State, in the winter of
 1846-47, of a bill for the abolition of slavery.]

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the
 East,
 To the strong tillers of a rugged
 home,
 With spray-wet locks to Northern
 winds released,
 And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean's
 foam ;
 And to the young nymphs of the
 golden West,
 Whose harvest mantles, fringed with
 prairie bloom,
 Trail in the sunset,—O redeemed and
 blest,
 To the warm welcome of thy sisters
 come !
 Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-
 white bay
 Shall give thee joy, and Jersey
 from her plains,
 And the great lakes, where echo, free
 away,
 Moaned never shoreward with the
 clank of chains,
 Shall weave new sun-bows in their
 tossing spray,
 And all their waves keep grateful
 holiday.
 And, smiling on thee through her
 mountain rains,
 Vermont shall bless thee ; and the
 granite peaks,

And vast Katahdin o'er his woods
 shall wear
 Their snow-crowns brighter in the
 cold, keen air ;
 And Massachusetts, with her rugged
 cheeks
 O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn
 to thee,
 When, at thy bidding, the electric
 wire
 Shall tremble northward with its
 words of fire :
 Glory and praise to God ! another
 State is free !

WORSHIP.

"Pure religion, and undefiled, before God
 and the Father is this: To visit the widows
 and the fatherless in their affliction, and to
 keep himself unspotted from the world."—
James i. 27.

THE Pagan's myths through marble
 lips are spoken,
 And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit
 and moan
 Round fane and altar overthrown and
 broken,
 O'er tree-grown barrow and grey
 ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old
 high places,
 The Syrian hill grove and the
 Druid's wood,
 With mother's offering, to the Fiend's
 embraces,
 Bone of their bone, and blood of
 their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that
 night of error,
 Smoked with warm blood beneath
 the cruel eye
 Of Lawless Power and sanguinary
 Terror,
 Throned on the circle of a pitiless
 sky ;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, over-
 casting
 All heaven above, and blighting
 earth below,
 The scourge grew red, the lip grew
 pale with fasting,
 And man's oblation was his fear
 and woe !

Then through great temples swelled
 the dismal moaning
 Of dirge-like music and sepulchral
 prayer ;
 Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols
 droning,
 Swung their white censers in the
 burdened air :

As if the pomp of rituals, and the
 savour
 Of gums and spices could the Un-
 seen One please ;
 As if His ear could bend, with childish
 favour,
 To the poor flattery of the organ
 keys !

Feet red from war-fields trod the
 church aisles holy,
 With trembling reverence : and the
 oppressor there,
 Kneeling before his priest, abased and
 lowly,
 Crushed human hearts beneath his
 knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant
 Father
 Requireth at His earthly children's
 hands :
 Not the poor offering of vain rites,
 but rather
 The simple duty man from man
 demands.

For Earth He asks it : the full joy of
 Heaven
 Knoweth no change of waning or
 increase ;
 The great heart of the Infinite beats
 even, [peace.
 Untroubled flows the river of His

He asks no taper lights, on high
 surrounding
 The priestly altar and the saintly
 grave,
 No dolorous chant nor organ music
 sounding,
 Nor incense clouding up the twilight
 nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly
 spoken :
 The holier worship which He deigns
 to bless
 Restores the lost, and binds the spirit
 broken,
 And feeds the widow and the
 fatherless !

Types of our human weakness and
 our sorrow !
 Who lives undaunted by his loved
 ones dead ?
 Who, with vain longing, seeketh not
 to borrow
 From stranger eyes the home lights
 which have fled ?

O brother man ! fold to thy heart
 thy brother ;
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God
 is there ;
 To worship rightly is to love each
 other,
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly
 deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great
 example
 Of Him whose holy work was
 "doing good ;"
 So shall the wide earth seem our
 Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall ; the
 stormy clangour
 Of wild war music o'er the earth
 shall cease ;
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire
 of anger,
 And in its ashes plant the tree of
 peace !

THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's
 room,
 And eats his meat and drinks his
 ale,
 And beats the maid with her unused
 broom,
 And the lazy lout with his idle flail,
 But he sweeps the floor and threshes
 the corn,
 And hies him away ere the break of
 dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the
 sun,
 And the Cock-lane ghost from the
 barn-loft cheer,
 The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,
 Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,
 And the devil of Martin Luther sat
 By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck
 of him
 Who seven times crossed the deep,
 Twined closely each lean and withered
 limb,
 Like the nightmare in one's sleep.
 But he drank of the wine, and Sindbad
 cast
 The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day
 To my quiet room and fireside nook,
 Where the casement light falls dim
 and gray
 On faded painting and ancient book,
 Is a sorrier one than any whose names
 Are chronicled well by good King
 James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,
 No runner of errands like Ariel,
 He comes in the shape of a fat old
 man,
 Without rap of knuckle or pull of
 bell ;
 And whence he comes, or whither he
 goes,
 I know as I do of the wind which
 blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat
 Slouched heavily down to his dark,
 red nose,
 And two grey eyes enveloped in fat,
 Looking through glasses with iron
 bows,
 Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,
 Guard well your doors from that old
 man !

He comes with a careless "How d'ye
 do?"
 And seats himself in my elbow-
 chair ;
 And my morning paper and pamphlet
 new
 Fall forthwith under his special
 care,
 And he wipes his glasses and clears
 his throat,
 And, button by button, unfolds his
 coat.

And then he reads from paper and
 book,
 In a low and husky asthmatic tone,
 With the stolid sameness of posture
 and look
 Of one who reads to himself alone ;
 And hour after hour on my senses
 come
 That husky wheeze and that dolorous
 hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,
 The poet's song and the lover's glee,
 The horrible murders, the seaboard
 gales,
 The marriage list, and the *jeu*
d'esprit,
 All reach my ear in the self-same
 tone,—
 I shudder at each, but the fiend reads
 on !

Oh, sweet as the lapse of water at noon
 O'er the mossy roots of some forest
 tree,
 The sigh of the wind in the woods of
 June,
 Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlit
 sea,

Or the low soft music, perchance,
which seems
To float through the slumbering
singer's dreams,

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone,
Of her in whose features I some-
times look,
As I sit at eve by her side alone,
And we read by turns from the self-
same book,—
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,
Some lover's romance or quaint old
rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,—
Some prisoner's plaint through his
dungeon-bar,
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and
low
Her voice sinks down like a moan
afar ;
And I seem to hear that prisoner's
wail,
And his face looks on me worn and
pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,
And when the tale is of war and wrong,
A trumpet's summons is in her
words,
And the rush of the hosts I seem to
hear, [spear !—
And see the tossing of plume and

Oh, pity me then, when, day by day,
The stout fiend darkens my parlour
door ;
And reads me perchance the self-same
lay
Which melted in music, the night
before,
From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,
And moved like twin roses which
zephyrs meet !

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,
I whistle and laugh and sing and
shout,
I flourish my cane above his head,
And stir up the fire to roast him out ;

I topple the chairs, and drum on the
pane,
And press my hands on my ears, in
vain !

I've studied Glanville and James the
wise,
And wizard black-letter tomes
which treat
Of demons of every name and size,
Which a Christian man is presumed
to meet,
But never a hint and never a line
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady
and Tate,
And laid the Primer above them all,
I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,
And hung a wig to my parlour wall
Once worn by a learned Judge, they
say,
At Salem court in the witchcraft day !

“*Conjuro te, sceleratissime,
Abire ad tuum locum !*”—still
Like a visible nightmare he sits by
me,—
The exorcism has lost its skill ;
And I hear again in my haunted room
The husky wheeze and the dolorous
hum !

Ah !—commend me to Mary Magdalen
With her sevenfold plagues,—to
the wandering Jew,
To the terrors which haunted Orestes
when
The furies his midnight curtains
drew,
But charm him off, ye who charm him
can,
That reading demon, that fat old man !

THE PUMPKIN.

Oh, greenly and fair in the lands of
the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich
melon run,

And the rock and the tree and the
cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and
blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet
once grew,
While he waited to know that his
warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and
listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and
red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark
Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled
vine laden ;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to
behold
Through orange-leaves shining the
broad spheres of gold ;
Yet with dearer delight from his home
in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee
looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and
yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down
on his vines.

Ah ! on Thanksgiving day, when from
East and from West,
From North and from South come the
pilgrim and guest,
When the grey-haired New-Englander
sees round his board
The old broken links of affection re-
stored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his
mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where
the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what
brightens the eye ?
What calls back the past, like the
rich Pumpkin pie ?

Oh, — fruit loved of boyhood ! — the
old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and
brown nuts were falling !

When wild, ugly faces we carved in
its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a
candle within !
When we laughed round the corn-heap,
with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, — our
lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled
like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two
rats for her team !

Then thanks for thy present ! — none
sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled
a platter !
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry
more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its
baking, than thine !
And the prayer, which my mouth is
too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may
never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be
lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a
pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last
sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own
Pumpkin pie !

EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENG-
LAND LEGEND."

How has New England's romance
fled,
Even as a vision of the morning !
Its rites foredone, — its guardians
dead, —
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,
Waking the veriest urchin's scorn-
ing !
Gone like the Indian wizard's yell
And fire-dance round the magic
rock,
Forgotten like the Druid's spell
At moonrise by his holy oak !

No more along the shadowy glen,
Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men;
No more the unquiet churchyard dead
Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,
Startling the traveller, late and
lone ;

As, on some night of starless weather,
They silently commune together,

Each sitting on his own head-stone !
The roofless house, decayed, deserted,
Its living tenants all departed,
No longer rings with midnight revel
Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil ;
No pale blue flame sends out its flashes
Through creviced roof and shattered
sashes !—

The witch-grass round the hazel spring
May sharply to the night-air sing,
But there no more shall withered hags
Refresh at ease their broomstick nags,
Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters
As beverage meet for Satan's daughters ;
No more their minnie tones be heard,—
The mew of cat,—the chirp of bird,—
Shrill blending with the hoarser
laughter

Of the fell demon, following after !
The cautious goodman nails no more
A horseshoe on his outer door,
Lest some unseemly hag should fit
To his own mouth her bridle-bit,—
The goodwife's churn no more refuses
Its wonted culinary uses

Until, with heated needle burned,
The witch has to her place returned !
Our witches are no longer old
And wrinkled bekdames, Satan-sold,
But young and gay and laughing
creatures,

With the heart's sunshine on their
features,—

Their sorcery—the light which dances
Where the raised lid unveils its
glances ;

Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,
The music of Love's twilight hours,
Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan

Above her nightly closing flowers,
Sweeter than that which sighed of yore
Along the charmed Ausonian shore !
Even she, our own weird heroine,
Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,

Sleeps calmly where the living laid
her.

And the wide realm of sorcery,
Left by its latest mistress free,
Hath found no grey and skilled
invader :

So perished Albion's "glammarye,"
With him in Melrose Abbey sleep-
ing,

His charmed toreh beside his knee,
That even the dead himself might see

The magic scroll within his keeping.
And now our modern Yankee sees
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries ;
And naught above, below, around,
Of life or death, of sight or sound,

Whate'er its nature, form, or look,
Excites his terror or surprise,—

All seeming to his knowing eyes
Familiar as his "catechise,"

Or "Webster's Spelling-Book."

HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and
bright,

Where, miles away,

Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes
of sandy gray

The tremulous shadow of the Sea !

Against its ground

Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast
for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung
rein

Our seaward way,

Through dark - green fields and
blossoming grain,

Where the wild brier-rose skirts
the lane,

And bends above our heads the
flowering locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my
 brow
 Comes this fresh breeze,
 Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
 While through my being seems to
 flow
 The breath of a new life,—the healing
 of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy
 mound
 His feet hath set
 In the great waters, which have
 bound
 His granite ankles greenly round
 With long and tangled moss, and
 weeds with cool spray wet.

Good-bye to pain and care! I take
 Mine ease to-day:
 Here where these sunny waters
 break,
 And ripples this keen breeze, I
 shake
 All burdens from the heart, all weary
 thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem
 Like all I see—
 Waves in the sun—the white-winged
 gleam
 Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
 And far-off sails which flit before the
 south-wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall
 asunder,
 The soul may know
 No fearful change, nor sudden
 wonder,
 Nor sink the weight of mystery
 under,
 But with the upward rise, and with
 the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may
 seem
 No new revealing;
 Familiar as our childhood's stream,
 Or pleasant memory of a dream
 The loved and cherished Past upon
 the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
 May have its dawning;
 And, as in summer's northern night
 The evening and the dawn unite,
 The sunset hues of Time blend with
 the soul's new morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray
 Wave after wave
 Breaks on the rocks which, stern
 and gray,
 Shoulder the broken tide away,
 Or murmurs hoarse and strong through
 mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
 And noisy town?
 I see the mighty deep expand
 From its white line of glimmering
 sand
 To where the blue of heaven on bluer
 waves shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,
 I yield to all
 The change of cloud and wave and
 wind
 And passive on the flood reclined,
 I wander with the waves, and with
 them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave
 and shore
 In shadow lie;
 The night-wind warns me back
 once more
 To where, my native hill-tops o'er,
 Bends like an arch of fire the glowing
 sunset sky.

So then, beach, bluff, and wave,
 farewell!
 I bear with me
 No token stone nor glittering
 shell,
 But long and oft shall Memory
 tell
 Of this brief thoughtful hour of mus-
 ing by the Sea.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH
OF SILAS WRIGHT OF NEW YORK.

As they who, tossing midst the storm
at night,

While turning shoreward, where a
beacon shone,

Meet the walled blackness of the
heaven alone,

So, on the turbulent waves of party
tossed,

In gloom and tempest, men have
seen thy light

Quenched in the darkness. At thy
hour of noon,

While life was pleasant to thy un-
dimmed sight,

And, day by day, within thy spirit
grew

A holier hope than young Ambition
knew,

As through thy rural quiet, not in
vain,

Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's
cry of pain,

Man of the millions, thou art lost
too soon!

Portents at which the bravest stand
aghast,—

The birth-throes of a Future, strange
and vast,

Alarm the land; yet thou, so wise
and strong,

Suddenly summoned to the burial
bed,

Lapped in its slumbers deep and
ever long,

Hear'st not the tumult surging over-
head.

Who now shall rally Freedom's scat-
tering host?

Who wear the mantle of the leader
lost?

Who stay the march of slavery? He
whose voice

Hath called thee from thy task-
field shall not lack

Yet bolder champions, to beat
bravely back

The wrong which, through His poor
ones, reaches Him:

Yet firmer hands shall Freedom's
torch-lights trim,

And wave them high across the
abysmal black,

Till bound, dumb millions there shall
see them and rejoice.

10th mo., 1847.

LINES,

ACCOMPANYING MANUSCRIPTS PRE-
SENTED TO A FRIEND.

'Tis said that in the Holy Land
The angels of the place have blessed

The pilgrim's bed of desert sand,
Like Jacob's stone of rest.

That down the hush of Syrian skies
Some sweet-voiced saint at twilight
sings

The song whose holy symphonies
Are beat by unseen wings;

Till starting from his sandy bed,
The wayworn wanderer looks to see

The halo of an angel's head
Shine through the tamarisk-tree.

So through the shadows of my way
Thy smile hath fallen soft and clear,

So at the weary close of day
Hath seemed thy voice of cheer.

That pilgrim pressing to his goal
May pause not for the vision's sake,

Yet all fair things within his soul
The thought of it shall wake:

The graceful palm-tree by the well,
Seen on the far horizon's rim;

The dark eyes of the fleet gazelle,
Bent timidly on him;

Each pictured saint, whose golden hair
Streams sunlike through the con-
vent's gloom;

Pale shrines of martyrs young and fair,
And loving Mary's tomb;

And thus each tint or shade which
falls,

From sunset cloud or waving tree,
Along my pilgrim path, recalls
The pleasant thought of thee.

Of one in sun and shade the same,
In weal and woe my steady friend,
Whatever by that holy name
The angels comprehend.

Not blind to faults and follies, thou
Hast never failed the good to see,
Nor judged by one unseemly bough
The upward-struggling tree.

These light leaves at thy feet I lay,
Poor common thoughts on common
things,
Which time is shaking, day by day,
Like feathers from his wings,—

Chance shootings from a frail life-
tree,
To nurturing care but little known,
Their good was partly learned of thee,
Their folly is my own.

That tree still clasps the kindly
mould,
Its leaves still drink the twilight
dew,
And weaving its pale green with gold,
Still shines the sunlight through.

There still the morning zephyrs play,
And there at times the spring bird
sings,
And mossy trunk and fading spray
Are flowered with glossy wings.

Yet, even in genial sun and rain,
Root, branch, and leaflet fail and
fade ;
The wanderer on its lonely plain
Erelong shall miss its shade.

O friend beloved, whose curious skill
Keeps bright the last year's leaves
and flowers, [to fill
With warm, glad summer thoughts
The cold, dark, winter hours !

Pressed on thy heart, the leaves I
bring
May well defy the wintry cold,
Until, in Heaven's eternal spring,
Life's fairer ones unfold.

THE REWARD.

Who, looking backward from his
manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent
time ?

And, through the shade
Of funeral eypress planted thick
behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the
wind
From his loved dead ?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil
force ?

Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Re-
morse !—

Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his memory's
book,
At times, a sad and half-reluctant
look,
Regretful of the past ?

Alas !—the evil which we fain would
shun

We do, and leave the wished-for good
undone :

Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to
fall

Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er
his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful
tears,

If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling
cause,
His fellow-men ?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
 A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin,—
 If he hath lent
 Strength to the weak, and, in an
 hour of need,
 Over the suffering, mindless of his
 creed
 Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain, and while
 he gives
 The praise to Him, in whom he moves
 and lives,
 With thankful heart ;
 He gazes backward, and with hope
 before,
 Knowing that from his works he
 nevermore
 Can henceforth part.

RAPHAEL.

I SHALL not soon forget that sight :
 The glow of autumn's westering
 day,
 A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,
 On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,
 The fair face of a musing boy ;
 Yet, while I gazed, a sense of awe
 Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print :—the graceful flow
 Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,
 And fresh young lip and cheek, and
 brow
 Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm
 repose
 I saw the inward spirit shine ;
 It was as if before me rose
 The white veil of a shrine.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,
 The hidden life, the man within,
 Discovered from its frame and mould,
 By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,
 The waving of that pictured hand?
 Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,
 I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished,—
 space,
 Broad, luminous, remained alone,
 Through which all hues and shapes
 of grace
 And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came
 The marvels which his pencil
 wrought,
 Those miracles of power whose fame
 Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal
 face,
 O Mother, beautiful and mild
 Enfolding in one dear embrace
 Thy Saviour and thy Child !

The rapt brow of the Desert John ;
 The awful glory of that day
 When all the Father's brightness
 shone
 Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst grey prophet forms, and
 wild
 Dark visions of the days of old,
 How sweetly woman's beauty smiled
 Through locks of brown and gold !

There Fornarina's fair young face
 Once more upon her lover shone,
 Whose model of an angel's grace
 He borrowed from her own

Slow passed that vision from my view,
 But not the lesson which it taught ;
 The soft, calm shadows which it threw
 Still rested on my thought :

The truth, that painter, bard, and
 sage,
 Even in Earth's cold and changeful
 clime,
 Plant for their deathless heritage
 The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colours all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered
here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

Oh no!—We live our life again;
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the Past remain,—
Man's works shall follow him!

—————
LUCY HOOPER.^a

THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead,—
That all of thee we loved and
cherished
Has with thy summer roses per-
ished;
And left, as its young beauty fled,
An ashen memory in its stead,—
The twilight of a parted day
Whose fading light is cold and
vain,
The heart's faint echo of a strain
Of low, sweet music passed away.
That true and loving heart,—that gift
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,
Its sunny light on all around,
Affinities which only could
Cleave to the pure, the true, and good;

^a Lucy Hooper died at Brooklyn, L. I., on
the 1st of 8th mo., 1841, aged 24 years.

And sympathies which found no
rest,
Save with the loveliest and best.
Of them—of thee—remains there
naught
But sorrow in the mourner's
breast?—
A shadow in the land of thought?—
No!—Even *my* weak and trembling
faith
Can lift for thee the veil which
doubt
And human fear have drawn about
The all-awaiting scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still;
And, save the absence of all ill
And pain and weariness, which here
Summoned the sigh or wrung the
tear,
The same as when, two summers
back,
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
And heard thy low, soft voice alone
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
Of pine-leaves by the west-wind
blown,
There's not a charm of soul or brow,—
Of all we knew and loved in thee,—
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality!
Not mine the sad and freezing dream
Of souls that, with their earthly
mould,
Cast off the loves and joys of old,—
Unbodied,—like a pale moonbeam,
As pure, as passionless, and cold;
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
Life's myriads blending into one,—
In blank annihilation blest;
Dust-atoms of the infinite,—
Sparks scattered from the central
light,
And winning back through mortal
pain
Their old unconsciousness again.
No!—I have FRIENDS in Spirit
Land,—
Not shadows in a shadowy band,

Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.
 And still I think of them the same
 As when the Master's summons came ;
 Their change,—the holy morn-light
 breaking
 Upon the dream-worn sleeper, wak-
 ing,—
 A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee midst the household
 graves,

Where father, brother, sister lie ;
 Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,
 Above thee bends the summer sky.
 Thy own loved Church in sadness read
 Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,
 And blessed and hallowed with her
 prayer

The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
 That Church, whose rites and liturgy
 Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
 Undoubted to thy bosom taken,
 As symbols of a faith unshaken.
 Even I, of simpler views, could feel
 The beauty of thy trust and zeal ;
 And, owning not thy creed, could see
 How deep a truth it seemed to thee,
 And how thy fervent heart had thrown
 O'er all, a colouring of its own,
 And kindled up, intense and warm,
 A life in every rite and form,
 As, when on Chebar's banks of old,
 The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,
 A spirit filled the vast machine,—
 A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell ! A little time, and we
 Who knew thee well, and loved
 thee here,

One after one shall follow thee
 As pilgrims through the gate of
 fear,

Which opens on eternity.
 Yet shall we cherish not the less
 All that is left our hearts mean-
 while ;

The memory of thy loveliness
 Shall round our weary pathway
 smile,
 Like moonlight when the sun has
 set,—
 A sweet and tender radiance yet.

Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of
 duty,

Thy generous scorn of all things
 wrong,— [beauty
 The truth, the strength, the graceful
 Which blended in thy song.

All lovely things, by thee beloved,
 Shall whisper to our hearts of thee ;
 These green hills, where thy child-
 hood roved,—

You river winding to the sea,—
 The sunset light of autumn eves
 Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
 Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling
 leaves

Of rainbow-tinted woods,— [take
 These, in our view, shall henceforth
 A tenderer meaning for thy sake ;
 And all thou lovedst of earth and sky,
 Seem sacred to thy memory.

CHANNING.⁴⁷

NOR vainly did old poets tell,
 Nor vainly did old genius paint
 God's great and crowning miracle,—
 The hero and the saint !

For even in a faithless day
 Can we our sainted ones discern ;
 And feel, while with them on the way,
 Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen
 Which, world-wide, echo CHAN-
 NING'S fame,
 As one of Heaven's anointed men,
 Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,
 And shut from him her saintly
 prize,
 Whom, in the world's great calendar,
 All men shall canonise.

By Narragansett's sunny bay,
 Beneath his green embowering
 wood,
 To me it seems but yesterday
 Since at his side I stood.

The slopes lay green with summer rains,
 The western wind blew fresh and free,
 And glimmered down the orchard lanes
 The white surf of the sea.

With us was one, who, calm and true,
 Life's highest purpose understood,
 And, like his blessed Master, knew
 The joy of doing good.

Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,
 Yet on the lips of England's poor
 And toiling millions dwelt his name,
 With blessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where
 The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,
 It blended with the freeman's prayer
 And song of jubilee.

He told of England's sin and wrong,—
 The ills her suffering children know,—
 The squalor of the city's throng,—
 The green field's want and woe

O'er Channing's face the tenderness
 Of sympathetic sorrow stole,
 Like a still shadow, passionless,—
 The sorrow of the soul.

But when the generous Briton told
 How hearts were answering to his own,
 And Freedom's rising murmur rolled
 Up to the dull-eared throne,

I saw, methought, a glad surprise
 Thrill through that frail and pain-worn frame,
 And, kindling in those deep, calm eyes,
 A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as move
 The human heart,—the Faith-sown seeds
 Which ripen in the soil of love
 To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt,—
 The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,—
 And at one common altar knelt
 The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain: with strength renewed,
 And zeal refreshed, and hope less dim,
 For that brief meeting, each pursued
 The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill
 And vale with Channing's dying word!
 How are the hearts of freemen still
 By that great warning stirred!

The stranger treads his native soil,
 And pleads, with zeal unfelt before,
 The honest right of British toil,
 The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers fall,
 Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,
 And, stretching o'er the sea's blue wall,
 The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,
 The Sheffield grinder, worn and grim,
 The delver in the Cornwall mines,
 Look up with hope to him.

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,
 Dark feeders of the forge's flame,
 Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,
 Repeat his honoured name.

And thus the influence of that hour
 Of converse on Rhode Island's strand
 Lives in the calm, resistless power
 Which moves our father-land.

God blesses still the generous thought,
 And still the fitting word He speeds,
 And Truth, at His requiring taught,
 He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave?
 What dust upon the spirit lies?
 God keeps the sacred life He gave,—
 The prophet never dies!

—

TO THE MEMORY OF

CHARLES B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN
 RESERVE COLLEGE.

THOU hast fallen in thine armour,
 Thou martyr of the Lord!
 With thy last breath crying,—“On-
 ward!”

And thy hand upon the sword
 The haughty heart derideth,
 And the sinful lip reviles,
 But the blessing of the perishing
 Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling
 The added drop is given,
 And the long-suspended thunder
 Falls terribly from Heaven,—
 When a new and fearful freedom
 Is proffered of the Lord
 To the slow-consuming Famine,—
 The Pestilence and Sword!

When the refuges of Falsehood
 Shall be swept away in wrath,
 And the temple shall be shaken,
 With its idol, to the earth,—
 Shall not thy words of warning
 Be all remembered then?
 And thy now unheeded message
 Burn in the hearts of men?

Oppression's hand may scatter
 Its nettles on thy tomb,
 And even Christian bosoms
 Deny thy memory room;
 For lying lips shall torture
 Thy mercy into crime,
 And the slanderer shall flourish
 As the bay-tree for a time.

But where the south-wind lingers
 On Carolina's pines,
 Or falls the careless sunbeam
 Down Georgia's golden mines,—
 Where now beneath his burthen
 The toiling slave is driven,—
 Where now a tyrant's mockery
 Is offered unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its altars
 Wet o'er with human blood,
 And pride and lust debases
 The workmanship of God,—
 There shall thy praise be spoken,
 Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,
 When the fetters shall be broken,
 And the *slave* shall be a *man*!

Joy to thy spirit, brother!
 A thousand hearts are warm,—
 A thousand kindred bosoms
 Are baring to the storm.
 What though red-handed Violence
 With secret Fraud combine?
 The wall of fire is round us,—
 Our Present Help was thine.

Lo,—the waking up of nations,
 From Slavery's fatal sleep,—
 The murmur of a Universe,—
 Deep calling unto Deep!
 Joy to thy spirit, brother!
 On every wind of heaven
 The onward cheer and summons
 Of FREEDOM'S VOICE is given!

Glory to God for ever!
 Beyond the despot's will
 The soul of Freedom liveth
 Imperishable still.
 The words which thou hast uttered
 Are of that soul a part,
 And the good seed thou hast scattered
 Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,
 And the trials yet to come,—
 In the shadow of the prison,
 Or the cruel martyrdom,—
 We will think of thee, O brother!
 And thy sainted name shall be
 In the blessing of the captive,
 And the anthem of the free.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF S. O. TORREY.

GONE before us, O our brother,
 To the spirit-land !
 Vainly look we for another
 In thy place to stand.
 Who shall offer youth and beauty
 On the wasting shrine
 Of a stern and lofty duty,
 With a faith like thine ?

Oh, thy gentle smile of greeting
 Who again shall see ?
 Who amidst the solemn meeting
 Gaze again on thee ?—
 Who, when peril gathers o'er us,
 Wear so calm a brow ?
 Who, with evil men before us,
 So serene as thou ?

Early hath the spoiler found thee,
 Brother of our love !
 Autumn's faded earth around thee,
 And its storms above !
 Evermore that turf lie lightly,
 And, with future showers,
 O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly
 Blow the summer flowers !

In the locks thy forehead gracing,
 Not a silvery streak ;
 Nor a line of sorrow's tracing
 On thy fair young cheek ;
 Eyes of light and lips of roses
 Such as Hylas wore,—
 Over all that curtain closes,
 Which shall rise no more !

Will the vigil Love is keeping
 Round that grave of thine,
 Mournfully, like Jazer weeping
 Over Sibmah's vine,—⁴⁸
 Will the pleasant memories, swelling
 Gentle hearts, of thee,
 In the spirit's distant dwelling
 All unheeded be ?

If the spirit ever gazes,
 From its journeyings back ;
 If the immortal ever traces
 O'er its mortal track ;

Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us
 Sometimes on our way,
 And, in hours of sadness, greet us
 As a spirit may ?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,
 In the spirit-land !
 Vainly look we for another
 In thy place to stand.
 Unto Truth and Freedom giving
 All thy early powers,
 Be thy virtues with the living,
 And thy spirit ours !

A LAMENT.

"The parted spirit,
 Knoweth it not our sorrow? Answereth not
 Its blessing to our tears?"

THE circle is broken,—one seat is for-
 saken,—
 One bud from the tree of our friend-
 ship is shaken,—
 One heart from among us no longer
 shall thrill
 With joy in our gladness, or grief in
 our ill.

Weep!—lonely and lowly are slumber-
 ing now
 The light of her glances, the pride of
 her brow ;
 Weep!—sadly and long shall we listen
 in vain
 To hear the soft tones of her welcome
 again.

Give our tears to the dead! For
 humanity's claim
 From its silence and darkness is ever
 the same ;
 The hope of that World whose exist-
 ence is bliss
 May not stifle the tears of the mourners
 of this.

For, oh ! if one glance the freed spirit
 can throw [below,
 On the scene of its troubled probation

Than the pride of the marble, the
pomp of the dead,
To that glance will be dearer the tears
which we shed.

Oh, who can forget the mild light of
her smile,
Over lips moved with music and feel-
ing the while—
The eye's deep enchantment, dark,
dream-like, and clear,
In the glow of its gladness, the shade
of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while
over the whole
Played the hues of the heart and the
sunshine of soul,—
And the tones of her voice, like the
music which seems
Murmured low in our ears by the
Angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories
hold
Those treasures of feeling, more
precious than gold,—
The love and the kindness and pity
which gave
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green
wreaths for the grave!

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,
Unmoved from its purpose by censure
and blame,
While vainly alike on her eye and
her ear
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the
jesting and jeer.

How true to our hearts was that
beautiful sleeper!
With smiles for the joyful, with tears
for the weeper!—
Yet, evermore prompt, whether
mournful or gay, [astray.
With warnings in love to the passing
For, though spotless herself, she could
sorrow for them
Who sullied with evil the spirit's
pure gem;

And a sigh or a tear could the erring
reprove,
And the sting of reproof was still
tempered by love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melt-
ing in heaven,
As a star that is lost when the day-
light is given,
As a glad dream of slumber, which
wakens in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the
holy from this.

DANIEL WHEELER.

[DANIEL WHEELER, a minister of the Society of Friends, and who had laboured in the cause of his Divine Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the islands of the Pacific, died in New York in the spring of 1840, while on a religious visit to this country.]

O DEARLY loved!
And worthy of our love!—No more
Thy aged form shall rise before
The hushed and waiting worshipper,
In meek obedience utterance giving
To words of truth, so fresh and living,
That, even to the inward sense,
They bore unquestioned evidence
Of an anointed Messenger!
Or, bowing down thy silver hair
In reverent awfulness of prayer,—
The world, its time and sense, shut
out,—
The brightness of Faith's holy trance
Gathered upon thy countenance,
As if each lingering cloud of
doubt,—
The cold, dark shadows resting here
In Time's unluminous atmosphere,—
Were lifted by an angel's hand,
And through them on thy spiritual
eye
Shone down the blessedness on high,
The glory of the Better Land!

The oak has fallen!
While, meet for no good work, the vine
May yet its worthless branches twine,

Who knoweth not that with thee fell
A great man in our Israel?
Fallen, while thy loins were girded
still,

Thy feet with Zion's dew's still
wet,
And in thy hand retaining yet
The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell!
Unharm'd and safe, where, wild and
free,

Across the Neva's cold morass
The breezes from the Frozen Sea
With winter's arrowy keenness pass;
Or where the unwarning tropic gale
Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,
Or where the noon-hour's fervid heat
Against Tahiti's mountains beat;

The same mysterious Hand which
gave
Deliverance upon land and wave,
Temper'd for thee the blasts which
blew

Ladoga's frozen surface o'er,
And blessed for thee the baleful dew
Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,
Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,
Midst our soft airs and opening flowers
Hath given thee a grave!

His will be done,
Who seeth not as man, whose way
Is not as ours!—"Tis well with thee!
Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay
Disquieted thy closing day,

But, evermore, thy soul could say,
"My Father careth still for me!"
Called from thy hearth and home,—
from her,

The last bud on thy household
tree,

The last dear one to minister
In duty and in love to thee,
From all which nature holdeth dear,
Feeble with years and worn with
pain,

To seek our distant land again,
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing
The things which should befall
thee here,

Whether for labour or for death.
In childlike trust serenely going
To that last trial of thy faith!

Oh, far away,
Where never shines our Northern star
On that dark waste which Balboa
saw

From Darien's mountain stretching
far,
So strange, heaven-broad, and lone,
that there,

With forehead to its damp wind bare,
He bent his mail'd knee in awe;

In many an isle whose coral feet
The surges of that ocean beat,
In thy palm shadows, Oahu,
And Honolulu's silver bay,
Amidst Owyhee's hills of blue,

And taro-plains of Tooboonai,
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be
Sad as our own at thought of thee,—
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,
Whose souls in weariness and need
Were strengthened and refreshed
by thine.

For blessed by our Father's hand
Was thy deep love and tender care,
Thy ministry and fervent prayer, —
Grateful as Esheol's clustered vine
To Israel in a weary land!

And they who drew
By thousands round thee, in the
hour

Of prayerful waiting, hushed and
deep,

That He who bade the islands keep
Silence before Him, might renew

Their strength with His unslum-
bering power, [gone,

They too shall mourn that thou art
That nevermore thy aged lip

Shall soothe the weak, the erring
warn,

Of those who first, rejoicing, heard
Through thee the Gospel's glorious
word,—

Seals of thy true apostleship.
And, if the brightest diadem,

Whose gems of glory purely burn
Around the ransomed ones in bliss,

Be evermore reserved for them
Who here, through toil and sorrow,

turn,
Many to righteousness,—

May we not think of thee as wearing
That star-like crown of light, and
bearing,
Amidst Heaven's white and blissful
hand,
The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand ;
And joining with a seraph's tongue
In that new song the elders sung,
Ascribing to its blessed Giver
Thanksgiving, love, and praise for
ever !

Farewell !

And though the ways of Zion mourn
When her strong ones are called away,
Who like thyself have calmly borne
The heat and burden of the day,
Yet He who slumbereth not nor
sleepeth

His ancient watch around us keepeth ;
Still, sent from His creating hand,
New witnesses for Truth shall stand,—
New instruments to sound abroad
The Gospel of a risen Lord ,

To gather to the fold once more
The desolate and gone astray,
The scattered of a cloudy day,

And Zion's broken walls restore ;
And, through the travail and the toil
Of true obedience, minister
Beauty for ashes, and the oil

Of joy for mourning, unto her !
So shall her holy bounds increase
With walls of praise and gates of
peace :

So shall the Vine, which martyr tears
And blood sustained in other years,

With fresher life be clothed upon ;
And to the world in beauty show
Like the rose-plant of Jericho,
And glorious as Lebanon !

DANIEL NEALL.

I.

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the
friend of all ;
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost
when

The need of battling Freedom called
for men

To plant the banner on the outer wall ;
Gentle and kindly, ever at distress
Melted to more than woman's tender-
ness,

Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's
post,

Fronting the violence of a maddened
host,

Like some grey rock from which the
waves are tossed !

Knowing his deeds of love, men ques-
tioned not

The faith of one whose walk and
word were right,—

Who tranquilly in Life's great task-
field wrought,

And, side by side with evil, scarcely
caught [white :

A stain upon his pilgrim garb of
Prompt to redress another's wrong,
his own

Leaving to Time and Truth and Peni-
tence alone.

II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the
good old plan,

A true and brave and downright
honest man !—

He blew no trumpet in the market-
place, [face

Nor in the church with hypocritie
Supplied with eant the lack of Chris-
tian grace ;

Loathing pretence, he did with cheer-
ful will

What others talked of while their
hands were still ;

And, while " Lord, Lord ! " the pious
tyrants cried, [fied,

Who, in the poor, their Master cruci-
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply DOING
GOOD.

So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know its
worth,

And feel how true a man has walked
with us on earth.

6th, 6th month, 1846.

TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH
OF HIS SISTER.⁴⁹

THINE is a grief, the depth of which
another

May never know ;
Yet, o'er the waters, O my stricken
brother !
To thee I go

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly
folding
Thy hand in mine ;
With even the weakness of my soul
upholding
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear
departed ;
I stood not by
When, in calm trust, the pure and
tranquil-hearted
Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak
condoling
Must vainly fall :
The funeral bell which in thy heart is
tolling,
Sounds over all !

I will not mock thee with the poor
world's common
And heartless phrase,
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted
woman
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great
affliction,
The soul sits dumb !

Vet, would I say what thy own heart
approveth :
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear one whom
He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn
angel
Hath evil wrought :
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel,—
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose
not wholly
What He hath given ;
They live on earth, in thought and
deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

And she is with thee ; in thy path of
trial
She walketh yet ; [denial
Still with the baptism of thy self-
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother ! Lo, the fields
of harvest
Lie white in view !
She lives and loves thee, and the God
thou servest
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle !—England's toil-
worn peasants
Thy call abide ;
And she thou mourn'st, a pure and
holy presence,
Shall glean beside !

—
GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given ;
And glows once more with Angel-steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose
smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay ;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow
seemed
Eternal as the sky ;
And like the brook's low song, her
voice,—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew ;
And good thoughts, where her foot-
steps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look ;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book :

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move ;
The breathing of an inward psalm ;
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light ;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day
Her smile no longer cheers ;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father ! in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling,
here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

THE LAKE-SIDE.

THE shadows round the inland sea
Are deepening into night ;
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee
They chase the lessening light.
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,
I rest my languid eye,
Lake of the Hills ! where, cool and
sweet,
Thy sunset waters lie !

Along the sky, in wavy lines,
O'er isle and reach and bay,
Green-belted with eternal pines,
The mountains stretch away.
Below, the maple masses sleep
Where shore with water blends,
While midway on the tranquil deep
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when you hill's red
crown,
Of old, the Indian trod,
And, through the sunset air, looked
down
Upon the Smile of God."^a
To him of light and shade the laws
No forest septic taught ;
Their living and eternal Cause
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light
Which now across them shines ;
This lake, in summer sunset bright,
Walled round with sombering pines.

^aWinnepiseogee: "Smile of the Great Spirit."

God near him seemed ; from earth
and skies

His loving voice he heard,
As, face to face, in Paradise,
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, O our Father ! that, like
him,

Thy tender love I see,
In radiant hill and woodland dim,
And tinted sunset sea.

For not in mockery dost Thou fill
Our earth with light and grace ;
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will
Behind Thy smiling face !

THE HILL-TOP.

THE burly driver at my side,
We slowly climbed the hill,
Whose summit, in the hot noontide,
Seemed rising, rising still.
At last, our short noon-shadows hid
The top-stone, bare and brown,
From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,
The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North ;
Between me and the sun,
O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy
earth,

I saw the cloud-shades run.
Before me, stretched for glistening
miles,

Lay mountain-girdled Squam ;
Like green-winged birds, the leafy
isles
Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze
warm,

Far as the eye could roam.
Dark billows of an earthquake storm
Beflecked with clouds like foam,
Their vales in misty shadow deep,
Their rugged peaks in shine,
I saw the mountain ranges sweep
The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocorua's peak ; and
west,

Moosehillock's woods were seen,
With many a nameless slide-scarred
erest

And pine-dark gorge between.
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed
cloud,

The great Notch mountains shone,
Watched over by the solemn-browed
And awful face of stone !

"A good look-off!" the driver spake:
"About this time, last year,
I drove a party to the Lake,
And stopped, at evening, here.
'Twas duskish down below ; but all
These hills stood in the sun,
Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,
He left them, one by one.

"A lady, who, from Thornton hill,
Had held her place outside,
And, as a pleasant woman will,
Had cheered the long, dull ride,
Besought me, with so sweet a smile,
That—though I hate delays—
I could not choose but rest awhile,—
(These women have such ways !)

"On yonder mossy ledge she sat,
Her sketch upon her knees,
A stray brown lock beneath her hat
Unrolling in the breeze ;
Her sweet face, in the sunset light
Upraised and glorified,—
I never saw a prettier sight
In all my mountain ride.

"As good as fair ; it seemed her
joy
To comfort and to give ;
My poor, sick wife, and cripple
boy,
Will bless her while they live !"
The tremor in the driver's tone
His manhood did not shame :
"I dare say, sir, you may have
known ——"
He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds,
 The blue lake fled away ;
 For mountain - scope a parlour's
 bounds,
 A lighted hearth for day !
 From lonely years and weary miles
 The shadows fell apart ;
 Kind voices cheered, sweet human
 smiles
 Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on ; but earth and sky
 Had power to charm no more ;
 Still dreamed my inward-turning eye
 The dream of memory o'er.
 Ah ! human kindness, human love, —
 To few who seek denied, —
 Too late we learn to prize above
 The whole round world beside !

ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S
 QUILL FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

ALL day the darkness and the cold
 Upon my heart have lain,
 Like shadows on the winter sky,
 Like frost upon the pane ;

But now my torpid fancy wakes,
 And, on thy Eagle's plume,
 Rides forth, like Sindbad on his bird,
 Or witeh upon her broom !

Below me roar the rocking pines,
 Before me spreads the lake
 Whose long and solemn-sounding
 waves
 Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild Rice-Eater thresh
 The grain he has not sown ;
 I see, with flashing scythe of fire,
 The prairie harvest mown !

I hear the far-off voyager's horn ;
 I see the Yankee's trail, —
 His foot on every mountain-pass,
 On every stream his sail,

By forest, lake, and waterfall,
 I see his pedlar show ;
 The mighty mingling with the mean,
 The lofty with the low.

He's whittling by St. Mary's Falls,
 Upon his loaded wain ;
 He's measuring o'er the Pictured
 Rocks,
 With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,
 The axe-stroke in the dell,
 The clamour from the Indian lodge,
 The Jesuit chapel bell !

I see the swarthy trappers come
 From Mississippi's springs ;
 And war-chiefs with their painted
 brows,
 And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,
 The steamer smokes and raves ;
 And city lots are staked for sale
 Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers
 Of nations yet to be ; [soon
 The first low wash of waves where
 Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
 Are plastic yet and warm ;
 The chaos of a mighty world
 Is rounding into form !

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
 Its fitting place shall find, —
 The raw material of a State,
 Its muscle and its mind !

And, westering still, the star which
 leads
 The New World in its train
 Has tipped with fire the icy spears
 Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon
 Are kindling on its way ;
 And California's golden sands
 Gleam brighter in its ray !

Then blessings on thy eagle quill,
As, wandering far and wide,
I thank thee for this twilight dream
And Fancy's airy ride !

Yet, welcomer than regal plumes,
Which Western trappers find,
Thy free and pleasant thoughts,
chance sown,
Like feathers on the wind.

Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,
Whose glistening quill I hold ;
Thy home the ample air of hope,
And memory's sunset gold !

In thee, let joy with duty join,
And strength unite with love,
The eagle's pinions folding round
The warm heart of the dove !

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale
Where still the blind bird clings,
The sunshine of the upper sky
Shall glitter on thy wings !

MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of
pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair ;
A seeming child in everything,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening
charms,
As Nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful
bower,
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower :
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening
chain
Of memory, at the thought of thee !
Old hopes, which long in dust have
lain, [again,
Old dreams, come thronging back
And boyhood lives again in me ;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprising
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah ! memories of sweet summer eyes,
Of moonlit wave and willow way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear
than they !

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
My picture of thy youth to see,
When, half a woman, half a child
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seemed wise in thee ;
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
The lights of memory backward
stream, [power
Yet feel the while that manhood's
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their
trace
Of graver care and deeper thought ;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
More wide, perchance, for blame than
praise, [flown ;
The school-boy's humble name has
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
Diverge our pathways, one in
youth ;
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Derby dalesman's simple truth.

For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day, and solemn psalm ;
For me, the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress Time has worn not
out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see,
Lingering, even yet, thy way about ;
Not wholly ean the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Nor yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of
flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes
The shadows melt, and fall apart,
And, smiling through them, round us
lies
The warm light of our morning
skies,—
The Indian Summer of the heart !—
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may
find
Our early dreams not wholly vain !

THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK. ⁵⁰

THE day is closing dark and cold,
With roaring blast and sleety
showers ;
And through the dusk the lilacs wear
The bloom of snow, instead of
flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without,
To ponder o'er a tale of old,
A legend of the age of Faith,
By dreaming monk or abness told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives
That fancy of a loving heart,
In graceful lines and shapes of power,
And hues immortal as his art.

In Provençe (so the story runs)
There lived a lord, to whom, as
slave,
A peasant-boy of tender years [gave.
The chance of trade or conquest

Forth-looking from the castle tower,
Beyond the hills with almonds dark,
The straining eye could scarce discern
The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare
The service of the youth repaid,
By stealth, before that holy shrine,
For grace to bear his wrong, he
prayed.

The steed stamped at the castle gate,
The boar-hunt sounded on the hill ;
Why stayed the Baron from the chase,
With looks so stern, and words so
ill ?

“Go, bind yon slave ! and let him learn,
By seath of fire and strain of cord,
How ill they speed who give dead
saints
The homage due their living lord !”

They bound him on the fearful rack,
When, through the dungeon's
vaulted dark,
He saw the light of shining robes,
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then sank the iron rack apart,
The cords released their ernel clasp,
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,
Fell broken from the torturer's
grasp.

And lo ! before the Youth and Saint,
Barred door and wall of stone gave
way ;
And up from bondage and the night
They passed to freedom and the day !

O dreaming monk ! thy tale is
true ;—
O painter ! true thy peniel's art ;
In tones of hope and prophecy,
Ye whisper to my listening heart !

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal
 Moans up to God's inclining ear ;
 Unheeded by His tender eye,
 Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

For still the Lord alone is God !
 The pomp and power of tyrant
 man
 Are scattered at His lightest breath,
 Like chaff before the winnower's
 fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift
 His heavy hands to Heaven in vain,
 God's angel, like the good St. Mark,
 Comes shining down to break his
 chain !

O weary ones ! ye may not see
 Your helpers in their downward
 flight ;
 Nor hear the sound of silver wings
 Slow beating through the hush of
 night !

But not the less grey Dothan shone,
 With sunbright watchers bending
 low,
 That Fear's dim eye beheld alone
 The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are who, like the Seer of old,
 Can see the helpers God has sent,
 And how life's rugged mountain-side
 Is white with many an angel tent !

They hear the heralds whom our
 Lord
 Sends down His pathway to prepare ;
 And light, from others hidden, shines
 On their high place of faith and
 prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,
 Hopeless, yet longing to be free,
 Breathe the once again the Prophet's
 prayer :
 "Lord, ope their eyes, that they
 may see !"

THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.⁵¹

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree
 A little isle reposes ;
 A shadow woven of the oak
 And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,
 Set round with stony warders ;
 A fountain, gushing through the turf,
 Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,
 With care or madness burning,
 Feels once again his healthful thought
 And sense of peace returning.

O restless heart and fevered brain,
 Unquiet and unstable,
 That holy well of Loch Maree
 Is more than idle fable !

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,
 Its glaring sunshine blindeth,
 And blest is he who on his way
 That fount of healing findeth !

The shadows of a humbled will
 And contrite heart are o'er it ;
 Go read its legend—"TRUST IN GOD"
 On Faith's white stones before it.

TO MY SISTER ;

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM
 OF NEW ENGLAND."

DEAR SISTER !—while the wise and
 sage
 Turn coldly from my playful page,
 And count it strange that ripened
 age
 Should stoop to boyhood's folly ;
 I know that thou wilt judge aright
 Of all which makes the heart more
 light,
 Or lends one star-gleam to the night
 Of clouded Melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes!—
Swingwide the moonlit gate of dreams!
Leave free once more the land which
teems

With wonders and romances!
Where thou, with clear discerning
eyes, [lies
Shalt rightly read the truth which
Beneath the quaintly masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set [wet,
On still green wood-paths, twilight
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret
The roots of spectral beeches;
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
Home's whitewashed wall and painted
floor,
And young eyes widening to the lore
Of faery-folks and witches.

Dear heart!—the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again,
And calling back from care and pain,
And death's funereal sadness,
Draws round its old familiar blaze
The clustering groups of happier days,
And lends to sober manhood's gaze
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife with strong-willed
men,
Thou wilt not chide my turning
To con. at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's
clime,
Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,
For the sweet bells of Morning!

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

FROM "MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL."

GONE hath the Spring, with all its
flowers, [show,
And gone the Summer's pomp and
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray,
"An emblem of myself thou art;"
'Not so," the Earth did seem to say,
"For Spring shall warm my frozen
heart.

"I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams
Of warmer sun and softer rain,
And wait to hear the sound of streams
And songs of merry birds again.

"But thou, from whom the Spring
hath gone,
For whom the flowers no longer
blow,
Who standest blighted and forlorn,
Like Autumn waiting for the snow:

"No hope is thine of sunnier hours,
Thy Winter shall no more depart;
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,
Nor Summer warm thy frozen
heart."

CALEF IN BOSTON.

1692.

In the solemn days of old,
Two men met in Boston town,
One a tradesman frank and bold,
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone,—
"Poisoner of the wells of truth!
Satan's hireling, thou hast sown
With his tares the heart of youth!"

Spake the simple tradesman then,—
"God be judge 'twixt thou and I;
All thou know'st of truth hath been
Unto men like thee a lie.

"Falsehoods which we spurn to-day
Were the truths of long ago;
Let the dead boughs fall away,
Fresher shall the living grow.

"God is good and God is light,
In this faith I rest secure;
Evil can but serve the right,
Over all shall love endure.

Of your spectral puppet play
I have traced the eunning wires ;
Come what will, I needs must say,
God is true, and ye are liars."

When the thought of man is free,
Error fears its lightest tones ;
So the priest cried, " Sadducee !"
And the people took up stones.

In the ancient burying-ground,
Side by side the twain now lie,—
One with humble grassy mound,
One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blessed the seed
Which that tradesman scattered
then,
And the preacher's spectral creed
Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known
Perfect love which casts out fear,
While the other's joys atone
For the wrong he suffered here.

TO PIUS IX. ⁵²

THE cannon's brazen lips are cold ;
No red shell blazes down the air ;
And street and tower, and temple old,
Are silent as despair.

The Lombard stands no more at
bay,—
Rome's fresh young life has bled in
vain ;

The ravens scattered by the day
Come back with night again.

Now, while the fratricides of France
Are treading on the neck of Rome,
Hider at Gaeta,—seize thy chance !
Coward and cruel, come !

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt ;
Thy mummer's part was acted well,
While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,
Before thy crusade fell !

Her death-groans answered to thy
prayer ;
Thy chant, the drum and bugle-
call ;

Thy lights, the burning villa's glare ;
Thy beads, the shell and ball !

Let Austria clear thy way, with hands
Foul from Ancona's cruel sack,
And Naples, with his dastard hands
Of murderers, lead thee back !

Rome's lips are dumb ; the orphan's
wail,
The mother's shriek, thou mayst
not hear

Above the faithless Frenchman's hail,
The unsexed shaveling's cheer !

Go, bind on Rome her cast-off weight,
The double curse of crook and
crown,

Though woman's scorn and man-
hood's hate
From wall and roof flash down !

Nor heed those blood-stains on the
wall,

Not Tiber's flood can wash away,
Where, in thy stately Quirinal,
Thy mangled victims lay !

Let the world murmur ; let its cry
Of horror and disgust be heard ;—
Truth stands alone ; thy coward lie
Is backed by lance and sword !

The cannon of St. Angelo,
And chanting priest and elanging
bell,

And beat of drum and bugle blow
Shall greet thy coming well !

Let lips of iron and tongues of slaves
Fit welcome give thee ;—for her
part,
Rome, frowning o'er her new made
graves,
Shall curse thee from her heart !

No wreaths of sad Campagna's flowers
Shall childhood in thy pathway
fling ;

No garlands from their ravaged bowers
Shall Termi's maidens bring ;

But, hateful as that tyrant old,
The mocking witness of his crime,
In thee shall loathing eyes behold
The Nero of our time !

Stand where Rome's blood was freest
shed, [and call
Mock Heaven with impious thanks,
Its curses on the patriot dead,
Its blessings on the Gaul !

Or sit upon thy throne of lies,
A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared,
Whom even its worshippers despise,—
Unhonoured, unrevered !

Yet, Scandal of the World ! from thee
One needful truth mankind shall
learn,—
That kings and priests to Liberty
And God are false in turn.

Earth wearies of them ; and the long
Meek sufferance of the Heavens
doth fail ;
Woe for weak tyrants, when the strong
Wake, struggle, and prevail !

Not vainly Roman hearts have bled
To feed the Crozier and the Crown,
If, roused thereby, the world shall
tread
The twin-born vampires down !

ELLIOTT.⁵³

HANDS off ! thou tithe-fat plunderer !
play
No trick of priestcraft here !
Back, puny lordling ! darest thou lay
A hand on Elliott's bier ?
Alive, your rank and pomp, as dust,
Beneath his feet he trod :
He knew the locust swarm that cursed
The harvest-fields of God.

On these pale lips, the smothered
thought

Which England's millions feel,
A fierce and fearful splendour caught,
As from his forge the steel.

Strong-armed as Thor,—a shower of
fire

His smitten anvil flung ;
God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb
Hunger's ire,—

He gave them all a tongue !

Then let the poor man's horny hands
Bear up the mighty dead,
And labour's swart and stalwart bands
Behind as mourners tread.

Leave cant and craft their baptized
bounds,

Leave rank its minster floor ;
Give England's green and daisied
grounds

The poet of the poor !

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green
verge

That brave old heart of oak,
With fitting dirge from sounding
forge,

And pall of furnace smoke !
Where whirls the stone its dizzy
rounds,

And axe and sledge are swung,
And, timing to their stormy sounds,
His stormy lays are sung.

There let the peasant's step be heard,
The grinder chant his rhyme ;

Nor patron's praise nor dainty word
Befits the man or time.

No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh
For him whose words were bread,—

The Runic rhyme and spell whereby
The foodless poor were fed !

Pile up thy tombs of rank and pride,
O England, as thou wilt !

With pomp to nameless worth denied,
Emblazon titled guilt !

No part or lot in these we claim ;
But, o'er the sounding wave,

A common right to Elliott's name,
A freehold in his grave !

ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light with-
drawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his grey hairs gone
For evermore!

Revile him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and
wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to
mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his
dim,
Dishonoured brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honoured, naught
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great
eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honour dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS.⁵⁴

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend
Unrest
Goaded from shore to shore;
No schoolmen, turning, in their classic
quest,
The leaves of empire o'er.
Simple of faith, and bearing in their
hearts
The love of man and God,
Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient
marts,
And Seythia's steppes, they trod.

Where the long shadows of the fir
and pine
In the night sun are cast, [mine
And the deep heart of many a Norland
Quakes at each riving blast;
Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa
stands,
A baptized Seythian queen,
With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled
hands,
The North and East between!

Where still, through vales of Grecian
fable, stray
The classic forms of yore, [spray,
And beauty smiles, new risen from the
And Dian weeps once more;
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart
resounds;
And Stamboul from the sea
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-
grounds
Black with the cypress-tree!

From Malta's temples to the gates of
Rome,
Following the track of Paul,
And where the Alps gird round the
Switzer's home
Their vast, eternal wall;
They paused not by the ruins of old
time,
They scanned no pictures rare,
Nor lingered where the snow-locked
mountains climb
The cold abyss of air!

But unto prisons, where men lay in
chains,
To haunts where Hunger pined,
To kings and courts forgetful of the
pains
And wants of human-kind,

Scattering sweet words, and quiet
deeds of good,
Along their way, like flowers,
Or pleading, as Christ's freemen only
could,
With princes and with powers ;

Their single aim the purpose to fulfil
Of Truth, from day to day,
Simply obedient to its guiding will,
They held their pilgrim way.
Yet dream not, hence, the beautiful
and old
Were wasted on their sight,
Who in the school of Christ had
learned to hold
All outward things aright.

Not less to them the breath of vine-
yards blown
From off the Cyprian shore,
Not less for them the Alps in sunset
shone,
That man they valued more.
A life of beauty lends to all it sees
The beauty of its thought ;
And fairest forms and sweetest har-
monies
Make glad its way, unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love
The singing waters run ;
And sunset mountains wear in light
above
The smile of duty done ;
Sure stands the promise,—ever to the
meek
A heritage is given ;
Nor lose they earth who, single-
hearted, seek
The righteousness of Heaven !

THE MEN OF OLD.

WELL speed thy mission, bold Icono-
clast !
Yet all unworthy of its trust thou
art,
If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving
heart,
Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of
the Past,
By the great Future's dazzling hope
made blind
To all the beauty, power, and truth
behind,
Not without reverent awe shouldst
thou put by
The cypress branches and the ama-
ranth blooms,
Where, with clasped hands of
prayer, upon their tombs
The effigies of old confessors lie,
God's witnesses ; the voices of His will,
Heard in the slow march of the
centuries still !
Such were the men at whose rebuking
frown,
Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's
knee went down ;
Such from the terrors of the guilty
drew
The vassal's freedom and the poor
man's due.

St. Anselm (may he rest for evermore
In Heaven's sweet peace !) forbade,
of old, the sale
Of men as slaves, and from the
sacred dale
Hurl'd the Northumbrian buyers of
the poor.
To ransom souls from bonds and evil
fate
St. Ambrose melted down the sacred
plate,—
Image of saint, the chalice, and the
pix,
Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.
"MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN TEM-
PLES !" he replied
To such as came his holy work to
chide.

And brave Cesarius, stripping altars
 bare,
 And coining from the Abbey's
 golden hoard
 The captive's freedom, answered to
 the prayer
 Or threat of those whose fierce zeal
 for the Lord
 Stifled their love of man,—“An
 earthen dish
 The last sad supper of the Master
 bore :

Most miserable sinners ! do ye wish
 More than your Lord, and grudge
 His dying poor
 What your own pride and not His
 need requires ?
 Souls, than these shining gauds,
 He values more ;
 Mercy, not sacrifice, His heart desires !”
 O faithful worthies ! resting far behind
 In your dark ages, since ye fell
 asleep,
 Much has been done for truth and
 human-kind,—
 Shadows are scattered wherein ye
 groped blind ;
 Man claims his birthright, freer pulses
 leap
 Through peoples driven in your day
 like sheep ;
 Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of
 light,
 Though widening still, is walled
 around by night ;
 With slow, reluctant eye, the Church
 has read,
 Sceptic at heart, the lessons of its
 Head ;
 Counting, too oft, its living members
 less
 Than the wall's garnish and the
 pulpit's dress ;
 World-moving zeal, with power to
 bless and feed
 Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter
 need,
 Instead of bread, holds out the stone
 of creed ;
 Sect builds and worships where its
 wealth and pride
 And vanity stand shrined and deified,

Careless that in the shadow of its walls
 God's living temple into ruin falls.
 We need, methinks, the prophet-hero
 still,
 Saints true of life, and martyrs strong
 of will,
 To tread the land, even now, as Xavier
 trod
 The streets of Goa, barefoot, with
 his bell,
 Proclaiming freedom in the name of
 God,
 And startling tyrants with the fear
 of hell !
 Soft words, smooth prophecies, are
 doubtless well ;
 But to rebuke the age's popular crime,
 We need the souls of fire, the hearts
 of that old time !

THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS.

STILL in thy streets, O Paris ! doth
 the stain
 Of blood defy the cleansing autumn
 rain ;
 Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins
 through,
 And Naples mourns that new Bartho-
 lomew,
 When squalid beggary, for a dole of
 bread,
 At a crowned murderer's beck of
 licence fed
 The yawning trenches with her noble
 dead ;
 Still, doomed Vienna, through thy
 stately halls
 The shell goes crashing and the red
 shot falls,
 And, leagued to crush thee, on the
 Danube's side,
 The bearded Croat and Bosniak spear-
 men ride ;
 Still in that vale where Himalaya's
 snow
 Melts round the cornfields and the
 vines below,

The Sikh's hot cannon, answering ball
for ball,
Flames in the breach of Moultan's
shattered wall ;
On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the
slain,
And Sutlej paints with blood its banks
again.
"What folly, then," the faithless
critic cries,
With sneering lip, and wise world-
knowing eyes,
"While fort to fort, and post to post,
repeat
The ceaseless challenge of the war-
drum's beat,
And round the green earth, to the
church-bell's chime,
The morning drum-roll of the camp
keeps time,
To dream of peace amidst a world in
arms,
Of swords to ploughshares changed by
Scriptural charms,
Of nations, drunken with the wine of
blood,
Staggering to take the Pledge of
Brotherhood,
Like tipplers answering Father
Mathew's call,—
The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap
Gaul,
The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with
life,
The Yankee swaggering with his
bowie-knife,
The Russ, from banquets with the
vulture shared,
The blood still dripping from his
amber beard,
Quitting their mad Berserker dance
to hear
The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat
seer ;
Leaving the sport of Presidents and
Kings,
Where men for dice each titled gambler
flings,
To meet alternate on the Seine and
Thames,
For tea and gossip, like old country
dames !

No ! let the cravens plead the weak-
ling's cant,
Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent
rant,
Let Sturge preach peace to democratic
throings,
And Burritt, stammering through his
hundred tongues,
Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er,
Timed to the pauses of the battery's
roar ;
Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade
Of "Olive-leaves" and Resolutions
made,
Spike guns with pointed Scripture-
texts, and hope
To capsize navies with a windy trope ;
Still shall the glory and the pomp of
War
Along their train the shouting millions
draw ;
Still dusty Labour to the passing Brave
His cap shall doff, and Beauty's ker-
chief wave ;
Still shall the bard to Valour tune his
song,
Still Hero-worship kneel before the
Strong ;
Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned
divine,
O'er his third bottle of suggestive
wine,
To plumed and sworded auditors, shall
prove
Their trade accordant with the Law
of Love ;
And Church for State, and State for
Church, shall fight,
And both agree, that Might alone is
Right !"
Despite of sneers like these, O faithful
few,
Who dare to hold God's word and
witness true,
Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our
evil time,
And o'er the present wilderness of
crime
Sees the calm future, with its robes of
green,
Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft
streams between,—

Still keep the path which duty bids
 ye tread,
 Though worldly wisdom shake the
 cautious head ;
 No truth from Heaven descends upon
 our sphere,
 Without the greeting of the sceptic's
 sneer ;
 Denied and mocked at, till its bless-
 ings fall,
 Common as dew and sunshine, over
 all.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the
 strife shall cease,
 Like Morven's harpers, sing your song
 of peace ;
 As in old fable rang the Thracian's
 lyre,
 Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal
 fire,
 Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs
 fell,
 And love subdued the maddened heart
 of hell.
 Lend, once again, that holy song a
 tongue,
 Which the glad angels of the Advent
 sung.
 Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's
 birth,
 Glory to God, and peace unto the
 earth !
 Through the mad discord send that
 calming word
 Which wind and wave on wild Gennes-
 aret heard,
 Lift in Christ's name His Cross
 against the Sword !
 Not vain the vision which the prophets
 saw,
 Skirting with green the fiery waste of
 war,
 Through the hot sand-gleam, looming
 soft and calm
 On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading
 palm.
 Still lives for Earth, which fiends so
 long have trod,
 The great hope resting on the truth
 of God,—

Evil shall cease and Violence pass
 away,
 And the tired world breathe free
 through a long Sabbath day.
11th mo., 1848.

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ASK not now for gold to gild
 With mocking shine a weary frame ;
 The yearning of the mind is stilled,—
 I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
 Melting in heaven's blue depths
 away,—
 Oh, sweet, fond dream of human
 Love !
 For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
 I make my humble wishes known,—
 I only ask a will resigned,
 O Father, to Thine own !

To-day, beneath Thy chastening eye
 I crave alone for peace and rest,
 Submissive in Thy hand to lie,
 And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
 A miracle our Life and Death ;
 A mystery which I cannot pierce,
 Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
 In vain the sage's thought I scan,
 I only feel how weak and vain,
 How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
 And longs for light whereby to see,
 And, like a weary child, would come,
 O Father, unto Thee !

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
 My weak resolves have passed away,
 In mercy lend Thy helping hand
 Unto my prayer to-day !

OUR STATE.

THE South-land boasts its teeming
cane,
The prairied West its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold !

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little
State
Is scant of soil, of limits strait ;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone.

From Autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain ;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house
stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of
health ;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim
Rock ;
And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the Good Old
Cause !

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire
stands ;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands
the school.

ALL'S WELL.

THE clouds, which rise with thunder,
slake
Our thirsty souls with rain ;
The blow most dreaded falls to break

From off our limbs a chain ;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eyes look farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew !

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow.

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germs and fill the grain.

Who calls the glorious service hard ?
Who deems it not its own reward ?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness ?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field ;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed, is done !

And ours the grateful service whenee
Comes, day by day, the recompense ;
The hope, the trust, the purpose
stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again ;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day !

TO A. K.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA-
MOSSES.

THANKS for thy gift
 Of ocean flowers,
 Born where the golden drift
 Of the slant sunshine falls
 Down the green, tremulous walls
 Of water, to the cool still coral
 bowers,
 Where, under rainbows of perpetual
 showers,
 God's gardens of the deep
 His patient angels keep ;
 Gladdening the dim, strange soli-
 tude
 With fairest forms and hues, and
 thus
 For ever teaching us
 The lesson which the many-coloured
 skies,
 The flowers, and leaves, and painted
 butterflies,
 The deer's branched antlers, the gay
 bird that flings
 The tropic sunshine from its golden
 wings,
 The brightness of the human counte-
 nance,
 Its play of smiles, the magic of a
 glance,
 For evermore repeat,
 In varied tones and sweet,
 That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

O kind and generous friend, o'er whom
 The sunset hues of Time are cast,
 Painting, upon the overpast
 And scattered clouds of noonday
 sorrow
 The promise of a fairer morrow,
 An earnest of the better life to come ;
 The binding of the spirit broken,
 The warning to the erring spoken,
 The comfort of the sad,
 The eye to see, the hand to cull
 Of common things the beautiful,
 The absent heart made glad
 By simple gift or graceful token

Of love it needs as daily food.
 All own one Source, and all are
 good !
 Hence, tracking sunny cove and
 reach,
 Where spent waves glimmer up the
 beach,
 And toss their gifts of weed and
 shell [swell,
 From foamy curve and combing
 No unbecfitting task was thine
 To weave these flowers so soft and
 fair
 In unison with His design
 Who loveth beauty everywhere ;
 And makes in every zone and clime,
 In ocean and in upper air,
 "All things beautiful in their
 time."

For not alone in tones of awe and
 power
 He speaks to man ;
 The cloudy horror of the thunder-
 shower
 His rainbow span ;
 And where the caravan
 Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in
 air
 The crane-flock leaves, no trace of
 passage there,
 He gives the weary eye
 The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon
 hours,
 And on its branches dry
 Calls out the acacia's flowers ;
 And where the dark shaft pierces
 down
 Beneath the mountain roots,
 Seen by the miner's lamp alone,
 The star-like crystal shoots ;
 So, where, the winds and waves
 below,
 The coral-branched gardens grow,
 His climbing weeds and mosses
 show,
 Like foliage, on each stony bough,
 Of varied hues more strangely gay
 Than forest leaves in autumn's
 day ;—
 Thus evermore,
 On sky, and wave, and shore,

An all-pervading beauty seems
to say :
God's love and power are one ;
and they,
Who, like the thunder of a sultry
day,
Smite to restore,
And they, who, like the gentle wind,
uplift
The petals of the dew-wet flowers, and
drift
Their perfume on the air,
Alike may serve Him, each, with their
own gift,
Making their lives a prayer !

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

And the angel that was sent unto me,
whose name was Uriel, gave me an answer
and said,

"Thy heart hath gone too far in this world,
and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of
the Most High?"

Then said I, "Yea, my Lord."
Then said he unto me, "Go thy way, weigh
me the weight of the fire, or measure me the
blast of the wind, or call me again the day
that is past."—2 *Esdras*, chap. iv.

A BENDING staff I would not break,
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Nor even rashly pluck away
The error which some truth may stay,
Whose loss might leave the soul
without

A shield against the shafts of doubt.
And yet, at times, when over all
A darker mystery seems to fall,
(May God forgive the child of dust,
Who seeks to *know*, where Faith
should *trust* !)

I raise the questions, old and dark,
Of Uzdum's tempted patriarch,
And, speech-confounded, build again
The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.

I am : how little more I know !
Whence came I ? Whither do I go ?
A centred self, which feels and is ;
A cry between the silences ;
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life .

A shaft from Nature's quiver east
Into the Future from the Past ;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

Through the vastness, arching all,
I see the great stars rise and fall,
The rounding seasons come and go,
The tided oceans ebb and flow ;
The tokens of a central force,
Whose circles, in their widening
course,

O'erlap and move the universe ;
The workings of the law whence
springs

The rhythmic harmony of things,
Which shapes in earth the darkling
spar,

And orbs in heaven the morning star.
Of all I see, in earth and sky,—
Star, flower, beast, bird,—what part
have I ?

This conscious life,—is it the same
Which thrills the universal frame,
Whereby the eavnered crystal shoots,
And mounts the sap from forest roots,
Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells
When Spring makes green her native
dells ?

How feels the stone the pang of birth.
Which brings its sparkling prism
forth ?

The forest-tree the throb which gives
The life-blood to its new-born leaves ?
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,
Life's many-folded mystery,—
The wonder which it is TO BE ?
Or stand I severed and distinct,
From Nature's chain of life unlinked ?
Allied to all, yet not the less
Prisoned in separate consciousness,
Alone o'erburdened with a sense
Of life, and cause, and consequence ?

In vain to me the Sphinx propounds
The riddle of her sights and sounds ;
Back still the vaulted mystery gives
The echoed question it receives.
What sings the brook ? What oracle
Is in the pine-tree's organ swell ?
What may the wind's low burden be ?
The meaning of the moaning sea ?

The hieroglyphics of the stars ?
Or clouded sunset's crimson bars ?
I vainly ask, for mocks my skill
The trick of Nature's eipher still.

I turn from Nature unto men,
I ask the stylus and the pen ;
What sang the bards of old ? What
meant

The prophets of the Orient ?
The rolls of buried Egypt, hid
In painted tomb and pyramid ?
What mean Idúmea's arrowy lines,
Or dusk Elora's monstrous signs ?
How speaks the primal thought of man
From the grim carvings of Copan ?
Where rests the secret ? Where the
keys

Of the old death-bolted mysteries ?
Alas ! the dead retain their trust ;
Dust hath no answer from the dust.

The great enigma still unguessed,
Unanswered the eternal quest ;
I gather up the scattered rays
Of wisdom in the early days,
Faint gleams and broken, like the
light

Of meteors in a northern night,
Betraying to the darkling earth
The unseen sun which gave them
birth ;

I listen to the sibyl's chant,
The voice of priest and hierophant ;
I know what Indian Kreeshma saith,
And what of life and what of death
The demon taught to Socrates ;
And what, beneath his garden-trees
Slow-pacing, with a dream-like tread,
The solemn-thoughted Plato said ;
Nor lack I tokens, great or small,
Of God's clear light in each and all,
While holding with more dear regard
The seroll of Hebrew seer and bard,
The starry pages promise-lit
With Christ's Evangel over-writ,
Thy miracle of life and death,
O holy One of Nazareth !

On Aztec ruins, grey and lone,
The circling serpent coils in stone,—
Type of the endless and unknown ;

Whereof we seek the clue to find,
With groping fingers of the blind !
For ever sought, and never found,
We trace that serpent-symbol round
Our resting-place, our starting bound !
O thriftlessness of dream and guess !
O wisdom which is foolishness !
Why idly seek from outward things
The answer inward silence brings ;
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere
And age, for that which lies so near ?
Why climb the far-off hills with pain,
A nearer view of heaven to gain ?
In lowliest depths of bosky dells
The hermit Contemplation dwells.
A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat,
And lotus-twined his silent feet,
Whence, piercing heaven, with
screened sight,
He sees at noon the stars, whose light
Shall glorify the coming night.

Here let me pause, my quest forego ;
Enough for me to feel and know
That He in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and
blend,—

Who, girt with His immensities,
Our vast and star-hung system sees,
Small as the clustered Pleiades,—
Moves not alone the heavenly quires,
But waves the spring time's grassy
spires,

Guards not archangel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own ;
Speaks not alone the words of fate
Which worlds destroy, and worlds
create,

But whispers in my spirit's ear,
In tones of love, or warning fear,
A language none beside may hear.

To Him from wanderings long and
wild,

I come, an over-wearied child,
In cool and shade His peace to find
Like dew-fall settling on my mind.
Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest,
I turn from Fancy's cloud-built
scheme, [dream
Dark creed, and mournful eastern

Of power, impersonal and cold,
 Controlling all, itself controlled,
 Maker and slave of iron laws,
 Alike the subject and the cause ;
 From vain philosophies, that try
 The sevenfold gates of mystery,
 And, baffled ever, babble still,
 Word-prodigo of fate and will ;
 From Nature, and her mockery, Art,
 And book and speech of men apart,
 To the still witness in my heart ;
 With reverence waiting to behold
 His Avatar of love untold,
 The Eternal Beauty new and old !

THE PRISONERS OF NAPLES.

I HAVE been thinking of the victims
 bound
 In Naples, dying for the lack of air
 And sunshine, in their close, damp
 cells of pain,
 Where hope is not, and innocence in
 vain
 Appeals against the torture and the
 chain !
 Unfortunates ! whose crime it was to
 share
 Our common love of freedom, and to
 dare,
 In its behalf, Rome's harlot triple-
 crowned,
 And her base pander, the most hate-
 ful thing
 Who upon Christian or on Pagan
 ground
 Makes vile the old heroic name of
 king.
 O God most merciful ! Father just
 and kind !
 Whom man hath bound let Thy right
 hand unbind.
 Or, if Thy purposes of good behind
 Their ills lie hidden, let the sufferers
 find
 Strong consolations ; leave them not
 to doubt
 Thy providential care, nor yet without

The hopes which all Thy attributes
 inspire,
 That not in vain the martyr's robe of
 fire
 Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fret-
 ting chain ;
 Since all who suffer for Thy truth send
 forth,
 Electrical, with every throb of pain,
 Unquenchable sparks, Thy own bap-
 tismal rain
 Of fire and spirit over all the earth,
 Making the dead in slavery live
 again.
 Let this great hope be with them, as
 they lie
 Shut from the light, the greenness,
 and the sky,—
 From the cool waters and the pleasant
 breeze,
 The smell of flowers, and shade of
 summer trees ;
 Bound with the felon lepers, whom
 disease
 And sins abhorred make loathsome ;
 let them share
 Pellicio's faith, Foresti's strength to
 bear
 Years of unutterable torment, stern
 and still,
 As the chained Titan victor through
 his will !
 Comfort them with Thy future ; let
 them see
 The day-dawn of Italian liberty ;
 For that, with all good things, is hid
 with Thee,
 And, perfect in Thy thought, awaits
 its time to be !
 I, who have spoken for freedom at
 the cost
 Of some weak friendships, or some
 paltry prize
 Of name or place, and more than I
 have lost
 Have gained in wider reach of sym-
 pathies,
 And free communion with the good
 and wise,—
 May God forbid that I should ever
 boast

Such easy self-denial, or repine
 That the strong pulse of health no
 more is mine ;
 That, overworn at noonday, I must
 yield
 To other hands the gleaning of the
 field,—
 A tired on-looker through the day's
 decline.
 For blest beyond deserving still, and
 knowing
 That kindly Providence its care is
 showing
 In the withdrawal as in the bestow-
 ing,
 Scarcely I dare for more or less to
 pray.
 Beautiful yet for me this autumn day
 Melts on its sunset hills ; and, far
 away,
 For me the Ocean lifts its solemn
 psalm,
 To me the pine-woods whisper ; and
 for me
 Yon river, winding through its vales
 of calm,
 By greenest banks, with asters purple-
 starred,
 And gentian bloom and golden-rod
 made gay,
 Flows down in silent gladness to the
 sea,
 Like a pure spirit to its great reward !
 Nor lack I friends, long-tried and
 near and dear,
 Whose love is round me like this
 atmosphere,
 Warm, soft, and golden. For such
 gifts to me
 What shall I render, O my God, to
 Thee ?
 Let me not dwell upon my lighter
 share
 Of pain and ill that human life must
 bear ;
 Save me from selfish pining ; let my
 heart,
 Drawn from itself in sympathy, for-
 get
 The bitter longings of a vain regret,
 The anguish of its own peculiar smart.

Remembering others, as I have to-day,
 In their great sorrows, let me live
 always
 Not for myself alone, but have a part,
 Such as a frail and erring spirit may,
 In love which is of Thee, and which
 indeed Thou art !

MOLOCH IN STATE STREET.

THE moon has set : while yet the
 dawn
 Breaks cold and grey,
 Between the midnight and the morn
 Bear off your prey !
 On, swift and still !—the conscious
 street
 Is panged and stirred ;
 Tread light !—that fall of serried feet
 The dead have heard !
 The first drawn blood of Freedom's
 veins
 Gushed where ye tread ;
 Lo ! through the dusk the martyr-
 stains
 Blush darkly red !
 Beneath the slowly waning stars
 And whitening day,
 What stern and awful presence bars
 That sacred way ?
 What faces frown upon ye, dark
 With shame and pain ?
 Come these from Plymouth's Pilgrim
 bark ?
 Is that young Vane ?
 Who, dimly beckoning, speed ye on
 With mocking cheer ?
 Lo ! spectral Andros, Hutchinson,
 And Gage are here !
 For ready mart or favouring blast
 Through Moloch's fire
 Flesh of his flesh, unsparing, passed
 The Tyrian sire.

Ye make that ancient sacrifice
 Of Man to Gain,
 Your traffic thrives, where Freedom
 dies,
 Beneath the chain.

Ye sow to-day, your harvest, scorn
 And hate, is near ;
 How think ye freemen, mountain
 born,
 The tale will hear ?

Thank God ! our mother State can
 yet
 Her fame retrieve ;
 To you and to your children let
 The scandal cleave.

Chain Hall and Pulpit, Court and
 Press,
 Make gods of gold ;
 Let honour, truth, and manliness
 Like wares be sold.

Your hoards are great, your walls are
 strong,
 But God is just ;
 The gilded chambers built by wrong
 Invite the rust.

What ! know ye not the gains of
 Crime
 Are dust and dross ;
 Its ventures on the waves of time
 Foredoomed to loss !

And still the Pilgrim State remains
 What she hath been ;
 Her inland hills, her seaward plains,
 Still nurture men !

Nor wholly lost the fallen mart,—
 Her olden blood
 Through many a free and generous
 heart
 Still pours its flood.

That brave old blood, quick-flowing
 yet,
 Shall know no check,
 Till a free people's foot is set
 On Slavery's neck.

Even now, the peel of bell and gun,
 And hills aflame,
 Tell of the first great triumph won
 In Freedom's name.⁵⁵

The long night dies : the welcome
 gray
 Of dawn we see ;
 Speed up the heavens Thy perfect
 day,
 God of the free !

1851.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

1852.

“GREAT peace in Europe ! Order
 reigns
 From Tiber's hills to Danube's plains !”
 So say her kings and priests ; so say
 The lying prophets of our day.
 Go lay to earth a listening ear ;
 The tramp of measured marches
 hear,—
 The rolling of the cannon's wheel,
 The shotted musket's murderous peal,
 The night alarm, the sentry's call,
 The quick-eared spy in hut and hall !
 From Polar sea and tropic fen
 The dying groans of exiled men !
 The bolted cell, the galley's chains,
 The scaffold smoking with its stains !
 Order,—the hush of brooding slaves !
 Peace,—in the dungeon-vaults and
 graves !

O Fisher ! of the world-wide net,
 With meshes in all waters set,
 Whose fabled keys of heaven and hell
 Bolt hard the patriot's prison-cell,
 And open wide the banquet-hall,
 Where kings and priests hold carnival !
 Weak vassal tricked in royal guise,
 Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies ;
 Base gambler for Napoleon's crown,
 Barnacle on his dead renown !
 Thou, Bourbon Neapolitan,
 Crowned scandal, loathed of God and
 man ;

And thou, fell Spider of the North !
 Stretching thy giant feelers forth,
 Within whose web the freedom dies
 Of nations eaten up like flies !
 Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and
 Czar !

If this be peace, pray what is War ?

White Angel of the Lord ! unmeet
 That soil accursed for thy pure feet.
 Never in Slavery's desert flows
 The fountain of thy charmed repose ;
 No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves
 Of lilies and of olive-leaves ;
 Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,
 Thus saith the Eternal Oracle ;
 Thy home is with the pure and free !
 Stern herald of thy better day,
 Before thee, to prepare thy way,
 The Baptist Shade of Liberty,
 Grey, scarred and hairy-robed, must
 press

With bleeding feet the wilderness !
 Oh that its voice might pierce the ear
 Of princes, trembling while they hear
 A cry as of the Hebrew seer :
 Repent ! God's kingdom draweth
 near !

WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS
 MEMOIRS.

DEAR friends, who read the world
 aright,

And in its eommon forms discern
 A beauty and a harmony
 The many never learn !

Kindred in soul of him who found
 In simple flower and leaf and stone
 The impulse of the sweetest lays
 Our Saxon tongue has known,—

Accept this record of a life
 As sweet and pure, as calm and
 good,
 As a long day of blandest June
 In green field and in wood.

How welcome to our ears, long pained
 By strife of sect and party noise,
 The brook-like murmur of his song
 Of nature's simple joys !

The violet by its mossy stone,
 The primrose by the river's brim,
 And chance-sown daffodil, have found
 Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,
 The rosy tints his sunset brought,
 World-seen, are gladdening all the
 vales
 And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand ; the works of
 pride
 And human passion change and fall ;
 But that which shares the life of God
 With Him surviveth all.

TO ———.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER
 DAY'S EXCURSION.

FAIR Nature's priestesses ! to whom,
 In hieroglyph of bud and bloom,
 Her mysteries are told ;
 Who, wise in lore of wood and mead,
 The season's pictured scrolls can read,
 In lessons manifold !

Thanks for the courtesy, and gay
 Good-humour, which on Washing Day
 Our ill-timed visit bore ;
 Thanks for your graceful oars, which
 broke
 The morning dreams of Artiehoke,
 Along his wooded shore !

Varied as varying Nature's ways,
 Sprites of the river, woodland fays,
 Or mountain nymphs, ye seem ;
 Free-limbed Dianas on the green,
 Loch Katrine's Ellen, or Undine,
 Upon your favourite stream.

The forms of which the poets told,
The fair benignities of old,
Were doubtless such as you ;
What more than Artichoke the rill
Of Helicon ? Than Pipe-stave hill
Arcadia's mountain-view ?

No sweeter bowers the bee delayed,
In wild Hymettus' scented shade,
Than those you dwell among ;
Snow-flowered azaleas, intertwined
With roses, over banks inclined
With trembling harebells hung !

A charmed life unknown to death,
Immortal freshness Nature hath ;
Her fabled fount and glen
Are now and here : Dodona's shrine
Still murmurs in the wind-swept
pine,—
All is that e'er hath been.

The Beauty which old Greece or Rome
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at
home ;
We need but eye and ear
In all our daily walks to trace
The outlines of incarnate grace,
The hymns of gods to hear !

IN PEACE.

A TRACK of moonlight on a quiet lake,
Whose small waves on a silver-
sanded shore
Whisper of peace, and with the low
winds make [awake,
Such harmonies as keep the woods
And listening all night long for their
sweet sake ;
A green-waved slope of meadow,
hovered o'er
By angel-troops of lilies, swaying
light
On viewless stems, with folded wings
of white ;
A slumberous stretch of mountain-
land, far seen
Where the low westering day, with
gold and green,

Purple and amber, softly blended, fills
The wooded vales, and melts among
the hills ;
A vine-fringed river, winding to its
rest
On the calm bosom of a stormless
sea,
Bearing alike upon its placid breast,
With earthly flowers and heavenly
stars impressed,
The hues of time and of eternity :
Such are the pictures which the
thought of thee,
O friend, awakeneth,—charming the
keen pain
Of thy departure, and our sense of
loss
Requiting with the fulness of thy gain.
Lo ! on the quiet grave thy life-
borne cross,
Dropped only at its side, methinks
doth shine,
Of thy beatitude the radiant sign !
No sob of grief, no wild lament be
there, [air ;
To break the Sabbath of the holy
But, in their stead, the silent-breath-
ing prayer
Of hearts still waiting for a rest like
thine.
O spirit redeemed ! Forgive us, if
henceforth,
With sweet and pure similitudes of
earth,
We keep thy pleasant memory
freshly green,
Of love's inheritance a priceless part,
Which Fancy's self, in reverent
awe, is seen
To paint, forgetful of the tricks of
art,
With pencil dipped alone in colours
of the heart.

BENEDICITE.

God's love and peace be with thee
where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair !

Whether through city casements
comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace !

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our
tread,
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-
day ;

O'er lapse of time and change of
scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-
word, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet
law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from
me,
What should, dear heart, its burden
be ?

The sighing of a shaken reed,—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need ?

God's love,—unchanging, pure, and
true,—
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace,—the fall of Hermon's dew !

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou mayst hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away !

PICTURES.

I.

LIGHT, warmth, and sprouting green-
ness, and o'er all

Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether,
raining down

Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed
town,

The freshening meadows, and the
hillsides brown ;

Voice of the west-wind from the
hills of pine,

And the brimmed river from its dis-
tant fall,

Low hum of bees, and joyous inter-
lude

Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirt-
ing wood,—

Heralds and prophecies of sound
and sight,

Blessed forerunners of the warmth
and light,

Attendant angels to the house of
prayer,

With reverent footsteps keeping
pace with mine,—

Once more, through God's great love,
with you I share

A morn of resurrection sweet and fair
As that which saw, of old, in
Palestine,

Immortal Love uprising in fresh
bloom

From the dark night and winter
of the tomb !

5th mo., 2nd, 1852.

II.

White with its sun-bleached dust,
the pathway winds

Before me ; dust is on the shrunken
grass,

And on the trees beneath whose
boughs I pass ;

Frail screen against the Hunter of
 the sky,
 Who, glaring on me with his lidless
 eye,
 While mounting with his dog-
 star high and higher
 Ambushed in light intolerable, un-
 binds
 The burnished quiver of his shafts
 of fire.
 Between me and the hot fields of
 his South
 A tremulous glow, as from a fur-
 nace-mouth,
 Glimmers and swims before my
 dazzled sight,
 As if the burning arrows of his
 ire
 Broke as they fell, and shattered
 into light ;
 Yet on my cheek I feel the western
 wind,
 And hear it telling to the orchard
 trees,
 And to the faint and flower-forsaken
 bees,
 Tales of fair meadows, green with
 constant streams,
 And mountains rising blue and cool
 behind,
 Where in moist dells the purple
 orchis gleams.
 And starred with white the virgin's
 bower is twined.
 So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he
 fares
 Along life's summer waste, at times
 is fanned,
 Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet
 airs
 Of a serener and a holier land,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the dew-
 fall bland.
 Breath of the blessed Heaven for
 which we pray,
 Blow from the eternal hills !—make
 glad our earthly way !

8th mo., 1852.

DERNE. 56

NIGHT on the city of the Moor !
 On mosque and tomb, and white-
 walled shore,
 On sea-waves, to whose ceaseless
 knock
 The narrow harbour-gates unlock,
 On corsair's galley, carack tall,
 And plundered Christian caraval !
 The sounds of Moslem life are still ;
 No mule-bell tinkles down the hill ;
 Stretched in the broad court of the
 khan,
 The dusty Bornou caravan
 Lies heaped in slumber, beast and
 man ;
 The Sheik is dreaming in his tent,
 His noisy Arab tongue o'erspent ;
 The kiosk's glimmering lights are
 gone,
 The merchant with his wares with-
 drawn ;
 Rough pillowed on some pirate breast,
 The dancing-girl has sunk to rest ;
 And, save where measured footsteps
 fall
 Along the Bashaw's guarded wall,
 Or where, like some bad dream, the
 Jew
 Creeps stealthily his quarter through,
 Or counts with fear his golden heaps,
 The City of the Corsair sleeps !
 But where yon prison, long and low,
 Stands black against the pale star-
 glow,
 Chafed by the ceaseless wash of waves,
 There watch and pine the Christian
 slaves ;—
 Rough-bearded men, whose far-off
 wives
 Wear out with grief their lonely lives ;
 And youth, still flashing from his
 eyes
 The clear blue of New England skies,
 A treasured lock of whose soft hair
 Now wakes some sorrowing mother's
 prayer ;
 Or, worn upon some maiden breast,
 Stirs with the loving heart's unrest !

A bitter cup each life must drain,
The groaning earth is cursed with
pain,

And, like the scroll the angel bore
The shuddering Hebrew seer before,
O'erwrit alike, without, within,
With all the woes which follow sin ;
But, bitterest of the ills beneath
Whose load man totters down to
death,

Is that which plucks the regal crown
Of Freedom from his forehead down,
And snatches from his powerless hand
The sceptred sign of self-command,
Effacing with the chain and rod
The image and the seal of God ;
Till from his nature, day by day,
The manly virtues fall away,
And leave him naked, blind and mute,
The godlike merging in the brute !

Why mourn the quiet ones who die
Beneath affection's tender eye,
Unto their household and their kin
Like ripened corn-sheaves gathered
in ?

O weeper, from that tranquil sod,
That holy harvest-home of God,
Turn to the quick and suffering,—shed
Thy tears upon the living dead !
Thank God above thy dear ones'
graves,
They sleep with Him,—they are not
slaves.

What dark mass, down the mountain-
sides

Swift-pouring, like a stream divides ?—
A long, loose, straggling caravan,
Camel and horse and armed man.
The moon's low crescent, glimmering
o'er

Its grave of waters to the shore,
Lights up that mountain cavalcade,
And glints from gun and spear and
blade

Near and more near !—now o'er them
falls

The shadow of the city walls.
Hark to the sentry's challenge,
drowned [sound !—
In the fierce trumpet's charging

The rush of men, the musket's peal,
The short, sharp clang of meeting
steel !

Vain, Moslem, vain thy lifeblood
poured

So freely on thy foeman's sword !
Not to the swift nor to the strong
The battles of the right belong ;
For he who strikes for Freedom wears
The armour of the captive's prayers,
And Nature proffers to his cause
The strength of her eternal laws ;
While he whose arm essays to bind
And herd with common brutes his
kind

Strives evermore at fearful odds
With Nature and the jealous gods,
And dares the dread recoil which late
Or soon their right shall vindicate.

'Tis done—the horned crescent falls !
The star-flag flouts the broken walls !
Joy to the captive husband ! joy
To thy sick heart, O brown-locked
boy !

In sullen wrath the conquered Moor
Wide open flings your dungeon-door,
And leaves ye free from cell and chain,
The owners of yourselves again,
Dark as his allies desert-born,
Soiled with the battle's stain, and
worn

With the long marches of his band
Through hottest wastes of rock and
sand,—

Scorched by the sun and furnace-breath
Of the red desert's wind of death,
With welcome words and grasping
hands,

The victor and deliverer stands !

The tale is one of distant skies ;
The dust of half a century lies
Upon it ; yet its hero's name
Still lingers on the lips of Fame.
Men speak the praise of him who
gave

Deliverance to the Moorish slave,
Yet dare to brand with shame and
crime

The heroes of our land and time.—

The self-forgotten ones, who stake
Home, name, and life for Freedom's
sake.

God mend his heart who cannot feel
The impulse of a holy zeal,
And sees not, with his sordid eyes,
The beauty of self-sacrifice !
Though in the sacred place he stands,
Uplifting consecrated hands,
Unworthy are his lips to tell
Of Jesus' martyr-miracle,
Or name aright that dread embrace
Of suffering for a fallen race !

ASTRÆA.

"Jove means to settle
Astræ in her seat again,
And let down from his golden chain
An age of better metal."
BEN JONSON, 1615.

O POET rare and old !
Thy words are prophecies ;
Forward the age of gold,
The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer
And hope are not in vain ;
Rise, brothers ! and prepare
The way for Saturn's reign.

Perish shall all which takes
From labour's board and can ;
Perish shall all which makes
A spaniel of the man !

Free from its bonds the mind,
The body from the rod ;
Broken all chains that bind
The image of our God.

Just men no longer pine
Behind their prison-bars ;
Through the rent dungeon shine
The free sun and the stars.

Earth own, at last, untrod
By sect, or caste, or clan,
The fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man !

Fraud fail, craft perish, forth
The money-changers driven,
And God's will done on earth,
As now in heaven !

INVOCATION.

THROUGH Thy clear spaces, Lord, of
old,
Formless and void the dead earth
rolled ;
Deaf to Thy heaven's sweet music,
blind
To the great lights which o'er it
shined ; [breath,—
No sound, no ray, no warmth, no
A dumb despair, a wandering death.

To that dark, weltering horror came
Thy spirit, like a subtle flame,—
A breath of life electrical,
Awakening and transforming all,
Till beat and thrilled in every part
The pulses of a living heart.

Then knew their bounds the land
and sea ;
Then smiled the bloom of mead and
tree ; [man,
From flower to moth, from beast to
The quick creative impulse ran ;
And earth, with life from Thee re-
newed,
Was in Thy holy eyesight good.

As lost and void, as dark and cold
And formless as that earth of old,—
A wandering waste of storm and night,
Midst spheres of song and realms of
light,—
A blot upon Thy holy sky,
Untouched, unwarned of Thee, am I.

O Thou who movest on the deep
Of spirits, wake my own from sleep !
Its darkness melt, its coldness warm,
The lost restore, the ill transform,
That flower and fruit henceforth may
be,
Its grateful offering, worthy Thee.

THE CROSS.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD DILLINGHAM IN THE NASHVILLE PENITENTIARY.

"THE cross, if rightly borne, shall be
No burden, but support to thee;"^a
So, moved of old time for our sake,
The holy monk of Kempen spake.

Thou brave and true one! upon whom
Was laid the cross of martyrdom,
How didst thou, in thy generous
youth,
Bear witness to this blessed truth!

Thy cross of suffering and of shame
A staff within thy hands became,
In paths where faith alone could see
The Master's steps supporting thee.

Thine was the seed-time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with Him.

Yet, unforgetten where it lies,
That seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert east,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

EVA.

DRY the tears for holy Eva,
With the blessed angels leave her;
Of the form so soft and fair
Give to earth the tender care.

For the golden locks of Eva
Let the sunny south-land give her
Flowery pillow of repose,—
Orange-bloom and budding rose.

In the better home of Eva
Let the shining ones receive her,
With the welcome-voiced psalm,
Harp of gold and waving palm!

All is light and peace with Eva;
There the darkness cometh never;
Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva,
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve
her;
Care and pain and weariness
Lost in love so measureless.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Child confessor, true believer,
Listener at the Master's knee,
"Suffer such to come to Me."

Oh, for faith like thine, sweet Eva,
Lighting all the solemn river,
And the blessings of the poor
Wafting to the heavenly shore!

TO FREDRIKA BREMER.⁵⁷

SEERESS of the misty Norland,
Daughter of the Vikings bold,
Welcome to the sunny Vineland,
Which thy fathers sought of old!

Soft as flow of Silja's waters,
When the moon of summer shines,
Strong as Winter from his mountains
Roaring through the sleeted pines.

Heart and ear, we long have listened
To thy saga, rune, and song,
As a household joy and presence
We have known and loved thee
long.

By the mansion's marble mantel,
Round the log-walled cabin's hearth,
Thy sweet thoughts and northern
fancies
Meet and mingle with our mirth.

And o'er weary spirits keeping
Sorrow's night-watch, long and
chill,
Shine they like thy sun of summer
Over midnight vale and hill.

^a Thomas à Kempis. Imit. Christ.

We alone to thee are strangers,
 Thou our friend and teacher art ;
 Come, and know us as we know thee ;
 Let us meet thee heart to heart !

To our homes and household altars
 We, in turn, thy steps would lead
 As thy loving hand has led us
 O'er the threshold of the Swede.

APRIL.

"The spring comes slowly up this way."
Christabel.

'Tis the noon of the spring-time, yet
 never a bird
 In the wind-shaken elm or the maple
 is heard ;
 For green meadow-grasses wide levels
 of snow,
 And blowing of drifts where the cro-
 cuses should blow ;
 Where wind-flower and violet, amber
 and white,
 On south-sloping brooksides should
 smile in the light,
 O'er the cold winter-beds of their
 late-waking roots
 The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal
 shoots ;
 And, longing for light, under wind-
 driven heaps,
 Round the boles of the pine-wood the
 ground-laurel creeps,
 Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized
 of showers,
 With buds scarcely swelled, which
 should burst into flowers !
 We wait for thy coming, sweet wind
 of the south !
 For the touch of thy light wings, the
 kiss of thy mouth ;
 For the yearly evangel thou bearest
 from God,
 Resurrection and life to the graves of
 the sod !
 Up our long river-valley, for days,
 have not ceased
 The wail and the shriek of the bitter
 north-east, —

Raw and chill, as if winnowed through
 ices and snow,
 All the way from the land of the wild
 Esquimaux, —
 Until all our dreams of the land of
 the blest,
 Like that red hunter's, turn to the
 sunny south-west.
 O soul of the spring-time, its light
 and its breath,
 Bring warmth to this coldness, bring
 life to this death ;
 Renew the great miracle ; let us be-
 hold
 The stone from the mouth of the
 sepulchre rolled,
 And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of
 old !
 Let our faith, which in darkness and
 coldness has lain,
 Revive with the warmth and the
 brightness again,
 And in blooming of flower and bud-
 ding of tree [see ;
 The symbols and types of our destiny
 The life of the spring-time, the life
 of the whole,
 And, as sun to the sleeping earth,
 love to the soul !

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

1850.

THE evil days have come, — the poor
 Are made a prey ;
 Bar up the hospitable door,
 Put out the fire-lights, point no more
 The wanderer's way.

For Pity now is erime ; the chain
 Which binds our States
 Is melted at her hearth in twain,
 Is rusted by her tears' soft rain :
 Close up her gates.

Our Union, like a glacier stirred
 By voice below,
 Or bell of kine, or wing of bird,
 A beggar's crust, a kindly word
 May overthrow !

Poor, whispering tremblers!—yet we
boast

Our blood and name ;
Bursting its century-bolted frost,
Each grey cairn on the Northman's
coast
Cries out for shame !

Oh for the open firmament,
The prairie free,
The desert hillside, cavern-rent,
The Pawnee's lodge, the Arab's tent,
The Bushman's tree !

Than web of Persian loom most rare,
Or soft divan,
Better the rough rock, bleak and bare,
Or hollow tree, which man may share
With suffering man.

I hear a voice : " Thus saith the Law,
Let Love be dumb ;
Clasping her liberal hands in awe,
Let sweet-lipped Charity withdraw
From hearth and home."

I hear another voice : " The poor
Are thine to feed ;
Turn not the outcast from thy door,
Nor give to bonds and wrong once
more
Whom God hath freed."

Dear Lord ! between that law and
Thee
No choice remains ;
Yet not untrue to man's decree,
Though spurning its rewards, is he
Who bears its pains.

Not mine Sedition's trumpet-blast
And threatening word ;
I read the lesson of the Past,
That firm endurance wins at last
More than the sword.

O clear-eyed Faith, and Patience, thou
So calm and strong !
Lend strength to weakness, teach us
how
The sleepless eyes of God look through
This night of wrong !

A SABBATH SCENE.

SCARCE had the solemn Sabbath-bell
Ceased quivering in the steeple,
Scarce had the parson to his desk
Walked stately through his people,

When down the summer-shaded street
A wasted female figure,
With dusky brow and naked feet,
Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the
trees,
She heard the sweet hymn swel-
ling :
O pitying Christ ! a refuge give
That poor one in Thy dwelling !

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,
Right up the aisle she glided,
While close behind her, whip in
hand,
A lank-haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,
To Heaven and Earth appealing ;—
Were manhood's generous pulses dead ?
Had woman's heart no feeling ?

A score of stout hands rose between
The hunter and the flying :
Age clenched his staff, and maiden
eyes
Flashed tearful, yet defying.

" Who dares profane this house and
day ?"
Cried out the angry pastor.
" Why, bless your soul, the wench's
a slave,
And I'm her lord and master !

" I've law and gospel on my side,
And who shall dare refuse me ?"
Down came the parson, bowing low,
" My good sir, pray excuse me !

" Of course I know your right divine
To own and work and whip her ;
Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglot
Before the wench, and trip her !"

Plump dropped the holy tome, and
o'er

Its sacred pages stumbling,
Bound hand and foot, a slave once
more,
The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,
The while his flock addressing,
The Scriptural claims of slavery
With text on text impressing.

"Although," said he, "on Sabbath
day
All secular occupations
Are deadly sins, we must fulfil
Our moral obligations :

"And this commends itself as one
To every conscience tender ;
As Paul sent back Onesimus,
My Christian friends, we send her !"

Shriek rose on shriek,—the Sabbath
air
Her wild cries tore asunder ;
I listened, with hushed breath, to
hear
God answering with His thunder !

All still !—the very altar's cloth
Had smothered down her shriek-
ing,
And, dumb, she turned from face to
face,
For human pity seeking !

I saw her dragged along the aisle,
Her shackles harshly clanking ;
I heard the parson, over all,
The Lord devoutly thanking !

My brain took fire : "Is this," I cried,
"The end of prayer and preaching ?
Then down with pulpit, down with
priest,
And give us Nature's teaching !

* Foul shame and scorn be on ye all
Who turn the good to evil,
And steal the Bible from the Lord
To give it to the Devil !

"Than garbled text or parchment
law
I own a statute higher ;
And God is true, though every book
And every man's a liar !"

Just then I felt the deacon's hand
In wrath my coat-tail seize on ;
I heard the priest cry, "Infidel !"
The lawyer mutter, "Treason !"

I started up,—where now were church,
Slave, master, priest, and people ?
I only heard the supper-bell,
Instead of clanging steeple.

But, on the open window's sill,
O'er which the white blooms drifted,
The pages of a good old Book
The wind of summer lifted,

And flower and vine, like angelwings,
Around the Holy Mother,
Waved softly there, as if God's Truth
And Mercy kissed each other.

And freely from the cherry-bough,
Above the casement swinging,
With golden bosom to the sun,
The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old
The lesson of the Teacher,
So now I heard the written Word
Interpreted by Nature !

For to my ear methought the breeze
Bore Freedom's blessed word on ;
THUS SAITH THE LORD: BREAK
EVERY YOKE,
UNDO THE HEAVY BURDEN !

REMEMBRANCE.

WITH COPIES OF THE AUTHOR'S
WRITINGS.

FRIEND of mine ! whose lot was cast
With me in the distant past,—
Where, like shadows flitting fast,

Fact and fancy, thought and theme,
Word and work, begin to seem
Like a half-remembered dream !

Touched by change have all things
been,
Yet I think of thee as when
We had speech of lip and pen,

For the calm thy kindness lent
To a path of discontent,
Rough with trial and dissent ;

Gentle words where such were few,
Softening blame where blame was
true,
Praising where small praise was due ;

For a waking dream made good,
For an ideal understood,
For thy Christian womanhood ;

For thy marvellous gift to cull
From our common life and dull
Whatsoe'er is beautiful ;

Thoughts and fancies, Hybla's bees
Dropping sweetness ; true heart's-
ease
Of congenial sympathies ;—

Still for these I own my debt ;
Memory, with her eyelids wet,
Fain would thank thee even yet !

And as one who scatters flowers
Where the Queen of May's sweet
hours
Sits, o'ertwined with blossomed
bowers,

In superfluous zeal bestowing
Gifts where gifts are overflowing,
So I pay the debt I'm owing.

To thy full thoughts, gay or sad,
Sunny-hued or sober clad,
Something of my own I add ;

Well assured that thou wilt take
Even the offering which I make
Kindly for the giver's sake.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELEC- TION DAY.

THE proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high ;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known ;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne !

Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand ;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand !
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day ;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no
more
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide ;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land ;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand !

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust,—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up ! clouted knee and ragged coat !
A man's a man to-day !

TRUST.

THE same old baffling questions ! O
my friend,
I cannot answer them. In vain I send
My soul into the dark, where never
burn
The lamps of science, nor the natural
light

Of Reason's sun and stars ! I cannot
 learn
 Their great and solemn meanings,
 nor discern
 The awful secrets of the eyes which
 turn
 Evermore on us through the day
 and night
 With silent challenge and a dumb
 demand,
 Proffering the riddles of the dread
 unknown,
 Like the calm Sphinxes, with their
 eyes of stone,
 Questioning the centuries from their
 veils of sand !
 I have no answer for myself or thee,
 Save that I learned beside my mother's
 knee ;
 " All is of God that is, and is to be ;
 And God is good." Let this suffice
 us still,
 Resting in childlike trust upon His
 will
 Who moves to His great ends un-
 thwarted by the ill.

KATHLEEN. 58

O NORAH, lay your basket down,
 And rest your weary hand,
 And come and hear me sing a song
 Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,
 A mighty lord was he ;
 And he did wed a second wife,
 A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
 And so, in evil spite,
 She baked the black bread for his kin,
 And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved
 the kern,
 And drove away the poor ;
 " Ah, woe is me ! " the old lord said,
 " I rue my bargain sore ! "

This lord he had a daughter fair,
 Beloved of old and young,
 And nightly round the shealing-fires
 Of her the gleeman sung.

" As sweet and good is young Kath-
 As Eve before her fall ; " [leen
 So sang the harper at the fair,
 So harped he in the hall.

" Oh come to me, my daughter dear !
 Come sit upon my knee,
 For looking in your face, Kathleen,
 Your mother's own I see ! "

He smoothed and smoothed her hair
 away,
 He kissed her forehead fair ;
 " It is my darling Mary's brow,
 It is my darling's hair ! "

Oh, then spake up the angry dame,
 " Get up, get up, " quoth she,
 " I'll sell ye over Ireland,
 I'll sell ye o'er the sea ! "

She clipped her glossy hair away,
 That none her rank might know,
 She took away her gown of silk,
 And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town
 And to a seaman sold
 This daughter of an Irish lord
 For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,
 And tore his beard so gray ;
 But he was old, and she was young,
 And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee
 howled
 To fright the evil dame,
 And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,
 With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through
 the trees,
 And glimmering down the hill ;
 They crept before the dead-vault door,
 And there they all stood still !

"Get up, old man! the wake-lights
shine!"

"Ye murthering witch," quoth he,
"So I'm rid of your tongue, I little
care
If they shine for you or me."

"Oh, whoso brings my daughter back,
My gold and land shall have!"
Oh, then spake up his handsome page,
"No gold nor land I crave!"

"But give to me your daughter dear,
Give sweet Kathleen to me;
Be she on sea or be she on land,
I'll bring her back to thee."

"My daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,
But she shall be your bride the day
You bring her back to me."

He sailed east, he sailed west,
And far and long sailed he,
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt sea.

"Oh, have ye seen the young Kath-
leen,
The flower of Ireland?
Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand!"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know
The maiden whom ye mean;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
And she is called Kathleen."

"No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and ways
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston
town,
And met a maiden fair,
A little basket on her arm
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither, child, and say hast
thou
This young man ever seen?"
They wept within each other's arms,
The page and young Kathleen.

"Oh give to me this darling child,
And take my purse of gold."
"Nay, not by me," her master said,
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold."

"We loved her in the place of one
The Lord hath early ta'en;
But, since her heart's in Ireland,
We give her back again!"

Oh, for that same the saints in heaven
For his poor soul shall pray,
And Mary Mother wash with tears
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland,
As you go up Claremore
Ye'll see their castle looking down
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and
gone,
And a happy man is he,
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
With her darling on his knee.

FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

IN calm and cool and silence, once
again
I find my old accustomed place
among
My brethren, where, perchance, no
human tongue
Shall utter words; where never
hymn is sung,
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor
censer swung,
Nor dim light falling through the
pictured pane!
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear
The still small voice which reached
the prophet's ear;
Read in my heart a still diviner law
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw!
There let me strive with each beset-
ting sin,
Recall my wandering fancies, and
restrain
The sore disquiet of a restless brain;

And, as the path of duty is made plain,
 May grace be given that I may walk therein,
 Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
 With backward glances and reluctant tread,
 Making a merit of his coward dread,—
 But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
 Walking as one to pleasant service led;
 Doing God's will as if it were my own,
 Yet trusting not in mine, but in His strength alone!

—————
 KOSSUTH.⁵⁹

TYPE of two mighty continents!—
 combining
 The strength of Europe with the warmth and glow
 Of Asian song and prophecy, — the shining
 Of Orient splendours over Northern snow!
 Who shall receive him? Who, unblushing, speak
 Welcome to him, who, while he strove to break
 The Austrian yoke from Magyar necks, smote off
 At the same blow the fetters of the serf,—
 Rearing the altar of his Father-land
 On the firm base of freedom, and thereby
 Lifting to Heaven a patriot's stainless hand,
 Mocked not the God of Justice with a lie!
 Who shall be Freedom's mouthpiece?
 Who shall give
 Her welcoming cheer to the great fugitive?
 Not he who, all her sacred trusts betraying,

Is scourging back to slavery's hell of pain
 The swarthy Kossuths of our land again!
 Not he whose utterance now from lips designed
 The bugle-march of Liberty to wind,
 And call her hosts beneath the breaking light,—
 The keen reveille of her morn of fight,—
 Is but the hoarse note of the blood-hound's baying,
 The wolf's long howl behind the bond-man's flight!
 Oh for the tongue of him who lies at rest
 In Quincy's shade of patrimonial trees,—
 Last of the Puritan tribunes and the [best,—
 To lend a voice to Freedom's sympathies,
 And hail the coming of the noblest guest
 The Old World's wrong has given the
 New World of the West!

—————
 TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

AN EPISTLE NOT AFTER THE MANNER
 OF HORACE.

OLD friend, kind friend! lightly down
 Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown!
 Never be thy shadow less,
 Never fail thy cheerfulness;
 Care, that kills the cat, may plough
 Wrinkles in the miser's brow,
 Deepen envy's spiteful frown,
 Draw the mouths of bigots down,
 Plague ambition's dream, and sit
 Heavy on the hypocrite,
 Haunt the rich man's door, and ride
 In the gilded coach of pride;—
 Let the fiend pass!—what can he
 Find to do with such as thee?
 Seldom comes that evil guest
 Where the conscience lies at rest,
 And brown health and quiet wit
 Smiling on the threshold sit.

I, the urehin unto whom,
 In that smoked and dingy room,
 Where the district gave thee rule
 O'er its ragged winter school,
 Thou didst teach the mysteries
 Of those weary A B C's,—
 Where, to fill the every pause
 Of thy wise and learned saws,
 Through the cracked and crazy wall
 Came the cradle-rock and squall,
 And the goodman's voice, at strife
 With his shrill and tipsy wife,—
 Luring us by stories old,
 With a comie unction told,
 More than by the eloquence
 Of terse birchen arguments
 (Doubtful gain, I fear), to look
 With complacence on a book!—
 Where the genial pedagogue
 Half forgot his rogues to flog,
 Citing tale or apologue,
 Wise and merry in its drift
 As old Phædrus' twofold gift,
 Had the little rebels known it,
Risum et prudentium monet!
 I,—the man of middle years,
 In whose sable locks appears
 Many a warning fleck of gray,—
 Looking back to that far day,
 And thy primal lessons, feel
 Grateful smiles my lips unseal,
 As, remembering thee, I blend
 Olden teacher, present friend,
 Wise with antiquarian search,
 In the scrolls of State and Church:
 Named on history's title-page,
 Parish clerk and justice sage:
 For the ferule's wholesome awe
 Wielding now the sword of law.

Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,
 Gathering up the scattered leaves
 Which the wrinkled sibyl cast
 Careless from her as she passed,—
 Twofold citizen art thou,
 Freeman of the past and now.
 He who bore thy name of old
 Midway in the heavens did hold
 Over Gibeon moon and sun;
Thou hast bidden them backward run;
 Of to-day the present ray
 Flinging over yesterday!

Let the busy ones deride
 What I deem of right thy pride:
 Let the fools their tread-mills grind
 Look not forward nor behind,
 Shuffle in and wriggle out,
 Veer with every breeze about,
 Turning like a windmill sail,
 Or a dog that seeks his tail:
 Let them laugh to see thee fast
 Tabernaed in the Past,
 Working out with eye and lip,
 Riddles of old penmanship,
 Patient as Belzoni there
 Sorting out, with loving care,
 Mummies of dead questions stripped
 From their sevenfold manuscript!
 Dabbling, in their noisy way,
 In the puddles of to-day,
 Little know they of that vast
 Solemn ocean of the past,
 On whose margin, wreck-bespread,
 Thou art walking with the dead,
 Questioning the stranded years,
 Waking smiles, by turns, and tears,
 As thou callest up again
 Shapes the dust has long o'erlain,—
 Fair-haired woman, bearded man,
 Cavalier and Puritan;
 In an age whose eager view
 Seeks but present things, and new,
 Mad for party, seet and gold,
 Teaching reverence for the old.

On that shore, with fowler's tact,
 Coolly bagging fact on fact,
 Naught amiss to thee can float,
 Tale, or song, or anecdote;
 Village gossip, centuries old,
 Scandals by our grandams told,
 What the pilgrim's table spread,
 Where he lived, and whom he
 wed,
 Long-drawn bill of wine and beer
 For his ordination cheer,
 Or the flip that well-nigh made
 Glad his funeral cavalcade;
 Weary prose, and poet's lines,
 Flavoured by their age, like wines,
 Eulogistic of some quaint,
 Doubtful, puritanic saint;
 Lays that quickened husking jigs,
 Jests that shook grave periwigs,

When the parson had his jokes
 And his glass, like other folks ;
 Sermons that, for mortal hours,
 Taxed our fathers' vital powers,
 As the long nineteenthlies poured
 Downward from the sounding-board,
 And, for fire of Pentecost,
 Touched their beards December's
 frost.

Time is hastening on, and we
 What our fathers are shall be,—
 Shadow-shapes of memory !
 Joined to that vast multitude
 Where the great are but the good,
 And the mind of strength shall prove
 Weaker than the heart of love ;
 Pride of greybeard wisdom less
 Than the infant's guilelessness,
 And his song of sorrow more
 Than the crown the Psalmist wore !
 Who shall then, with pious zeal,
 At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,
 From a stained and stony page
 Reading to a careless age,
 With a patient eye like thine,
 Prosing tale and limping line,
 Names and words the hoary rime
 Of the Past has made sublime ?
 Who shall work for us as well
 The antiquarian's miracle ?
 Who to seeming life recall
 Teacher grave and pupil small ?
 Who shall give to thee and me
 Freeholds in futurity ?

Well, whatever lot be mine,
 Long and happy days be thine,
 Ere thy full and honoured age
 Dates of time its latest page !
 Squire for master, State for school,
 Wisely lenient, live and rule ;
 Over grown-up knave and rogue
 Play the watchful pedagogue ;
 Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,
 At the call of youth and beauty,
 Speak for them the spell of law
 Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,
 And the flaming sword remove
 From the Paradise of Love.
 Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore
 Ancient tome and record o'er ;

Still thy week-day lyrics croon,
 Pitch in church the Sunday tune,
 Showing something, in thy part,
 Of the old Puritanic art,
 Singer after Sternhold's heart !
 In thy pew, for many a year,
 Homilies from Oldbug hear,^a
 Who to wit like that of South,
 And the Syrian's golden mouth,
 Doth the homely pathos add
 Which the pilgrim preachers had ;
 Breaking, like a child at play,
 Gilded idols of the day,
 Cant of knave and pomp of fool
 Tossing with his ridicule,
 Yet, in earnest or in jest,
 Ever keeping truth abreast.
 And, when thou art called, at last,
 To thy townsmen of the past,
 Not as stranger shalt thou come ;
 Thou shalt find thyself at home !
 With the little and the big,
 Woollen cap and periwig,
 Madam in her high-laced ruff,
 Goody in her home-made stuff,—
 Wise and simple, rich and poor,
 Thou hast known them all before !

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

I. NOON.

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt
 the deep,
 Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
 The sunshine on the hills asleep !

O isles of calm !—O dark, still wood !
 And stiller skies that overbrood
 Your rest with deeper quietude !

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning,
 through
 Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
 Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,
 And softer lights and airs more bland,
 And skies,—the hollow of God's hand !

^a Dr. W—, author of "The Puritan,"
 under the name of Jonathan Oldbug.

Transfused through you, O mountain
friends !

With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

Oh, welcome calm of heart and mind !
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away ;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean
powers,
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
The lake is white with lotus-flowers !

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,
And slumberous Conscience waking
slow,
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,
Whose ever-nearing steps appall,
Whose voice we hear behind us call,—

That Shadow blends with mountain
gray,
It speaks but what the light waves
say,—

Death walks apart from Fear to-day !

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I
Alike on Nature's love rely ;
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to His creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,
What light and life the other know,
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. EVENING.

Yon mountain's side is black with
night,

While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleam-
ing crown,
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks
down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed ! How sharply
show

The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree-tops in the wave below !

How far and strange the mountains
seen,
Dim-looming through the pale, still
light !

The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and
grave

Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes ! whereto the Day and
Night

Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall
break

His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the
lake !

Farewell ! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health and Life in
bloom,

With lighter steps than mine may
stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
 These waters and these hills than I:
 Or, distant, fonder dream how e'er
 Or dawn is painting wave and sky ;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
 On wooded isle and silvering bay ;
 Or setting suns beyond the piled
 And purple mountains lead the day ;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
 Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering
 here,
 Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
 The charmed repose to suffering
 dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
 Her choicest gifts to such as gain
 An entrance to her loving heart
 Through the sharp discipline of
 pain.

For ever from the Hand that takes
 One blessing from us others fall ;
 And, soon or late, our Father makes
 His perfect recompense to all !

Oh, watched by Silence and the Night,
 And folded in the strong embrace
 Of the great mountains, with the light
 Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland ! keep thy
 dower
 Of beauty still, and while above
 Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
 Be thou the mirror of God's love.

THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID.

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,
 From inmost founts of life ye start, —
 The spirit's pulse, the vital breath
 Of soul and heart !

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,
 Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,
 Unheard of man, ye enter in
 The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured
 tasks,
 Nor weary rote, nor formal chains :
 The simple heart, that freely asks
 In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is :
 The mercy-seat and cherubim,
 And all the holy mysteries,
 He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,
 Which, wordless, shapes itself in
 deeds,
 And wearies Heaven for naught above
 Our common needs.

Which brings to God's all-perfect
 will
 That trust of His undoubting
 child
 Whereby all seeming good and ill
 Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs
 Of favour, is content to fall
 Within the providence which shines
 And rains on all.

Alone, the Thebaid hermit leaned
 At noontime o'er the sacred word.
 Was it an angel or a fiend
 Whose voice he heard ?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,
 A human utterance, sweet and
 mild ;
 And, looking up, the hermit saw
 A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,
 O'erawed and troubled by the sight
 Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,
 And anchorite.

“What dost thou here, poor man ?
 No shade
 Of cool, green douns, nor grass, nor
 well,
 Nor corn, nor vines.” The hermit
 said :
 “With God I dwell.

“Alone with Him in this great calm,
I live not by the outward sense;
My Nile His love, my sheltering palm
His providence.”

The child gazed round him. “Does
God live

Here only?—where the desert’s rim
Is green with corn, at morn and eve,
We pray to Him.

“My brother tills beside the Nile
His little field; beneath the leaves
My sisters sit and spin the while,
My mother weaves.

“And when the millet’s ripe heads
fall,
And all the bean-field hangs in pod,
My mother smiles, and says that all
Are gifts from God.

“And when to share our evening
meal
She calls the stranger at the door,
She says God fills the hands that deal
Food to the poor.”

Adown the hermit’s wasted cheeks
Glistened the flow of human tears;
“Dear Lord!” he said, “Thy angel
speaks,
Thy servant hears.”

Within his arms the child he took,
And thought of home and life with
men;
And all his pilgrim feet forsook
Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,
The eyes that smiled through lavish
locks,
Home’s cradle-hymn and harvest-
song,
And bleat of flocks.

“O child!” he said, “thou teachest
me
There is no place where God is not;
That love will make, where’er it be,
A holy spot.”

He rose from off the desert sand,
And, leaning on his staff of thorn,
Went, with the young child, hand-in-
hand,
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert’s burning line,
And heard the palm-tree’s rustling
fan,
The Nile-bird’s cry, the low of kine,
And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide
He followed as the small hand led
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,
She thanked the stranger with her
eyes.
The hermit gazed in doubt and joy
And dumb surprise.

And lo!—with sudden warmth and
light
A tender memory thrilled his frame;
New-born, the world-lost anchorite
A man became.

“O sister of El Zara’s race,
Behold me!—had we not one
mother?”
She gazed into the stranger’s face;—
“Thou art my brother?”

“O kin of blood!—Thy life of use
And patient trust is more than
mine;
And wiser than the grey recluse
This child of thine.

“For, taught of him whom God hath
sent,
That toil is praise, and love is
prayer,
I come, life’s cares and pains content
With thee to share.”

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,
The hermit’s better life began;
Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost,
And found a man.

BURNS.

ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER
IN BLOSSOM.

No more these simple flowers belong
To Scottish maid and lover :
Sown in the common soil of song,
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,
The minstrel and the heather,
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns !
The moorland flower and peasant !
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant !

The grey sky wears again its gold
And purple of adorning,
And manhood's noonday shadows hold
The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and
soil
From off the wings of pleasure,
The sky, that flecked the ground of
toil
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and clouds at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying ;
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow !

Bees hummed, birds twittered, over-
head
I heard the squirrels leaping,
The good dog listened while I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive
mood
I read the "The Twa Dogs'" story,
And half believed he understood
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs !—The golden
hours
Grew brighter for that singing,
From brook and bird and meadow
flowers
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen nature
beamed,
New glory over Woman ;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth
Of fact and feeling better
Than all the dreams that held my
youth
A still repining debtor :

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,
The themes of sweet discoursing ;
The tender idyls of the heart
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and
pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already ?

I saw through all familiar things
The romance underlying ;
The joys and griefs that plume the
wings
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery
hills
The sweetbrier and the clover ;
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the Man uprising;
No longer common or unclean,
The child of God's baptizing!

With clearer eyes I saw the worth
Of life among the lowly;
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,
To lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
Of pure and healthful feeling.

It died upon the eye and ear,
No inward answer gaining;
No heart had I to see or hear
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget
His worth, in vain bewailings;
Sweet Soul of Song!—I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line
Which tells his lapse from duty,
How kissed the maddening lips of wine
Or wanton ones of beauty;

But think, while falls that shade
between
The erring one and Heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen,
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous
chime
Eternal echoes render,— [rhyme,
The mournful Tuscan's haunted
And Milton's starry splendour!

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes!

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary!

WILLIAM FORSTER.⁶⁰

THE years are many since his hand
Was laid upon my head,
Too weak and young to understand
The serious words he said.

Yet often now the good man's look
Before me seems to st'and,
As if some inward feeling took
The outward guise of him.

As if, in passion's heated war,
Or near temptation's charm,
Through him the low-voiced monitor
Forewarned me of the harm.

Stranger and pilgrim!—from that
day
Of meeting, first and last,
Wherever Duty's pathway lay,
His reverent steps have passed.

The poor to feed, the lost to seek,
To proffer life to death,
Hope to the erring,—to the weak
The strength of his own faith.

To plead the captive's right; remove
The sting of hate from Law;
And soften in the fire of love
The hardened steel of War.

He walked the dark world, in the
mild,
Still guidance of the Light;
In tearful tenderness a child,
A strong man in the right.

From what great perils, on his way,
He found, in prayer, release;
Through what abysmal shadows lay
His pathway unto peace,

God knoweth : we could only see
 The tranquil strength he gained ;
 The bondage lost in liberty,
 The fear in love unfeigned.

And I,—my youthful fancies grown
 The habit of the man,
 Whose field of life by angels sown
 The wilding vines o'ererran,—

Low bowed in silent gratitude,
 My manhood's heart enjoys
 That reverence for the pure and good
 Which blessed the dreaming boy's.

Still shines the light of holy lives
 Like star-beams over doubt ;
 Each sainted memory, Christlike,
 drives
 Some dark possession out.

O friend ! O brother ! not in vain
 Thy life so calm and true,
 The silver dropping of the rain,
 The fall of summer dew !

How many burdened hearts have
 prayed
 Their lives like thine might be !
 But more shall pray henceforth for aid
 To lay them down like thee.

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
 In old age as in youth,
 Thy Master found thee sowing still
 The good seed of His truth.

As on thy task-field closed the day
 In golden-skied decline,
 His angel met thee on the way,
 And lent his arm to thine.

Thy latest care for man,—thy last
 Of earthly thought a prayer,—
 Oh, who thy mantle, backward cast,
 Is worthy now to wear ?

Methinks the mound which marks
 thy bed
 Might bless our land and save,
 As rose, of old, to life the dead
 Who touched the prophet's grave !

RANTOUL.⁶¹

ONE day, along the electric wire
 His manly word for Freedom sped ;
 We came next morn : that tongue of
 fire
 Said only, " He who spake is dead ! "

Dead ! while his voice was living yet,
 In echoes round the pillared dome !
 Dead ! while his blotted page lay wet
 With themes of state and loves of
 home !

Dead ! in that crowning graec of time,
 That triumph of life's zenith hour !
 Dead ! while we watched his man-
 hood's prime
 Break from the slow bud into flower !

Dead ! he so great, and strong, and
 wise,
 While the mean thousands yet drew
 breath ;
 How deepened, through that dread
 surprise,
 The mystery and the awe of death !

From the high place whereon our votes
 Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest
 fell
 His first words, like the prelude notes
 Of some great anthem yet to swell.

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,
 Our champion waiting in his place
 For the last battle of the world,—
 The Armageddon of the race.

Through him we hoped to speak the
 word
 Which wins the freedom of a land ;
 And lift, for human right, the sword
 Which dropped from Hampden's
 dying hand.

For he had sat at Sidney's feet,
 And walked with Pym and Vane
 apart ;
 And, through the centuries, felt the
 beat [heart.
 Of Freedom's march in Cromwell's

He knew the paths the worthies held,
 Where England's best and wisest
 trod ; [welled
 And, lingering, drank the springs that
 Beneath the touch of Milton's rod.

No wild enthusiast of the right,
 Self-poised and clear, he showed
 always
 The coolness of his northern night,
 The ripe repose of autumn's day.

His steps were slow, yet forward still
 He pressed where others paused or
 failed ; [will,—
 The calm star clomb with constant
 The restless meteor flashed and
 paled !

Skilled in its subtlest wile, he knew
 And owned the higher ends of Law ;
 Still rose majestic on his view
 The awful Shape the schoolman
 saw.

Her home the heart of God ; her voice
 The choral harmonies whereby
 The stars, through all their spheres,
 rejoice,
 The rhythmic rule of earth and sky !

We saw his great powers misapplied
 To poor ambitions ; yet, through all,
 We saw him take the weaker side,
 And right the wronged, and free
 the thrall.

Now, looking o'er the frozen North,
 For one like him in word and act,
 To call her old, free spirit forth,
 And give her faith the life of fact,—

To break her party bonds of shame,
 And labour with the zeal of him
 To make the Democratic name
 Of Liberty the synonym,—

We sweep the land from hill to strand,
 We seek the strong, the wise, the
 brave,
 And, sad of heart, return to stand
 In silence by a new-made grave !

There, where his breezy hills of home
 Look out upon his sail-white seas,
 The sounds of winds and waters
 come,
 And shape themselves to words like
 these :

“Why, murmuring, mourn that he,
 whose power
 Was lent to Party over-long,
 Heard the still whisper at the hour
 He set his foot on Party wrong ?

“The human life that closed so well
 No lapse of folly now can stain :
 The lips whence Freedom's protest
 fell
 No meaner thought can now pro-
 fane.

“Mightier than living voice his grave
 That lofty protest utters o'er ;
 Through roaring wind and smiting
 wave
 It speaks his hate of wrong once
 more.

“Men of the North ! your weak regret
 Is wasted here ; arise and pay
 To freedom and to him your debt,
 By following where he led the way !”

THE DREAM OF PIO NONO.

It chanced, that while the pious
 troops of France
 Fought in the crusade Pio Nono
 preached,
 What time the holy Bourbons stayed
 his hands
 (The Hur and Aaron meet for such a
 Moses),
 Stretched forth from Naples towards
 rebellious Rome
 To bless the ministry of Oudinot,
 And sanctify his iron homilies
 And sharp persuasions of the bayonet,
 That the great pontiff fell asleep, and
 dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the
 sun
 Of the bright Orient ; and beheld the
 lame,
 The sick, and blind, kneel at the
 Master's feet,
 And rise up whole. And, sweetly
 over all,
 Dropping the ladder of their hymn of
 praise
 From heaven to earth, in silver rounds
 of song,
 He heard the blessed angels sing of
 peace,
 Good-will to man, and glory to the
 Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and
 leathern face
 Hardened and darkened by fierce
 summer suns
 And hot winds of the desert closer
 drew
 His fisher's haick, and girded up his
 loins,
 And spake, as one who had authority :
 "Come thou with me."

Lakeside and eastern sky
 And the sweet song of angels passed
 away,
 And, with a dream's alacrity of
 change,
 The priest, and the swart fisher by
 his side,
 Beheld the Eternal City lift its domes
 And solemn faues and monumental
 pomp
 Above the waste Campagna. On the
 hills
 The blaze of burning villas rose and
 fell,
 And momentarily the mortar's iron
 throat
 Roared from the trenches ; and, with-
 in the walls,
 Sharp crash of shells, low groans of
 human pain,
 Shout, drum beat, and the clanging
 'larum-bell,
 And tramp of hosts, sent up a mingled
 sound,

Half wail and half defiance. As they
 passed
 The gate of San Pancrazio, human
 blood
 Flowed ankle-high about them, and
 dead men
 Choked the long street with gashed
 and gory piles,—
 A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh,
 From which, at times, quivered a
 living hand,
 And white lips moved and moaned.
 A father tore
 His grey hairs, by the body of his
 son,
 In frenzy ; and his fair young daughter
 wept
 On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash
 Clove the thick sulphurous air, and
 man and maid
 Sank, crushed and mangled by the
 shattering shell.

Then spake the Galilean : "Thou
 hast seen
 The blessed Master and His works of
 love ;
 Look now on thine ! Hear'st thou
 the angels sing
 Above this open hell ? *Thou* God's
 High-priest !
Thou the Vicegerent of the Prince of
 Peace !
Thou the successor of His chosen ones !
 I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,
 In the dear Master's name, and for
 the love
 Of His true Church, proclaim thee
 Antichrist,
 Alien and separate from His holy
 faith,
 Wide as the difference between death
 and life,
 The hate of man and the great love
 of God !
 Hence, and repent !"

Thereat the pontiff woke,
 Trembling, and muttering o'er his
 fearful dream.
 "What means he ?" cried the Bourbon.
 "Nothing more

Than that your majesty hath all too
well
Catered for your poor guests, and that,
in sooth,
The Holy Father's supper troubleth
him,"
Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.

TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one
autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by
the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life ;
As one who, wandering in a starless
night,
Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen
waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown
sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even
the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score
of years,
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip
and heart
Had groaned : " Have pity upon me,
Lord !
Thou seest, while teaching others, I
am blind.
Send me a man who can direct my
steps ! "

Then, as he mused, he heard along
his path
A sound as of an old man's staff
among
The dry, dead linden-leaves ; and, look-
ing up,
He saw a stranger, weak and poor,
and old.

" Peace be unto thee, father ! "
Tauler said,
" God give thee a good day ! " The
old man raised

Slowly his calm blue eyes. " I thank
thee, son ;
But *all* my days are good, and none
are ill. "

Wondering thereat, the preacher
spake again,
" God give thee happy life. " The old
man smiled,
" I never am unhappy. "

Tauler laid

His hand upon the stranger's coarse
grey sleeve :
" Tell me, O father, what thy strange
words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his
life
Sad as the grave it leads to. " " Nay,
my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all
our days
Are as our needs ; for shadow as for
sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth,
alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best
which is ;
And that which is not, sharing not
his life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I
spake,
I find it in submission to His
will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Al-
mighty Power. "

Silently wondering, for a little
space,
Stood the great preacher ; then he
spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a
haunting thought
Which long has followed, whispering
through the dark
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking,
into light :
" What if God's will consign thee
hence to Hell ? "

“Then,” said the stranger, cheerily,
 “be it so.
 What Hell may be I know not ; this
 I know,—
 I cannot lose the presence of the
 Lord :
 One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
 His dear Humanity ; the other, Love,
 Clasps His Divinity. So where I go
 He goes ; and better fire-walled Hell
 with Him
 Than golden-gated Paradise without.”

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A
 sudden light,
 Like the first ray which fell on chaos,
 clove
 Apart the shadow wherein he had
 walked
 Darkly at noon. And, as the strange
 old man
 Went his slow way, until his silver
 hair
 Set like the white moon where the
 hills of vine
 Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his
 head and said :
 “My prayer is answered. God hath
 sent the man
 Long sought, to teach me, by his
 simple trust,
 Wisdom the weary schoolmen never
 knew.”

So, entering with a changed and
 cheerful step
 The city gates, he saw, far down the
 street,
 A mighty shadow break the light of
 noon,
 Which tracing backwards till its airy
 lines
 Hardened to stony plinths, he raised
 his eyes
 O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
 O'er architrave and frieze and sainted
 niche,
 Up the stone lace-work chiselled by
 the wise
 Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
 In the noon-brightness the great Min-
 ster's tower,

Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural
 crown,
 Rose like a visible prayer. “Behold,”
 he said,
 “The stranger's faith made plain
 before mine eyes.
 As yonder tower outstretches to the
 earth
 The dark triangle of its shade alone
 When the clear day is shining on its
 top,
 So, darkness in the pathway of Man's
 life
 Is but the shadow of God's providence,
 By the great Sun of Wisdom cast
 thereon ;
 And what is dark below is light in
 Heaven.”

 LINES,

SUGGESTED BY READING A STATE
 PAPER, WHEREIN THE HIGHER LAW
 IS INVOKED TO SUSTAIN THE LOWER
 ONE.

A PIOUS magistrate ! sound his praise
 throughout
 The wondering churches. Who shall
 henceforth doubt
 That the long-wished millennium
 draweth nigh ?
 Sin in high places has become de-
 vout,
 Tithes mint, goes painful-faced, and
 prays its lie
 Straight up to Heaven, and calls it
 piety !
 The pirate, watching from his bloody
 deck
 The weltering galleon, heavy with
 the gold
 Of Acapulco, holding death in check
 While prayers are said, brows
 crossed, and beads are told,—
 The robber, kneeling where the way-
 side cross
 On dark Abruzzo tells of life's dread
 loss

From his own carbine, glancing still
abroad

For some new vietim, offering thanks
to God!—

Rome, listening at her altars to the
cry

Of midnight Murder, while her hounds
of hell

Scour Francee, from baptized cannon
and holy bell

And thousand-throated priesthood,
loud and high,

Pealing Te Deums to the shudder-
ing sky,

“Thanks to the Lord, who giveth
victory!”

What prove these, but that crime was
ne'er so black

As ghostly cheer and pious thanks to
lack?

Satan is modest. At Heaven's door
he lays

His evil offspring, and, in Scriptural
phrase. [praise

And saintly posture, gives to God the
And honour of the monstrous progeny.

What marvel, then, in our own time
to see

His old devices, smoothly acted o'er,—
Official piety, locking fast the door

Of Hope against three million souls of
men,—

Brothers, God's children, Christ's re-
deemed,—and then,

With uprolled eyeballs and on bended
knee, [key!

Whining a prayer for help to hide the

THE VOICES.

“WHY urge the long, unequal fight,
Since Truth has fallen in the street,

Or lift anew the trampled light,
Quenched by the heedless million's
feet?

“Give o'er the thankless task; forsake
The fools who know not ill from
good:

Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take
Thine ease among the multitude.

“Live out thyself; with others share
Thy proper life no more; assume
The unconcern of sun and air,
For life or death, or blight or bloom.

“The mountain pine looks calmly on
The fires that scourge the plains
below,
Nor heeds the eagle in the sun
The small birds piping in the snow!

“The world is God's, not thine; let
Him [be:
Work out a change, if change must
The hand that planted best can trim
And nurse the old unfruitful tree.”

So spake the Tempter, when the light
Of sun and stars had left the sky,
I listened, through the cloud and
night,
And heard, methought, a voice
reply:

“Thy task may well seem over-hard,
Who scatterest in a thankless soil
Thy life as seed, with no reward
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

“Not wholly is thy heart resigned
To Heaven's benign and just decree,
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,
Transmits their joys and griefs to
thee.

“Break off that sacred chain, and turn
Back on thyself thy love and care;
Be thou thine own mean idol, burn
Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy chil-
dren, there.

“Released from that fraternal law
Which shares the common bale and
bliss,
No sadder lot could Folly draw,
Or Sin provoke from Fate, than this.

“The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love
should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labour for a worthy end.

“A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace.

“Free-lipped the liberal streamlets run,
Free shines for all the healthful ray;
The still pool stagnates in the sun,
The lurid earth-fire haunts decay!

“What is it that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?

And but to faith, and not to sight,
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?

“Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

“Faith shares the future's promise;
Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

“Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness; truth itself is strong;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

“Thy nature, which, through fire and flood,
To place or gain finds out its way,
Hath power to seek the highest good,
And duty's holiest call obey!

“Strivest thou in darkness?—Foes without
In league with traitor thoughts within;
Thy night-watch kept with trembling doubt
And pale remorse the ghost of Sin?—

“Hast thou not, on some week of storm,
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
The curtains of its tent of prayer?

“So, haply, when thy task shall end,
The wrong shall lose itself in right,
And all thy week-day darkness blend
With the long Sabbath of the light!”

THE HERO.

“O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

“O for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above,—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

“O that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride, and not her scorn;
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast 'a man is born'!

“But, now life's slumberous eurrent
No sun-bowed cascade wakes
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dulness breaks.

“O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!”

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
“Life hath its regal natures yet,—
True, tender, brave, and sweet!”

“Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

“Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Greeian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

“Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

“Woe for the weak and halting !
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
Like fire before the wind !

“Last to fly, and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek.

“With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again !

“He looked forward to the moun-
tains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

“‘Allah ! hu !’ Through flashing
sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

“Hot spurred the turbaned riders,
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled
darkly down
Between the hills and death.

“One brave and manful struggle,—
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band !”

“It was very great and noble,”
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
“But one brave deed makes no hero ;
Tell me what he since hath been !”

“Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honour without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

“But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valour true ;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

“Wouldst know him now ? Behold
him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

“Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man’s hand of labour
And childhood’s heart of play.

“True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

“As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

“Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labour,
Wherever groans a slave,—

“Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

“Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear !
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here ?”

MY DREAM.

IN my dream, methought I trod,
Yesternight, a mountain road ;
Narrow as Al Sirat’s span,
High as eagle’s flight, it ran.

Overhead, a roof of cloud
With its weight of thunder bowed ;
Underneath, to left and right,
Blankness and abysmal night.

Here and there a wildflower blushed,
Now and then a bird-song gushed ;
Now and then, through rifts of shade,
Stars shone out, and sunbeams played.

But the goodly company,
Walking in that path with me,
One by one the brink o'er slid,
One by one the darkness hid.

Some with wailing and lament,
Some with cheerful courage went ;
But of all who smiled or mourned,
Never one to us returned.

Anxiously, with eye and ear,
Questioning that shadow drear,
Never hand in token stirred,
Never answering voice I heard !

Steeper, darker !—lo ! I felt
From my feet the pathway melt.
Swallowed by the black despair,
And the hungry jaws of air,

Past the stony-throated caves,
Strangled by the wash of waves,
Past the splintered crags, I sank
On a green and flowery bank,—

Soft as fall of thistle-down,
Lightly as a cloud is blown,
Soothingly as childhood pressed
To the bosom of its rest.

Of the sharp-horned rocks instead,
Green the grassy meadows spread,
Bright with waters singing by
Trees that propped a golden sky.

Painless, trustful, sorrow-free,
Old lost faces welcomed me,
With whose sweetness of content
Still expectant hope was blent.

Waking while the dawning gray
Slowly brightened into day,
Pondering that vision fled,
Thus unto myself I said :—

“ Steep, and hung with clouds of
strife,
Is our narrow path of life ;
And our death the dreaded fall
Through the dark, awaiting all.

“ So, with painful steps we climb
Up the dizzy ways of time,
Ever in the shadow shed
By the forecast of our dread.

“ Dread of mystery solved alone
Of the untried and unknown ;
Yet the end thereof may seem
Like the falling of my dream.

“ And this heart-consuming care,
All our fears of here or there,
Change and absence, loss and death,
Prove but simple lack of faith.”

Thou, O Most Compassionate !
Who didst stoop to our estate,
Drinking of the eup we drain,
Treading in our path of pain,—

Through the doubt and mystery,
Grant to us Thy steps to see,
And the grace to draw from thence
Larger hope and confidence.

Show Thy vacant tomb, and let,
As of old, the angels sit,
Whispering by its open door :
“ Fear not ! He hath gone before !”

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty
grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy !

Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride !
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy
 In the reach of ear and eye,—
 Outward sunshine, inward joy :
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
 Knowledge never learned of schools,
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,
 Of the wildflower's time and place,
 Flight of fowl and habitude
 Of the tenants of the wood ;
 How the tortoise bears his shell,
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,
 And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
 How the robin feeds her young,
 How the oriole's nest is hung ;
 Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the groundnut trails its vine,
 Where the wood-grape's clusters
 shine ;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural plans
 Of grey hornet artisans !—
 For, eschewing books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks ;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy,—
 Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for.
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone ;
 Laughed the brook for my delight
 Through the day and through the
 night,

Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall ;
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides !
 Still as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches too,
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone, grey and rude !
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch : pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil ;
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground ;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

PAINTED UPON A PORTE LIVRE.

How strange to greet, this frosty
morn,
In graceful counterfeit of flowers,
These children of the meadows, born
Of sunshine and of showers !

How well the conscious wood retains
The pictures of its flower-sown
home,—
The lights and shades, the purple
stains,
And golden hues of bloom !

It was a happy thought to bring
To the dark season's frost and
rime
This painted memory of spring,
This dream of summer-time.

Our hearts are lighter for its sake,
Our fancy's age renews its youth,
And dim-remembered fictions take
The guise of present truth.

A wizard of the Merrimaek,—
So old ancestral legends say,—
Could call green leaf and blossom
back
To frosted stem and spray.

The dry logs of the cottage wall,
Beneath his touch, put out their
leaves ;
The clay-bound swallow, at his call,
Played round the icy eaves.

The settler saw his oaken flail
Take bud, and bloom before his
eyes ;
From frozen pools he saw the pale
Sweet summer lilies rise.

To their old homes, by man profaned,
Came the sad dryads, exiled long,
And through their leafy tongues com-
plained
Of household use and wrong.

The beechen platter sprouted wild,
The pipkin wore its old-time green ;
The cradle o'er the sleeping child
Became a leafy screen.

Haply our gentle friend hath met,
While wandering in her sylvan
quest,
Haunting his native woodlands yet
That Druid of the West ;—

And, while the dew on leaf and
flower
Glistened in moonlight clear and
still,
Learned the dusk wizard's spell of
power,
And caught his trick of skill.

But welcome, be it new or old,
The gift which makes the day more
bright,
And paints, upon the ground of cold
And darkness, warmth and light !

Without is neither gold nor green ;
Within, for birds, the birch-logs
sing ;
Yet, summer-like, we sit between
The autumn and the spring.

The one, with bridal blush of rose,
And sweetest breath of woodland
balm,
And one whose matron lips unclose
In smiles of saintly calm.

Fill soft and deep, O winter snow !
The sweet azalia's oaken dells,
And hide the bank where roses blow,
And swing the azure bells !

O'erlay the amber violet's leaves,
The purple aster's brookside home,
Guard all the flowers her pencil gives
A life beyond their bloom.

And she, when spring comes round
again,
By greening slope and singing flood
Shall wander, seeking, not in vain,
Her darlings of the wood.

THE RENDITION.

I HEARD the train's shrill whistle
call,
I saw an earnest look beseech,
And rather by that look than
speech
My neighbour told me all.

And, as I thought of Liberty
Marched handcuffed down that
sworded street,
The solid earth beneath my feet
Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss,—
Shame, tearless grief and stifling
wrath,
And loathing fear, as if my path
A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,
All generous confidence and trust,
Sank smothering in that deep dis-
gust
And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,
And home's green quiet, hiding all
Fell sudden darkness like the fall
Of midnight upon noon !

And Law, an unloosed maniac,
strong,
Blood-drunken, through the black-
ness trod,
Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God
The blasphemy of wrong.

"O Mother, from thy memories
proud,
Thy old renown, dear Common-
wealth,
Lend this dead air a breeze of
health,
And smite with stars this cloud.

"Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,
Rise awful in thy strength," I said ;
Ah me ! I spake but to the dead ;
I stood upon her grave !

6th mo., 1854.

LINES,

ON THE PASSAGE OF THE BILL TO
PROTECT THE RIGHTS AND LIBER-
TIES OF THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE
AGAINST THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.

I SAID I stood upon thy grave,
My Mother State, when last the
moon
Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

And, scattering ashes on my head,
I wore, undreaming of relief,
The sackcloth of thy shame and
grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines
On leaf and flower and folded wing,
And thou hast risen with the
spring !

Once more thy strong maternal arms
Are round about thy children
flung,—
A lioness that guards her young !

No threat is on thy closed lips,
But in thine eye a power to smite
The mad wolf backward from its
light.

Southward the baffled robber's track
Henceforth runs only ; hereaway,
The fell lycanthrope finds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,
His first low howl shall downward
draw
The thunder of thy righteous law.

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,
But acting on the wiser plan,
Thou'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the hope,
Dream-painted on the sightless eyes
Of him who sang of Paradise,—

The vision of a Christian man
In virtue as in stature great,
Embodied in a Christian State.

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood
 Forbearing long, yet standing fast,
 Shalt win their grateful thanks at
 last,

When North and South shall strive
 no more,
 And all their feuds and fears be lost
 In Freedom's holy Pentecost.
6th mo., 1855.

THE FRUIT-GIFT.

LAST night, just as the tints of
 autumn's sky
 Of sunset faded from our hills and
 streams,
 I sat, vague listening, lapped in
 twilight dreams,
 To the leaf's rustle, and the cricket's
 cry.
 Then, like that basket, flush with
 summer fruit,
 Dropped by the angels at the Pro-
 phet's foot,
 Came, unannounced, a gift of clustered
 sweetness,
 Full-orbed, and glowing with the
 prisoned beams
 Of summery-suns, and rounded to
 completeness
 By kisses of the south-wind and the
 dew.
 Thrilled with a glad surprise, me-
 thought I knew
 The pleasure of the homeward-turning
 Jew,
 When Eshol's clusters on his
 shoulders lay,
 Dropping their sweetness on his desert
 way.
 I said, "This fruit beseems no world
 of sin.
 Its parent vine, rooted in Paradise,
 O'ercrept the wall, and never paid
 the price
 Of the great mischief,—an am-
 brosial tree,

Eden's exotic, somehow smuggled in,
 To keep the thorns and thistles
 company."
 Perchance our frail, sad mother
 plucked in haste
 A single vine-slip as she passed the
 gate,
 Where the dread sword alternate paled
 and burned,
 And the stern angel, pitying her
 fate,
 Forgave the lovely trespasser, and
 turned
 Aside his face of fire; and thus the
 waste
 And fallen world hath yet its annual
 taste
 Of primal good, to prove of sin the
 cost,
 And show by one gleaned ear the
 mighty harvest lost.

A MEMORY.

HERE, while the loom of Winter
 weaves
 The shroud of flowers and fountains,
 I think of thee and summer eves
 Among the Northern mountains.
 When thunder tolled the twilight's
 close,
 And winds the lake were rude on,
 And thou wert singing, "Ca' the
 Yowes,"
 The bonny yowes of Cluden!
 When, close and closer, hushing
 breath,
 Our circle narrowed round thee,
 And smiles and tears made up the
 wreath
 Wherewith our silence crowned
 thee;
 And, strangers all, we felt the ties
 Of sisters and of brothers;
 Ah! whose of all those kindly eyes
 Now smile upon another's?

The sport of Time, who still apart
The waifs of life is flinging ;
Oh, nevermore shall heart to heart
Draw nearer for that singing !

Yet when the panes are frosty-starred,
And twilight's fire is gleaming,
I hear the songs of Scotland's bard
Sound softly through my dreaming !

A song that lends to winter snows
The glow of summer weather,—
Again I hear thee ca' the yowes
To Cluden's hills of heather !

—————
TO C. S.

IF I have seemed more prompt to
censure wrong
Than praise the right ; if seldom to
thine ear

My voice hath mingled with the
exultant cheer,
Borne upon all our Northern winds
along ;

If I have failed to join the fickle throng
In wide-eyed wonder, that thou
standest strong

In victory, surprised in thee to find
Brougham's scathing power with Can-
ning's grace combined ;

That he, for whom the ninefold Muses
sang,

From their twined arms a giant athlete
sprang,

Barbing the arrows of his native
tongue

With the spent shafts Latona's archer
flung,

To smite the Python of our land and
time,

Fell as the monster born of Crissa's
slime,

Like the blind bard who in Castalian
springs

Tempered the steel that clove the
crest of kings,

And on the shrine of England's free-
dom laid [shade,—

The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's

Small need hast thou of words of praise
from me.

Thou knowest my heart, dear friend,
and well canst guess

That, even though silent, I have
not the less

Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
With the large future which I shaped
for thee, [sea,

When, years ago, beside the summer
White in the moon, we saw the long
waves fall

Baffled and broken from the rocky
wall,

That, to the menace of the brawling
flood,

Opposed alone its massive quietude,
Calm as a fate ; with not a leaf nor
vine

Nor birch-spray trembling in the still
moonshine,

Crowning it like God's peace. I
sometimes think

That night-scene by the sea pro-
phetical,—

(For Nature speaks in symbols and in
signs,

And through her pictures human fate
divines),—

That rock, wherefrom we saw the
billows sink

In murmuring rout, uprising clear
and tall

In the white light of heaven, the
type of one

Who, momentarily by Error's host
assailed,

Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of
granite mailed ;

And, tranquil-fronted, listening
over all

The tumult, hears the angels say,
Well done !

—————
THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

WE cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free !

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's Southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine !

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow ;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the
streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun !

We'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free !

SONG OF SLAVES IN THE
DESERT. ⁶²

WHERE are we going ? where are we
going,

Where are we going, Rubee ?
Lord of peoples, Lord of lands,
Look across these shining sands,
Through the furnace of the noon,
Through the white light of the moon,
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing !
Speak and tell us where we are going,
Where are we going, Rubee ?

Bornou land was rich and good,
Wells of water, fields of food,
Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,
And the palm-tree cool and green :

Bornou land we see no longer,
Here we thirst, and here we hunger,
Here the Moor-man smites in anger :
Where are we going, Rubee ?

When we went from Bornou land,
We were like the leaves and sand,
We were many, we are few ;
Life has one, and death has two :
Whitened bones our path are showing,
Thou All-seeing, Thou All-knowing !
Hear us, tell us, where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee ?

Moons of marches from our eyes
Bornou land behind us lies ;
Stranger round us day by day
Bends the desert circle gray ;
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
Hot the winds above them blowing,—
Lord of all things !—where are we
going ?
Where are we going, Rubee ?

We are weak, but Thou art strong ;
Short our lives, but Thine is long ;
We are blind, but Thou hast eyes ;
We are fools, but Thou art wise !
Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing
Through the strange world round us
growing,
Hear us, tell us where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee ?

LINES,

INSCRIBED TO FRIENDS UNDER
ARREST FOR TREASON AGAINST
THE SLAVE POWER.

THE age is dull and mean. Men
creep,
Not walk ; with blood too pale and
tame
To pay the debt they owe to shame ;
Buy cheap, sell dear ; eat, drink, and
sleep [want ;
Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning
Pay tithes for soul-insurance ; keep
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

From his own carbine, glancing still
abroad

For some new victim, offering thanks
to God!—

Rome, listening at her altars to the
cry

Of midnight Murder, while her hounds
of hell

Scour France, from baptized cannon
and holy bell

And thousand-throated priesthood,
loud and high,

Pealing Te Deums to the shudder-
ing sky,

“Thanks to the Lord, who giveth
victory!”

What prove these, but that crime was
ne'er so black

As ghostly cheer and pious thanks to
lack?

Satan is modest. At Heaven's door
he lays

His evil offspring, and, in Scriptural
phrase . [praise

And saintly posture, gives to God the
And honour of the monstrous progeny.

What marvel, then, in our own time
to see

His old devices, smoothly acted o'er,—
Official piety, locking fast the door

Of Hope against three million souls of
men,—

Brothers, God's children, Christ's re-
deemed,—and then,

With uprolled eyeballs and on bended
knee, [key!

Whining a prayer for help to hide the

THE VOICES.

“WHY urge the long, unequal fight,
Since Truth has fallen in the street,

Or lift anew the trampled light,
Quenched by the heedless million's

feet?

“Give o'er the thankless task; forsake
The fools who know not ill from

good:
Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take
Thine ease among the multitude.

“Live out thyself; with others share
Thy proper life no more; assume
The unconcern of sun and air,
For life or death, or blight or bloom.

“The mountain pine looks calmly on
The fires that scourge the plains
below,

Nor heeds the eagle in the sun
The small birds piping in the snow!

“The world is God's, not thine; let
Him [be:
Work out a change, if change must
The hand that planted best can trim
And nurse the old unfruitful tree.”

So spake the Tempter, when the light
Of sun and stars had left the sky,
I listened, through the cloud and
night,
And heard, methought, a voice
reply:

“Thy task may well seem over-hard,
Who scatterest in a thankless soil
Thy life as seed, with no reward
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

“Not wholly is thy heart resigned
To Heaven's benign and just decree,
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,
Transmits their joys and griefs to thee.

“Break off that sacred chain, and turn
Back on thyself thy love and care;
Be thou thine own mean idol, burn
Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy chil-
dren, there.

“Released from that fraternal law
Which shares the common bale and
bliss,
No sadder lot could Folly draw,
Or Sin provoke from Fate, than this.

“The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love
should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labour for a worthy end,

“A toil that gains with what it
yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward
fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace.

“Free-lipped the liberal streamlets
run,
Free shines for all the healthful
ray ;
The still pool stagnates in the sun,
The lurid earth-fire haunts decay !

“What is it that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with
lies ?
And but to faith, and not to sight,
The walls of Freedom’s temple rise ?

“Yet do thy work ; it shall succeed
In thine or in another’s day ;
And, if denied the victor’s meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler’s
pay.

“Faith shares the future’s promise ;
Love’s
Self-offering is a triumph won ;
And each good thought or action
moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

“Then faint not, falter not, nor
plead
Thy weakness ; truth itself is strong ;
The lion’s strength, the eagle’s speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

“Thy nature, which, through fire and
flood,
To place or gain finds out its way,
Hath power to seek the highest good,
And duty’s holiest call obey !

“Strivest thou in darkness ?—Foes
without
In league with traitor thoughts
within ;
Thy night-watch kept with trembling
doubt
And pale remorse the ghost of Sin ?—

“Hast thou not, on some week of
storm,
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking
fair,
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
The curtains of its tent of prayer ?

“So, haply, when thy task shall end,
The wrong shall lose itself in right,
And all thy week-day darkness blend
With the long Sabbath of the
light !”

THE HERO.

“O FOR a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear ;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear !

“O for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen’s field above,—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman’s heart in love !

“O that man once more were manly,
Woman’s pride, and not her scorn :
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast ‘a man is born’ !

“But, now life’s slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dulness breaks.

“O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear !
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear !”

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
“Life hath its regal natures yet,—
True, tender, brave, and sweet !

“Smile not, fair unbeliever !
One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sidney’s plume of snow.

III.

With mingled sound of horns and
bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese
fly,
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and
fells,
Like a great arrow through the
sky,
Two dusky lines converged in
one,
Chasing the southward - flying
sun ;
While the brave snow-bird and the
hardy jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to
bid them stay.

IV.

I passed this way a year ago :
The wind blew south ; the noon
of day
Was warm as June's ; and save that
snow
Flecked the low mountains far
away,
And that the vernal - seeming
breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless
trees,
I might have dreamed of summer as
I lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the
soft wind at play.

V.

Since then, the winter blasts have
piled
The white pagodas of the snow
On these rough slopes, and, strong
and wild,
Yon river, in its overflow
Of spring-time rain and sun, set
free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea ;
And over these grey fields, then green
and gold,
The summer corn has waved, the
thunder's organ rolled.

VI.

Rich gift of God ! A year of time !
What pomp of rise and shut of
day, [elime
What hues wherewith our Northern
Makes autumn's dropping wood-
lands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny
dells, [smells,
And clover - bloom and sweetbrier
What songs of brooks and birds, what
fruit and flowers,
Green woods and moonlit snows, have
in its round been ours !

VII.

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and
go ;
What splendours fall on Syrian
sands,
What purple lights on Alpine
snow !
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates ;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a
traveller's tale.

VIII.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails ;
And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miraele of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday
air,
And from cloud minaret hears the
sunset call to prayer !

IX.

The eye may well be glad, that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise
and fall ;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them
all.

The marble palaces of Ind
 Rise round him in the snow and
 wind ;
 From his lone sweetbrier Persian
 Hafiz smiles,
 And Rome's cathedral awe is in his
 woodland aisles.

X.

And thus it is my fancy blends
 The near at hand and far and rare ;
 And while the same horizon bends
 Above the silver-sprinkled hair
 Which flashed the light of morning
 skies
 On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,
 Within its round of sea and sky and
 field,
 Earth wheels with all her zones, the
 Kosmos stands revealed.

XI.

And thus the sick man on his bed,
 The toiler to his task-work bound,
 Behold their prison-walls outspread,
 Their clipped horizon widen
 round !
 While freedom-giving fancy waits,
 Like Peter's angel at the gates,
 The power is theirs to baffle care and
 pain,
 To bring the lost world back, and
 make it theirs again !

XII.

What lack of goodly company,
 When masters of the ancient lyre
 Obey my call, and trace for me
 Their words of mingled tears and
 fire !
 I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,
 I read the world with Pascal's eyes ;
 And priest and sage, with solemn
 brows austere,
 And poets, garland-bound, the Lords
 of Thought, draw near.

XIII.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,
 "In vain the human heart we
 mock ;

Bring living guests who love the
 day,
 Not ghosts who fly at crow of
 cock !
 The herbs we share with flesh and
 blood
 Are better than ambrosial food,
 With laurelled shades." I grant it,
 nothing loath,
 But doubly blest is he who can par-
 take of both.

XIV.

He who might Plato's banquet
 grace,
 Have I not seen before me sit,
 And watched his puritanic face,
 With more than Eastern wisdom
 lit ?
 Shrewd mystic ! who, upon the back
 Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,
 Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's
 dream,
 Links Menu's age of thought to
 Fulton's age of steam !

XV.

Here too, of answering love secure,
 Have I not welcomed to my
 hearth
 The gentle pilgrim troubadour,
 Whose songs have girdled half
 the earth ;
 Whose pages, like the magic mat
 Whereon the Eastern lover sat,
 Have borne me over Rhineland's
 purple vines,
 And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phry-
 gia's mountain pines !

XVI.

And he, who to the lettered wealth
 Of ages adds the lore unpriced,
 The wisdom and the moral health,
 The ethics of the school of Christ ;
 The statesman to his holy trust,
 As the Athenian archon, just,
 Struck down, exiled like him for truth
 alone,
 Has he not graced my home with
 beauty all his own ?

Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
 Only is republican.
 Let the million-dollared ride !
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,
 Thou hast more than he can buy
 In the reach of ear and eye,—
 Outward sunshine, inward joy :
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
 Knowledge never learned of schools,
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,
 Of the wildflower's time and place,
 Flight of fowl and habitude
 Of the tenants of the wood ;
 How the tortoise bears his shell,
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,
 And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
 How the robin feeds her young,
 How the oriole's nest is hung ;
 Where the whitest lilies blow,
 Where the freshest berries grow,
 Where the groundnut trails its vine,
 Where the wood-grape's clusters
 shine ;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
 Mason of his walls of clay,
 And the architectural plans
 Of grey hornet artisans !—
 For, eschewing books and tasks,
 Nature answers all he asks ;
 Hand in hand with her he walks,
 Face to face with her he talks,
 Part and parcel of her joy,—
 Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,
 Crowding years in one brief moon,
 When all things I heard or saw,
 Me, their master, waited for.
 I was rich in flowers and trees,
 Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
 For my sport the squirrel played,
 Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
 For my taste the blackberry cone
 Purpled over hedge and stone ;
 Laughed the brook for my delight
 Through the day and through the
 night,

Whispering at the garden wall,
 Talked with me from fall to fall ;
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,
 Apples of Hesperides !
 Still as my horizon grew,
 Larger grew my riches too,
 All the world I saw or knew
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
 Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
 On the door-stone, grey and rude !
 O'er me, like a regal tent,
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch : pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil ;
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground ;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

PAINTED UPON A PORTE LIVRE.

How strange to greet, this frosty
morn,

In graceful counterfeit of flowers,
These children of the meadows, born
Of sunshine and of showers !

How well the conscious wood retains
The pictures of its flower-sown
home,—

The lights and shades, the purple
stains,
And golden hues of bloom !

It was a happy thought to bring
To the dark season's frost and
rime
This painted memory of spring,
This dream of summer-time.

Our hearts are lighter for its sake,
Our fancy's age renews its youth,
And dim-remembered fictions take
The guise of present truth.

A wizard of the Merrimack,—
So old ancestral legends say,—
Could call green leaf and blossom
back
To frosted stem and spray.

The dry logs of the cottage wall,
Beneath his touch, put out their
leaves ;
The clay-bound swallow, at his call,
Played round the icy eaves.

The settler saw his oaken flail
Take bud, and bloom before his
eyes ;
From frozen pools he saw the pale
Sweet summer lilies rise.

To their old homes, by man profaned,
Came the sad dryads, exiled long,
And through their leafy tongues com-
plained
Of household use and wrong.

The beechen platter sprouted wild,
The pipkin wore its old-time green ;
The cradle o'er the sleeping child
Became a leafy screen.

Haply our gentle friend hath met,
While wandering in her sylvan
quest,
Haunting his native woodlands yet
That Druid of the West ;—

And, while the dew on leaf and
flower
Glistened in moonlight clear and
still,
Learned the dusk wizard's spell of
power,
And caught his trick of skill.

But welcome, be it new or old,
The gift which makes the day more
bright,
And paints, upon the ground of cold
And darkness, warmth and light !

Without is neither gold nor green ;
Within, for birds, the birch-logs
sing ;
Yet, summer-like, we sit between
The autumn and the spring.

The one, with bridal blush of rose,
And sweetest breath of woodland
balm,
And one whose matron lips unclose
In smiles of saintly calm.

Fill soft and deep, O winter snow !
The sweet azalia's oaken dells,
And hide the bank where roses blow,
And swing the azure bells !

O'erlay the amber violet's leaves,
The purple aster's brookside home,
Guard all the flowers her pencil gives
A life beyond their bloom.

And she, when spring comes round
again,
By greening slope and singing flood
Shall wander, seeking, not in vain,
Her darlings of the wood.

THE RENDITION.

I HEARD the train's shrill whistle
call,
I saw an earnest look beseech,
And rather by that look than
speech
My neighbour told me all.

And, as I thought of Liberty
Marched handcuffed down that
sworded street,
The solid earth beneath my feet
Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss,—
Shame, tearless grief and stifling
wrath,
And loathing fear, as if my path
A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,
All generous confidence and trust,
Sank smothering in that deep dis-
gust
And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,
And home's green quiet, hiding all
Fell sudden darkness like the fall
Of midnight upon noon !

And Law, an unloosed maniac,
strong,
Blood-drunken, through the black-
ness trod,
Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God
The blasphemy of wrong.

"O Mother, from thy memories
proud,
Thy old renown, dear Common-
wealth,
Lend this dead air a breeze of
health,
And smite with stars this cloud.

"Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,
Rise awful in thy strength," I said ;
Ah me ! I spake but to the dead ;
I stood upon her grave !

6th mo., 1854.

LINES,

ON THE PASSAGE OF THE BILL TO
PROTECT THE RIGHTS AND LIBER-
TIES OF THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE
AGAINST THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT.

I SAID I stood upon thy grave,
My Mother State, when last the
moon
Of blossoms clomb the skies of June.

And, scattering ashes on my head,
I wore, undreaming of relief,
The sackcloth of thy shame and
grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines
On leaf and flower and folded wing,
And thou hast risen with the
spring !

Once more thy strong maternal arms
Are round about thy children
flung,—
A lioness that guards her young !

No threat is on thy closèd lips,
But in thine eye a power to smite
The mad wolf backward from its
light.

Southward the baffled robber's track
Henceforth runs only ; hereaway,
The fell lycanthrope finds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,
His first low howl shall downward
draw
The thunder of thy righteous law.

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,
But acting on the wiser plan,
Thou'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the hope,
Dream-painted on the sightless eyes
Of him who sang of Paradise,—

The vision of a Christian man
In virtue as in stature great,
Embodied in a Christian State.

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood
 Forbearing long, yet standing fast,
 Shalt win their grateful thanks at
 last,

When North and South shall strive
 no more,
 And all their feuds and fears be lost
 In Freedom's holy Pentecost.
6th mo., 1855.

THE FRUIT-GIFT.

LAST night, just as the tints of
 autumn's sky
 Of sunset faded from our hills and
 streams,
 I sat, vague listening, lapped in
 twilight dreams,
 To the leaf's rustle, and the cricket's
 cry.
 Then, like that basket, flush with
 summer fruit,
 Dropped by the angels at the Pro-
 phet's foot,
 Came, unannounced, a gift of clustered
 sweetness,
 Full-orbed, and glowing with the
 prisoned beams
 Of summery-suns, and rounded to
 completeness
 By kisses of the south-wind and the
 dew.
 Thrilled with a glad surprise, me-
 thought I knew
 The pleasure of the homeward-turning
 Jew,
 When Esehoh's clusters on his
 shoulders lay,
 Dropping their sweetness on his desert
 way.
 I said, "This fruit beseems no world
 of sin.
 Its parent vine, rooted in Paradise,
 O'ercrept the wall, and never paid
 the price
 Of the great mischief,—an am-
 brosial tree,

Eden's exotic, somehow smuggled in,
 To keep the thorns and thistles
 company."
 Perchance our frail, sad mother
 plucked in haste
 A single vine-slip as she passed the
 gate,
 Where the dread sword alternate paled
 and burned,
 And the stern angel, pitying her
 fate,
 Forgave the lovely trespasser, and
 turned
 Aside his face of fire; and thus the
 waste
 And fallen world hath yet its annual
 taste
 Of primal good, to prove of sin the
 cost,
 And show by one gleaned ear the
 mighty harvest lost.

A MEMORY.

HERE, while the loom of Winter
 weaves
 The shroud of flowers and fountains,
 I think of thee and summer eyes
 Among the Northern mountains.
 When thunder tolled the twilight's
 close,
 And winds the lake were rude on,
 And thou wert singing, "Ca' the
 Yowes,"
 The bonny yowes of Cluden!
 When, close and closer, hushing
 breath,
 Our circle narrowed round thee,
 And smiles and tears made up the
 wreath
 Wherewith our silence crowned
 thee;
 And, strangers all, we felt the ties
 Of sisters and of brothers;
 Ah! whose of all those kindly eyes
 Now smile upon another's?

The sport of Time, who still apart
The waifs of life is flinging ;
Oh, nevermore shall heart to heart
Draw nearer for that singing !

Yet when the panes are frosty-starred,
And twilight's fire is gleaming,
I hear the songs of Scotland's bard
Sound softly through my dreaming !

A song that lends to winter snows
The glow of summer weather, —
Again I hear thee ea' the yowes
To Cluden's hills of heather !

TO C. S.

IF I have seemed more prompt to
censure wrong
Than praise the right ; if seldom to
thine ear
My voice hath mingled with the
exultant cheer,
Borne upon all our Northern winds
along ;
If I have failed to join the fickle throng
In wide-eyed wonder, that thou
standest strong
In victory, surprised in thee to find
Brougham's seathing power with Can-
ning's grace combined ;
That he, for whom the ninefold Muses
sang,
From their twined arms a giant athlete
sprang,
Barbing the arrows of his native
tongue
With the spent shafts Latona's archer
flung,
To smite the Python of our land and
time,
Fell as the monster born of Crissa's
slime,
Like the blind bard who in Castalian
springs
Tempered the steel that clove the
crest of kings,
And on the shrine of England's free-
dom laid [shade, —
The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's

Small need hast thou of words of praise
from me.

Thou knowest my heart, dear friend,
and well canst guess
That, even though silent, I have
not the less

Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
With the large future which I shaped
for thee, [sea,

When, years ago, beside the summer
White in the moon, we saw the long
waves fall

Baffled and broken from the rocky
wall,

That, to the menace of the brawling
flood,

Opposed alone its massive quietude,
Calm as a fate ; with not a leaf nor
vine

Nor birch-spray trembling in the still
moonshine,

Crowning it like God's peace. I
sometimes think

That night-scene by the sea pro-
phetical, —

(For Nature speaks in symbols and in
signs,

And through her pictures human fate
divines), —

That rock, wherefrom we saw the
billows sink

In murmuring rout, uprising clear
and tall

In the white light of heaven, the
type of one

Who, momentarily by Error's host
assailed,

Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of
granite mailed ;

And, tranquil-fronted, listening
over all

The tumult, hears the angels say,
Well done !

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

WE cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free !

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's Southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine !

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow ;
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the
streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun !

We'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free !

SONG OF SLAVES IN THE
DESERT. ⁶²

WHERE are we going? where are we
going,

Where are we going, Rubee ?
Lord of peoples, Lord of lands,
Look across these shining sands,
Through the furnace of the noon,
Through the white light of the moon,
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing !
Speak and tell us where we are going,
Where are we going, Rubee ?

Bornou land was rich and good,
Wells of water, fields of food,
Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,
And the palm-tree cool and green :

Bornou land we see no longer,
Here we thirst, and here we hunger,
Here the Moor-man smites in anger :
Where are we going, Rubee ?

When we went from Bornou land,
We were like the leaves and sand,
We were many, we are few ;
Life has one, and death has two :
Whitened bones our path are showing,
Thou All-seeing, Thou All-knowing !
Hear us, tell us, where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee ?

Moons of marches from our eyes
Bornou land behind us lies ;
Stranger round us day by day
Bends the desert circle gray :
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
Hot the winds above them blowing, —
Lord of all things ! — where are we
going ?
Where are we going, Rubee ?

We are weak, but Thou art strong ;
Short our lives, but Thine is long ;
We are blind, but Thou hast eyes ;
We are fools, but Thou art wise !
Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing
Through the strange world round us
growing,
Hear us, tell us where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee ?

LINES,

INSCRIBED TO FRIENDS UNDER
ARREST FOR TREASON AGAINST
THE SLAVE POWER.

THE age is dull and mean. Men
ereep,
Not walk ; with blood too pale and
tame
To pay the debt they owe to shame ;
Buy cheap, sell dear ; eat, drink, and
sleep [want ;
Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning
Pay tithes for soul-insurance ; keep
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

In such a time, give thanks to God,
 That somewhat of the holy rage
 With which the prophets in their age
 On all its decent seemings trod,
 Has set your feet upon the lie,
 That man and ox and soul and clod
 Are market stock to sell and buy !

The hot words from your lips, my
 own, [repeat ;
 To caution trained, might not
 But if some tares among the wheat
 Of generous thought and deed were
 [zeal ;
 No common wrong provoked your
 The silken gauntlet that is thrown
 In such a quarrel rings like steel.

The brave old strife the fathers saw
 For Freedom calls for men again
 Like those who battled not in vain
 For England's Charter, Alfred's law ;
 And right of speech and trial just
 Wage in your name their ancient war
 With venal courts and perjured
 trust.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or
 late,
 They touch the shining hills of day ;
 The evil cannot brook delay,
 The good can well afford to wait.
 Give ermined knaves their hour of
 crime ;
 Ye have the future grand and great,
 The safe appeal of Truth to time !

THE NEW EXODUS.⁶³

By fire and cloud, across the desert
 sand,
 And through the parted waves,
 From their long bondage, with an
 outstretched hand,
 God led the Hebrew slaves !

Dead as the letter of the Pentateuch,
 As Egypt's statues cold,
 In the adytum of the sacred book
 Now stands that marvel old.

"Lo, God *is* great!" the simple
 Moslem says.
 We seek the ancient date,
 Turn the dry seroll, and make that
 living phrase
 A dead one : "God *was* great !"

And, like the Coptic monks by
 Mousa's wells,
 We dream of wonders past,
 Vague as the tales the wandering
 Arab tells,
 Each drowsier than the last.

O fools and blind ! Above the Pyra-
 mids
 Stretches once more that hand,
 And trançèd Egypt, from her stony
 lids,
 Flings back her veil of sand.

And morning-smitten Memnon, sing-
 ing, wakes ;
 And, listening by his Nile,
 O'er Ammon's grave and awful visage
 breaks
 A sweet and human smile.

Not, as before, with hail and fire, and
 call
 Of death for midnight graves,
 But in the stillness of the noonday,
 fall
 The fetters of the slaves.

No longer through the Red Sea, as of
 old,
 The bondmen walk dry-shod ;
 Through human hearts, by love of
 Him controlled,
 Runs now that path of God !

THE HASCHISII.

Of all that Orient lands can vaunt
 Of marvels with our own compet-
 ing,
 The strangest is the Hasehish plant,
 And what will follow on its eating.

What pictures to the taster rise,
Of Dervish or of Almeh dances !
Of Eblis, or of Paradise,
Set all aglow with Houri glances !

The poppy visions of Cathay,
The heavy beer-trance of the Sua-
bian ;
The wizard lights and demon play
Of nights Walpurgis and Arabian !

The Mollah and the Christian dog
Change place in mad metempsy-
chosis ;
The Muezzin climbs the synagogue,
The Rabbi shakes his beard at
Moses !

The Arab by his desert well
Sits choosing from some Caliph's
daughters,
And hears his single camel's bell
Sound welcome to his regal quar-
ters.

The Koran's reader makes complaint
Of Shitan dancing on and off it ;
The robber offers alms, the saint
Drinks Tokay and blasphemes the
Prophet.

Such scenes that Eastern plant
awakes ;
But we have one ordained to
beat it,
The Haschish of the West, which
makes
Or fools or knaves of all who eat it.

The preacher eats, and straight ap-
pears
His Bible in a new translation ;
Its angels negro overseers,
And Heaven itself a snug planta-
tion !

The man of peace, about whose
dreams,
The sweet millennial angels cluster,
Tastes the mad weed, and plots and
schemes,
A raving Cuban filibuster !

The noisiest Democrat, with ease,
It turns to Slavery's parish beadle ;
The shrewdest statesman eats and sees
Due southward point the polar
needle.

The Judge partakes, and sits erelong
Upon his bench a railing black-
guard ;
Decides off-hand that right is wrong,
And reads the ten commandments
backward.

O potent plant ! so rare a taste
Has never Turk or Gentoo gotten ;
The hempen Haschish of the East
Is powerless to our Western Cotton !

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

I.

O'ER the bare woods, whose' out-
stretched hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in
vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,
Thesa's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and
dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the summer bloom and green-
ness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and daz-
zling morn atoue,

II.

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod ;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden
rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple
shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed
the sweet wild-rose !

III.

With mingled sound of horns and
bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese
fly,
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and
fells,
Like a great arrow through the
sky,
Two dusky lines converged in
one,
Chasing the southward - flying
sun ;
While the brave snow-bird and the
hardy jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to
bid them stay.

IV.

I passed this way a year ago :
The wind blew south ; the noon
of day
Was warm as June's ; and save that
snow
Flecked the low mountains far
away,
And that the vernal - seeming
breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless
trees,
I might have dreamed of summer as
I lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the
soft wind at play.

V.

Since then, the winter blasts have
piled
The white pagodas of the snow
On these rough slopes, and, strong
and wild,
Yon river, in its overflow
Of spring-time rain and sun, set
free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea ;
And over these grey fields, then green
and gold,
The summer corn has waved, the
thunder's organ rolled.

VI.

Rich gift of God ! A year of time !
What pomp of rise and shut of
day, [elime
What hues wherewith our Northern
Makes autumn's dropping wood-
lands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny
dells, [smells,
And clover - bloom and sweetbrier
What songs of brooks and birds, what
fruit and flowers,
Green woods and moonlit snows, have
in its round been ours !

VII.

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and
go ;
What splendours fall on Syrian
sands,
What purple lights on Alpine
snow !
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates ;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a
traveller's tale.

VIII.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails ;
And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday
air,
And from cloud minaret hears the
sunset call to prayer !

IX.

The eye may well be glad, that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise
and fall ;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them
all.

The marble palaces of Ind
 Rise round him in the snow and
 wind ;
 From his lone sweetbrier Persian
 Hafiz smiles,
 And Rome's cathedral awe is in his
 woodland aisles.

X.

And thus it is my fancy blends
 The near at hand and far and rare ;
 And while the same horizon bends
 Above the silver-sprinkled hair
 Which flashed the light of morning
 skies
 On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,
 Within its round of sea and sky and
 field,
 Earth wheels with all her zones, the
 Kosmos stands revealed.

XI.

And thus the sick man on his bed,
 The toiler to his task-work bound,
 Behold their prison-walls outspread,
 Their clipped horizon widen
 round !
 While freedom-giving fancy waits,
 Like Peter's angel at the gates,
 The power is theirs to baffle care and
 pain,
 To bring the lost world back, and
 make it theirs again !

XII.

What lack of goodly company,
 When masters of the ancient lyre
 Obey my call, and trace for me
 Their words of mingled tears and
 fire !
 I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,
 I read the world with Pascal's eyes ;
 And priest and sage, with solemn
 brows austere,
 And poets, garland-bound, the Lords
 of Thought, draw near.

XIII.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,
 "In vain the human heart we
 mock ;

Bring living guests who love the
 day,
 Not ghosts who fly at crow of
 cock !
 The herbs we share with flesh and
 blood
 Are better than ambrosial food,
 With laurelled shades." I grant it,
 nothing loath,
 But doubly blest is he who can par-
 take of both.

XIV.

He who might Plato's banquet
 grace,
 Have I not seen before me sit,
 And watched his puritanic face,
 With more than Eastern wisdom
 lit ?
 Shrewd mystic ! who, upon the back
 Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,
 Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's
 dream,
 Links Menu's age of thought to
 Fulton's age of steam !

XV.

Here too, of answering love secure,
 Have I not welcomed to my
 hearth
 The gentle pilgrim troubadour,
 Whose songs have girdled half
 the earth ;
 Whose pages, like the magic mat
 Whereon the Eastern lover sat,
 Have borne me over Rhineland's
 purple vines,
 And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phry-
 gia's mountain pines !

XVI.

And he, who to the lettered wealth
 Of ages adds the lore unpriced,
 The wisdom and the moral health,
 The ethics of the school of Christ ;
 The statesman to his holy trust,
 As the Athenian archon, just,
 Struck down, exiled like him for truth
 alone,
 Has he not graced my home with
 beauty all his own ?

XVII.

What greetings smile, what fare-
wells wave,

What loved ones enter and depart !
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
The Heaven-lent treasures of the
heart !

How conscious seems the frozen sod
And beechen slope whereon they
trod !

The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry
grass bends
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or
absent friends.

XVIII.

Then ask not why to these bleak
hills

I cling as elings the tufted moss,
To bear the winter's lingering chills,
The mocking spring's perpetual
loss.

I dream of lands where summer
smiles,
And soft winds blow from spicy
isles,

But scarce would Ceylon's breath of
flowers be sweet,
Could I not feel thy soil, New
England, at my feet !

XIX.

At times I long for gentler skies,
And bathe in dreams of softer air,
But homesick tears would fill the
eyes

That saw the Cross without the
Bear.

The pine must whisper to the palm,
The north-wind break the tropic
calm ;

And with the dreamy languor of the
Line,

The North's keen virtue blend, and
strength to beauty join.

XX.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by !

Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike
aim to know.

XXI.

Home of my heart ! to me more fair
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's
halls,

The painted, shingly town-house
where

The freeman's vote for Freedom
falls !

The simple roof where prayer is
made,

Than Gothic groin and colonnade ;
The living temple of the heart of man,
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or
many-spired Milan !

XXII.

More dear thy equal village schools,
Where rich and poor the Bible
read,

Than classic halls where Priestcraft
rules,

And Learning wears the chains
of Creed ;

Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in
The shattered sheaves of home and
kin,

Than the mad licence following Lenten
pains,

Or holidays of slaves who laugh and
dance in chains.

XXIII.

And sweet homes nestle in these
dales,

And perch along these wooded
swells ;

And, blest beyond Areadian vales,
They hear the sound of Sabbath
bells !

Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
Nor woman winged before her time,

But with the faults and follies of the
race,

Old home-bred virtues hold their not
unhonoured place.

XXIV.

Here manhood struggles for the sake
 Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,
 The graces and the loves which
 make
 The music of the march of life ;
 And woman, in her daily round
 Of duty, walks on holy ground.
 No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor
 here
 Is the bad lesson learned at human
 rights to sneer.

XXV.

Then let the icy north-wind blow
 The trumpets of the coming
 storm,
 To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
 You slanting lines of rain trans-
 form.
 Young hearts shall hail the drifted
 cold,
 As gaily as I did of old ;
 And I, who watch them through the
 frosty pane,
 Unenvious, live in them my boyhood
 o'er again.

XXVI.

And I will trust that He who heeds
 The life that hides in mead and
 wold,
 Who hangs yon alder's crimson
 beads,
 And stains these mosses green
 and gold,
 Will still, as He hath done, incline
 His gracious care to me and mine ;
 Grant what we ask aright, from wrong
 debar,
 And, as the earth grows dark, make
 brighter every star !

XXVII.

I have not seen, I may not see,
 My hopes for man take form in
 fact,
 But God will give the victory
 In due time ; in that faith I act.
 And he who sees the future sure,
 The baffling present may endure,

And bless, meanwhile, the unseen
 Hand that leads
 The heart's desires beyond the halting
 step of deeds.

XXVIII.

And thou, my song, I send thee
 forth,
 Where harsher songs of mine
 have flown ;
 Go, find a place at home and hearth
 Where'er thy singer's name is
 known ;
 Revive for him the kindly thought
 Of friends ; and they who love him
 not,
 Touched by some strain of thine, per-
 chance may take
 The hands he proffers all, and thank
 him for thy sake.

THE MAYFLOWERS.

The trailing arbutus, or Mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower ! watched by winter
 stars,
 And nursed by winter gales,
 With petals of the sleeted spars,
 And leaves of frozen sails !

What had she in those dreary hours,
 Within her ice-rimmed bay,
 In common with the wild-wood
 flowers,
 The first sweet smiles of May ?

Yet, "God be praised !" the Pilgrim
 said,
 Who saw the blossoms peer
 Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
 "Behold our Mayflower here !"

"God wills it : here our rest shall be,
 Our years of wandering o'er,
 For us the Mayflower of the sea
 Shall spread her sails no more."

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws ;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod ;
And, through dead leaves of hope,
shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God !

BURIAL OF BARBOUR.

BEAR him, comrades, to his grave ;
Never over one more brave
Shall the prairie grasses weep,
In the ages yet to come,
When the millions in our room,
What we sow in tears, shall reap.

Bear him up the icy hill,
With the Kansas, frozen still
As his noble heart, below,
And the land he came to till
With a freeman's thews and will,
And his poor hut roofed with snow !

One more look of that dead face
Of his murder's ghastly trace !
One more kiss, O widowed one !
Lay your left hands on his brow,
Lift your right hands up, and vow
That his work shall yet be done.

Patience, friends ! The eye of God
Every path by Murder trod
Watches, lidless, day and night ;
And the dead man in his shroud,
And his widow weeping loud,
And our hearts, are in His sight.

Every deadly threat that swells
With the roar of gambling hells,
Every brutal jest and jeer,
Every wicked thought and plan
Of the cruel heart of man,
Though but whispered, He can
hear !

We in suffering, they in crime,
Wait the just award of time,
Wait the vengeance that is due ;
Not in vain a heart shall break,
Not a tear for Freedom's sake
Fall unheeded : God is true.

While the flag with stars bedecked
Threatens where it should protect,
And the Law shakes hands with
Crime,
What is left us but to wait,
Match our patience to our fate,
And abide the better time ?

Patience, friends ! The human heart
Everywhere shall take our part,
Everywhere for us shall pray
On our side are nature's laws,
And God's life is in the cause
That we suffer for to-day.

Well to suffer is divine ;
Pass the watchword down the line,
Pass the countersign : " ENDURE."
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure.

Frozen earth to frozen breast,
Lay our slain one down to rest ;
Lay him down in hope and faith,
And above the broken sod,
Once again, to Freedom's God,
Pledge ourselves for life or death,

That the State whose walls we lay,
 In our blood and tears, to-day,
 Shall be free from bonds of shame
 And our goodly land untrod
 By the feet of Slavery, shod
 With cursing as with flame !

Plant the Buekeye on his grave,
 For the hunter of the slave
 In its shadow cannot rest ;
 And let martyr mound and tree
 Be our pledge and guaranty
 Of the freedom of the West.

TO PENNSYLVANIA.

O STATE prayer-founded ! never hung
 Such choice upon a people's tongue,
 Such power to bless or ban,
 As that which makes thy whisper
 Fate,
 For which on thee the centuries wait,
 And destinies of man !

Across thy Alleghanian chain,
 With groanings from a land in pain,
 The west-wind finds its way :
 Wild-wailing from Missouri's flood
 The crying of thy children's blood
 Is in thy ears to-day !

And unto thee in Freedom's hour
 Of sorest need God gives the power
 To ruin or to save ;
 To wound or heal, to blight or bless
 With fertile field or wilderness,
 A free home or a grave !

Then let thy virtue match the crime,
 Rise to a level with the time ;
 And, if a son of thine
 Betray or tempt thee, Brutus-like
 For Fatherland and Freedom strike
 As Justice gives the sign.

Wake, sleeper, from thy dream of ease,
 The great occasion's forelock seize ;
 And, let the north-wind strong,
 And golden leaves of autumn, be
 Thy coronal of Victory
 And thy triumphal song.

10th mo., 1856.

THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

ALL night above their rocky bed
 They saw the stars march slow ;
 The wild Sierra overhead,
 The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,
 The grey bear from his den,
 Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark
 Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious
 strain,
 Their leader's sleepless eye,
 Where splinters of the mountain chain
 Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow : at last, a
 glow,
 A gleam of sudden fire,
 Shot up behind the walls of snow,
 And tipped each icy spire.

"Up, men !" he cried, "yon rocky
 cone,
 To-day, please God, we'll pass,
 And look from Winter's frozen throne
 On Summer's flowers and grass !"

They set their faces to the blast,
 They trod the eternal snow,
 And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at
 last
 The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud
 tossed
 By many an icy horn ;
 Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,
 And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs
 To flap his baffled wing,
 And downward, with the cataclysms,
 Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band,
 Another task remains,
 To break from Slavery's desert land
 A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,
 Yet, flashing through the night,
 Lo ! icy ridge and rocky spear
 Blaze out in morning light !

Rise up, FREMONT ! and go before ;
 The Hour must have its Man ;
 Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
 And lead in Freedom's van !

8th mo., 1856.

THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.⁶⁴

ACROSS the frozen marshes
 The winds of autumn blow,
 And the fen-lands of the Wetter
 Are white with early snow.

But where the low, grey headlands
 Look o'er the Baltic brine,
 A bark is sailing in the track
 Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter
 For Bothnia's fish and grain ;
 She saileth not for pleasure,
 She saileth not for gain.

But still by isle or mainland
 She drops her anchor down,
 Where'er the British cannon
 Rained fire on tower and town.

Out spake the ancient Amtman,
 At the gate of Helsingfors :
 " Why comes this ship a-spying
 In the track of England's wars ? "

" God bless her," said the coast-
 guard, —

" God bless the ship, I say.
 The holy angels trim the sails
 That speed her on her way !

Where'er she drops her anchor,
 The peasant's heart is glad ;
 Where'er she spreads her parting sail,
 The peasant's heart is sad.

" Each wasted town and hamlet
 She visits to restore ;
 To roof the shattered cabin,
 And feed the starving poor.

" The sunken boats of fishers,
 The foraged beeves and grain,
 The spoil of flake and storehouse,
 The good ship brings again.

" And so to Finland's sorrow
 The sweet amend is made,
 As if the healing hand of Christ
 Upon her wounds were laid ! "

Then said the grey old Amtman,
 " The will of God be done !
 The battle lost by England's hate,
 By England's love is won !

" We braved the iron tempest
 That thundered on our shore ;
 But when did kindness fail to find
 The key to Finland's door ?

" No more from Aland's ramparts
 Shall warning signal come,
 Nor startled Sweaborg hear again
 The roll of midnight drum.

" Beside our fierce Black Eagle
 The Dove of Peace shall rest ;
 And in the mouths of cannon
 The sea-bird make her nest.

" For Finland, looking seaward,
 No coming foe shall scan ;
 And the holy bells of Abo
 Shall ring, ' Good-will to man ! "

" Then row thy boat, O fisher !
 In peace on lake and bay ;
 And thou, young maiden, dance again
 Around the poles of May !

" Sit down, old men, together
 Old wives, in quiet spin ;
 Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon
 Is the brother of the Finn ! "

A LAY OF OLD TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE ESSEX COUNTY
AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

ONE morning of the first sad Fall,
Poor Adam and his bride
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—
But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit
For the chaste garb of old ;
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit
For Eden's drupes of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the morn,
Their forfeit garden lay,
Before them, wild with rock and thorn,
The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them fanned,
A light step on the sward,
And lo ! they saw before them stand
The angel of the Lord !

"Arise," he said, "why look behind,
When hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind,
Your loss may yet restore ?

"I leave with you a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruit and flower
As fair as Eden had.

"I clothe your hands with power to
lift
The curse from off your soil ;
Your very doom shall seem a gift,
Your loss a gain through Toil.

"Go, cheerful as yon humming bees,
To labour as to play."
White glimmering over Eden's trees
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth
Obedient to the word,
And found where'er they tilled the
earth
A garden of the Lord !

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit
And blushed with plum and pear,
And seeded grass and trodden root
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parents' fate,
And in our turn and day,
Look back on Eden's sworded gate
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
The pitying Angel leaves,
And leads through Toil to Paradise
New Adams and new Eves !

WHAT OF THE DAY ?

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the
air,
Like the low thunders of a sultry
sky

Far-rolling ere the downright light-
nings glare ;
The hills blaze red with warnings ;
foes draw nigh,
Treading the dark with challenge
and reply.

Behold the burden of the prophet's
vision,—

The gathering hosts,—the Valley of
Decision,

Dusk with the wings of eagles
wheeling o'er,

Day of the Lord, of darkness and not
light !

It breaks in thunder and the whirl-
wind's roar !

Even so, Father ! Let Thy will be
done,—

Turn and o'erturn, end what Thou
hast begun

In judgment or in mercy : as for me,
If but the least and frailest, let me be
Evermore numbered with the truly
free

Who find Thy service perfect liberty !
I fain would thank Thee that my
mortal life

Has reached the hour (albeit through
care and pain)

When Good and Evil, as for final
 strife,
 Close dim and fast on Armaged-
 don's plain ;
 And Michael and his angels once
 again
 Drive howling back the Spirits of
 the Night.
 O for the faith to read the signs
 aright
 And, from the angle of Thy perfect
 sight,
 See Truth's white banner floating on
 before ;
 And the Good Cause, despite of
 vena! friends,
 And base expedients, move to noble
 ends ;
 See Peace with Freedom make to
 Time amends,
 And, through its cloud of dust, the
 threshing-floor,
 Flailed by the thunder, heaped with
 chaffless grain !

1857.

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

For ages on our river borders,
 These tassels in their tawny bloom,
 And willowy studs of downy silver,
 Have prophesied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters
 Smiled on them from their pebbly
 hem,
 And the clear carol of the robin
 And song of bluebird welcomed
 them.

But never yet from smiling river,
 Or song of early bird, have they
 Been greeted with a gladder welcome
 Than whispers from my heart to-
 day.

They break the spell of cold and
 darkness,
 The weary watch of sleepless pain ;
 And from my heart, as from the river,
 The ice of winter melts again.

Thanks, Mary ! for this wild-wood
 token
 Of Freya's footsteps drawing near ;
 Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,
 The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine trees called me
 From ceiled room and silent books,
 To see the dance of woodland shadows,
 And hear the song of April brooks !

As in the old Teutonic ballad
 Live singing bird and flowering
 tree,
 Together live in bloom and music,
 I blend in song thy flowers and
 thee.

Earth's rocky tablets bear for ever
 The dint of rain and small bird's
 track,
 Who knows but that my idle verses
 May leave some trace by Merrimack !

The bird that trod the mellow layers
 Of the young earth is sought in
 vain ;
 The cloud is gone that wove the sand-
 stone
 From God's design, with threads of
 rain !

So, when this fluid age we live in
 Shall stiffen round my careless
 rhyme,
 Who made the vagrant tracks may
 puzzle
 The savants of the coming time :

And, following out their dim sugges-
 tions,
 Some idly-curious hand may draw
 My doubtful portraiture, as Cuvier
 Drew fish and bird from fin and
 claw.

And maidens in the far-off twilights,
 Singing my words to breeze and
 stream,
 Shall wonder if the old-time Mary
 Were real, or the rhymer's dream !
 1st, 3rd mo., 1857.

MY NAMESAKE.

You scarcely need my tardy thanks,
Who, self-rewarded, nurse and
tend—

A green leaf on your own Green
Banks—
The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven,
hides
The sobered brow and lessening
hair:
For aught I know, the myrtled sides
Of Helicon are bare.

Their scallop-shells so many bring
The fabled founts of song to try,
They've drained, for aught I know,
the spring
Of Aganippe dry.

Ah well!—the wreath the Muses braid
Proves often Folly's cap and bell;
Methinks, my ample beaver's shade
May serve my turn as well.

Let Love's and Friendship's tender
debt
Be paid by those I love in life.
Why should the unborn critic whet
For me his scalping-knife?

Why should the stranger peer and pry
One's vacant house of life about,
And drag for curious ear and eye
His faults and follies out?—

Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon,
With chaff of words, the garb he
wore,
As corn-husks when the ear is gone
Are rustled all the more?

Let kindly Silence close again,
The picture vanish from the eye,
And on the dim and misty main
Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim
To grateful thanks, dear friends of
mine.

Hang, if it please you so, my name
Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide
Her chosen names, I envy none:
A mother's love, a father's pride,
Shall keep alive my own!

Still shall that name as now recall
The young leaf wet with morning
dew,

The glory where the sunbeams fall
The breezy woodlands through.

That name shall be a household word,
A spell to waken smile or sigh;
In many an evening prayer be heard
And cradle lullaby.

And thou, dear child, in riper days
When asked the reason of thy
name, [praise
Shalt answer: "One 'twere vain to
Or censure bore the same.

"Some blamed him, some believed
him good,—
The truth lay doubtless 'twixt the
two,—
He reconciled as best he could
Old faith and fancies new.

"In him the grave and playful mixed,
And wisdom held with folly truce,
And Nature compromised betwixt
Good fellow and recluse.

"He loved his friends, forgave his
foes;
And, if his words were harsh at
times,
He spared his fellow-men,—his blows
Fell only on their crimes.

"He loved the good and wise, but
found
His human heart to all akin
Who met him on the common ground
Of suffering and of sin.

- “Whate’er his neighbours might endure
Of pain or grief his own became ;
For all the ills he could not cure
He held himself to blame.
- “His good was mainly an intent,
His evil not of forethought done ;
The work he wrought was rarely meant
Or finished as begun.
- “Ill served his tides of feeling strong
To turn the common mills of use ;
And, over restless wings of song,
His birthright garb hung loose !
- “His eye was beauty’s powerless slave,
And his the ear which discord pains,
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave
What passions strove in chains.
- “He had his share of care and pain,
No holiday was life to him ;
Still in the heirloom cup we drain
The bitter drop will swim.
- “Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird
And there a flower beguiled his way ;
And, cool, in summer noons, he heard
The fountains splash and play.
- “On all his sad or restless moods
The patient peace of Nature stole ,
The quiet of the fields and woods
Sank deep into his soul.
- “He worshipped as his fathers did,
And kept the faith of childish days,
And, howsoe’er he strayed or slid,
He loved the good old ways.
- “The simple tastes, the kindly traits,
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,
The silence of the soul that waits
For more than man to teach.
- “The cant of party, school, and sect,
Provoked at times his honest scorn,
And Folly, in its grey respect,
He tossed on satire’s horn.
- “But still his heart was full of awe
And reverence for all sacred things ;
And, brooding over form and law,
He saw the Spirit’s wings !
- “Life’s mystery wrapt him like a cloud ;
He heard far voices mock his own,
The sweep of wings unseen, the loud
Long roll of waves unknown.
- “The arrows of his straining sight
Fell quenched in darkness ; priest
and sage,
Like lost guides calling left and right,
Perplexed his doubtful age.
- “Like childhood, listening for the sound
Of its dropped pebbles in the well,
All vainly down the dark profound
His brief-lined plummet fell.
- “So, scattering flowers with pious pains
On old beliefs, of later creeds,
Which claimed a place in Truth’s domains,
He asked the title-deeds.
- “He saw the old-time’s groves and shrines
In the long distance fair and dim ;
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,
The century-mellowed hymn !
- “He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,
The Brahmin’s rite, the Lama’s
God knew the heart ; Devotion’s pearl
Might sanctify the shell.
- “While others trod the altar stairs
He faltered like the publican ;
And, while they praised as saints, his prayers
Were those of sinful man.
- “For, awed by Sinai’s Mount of Law,
The trembling faith alone sufficed,
That, through its cloud and flame, he saw
The sweet, sad face of Christ !—

“And listening, with his forehead
bowed,
Heard the Divine compassion fill
The pauses of the trump and cloud
With whispers small and still.

“The words he spake, the thoughts
he penned,
Are mortal as his hand and brain,
But, if they served the Master's end,
He has not lived in vain !”

Heaven make thee better than thy
name,
Child of my friends !—For thee I
crave
What riches never bought, nor fame
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old :
God make thee beautiful within,
And let thine eyes the good behold
In everything save sin !

Imagination held in check
To serve, not rule, thy poisèd mind ;
Thy Reason, at the frown or beck
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all,—
Strong manhood crowning vigorous
youth ;
Life made by duty epical,
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield
Which trees of healing only give,
And green-leafed in the Eternal field
Of God, for ever live !

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

“And I sought, whence is Evil: I set before the eye of my spirit the whole creation; whatsoever we see therein,—sea, earth, air, stars, trees, moral creatures,—yea, whatsoever there is we do not see,—angels and spiritual powers. Where is evil, and whence comes it, since God the Good hath created all things? Why made He anything at all of evil, and not rather by His Almightyness cause it not to be? These thoughts I turned in my miserable heart, overcharged with most gnawing cares.” “And, admonished to

return to myself, I entered even into my inmost soul, Thou being my guide, and beheld even beyond my soul and mind the Light unchangeable. He who knows the Truth knows what that Light is, and he that knows it knows Eternity! O Truth, who art Eternity! Love, who art Truth! Eternity, who art Love! And I beheld that Thou madest all things good, and to Thee is nothing whatsoever evil. From the angel to the worm, from the first motion to the last, Thou settest each in its place, and everything is good in its kind. Woe is me!—how high art Thou in the highest, how deep in the deepest! and Thou never departest from us and we scarcely return to Thee.”—*AUGUSTINE'S Soliloquies, Book VII.*

THE fourteen centuries fall away
Between us and the Afric saint,
And at his side we urge, to-day,
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given,—
From sea or earth comes no reply;
Hushed as the warm Numidian
heaven
He vainly questioned bends our frozen
sky.

No victory comes of all our strife,—
From all we grasp the meaning
slips ;
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,
With the old question on her awful
lips,

In paths unknown we hear the feet
Of fear before, and guilt behind ;
We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat
Ashes and dust beneath its golden
rind.

From age to age descends unchecked
The sad bequest of sire to son,
The body's taint, the mind's defect,—
Through every web of life the dark
threads run.

Oh, why and whither?—God knows
all ;
I only know that He is good,
And that whatever may befall
Or here or there, must be the best
that could.

Between the dreadful cherubim
 A Father's face I still discern,
 As Moses looked of old on Him
 And saw His glory into goodness turn !

For He is merciful as just ;
 And so, by faith correcting sight,
 I bow before His will, and trust
 Howe'er they seem He doeth all
 things right.

And dare to hope that He will make
 The rugged smooth, the doubtful
 plain ;
 His merey never quite forsake ;
 His healing visit every realm of pain ;

That suffering is not His revenge
 Upon His creatures weak and
 frail,
 Sent on a pathway new and strange
 With feet that wander and with eyes
 that fail ;

That, o'er the crueible of pain,
 Watches the tender eye of Love
 The slow transmting of the chain
 Whose links are iron below to gold
 above !

Ah me ! we doubt the shining skies,
 Seen through our shadows of
 offence,
 And drown with our poor childish
 eries [dencee.
 The cradle-hymn of kindly Provi-

And still we love the evil cause,
 And of the just effect complain :
 We tread upon life's broken laws,
 And murmur at our self-inflicted pain ;

We turn as from the light, and find
 Our spectral shapes before us
 thrown,
 As they who leave the sun behind
 Walk in the shadows of themselves
 alone.

And searce by will or strength of
 ours
 We set our faces to the day ;

Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal
 Powers
 Alone can turn us from ourselves
 away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin,
 But love must needs be stronger
 far,
 Outstretching all and gathering in
 The erring spirit and the wandering
 star.

A Voice grows with the growing
 years ;
 Earth, hushing down her bitter
 cry, [hears,
 Looks upwards from her graves, and
 "The Resurrection and the Life am I."

O Love Divine !—whose constant
 beam [see,
 Shines on the eyes that will not
 And waits to bless us, while we
 dream, [Thee !
 Thou leavest us because we turn from

All souls that struggle and aspire,
 All hearts of prayer by Thee are
 lit ;
 And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of
 fire [sit.
 On dusty tribes and twilight centuries

Nor bounds, nor elime, nor creed
 Thou know'st,
 Wide as our need Thy favours fall ;
 The white wings of the Holy Ghost
 Stoop seen or unseen, o'er the heads
 of all.

O Beauty, old yet ever new !⁶⁵
 Eternal Voice, and Inward Word,
 The Logos of the Greek and Jew,
 The old sphere-music which the
 Samian heard !

Truth which the sage and prophet
 saw, [within,
 Long sought without, but found
 The Law of Love beyond all law,
 The Life o'erflooding mortal death and
 sin !

Shine on us with the light which
glowed
Upon the trance-bound shep-
herd's way,
Who saw the Darkness overflowed
And drowned by tides of everlasting
Day.⁶⁵

Shine, light of God!—make broad
thy scope
To all who sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope
With Heaven's compassion make our
longings poor!

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS OF HERBIPOLIS, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to
pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious
choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice,
A sound which seemed of all sad things
to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused; the chain
whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by
that cry; [below
And, looking from the casement, saw
A wretched woman, with grey hair
a-flow,
And withered hands held up to him,
who cried [denied.
For alms as one who might not be

She cried, "For the dear love of Him
who gave
His life for ours, my child from bond-
age save,—
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained
with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-
smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!"—
"What I can
I give," Tritemius said: "my prayers."
—"O man

Of God!" she cried, for grief had
made her bold,
"Moek me not thus; I ask not prayers,
but gold.
Words will not serve me, alms alone
suffice;
Even while I speak perchance my first-
born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered,
"from our door
None go unfed; hence are we always
poor,
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers;—what can we
give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver
candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix.
God well may spare them on His
errands sped,
Or He can give you golden ones in-
stead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy
word,
Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious
Lord,
Who loveth merey more than sacri-
fice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar
piled!)
Take what thou askest, and redeem
thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy
alms
He placed within the beggar's eager
palms;
And as she vanished down the linden
shade
He bowed his head and for forgiveness
prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twi-
light came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to
behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

FROM gold to gray
 Our mild sweet day
 Of Indian summer fades too soon ;
 But tenderly
 Above the sea [moon.
 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's

In its pale fire
 The village spire
 Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance ;
 The painted walls
 Whereon it falls
 Transfigured stand in marble trance !

O'er fallen leaves
 The west-wind grieves,
 Yet comes a seed-time round again ;
 And morn shall see
 The State sown free
 With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street
 The shadows meet
 Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
 The moulds of fate
 That shape the State,
 And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see
 The powers that be ;
 I stand by Empire's primal springs ;
 And princes meet,
 In every street,
 And hear the tread of uncrowned
 kings !

Hark ! through the crowd
 The laugh runs loud,
 Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.
 God save the land
 A careless hand
 May shake or swerve ere morrow's
 noon !

No jest is this ;
 One cast amiss
 May blast the hope of Freedom's year.
 Oh, take me where
 Are hearts of prayer,
 And foreheads bowed in reverent fear !

Not lightly fall
 Beyond recall
 The written scrolls a breath can float ;
 The crowning fact
 The kingliest act
 Of Freedom, is the freeman's vote !

For pearls that gem
 A diadem
 The diver in the deep sea dies ;
 The regal right
 We boast to-night
 Is ours through costlier sacrifice ;

The blood of Vane,
 His prison pain
 Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,
 And hers whose faith
 Drew strength from death,
 And prayed her Russell up to God !

Our hearts grow cold,
 We lightly hold
 A right which brave men died to gain ;
 The stake, the cord,
 The axe, the sword,
 Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,
 And o'er us bend,
 O martyrs, with your crowns and
 palms,—
 Breathe through these throngs
 Your battle songs,
 Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon
 psalms !

Look from the sky,
 Like God's great eye,
 Thou solemn noon, with searching
 beam,
 Till in the sight
 Of thy pure light
 Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts
 Unworthy arts,
 The fraud designed, the purpose
 dark ;
 And smite away
 The hands we lay
 Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims
And private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
Whereto are given
The age of heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as
one!

—

THE OVER-HEART.

“For of Him, and through Him, and to
Him are all things, to whom be glory for
ever!”—PAUL.

ABOVE, below, in sky and sod,
In leaf and spar, in star and man,
Well might the wise Athenian scan
The geometrie signs of God,
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright
Of the One Life pervading all,—
One Being's tidal rise and fall
In soul and form, in sound and
sight,—
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is: and man in guilt and fear
The central fact of Nature owns;—
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-
stones,
And darkly dreams the ghastly smear
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the Terror: deep within
The human heart the secret lies
Of all the hideous deities;
And, painted on a ground of sin,
The fabled gods of torment rise!

And what is He?—The ripe grain
nods, [flowers blow;
The sweet dews fall, the sweet
But darker signs His presence show:
The earthquake and the storm are
God's,
And good and evil interflow.

O hearts of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and
To you the truth is manifest: [best!
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon His breast!

In Him of whom the sibyl told,
For whom the prophet's harp was
toned, [owned,
Whose need the sage and magian
The loving heart of God behold,
The hope for which the ages
groaned!

Fade, pomp of dreadful imagery
Wherewith mankind have deified
Their hate, and selfishness, and
pride!

Let the scared dreamer wake to see
The Christ of Nazareth at his side!

What doth that holy Guide require?—
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
But man a kindly brotherhood,
Looking, where duty is desire,
To Him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear,
And let the pitying heaven's sweet
rain
Wash out the altar's bloody stain;
The law of Hatred disappear,
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim!—
And lo! their hideous wreck above
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove!
Man turns from God, not God from
him; [Love!
And guilt, in suffering, whispers

The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;
It yet shall touch His garment's
fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.
O heart of mine! with reverence
own
The fulness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the
known.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH
STURGE.

In the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's
mountains,
Across the charmed bay
Whose blue waves keep with Capri's
silver fountains
Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,
His gold-bought masses given;
And Rome's great altar smokes with
gums to sweeten
Her foulest gift to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with
mute thanksgiving,
The court of England's queen
For the dead monster so abhorred
while living
In mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that
feigning;
By lone Edgbaston's side
Stands a great city in the sky's sad
raining,
Bareheaded and wet-eyed!

Silent for once the restless hive of
labour,
Save the low funeral tread,
Or voice of craftsman whispering to
his neighbour
The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minster's chant of the
immortals
Rose from the lips of sin;
No mitred priest swung back the
heavenly portals
To let the white soul in.

But Age and Sickness framed their
tearful faces
In the low hovel's door,
And prayers went up from all the
dark by-places
And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler and the negrochattel,
The vagrant of the street,
The human dice wherewith in games
of battle
The lords of earth compete,

Touched with a grief that needs no
outward draping,
All swelled the long lament,
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble,
shaping
His viewless monument!

For never yet, with ritual pomp and
splendour,
In the long heretofore,
A heart more loyal, warm, and true,
and tender,
Has England's turf closed o'er.

And if there fell from out her grand
old steeples
No crash of brazen wail,
The murmurous woe of kindreds,
tongues, and peoples
Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-belted
meadows,
And from the tropic calms
Of Indian islands in the sun-smit
shadows
Of Occidental palms;

From the locked roadsteads of the
Bothnian peasants,
And harbours of the Finn,
Where war's worn victims saw his
gentle presence
Come sailing, Christlike, in,

To seek the lost, to build the old waste
places,
To link the hostile shores
Of severing seas, and sow with Eng-
land's daisies
The moss of Finland's moors.

Thanks for the good man's beautiful
example,
Who in the vilest saw
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple
Still vocal with God's law;

And heard with tender ear the spirit
sighing
As from its prison cell,
Praying for pity, like the mournful
crying
Of Jonah out of hell.

Not his the golden pen's or lip's per-
suasion,
But a fine sense of right,
And Truth's directness, meeting each
occasion
Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams that
intermingle,
In the same channel ran :
The crystal clearness of an eye kept
single
Shamed all the frauds of man.

The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's
creatures
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman; manliness and
meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his
strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal
seemed nourished
By failure and by fall ;
Still a large faith in human-kind he
cherished,
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests : his greatness and
his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife ;
And death has moulded into calm
completeness
The statue of his life.

Where the dews glisten and the song-
birds warble,
His dust to dust is laid,
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of
marble
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are
ringing ;
Beneath its smoky vale,
Hard by, the city of his love is swing-
ing
Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and
beauty,
And the sweet heaven above,—
The fitting symbols of a life of duty
Transfigured into love !

TRINITAS.

At morn I prayed, " I fain would see
How Three are One, and One is Three ;
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth, the sun and air
I saw bestowed with equal care
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favour dropped the rain ;—
Alike the righteous and profane
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured, " Is it meet
That blindfold Nature thus should
treat
With equal hand the tares and
wheat ?"

A presence melted through my mood,—
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete
In her white innocence, pause to greet
A fallen sister of the street.

Upon her bosom snowy pure
The lost one clung, as if secure
From inward guilt or outward lure.

" Beware !" I said ; " in this I see
No gain to her, but loss to thee :
Who touches pitch defiled must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,
And a voice whispered, " Who therein
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's peace
win ?

All the dread Scripture lives for thee
 again,
 To smite like lightning on the hands
 profane [chain.
 Lifted to bless the slave-whip and the
 Once more the old Hebrew tongue
 Bends with the shafts of God a bow
 new-strung!

Take up the mantle which the pro-
 phets wore ;
 Warn with their warnings, — show
 the Christ once more
 Bound, scourged, and crucified in His
 blameless poor ;
 And shake above our land
 The unquenched bolts that blazed in
 Hosea's hand !

Not vainly shalt thou cast upon our
 years
 The solemn burdens of the Orient
 seers, [ears.
 And smite with truth a guilty nation's
 Mightier was Luther's word
 Than Seeking's mailed arm or
 Hutton's sword !

THE SISTERS.

A PICTURE BY BARRY.

THE shade for me, but over thee
 The lingering sunshine still ;
 As, smiling, to the silent stream
 Comes down the singing rill.

So come to me, my little one,—
 My years with thee I share,
 And mingle with a sister's love
 A mother's tender care.

But keep the smile upon thy lip,
 The trust upon thy brow ;
 Since for the dear one God hath called
 We have an angel now.

Our mother from the fields of heaven
 Shall still her ear incline ;
 Nor need we fear her human love
 Is less for love divine.

The songs are sweet they sing beneath
 The trees of life so fair,
 But sweetest of the songs of heaven
 Shall be her children's prayer.

Then, darling, rest upon my breast,
 And teach my heart to lean
 With thy sweet trust upon the arm
 Which folds us both unseen !

LINES,

FOR THE AGRICULTURAL AND HORTI-
 CULTURAL EXHIBITION AT AMES-
 BURY AND SALISBURY, SEPT. 28,
 1858.

THIS day, two hundred years ago,
 The wild grape by the river's side,
 And tasteless groundnut trailing
 low,
 The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
 The blushing tint of peach and
 pear ;
 The mirror of the Powow told
 No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
 These vales the idle Indian trod ;
 Nor knew the glad, creative skill,—
 The joy of him who toils with God.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers !
 We thank Thee for Thy wise design
 Whereby these human hands of ours
 In Nature's garden work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
 The joy of simple faith is born ;
 That he who smites the summer
 weed,
 May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their
 power ;
 Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall ;
 Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
 Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest ;
 And God and man shall own his
 worth
 Who toils to leave as his bequest
 An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
 The time of harvest shall be given ;
 The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall
 grow,
 If not on earth, at last in heaven.

THE PREACHER.

Its windows flashing to the sky,
 Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,
 Far down the vale, my friend and I
 Beheld the old and quiet town ;
 The ghostly sails that out at sea
 Flapped their white wings of mystery,
 The beaches glimmering in the sun,
 And the low wooded capes that run
 Into the sea-mist north and south ;
 The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth ;
 The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,
 The foam-line of the harbour-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands
 A crimson-tinted shadow lay
 Of clouds, through which the set-
 ting day
 Flung a slant glory far away.
 It glittered on the wet sea-sands,
 It flamed upon the city's panes,
 Smote the white sails of ships that
 wore
 Outward or in, and gilded o'er
 The steeples with their veering
 vanes !

Awhile my friend with rapid search
 O'ererran the landscape. "Yonder
 spire
 Over grey roofs, a shaft of fire ;
 What is it, pray ?" — "The White-
 field Church !
 Walled about by its basement stones,
 There rests the marvellous prophet's
 bones."

Then as our homeward way we walked,
 Of the great preacher's life we talked ;
 And through the mystery of our
 theme
 The outward glory seemed to stream,
 And Nature's self interpreted
 The doubtful record of the dead ;
 And every level beam that smote
 The sails upon the dark afloat
 A symbol of the light became
 Which touched the shadows of our
 blame
 With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers
 Gathers the moss of a hundred years
 On man and his works has passed the
 change
 Which needs must be in a century's
 range.
 The land lies open and warm in the
 sun,
 Anvils clamour and mill-wheels run, —
 Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the
 plain,
 The wilderness gladdened with fruit
 and grain !
 But the living faith of the settlers
 old
 A dead profession their children hold ;
 To the lust of office and greed of trade
 A stepping-stone is the altar made.
 The Church, to place and power the
 door,
 Rebukes the sin of the world no more,
 Nor sees its Lord in the homeless
 poor.
 Everywhere is the grasping hand,
 And eager adding of land to land ;
 And earth, which seemed to the
 fathers meant
 But as a pilgrim's wayside tent, —
 A nightly shelter to fold away
 When the Lord should call at the
 break of day, —
 Solid and steadfast seems to be,
 And Time has forgotten Eternity !
 But fresh and green from the rotting
 roots
 Of primal forests the young growth
 shoots ;

From the death of the old the new
 proceeds ;
 And the life of truth from the rot of
 creeds : [leads,
 On the ladder of God, which upward
 The steps of progress are human needs.
 For His judgments still are a mighty
 deep, [sleep ;
 And the eyes of His providence never
 When the night is darkest He gives
 the morn ;
 When the famine is sorest, the wine
 and corn !

In the church of the wilderness
 Edwards wrought,
 Shaping his creed at the forge of
 thought ;
 And with Thor's own hammer welded
 and bent
 The iron links of his argument,
 Which strove to grasp in its mighty
 span
 The purpose of God and the fate of
 man !
 Yet faithful still, in his daily round
 To the weak, and the poor, and sin-
 sick found,
 The schoolman's lore and the casuist's
 art
 Drew warmth and life from his
 fervent heart.
 Had he not seen in the solitudes
 Of his deep and dark Northampton
 woods
 A vision of love about him fall ?
 Not the blinding splendour which fell
 on Saul,
 But the tenderer glory that rests on
 them
 Who walk in the New Jerusalem,
 Where never the sun nor moon are
 known,
 But the Lord and His love are the
 light alone !
 And watching the sweet, still counte-
 nance
 Of the wife of his bosom wrapt in
 trance,
 Had he not treasured each broken
 word
 Of the mystical wonder seen and heard ;

And loved the beautiful dreamer more
 That thus to the desert of earth, she
 bore [shore ?
 Clusters of Eschol from Canaan's

As the barley-winnower, holding with
 pain
 Aloft in waiting his chaff and grain,
 Joyfully welcomes the far-off breeze
 Sounding the pine-tree's slender keys,
 So he who had waited long to hear
 The sound of the Spirit drawing near,
 Like that which the son of Iddo heard
 When the feet of angels the myrtles
 stirred,
 Felt the answer of prayer, at last,
 As over his church the afflatus passed,
 Breaking its sleep as breezes break
 To sun-bright ripples a stagnant lake.

At first a tremor of silent fear,
 The creep of the flesh at danger near,
 A vague foreboding and discontent,
 Over the hearts of the people went.
 All nature warned in sounds and signs:
 The wind in the tops of the forest
 pines
 In the name of the Highest called to
 prayer,
 As the muezzin calls from the minaret
 stair.
 Through ceiled chambers of secret sin
 Sudden and strong the light shone in ;
 A guilty sense of his neighbour's needs
 Startled the man of title-deeds ;
 The trembling hand of the worldling
 shook
 The dust of years from the Holy Book ;
 And the psalms of David, forgotten
 long,
 Took the place of the scoffer's song.

The impulse spread like the outward
 course
 Of waters moved by a central force :
 The tide of spiritual life rolled down
 From inland mountains to seaboard
 town.

Prepared and ready the altar stands
 Waiting the prophet's outstretched
 hands.

And prayer availing, to downward call
The fiery answer in view of all.

Hearts are like wax in the furnace,
who

Shall mould, and shape, and cast them
anew?

Lo! by the Merrimack WHITEFIELD
stands

In the temple that never was made by
hands,—

Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,
And dome of the sunshine over all!—
A homeless pilgrim, with dubious
name

Blown about on the winds of fame;
Now as an angel of blessing classed,
And now as a mad enthusiast.

Called in his youth to sound and
gauge

The moral lapse of his race and age,
And, sharp as truth, the contrast
draw

Of human frailty and perfect law;
Possessed by the one dread thought
that lent

Its goad to his fiery temperament,
Up and down the world he went,
A John the Baptist crying,—Repent!

No perfect whole can our nature make;
Here or there the circle will break;
The orb of life as it takes the light
On one side leaves the other in night.
Never was saint so good and great
As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate
For the plea of the devil's advocate.

So, incomplete by his being's law,
The marvellous preacher had his flaw:
With step unequal, and lame with
faults,

His shade on the path of History
halts.

Wisely and well said the Eastern bard:
Fear is easy, but love is hard,—
Easy to glow with the santon's rage,
And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage;
But he is greatest and best who can
Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he,—to whom, in the painful
stress

Of zeal on fire from its own excess,

Heaven seemed so vast and earth so
small

That man was nothing, since God was
all,—

Forgot, as the best at times have done,
That the love of the Lord and of man
are one.

Little to him whose feet unshod
The thorny path of the desert trod,
Careless of pain, so it led to God,
Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor
man's wrong,

The weak ones trodden beneath the
strong.

Should the worm be chooser?—the
elvy withstand

The shaping will of the potter's hand?

In the Indian fable Arjoon hears
The scorn of a god rebuke his fears:
"Spare thy pity!" Krishna saith;
"Not in thy sword is the power of
death!

All is illusion,—loss but seems;
Pleasure and pain are only dreams;
Who deems he slayeth doth not kill;
Who counts as slain is living still.
Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime;
Nothing dies but the cheats of time;
Slain or slayer, small the odds
To each, immortal as Indra's gods!"

So by Savannah's banks of shade,
The stones of his mission the preacher
laid

On the heart of the negro crushed and
rent,

And made of his blood the wall's
cement;

Bade the slave-ship speed from coast
to coast

Fanned by the wings of the Holy
Ghost;

And begged, for the love of Christ,
the gold

Coined from the hearts in its groan-
ing hold.

What could it matter, more or less
Of stripes, and hunger, and weariness?
Living or dying, bond or free,

What was time to eternity?

Alas for the preacher's cherished schemes!
 Mission and church are now but dreams;
 Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan
 To honour God through the wrong of man.
 Of all his labours no trace remains
 Save the bondman lifting his hands in chains.
 The woof he wove in the righteous warp
 Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe,
 Clothes with curses the goodly land,
 Changes its greenness and bloom to sand;
 And a century's lapse reveals once more
 The slave-ship stealing to Georgia's shore.
 Father of Light! how blind is he
 Who sprinkles the altar he rears to Thee
 With the blood and tears of humanity!
 He erred: shall we count his gifts as naught?
 Was the work of God in him unwrought?
 The servant may through his deafness err,
 And blind may be God's messenger;
 But the errand is sure they go upon,—
 The word is spoken, the deed is done.
 Was the Hebrew temple less fair and good
 That Solomon bowed to gods of wood?
 For his tempted heart and wandering feet,
 Were the songs of David less pure and sweet?
 So in light and shadow the preacher went,
 God's erring and human instrument;
 And the hearts of the people where he passed
 Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,
 Under the spell of a voice which took
 In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook,

And the mystical chime of the bells
 of gold
 On the ephod's hem of the priest of old,—
 Now the roll of thunder, and now the awe
 Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd
 Fell like the shadow of a cloud.
 The sailor reeling from out the ships
 Whose masts stood thick in the river slips
 Felt the jest and the curse die on his lips.
 Listened the fisherman rude and hard,
 The calker rough from the builder's yard,
 The man of the market left his load,
 The teamster leaned on his bending goad,
 The maiden, and youth beside her, felt
 Their hearts in closer union melt,
 And saw the flowers of their love in bloom
 Down the endless vistas of life to come.
 Old age sat feebly brushing away
 From his ears the scanty locks of gray;
 And careless boyhood, living the free
 Unconscious life of bird and tree,
 Suddenly wakened to a sense
 Of sin and its guilty consequence.
 It was as if an angel's voice
 Called the listeners up for their final choice;
 As if a strong hand rent apart
 The veils of sense from soul and heart,
 Showing in light ineffable
 The joys of heaven and woes of hell!
 All about in the misty air
 The hills seemed kneeling in silent prayer;
 The rustle of leaves, the moaning sedge,
 The water's lap on its gravelled edge,
 The wailing pines, and, far and faint,
 The wood-dove's note of sad complaint,—

To the solemn voice of the preacher
lent
An undertone as of low lament ;
And the rote of the sea from its sandy
coast,
On the easterly wind, now heard, now
lost,
Seemed the murmurous sound of the
judgment host.

Yet wise men doubted, and good men
wept,
As that storm of passion above them
swept,
And, comet-like, adding flame to
flame,
The priests of the new Evangel came,—
Davenport, flashing upon the crowd,
Charged like summer's electric cloud,
Now holding the listener still as death
With terrible warnings under breath,
Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed
The vision of Heaven's beatitude !
And Celtic Tenant, his long coat
bound

Like a monk's with leathern girdle
round,
Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,
And wringing of hands, and eyes
aglare,

Groaning under the world's despair !
Grave pastors, grieving their flocks to
lose,
Propheied to the empty pews
That gourds would wither, and mush-
rooms die,

And noisiest fountains run soonest dry,
Like the spring that gushed in New-
bury Street,

Under the tramp of the earthquake's
feet,

A silver shaft in the air and light,
For a single day, then lost in night,
Leaving only, its place to tell,
Sandy fissure and sulphurous smell.
With zeal wing-clipped and white-
heat cool,

Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,
No longer harried, and cropped and
fleeced,

Flogged by sheriff and cursed by
priest,

But by wiser counsels left at ease
To settle quietly on his lees,
And, self-concentred, to count as done
The work which his fathers scarce
begun,
In silent protest of letting alone,
The Quaker kept the way of his
own,—

A non-conductor among the wires,
With coat of asbestos proof to fires.
And quite unable to mend his pace
To catch the falling manna of grace,
He hugged the closer his little store
Of faith, and silently prayed for more.
And vague of creed and barren of rite,
But holding, as in his Master's sight,
Act and thought in the inner light,
The round of his simple duties walked,
And strove to live what the others
talked.

And who shall marvel if evil went
Step by step with the good intent,
And with love and meekness, side by
side,

Lust of the flesh and spiritual pride?—
That passionate longings and fancies
vain

Set the heart on fire and crazed the
brain?—

That over the holy oracles
Folly sported with eap and bells?—
That goodly women and learned men
Marvelling told with tongue and pen
How unweaned children chirped like
birds

Texts of Scripture and solemn words,
Like the infant seers of the rocky
glens

In the Puy de Dome of wild Cevennes :
Or baby Lamas who pray and preach
From Tartar cradles in Buddha's
speech ?

In the war which Truth or Freedom
wages [ages,
With impious fraud and the wrong of
Hate and malice and self-love mar
The notes of triumph with painful jar,
And the helping angels turn aside
Their sorrowing faces the shame to
hide.

Never on custom's oiled grooves
The world to a higher level moves,
But grates and grinds with friction
hard

On granite boulder and flinty shard.
The heart must bleed before it feels,
The pool be troubled before it heals ;
Ever by losses the right must gain,
Every good have its birth of pain ;
The active Virtues blush to find
The Vices wearing their badge behind,
And Graces and Charities feel the fire
Wherein the sins of the age expire :
The fiend still rends as of old he rent
The tortured body from which he
went.

But time tests all. In the over-drift
And flow of the Nile, with its annual
gift,

Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk ?
Who thinks of the drowned-out Cop-
tic monk ?

The tide that loosens the temple's
stones,

And scatters the sacred ibis-bones,
Drives away from the valley-land
That Arab robber, the wandering
sand,

Moistens the fields that know no
rain,

Fringes the desert with belts of grain,
And bread to the sower brings again.
So the flood of emotion deep and
strong

Troubled the land as it swept along,
But left a result of holier lives,
Tender mothers and worthier wives.
The husband and father whose children
fled

And sad wife wept when his drunken
tread

Frightened peace from his roof-tree's
shade,

And a rock of offence his hearthstone
made,

In a strength that was not his own,
began

To rise from the brute's to the plane
of man.

Old friends embraced, long held apart
By evil counsel and pride of heart ;

And penitence saw through misty
tears

In the bow of hope on its cloud of
fears,

The promise of Heaven's eternal
years,—

The peace of God for the world's
annoy,—

Beauty for ashes, and oil of joy !

Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.

No saintly honours to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known ;

But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.

Long shall the traveller strain his eye
From the railroad car, as it plunges
by,

And the vanishing town behind him
search

For the slender spire of the Whitefield
Church ;

And feel for one moment the ghosts
of trade,

And fashion, and folly, and pleasure
laid,

By the thought of that life of pure
intent,

That voice of warning yet eloquent,
Of one on the errands of angels sent.

And if where he laboured the flood of
sin

Like a tide from the harbour-bar sets
in,

And over a life of time and sense
The church-spires lift their vain de-
fence,

As if to scatter the bolts of God
With the points of Calvin's thunder-
rod,—

Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
Precious beyond the world's renown,
His memory hallows the ancient
town !

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.⁶⁷

FROM the well-springs of Hudson, the
sea-cliffs of Maine,
Grave men, sober matrons, you gather
again ;
And, with hearts warmer grown as
your heads grow more cool,
Play over the old game of going to
school.

All your strifes and vexations, your
whims and complaints,
(You were not saints yourselves, if
the children of saints !)
All your petty self-seekings and rival-
ries done,
Round the dear Alma Mater your
hearts beat as one !

How widely soe'er you have strayed
from the fold,
Though your "thee" has grown
"you," and your drab blue and
gold,
To the old friendly speech and the
garb's sober form,
Like the heart of Argyle to the tartan,
you warm.

But, the first greetings over, you glance
round the hall ;
Your hearts call the roll, but they
answer not all :
Through the turf green above them
the dead cannot hear ;
Name by name, in the silence, falls
sad as a tear !

In love, let us trust, they were sum-
moned so soon
From the morning of life, while we
toil through its noon ;
They were frail like ourselves, they
had needs like our own,
And they rest, as we rest, in God's
mercy alone.

Unchanged by our changes of spirit
and frame,
Past, now, and henceforward the Lord
is the same ;

Though we sink in the darkness, His
arms break our fall,
And in death as in life, He is Father
of all !

We are older : our footsteps, so light
in the play
Of the far-away school-time, move
slower to-day ;—
Here a beard touched with frost, there
a bald, shining crown,
And beneath the cap's border grey
mingles with brown.

But faith should be cheerful, and
trust should be glad,
And our follies and sins, not our
years, make us sad.
Should the heart closer shut as the
bonnet grows prim,
And the face grow in length as the
hat grows in brim ?

Life is brief, duty grave ; but, with
rain-folded wings,
Of yesterday's sunshine the grateful
heart sings ;
And we, of all others, have reason to
pay [our way ;
The tribute of thanks, and rejoice on

For the counsels that turned from the
follies of youth ;
For the beauty of patience, the white-
ness of truth ;
For the wounds of rebuke, when love
tempered its edge ;
For the household's restraint, and the
discipline's hedge ;

For the lessons of kindness vouchsafed
to the least
Of the creatures of God, whether
human or beast,
Bringing hope to the poor, lending
strength to the frail,
In the lanes of the city, the slave-hut,
and jail ;

For a womanhood higher and holier,
by all [ere her fall,—
Her knowledge of good, than was Eve

Whose task-work of duty moves
lightly as play,
Serene as the moonlight and warm as
the day ;

And, yet more, for the faith which
embraces the whole,
Of the creeds of the ages the life and
the soul,
Wherein letter and spirit the same
channel run,
And man has not severed what God
has made one !

For a sense of the Goodness revealed
everywhere,
As sunshine impartial, and free as the
air ; [Jew,
For a trust in humanity, Heathen or
And a hope for all darkness The
Light shineth through.

Who scoffs at our birthright?—the
words of the seers,
And the songs of the bards in the
twilight of years,
All the foregleams of wisdom in
santon and sage,
In prophet and priest, are our true
heritage.

The Word which the reason of Plato
discerned ;
The truth, as whose symbol the
Mithra-fire burned ;
The soul of the world which the Stoic
but guessed,
In the Light Universal the Quaker
confessed !

No honours of war to our worthies
belong ; [into song ;
Their plain stem of life never flowered
But the fountains they opened still
gush by the way,
And the world for their healing is
better to-day.

He who lies where the minster's
groined arches curve down
To the tomb-crowded transept of
England's renown,

The glorious essayist, by genius en-
throned,
Whose pen as a sceptre the Muses all
owned,—

Who through the world's pantheon
walked in his pride,
Setting new statues up, thrusting old
ones aside,
And in fiction the pencils of history
dipped, [his crypt,—
To gild o'er or blacken each saint in

How vainly he laboured to sully with
blame
The white bust of Penn, in the niche
of his fame !
Self-will is self-wounding, perversity
blind :
On himself fell the stain for the
Quaker designed !

For the sake of his true-hearted father
before him ;
For the sake of the dear Quaker
mother that bore him ;
For the sake of his gifts, and the
works that outlive him,
And his brave words for freedom, we
freely forgive him !

There are those that take note that
our numbers are small,—
New Gibbons who write our decline
and our fall ;
But the Lord of the seed-field takes
care of His own,
And the world shall yet reap what
our sowers have sown.

The last of the sect to his fathers may
go [to show ;
Leaving only his coat for some Barnum
But the truth will outlive him, and
broaden with years,
Till the false dies away, and the
wrong disappears.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of
sight sinks the stone,
In the deep sea of time, but the circles
sweep on,

Till the low-rippled murmurs along
the shores run,
And the dark and dead waters leap
glad in the sun.

Meanwhile shall we learn, in our ease
to forget
To the martyrs of Truth and of
Freedom our debt?—
Hide their words out of sight, like
the garb that they wore,
And for Barclay's Apology offer one
more?

Shall we fawn round the priestcraft
that glutted the shears,
And festooned the stocks with our
grandfathers' ears?—
Talk of Woolman's unsoundness?—
count Penn heterodox?
And take Cotton Mather in place of
George Fox?—

Make our preachers war-chaplains?—
quote Scripture to take
The hunted slave back, for Onesimus'
sake?—
Go to burning church-candles, and
chanting in choir,
And on the old meeting-house stick
up a spire?

No! the old paths we'll keep until
better are shown,
Credit good where we find it, abroad
or our own;
And while "Lo here" and "Lo
there" the multitude call,
Be true to ourselves, and do justice
to all.

The good round about us we need not
refuse, [Jews;
Nor talk of our Zion as if we were
But why shirk the badge which our
fathers have worn,
Or beg the world's pardon for having
been born?

We need not pray over the Pharisee's
prayer, [Jamin's share.
Nor claim that our wisdom is Ben-

Truth to us and to others is equal and
one:
Shall we bottle the free air, or hoard
up the sun?

Well know we our birthright may
serve but to show
How the meanest of weeds in the
richest soil grow;
But we need not disparage the good
which we hold;
Though the vessels be earthen, the
treasure is gold!

Enough and too much of the sect and
the name.
What matters our label, so truth be
our aim?
The creed may be wrong, but the life
may be true,
And hearts beat the same under drab
coats or blue.

So the man *be* a man, let him worship,
at will, [hill.
In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's
When she makes up her jewels, what
cares you good town
For the Baptist of WAYLAND, the
Quaker of BROWN?

And this green, favoured island, so
fresh and sea-blown,
When she counts up the worthies her
annals have known,
Never waits for the pitiful gaugers of
sect
To measure her love, and mete out
her respect.

Three shades at this moment seem
walking her strand,
Each with head halo-crowned, and
with palms in his hand,—
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and,
smiling serene [seen.
On prelate and puritan, Channing is

One holy name bearing, no longer
they need
Credentials of party, and pass-words
of creed;

The new song they sing hath a three-
fold accord,
And they own one baptism, one faith,
and one Lord !

But the golden sands run out : occa-
sions like these
Glide swift into shadow, like sails on
the seas :
While we sport with the mosses and
pebbles ashore,
They lessen and fade, and we see them
no more.

Forgive me, dear friends, if my
vagrant thoughts seem
Like a school-boy's who idles and
plays with his theme.
Forgive the light measure whose
changes display
The sunshine and rain of our brief
April day.

There are moments in life when the
lip and the eye
Try the question of whether to smile
or to cry ;
And scenes and reunions that prompt
like our own [tone.
The tender in feeling, the playful in

I, who never sat down with the boys
and the girls
At the feet of your Sloeums, and
Cartlands, and Earles, —
By courtesy only permitted to lay
On your festival's altar my poor gift,
to-day, —

I would joy in your joy : let me have
a friend's part
In the warmth of your welcome of
hand and of heart, —
On your playground of boyhood un-
bend the brow's care,
And shift the old burdens our shoulders
must bear.

Long live the good School ! giving
out year by year
Recruits to true manhood and woman-
hood dear :

Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty
sent forth, [worth !
The living epistles and proof of its

In and out let the young life as
steadily flow
As in broad Narragansett the tides
come and go ;
And its sons and its daughters in
prairie and town
Remember its honour, and guard its
renown.

Not vainly the gift of its founder was
made ; [were laid :
Not prayerless the stones of its corner
The blessing of Him whom in secret
they sought
Has owned the good work which the
fathers have wrought.

To Him be the glory for ever !—We
bear
To the Lord of the Harvest our wheat
with the tare.
What we lack in our work may He
find in our will,
And winnow in mercy our good from
the ill !

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE spake
on his dying day :
“ I will not have to shrive my soul a
priest in Slavery's pay.
But let some poor slave-mother whom
I have striven to free,
With her children from the gallows'-
stair put up a prayer for me ! ”

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led
him out to die ;
And lo ! a poor slave-mother with her
little child pressed nigh.
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender,
and the old harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering
ranks and kissed the negro's
child !

The shadows of his stormy life that
moment fell apart ;
And they who blamed the bloody
hand forgave the loving heart.
That kiss from all its guilty means
redeemed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter's hair
the martyr's aureole bent !

Perish with him the folly that seeks
through evil good !
Long live the generous purpose un-
stained with human blood !
Not the raid of midnight terror, but
the thought which underlies ;
Not the borderer's pride of daring,
but the Christian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the
Northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes
flash on the negro's spear.
But let the free-winged angel Truth
their guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than
might, and justice more than
mail !

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle
in array ;
In vain her trampling squadrons
knead the winter snow with clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle,
but she dares not harm the dove ;
And every gate she bars to Hate shall
open wide to Love !

FROM PERUGIA.

"The thing which has the most dissevered
the people from the Pope,—the *unforgivable*
thing,—the breaking-point between him and
them,—has been the encouragement and pro-
motion he gave to the officer under whom
were executed the slaughters of Perugia.
That made the breaking-point in many
honest hearts that had clung to him before."
—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S "Letters
from Italy."

THE tall, sallow guardsmen their
horse-tails have spread,
Flaming out in their violet, yellow,
and red ;

And behind go the lackeys in crimson
and buff,
And the chamberlains gorgeous in
velvet and ruff ;
Next, in red-legged pomp, come the
cardinals forth,
Each a lord of the Church and a
prince of the earth.

What's this squeak of the fife, and
this batter of drum ?
Lo ! the Swiss of the Church from
Perugia come, —
The militant angels, whose sabres
drive home
To the hearts of the malcontents,
cursed and abhorred,
The good Father's missives, and
"Thus saith the Lord !"
And lend to his logic the point of
the sword !

O maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn
O'er dark Thrasymenus, dishevelled
and torn !
O fathers, who pluck at your grey
beards for shame !
O mothers, struck dumb by a woe
without name !
Well ye know how the Holy Church
hiringling behaves,
And his tender compassion of prisons
and graves !

There they stand, the hired stabbers,
the blood-stains yet fresh,
That splashed like red wine from the
vintage of flesh, —
Grim instruments, careless as pincers
and rack
How the joints tear apart, and the
strained sinews crack ;
But the hate that glares on them is
sharp as their swords,
And the sneer and the scowl print
the air with fierce words !

Off with hats, down with knees, shout
your vivas like mad !
Here's the Pope in his holiday right-
eousness clad,

From shorn crown to toe-nail, kiss-
worn to the quick,
Of sainthood in purple the pattern
and pick,
Who the rôle of the priest and the
soldier unites,
And, praying like Aaron, like Joshua
fights !

Is this Pio Nono the gracious for
whom
We sang our hosannas and lighted all
Rome ;
With whose advent we dreamed the
new era began
When the priest should be human,
the monk be a man ?
Ah, the wolf's with the sheep, and
the fox with the fowl,
When Freedom we trust to the
crozier and cowl !

Stand aside, men of Rome ! Here's
a hangman-faced Swiss—
(A blessing for him surely can't go
amiss)—
Would kneel down the sanctified
slipper to kiss.
Short shrift will suffice him,—he's
blest beyond doubt ;
But there's blood on his hands which
would scarcely wash out,
Though Peter himself held the bap-
tismal spout !

Make way for the next ! Here's
another sweet son !
What's this mastiff-jawed rascal in
epaulets done ?
He did, whispers rumour (its truth
God forbid !)
At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem
did.
And the mothers ?—Don't name
them !—these humours of war
They who keep him in service must
pardon him for.

Hist ! here's the arch knave in a
cardinal's hat,
With the heart of a wolf, and the
stealth of a cat

(As if Judas and Herod together were
rolled),
Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's
conscience and gold,
Mounts guard on the altar, and pil-
fers from thence,
And flatters St. Peter while stealing
his pence !

Who doubts Antonelli ? Have mir-
acles ceased
When robbers say mass, and Barabbas
is priest ?
When the Church eats and drinks, at
its mystical board,
The true flesh and blood carved and
shed by its sword,
When its martyr, unsunged, claps the
crown on his head,
And roasts, as his proxy, his neigh-
bour instead !

There ! the bells jow and jangle the
same blessed way
That they did when they rang for
Bartholomew's day.
Hark ! the tallow-faced monsters, nor
women nor boys,
Vex the air with a shrill, sexless
horror of noise.
Te Deum laudamus !—All round
without stint
The incense-pot swings with a taint
of blood in't !

And now for the blessing ! Of little
account,
You know, is the old one they heard
on the Mount.
Its Giver was landless, His raiment
was poor,
No jewelled tiara His fishermen
wore ;
No incense, no lackeys, no riches, no
home,
No Swiss guards !—We order things
better at Rome.

So bless us the strong hand, and
curse us the weak ;
Let Austria's vulture have food for
her beak ;

Let the wolf-whelp of Naples play
 Bomba again,
 With his death-cap of silence, and
 halter, and chain ;
 Put reason, and justice, and truth
 under ban ;
 For the sin unforgiven is freedom for
 man !

FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

THE Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine
 Of fruitful Ceres, charm no more ;
 The woven wreaths of oak and pine
 Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still,
 And nature holds us still in debt ;
 And woman's grace and household
 skill,
 And manhood's toil, are honoured
 yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers
 And fruits, have come to own again
 The blessings of the summer hours,
 The early and the latter rain ;

To see our Father's hand once more
 Reverse for us the plenteous horn
 Of autumn, filled and running o'er
 With fruit, and flower, and golden
 corn !

Once more the liberal year laughs out
 O'er richer stores than gems or
 gold ; [shout
 Once more with harvest-song and
 Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
 Like Ruth, among her garnered
 sheaves ;
 Her lap is full of goodly things,
 Her brow is bright with autumn
 leaves.

O favours every year made new !
 O gifts with rain and sunshine sent !
 The bounty overruns our due,
 The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom
 on ;
 We murmur, but the corn-ears fill ;
 We choose the shadow, but the sun
 That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
 The power to make it Eden-fair,
 And richer fruits to crown our toil
 Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?
 Who scorns his native fruit and
 bloom ?
 Or sighs for dainties far away,
 Beside the bounteous board of
 home ?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Free-
 dom's arm
 Can change a rocky soil to gold,—
 That brave and generous lives can
 warm
 A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with
 flowers
 And piled with fruits, awake again
 Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
 The early and the latter rain !

NAPLES.

1860.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATER-
 STON, OF BOSTON.

I GIVE thee joy !—I know to thee
 The dearest spot on earth must be
 Where sleeps thy loved one by the
 summer sea ;

Where, near her sweetest poet's
 tomb,
 The land of Virgil gave thee room
 To lay thy flower with her perpetual
 bloom.

I know that when the sky shut down
 Behind thee on the gleaming town,
 On Baiæ's baths and Posilippo's crown ;

And, through thy tears, the mock-
 ing day [away,
 Burned Ischia's mountain lines
 And Capri melted in its sunny bay,—

Through thy great farewell sorrow
 shot
 The sharp pang of a bitter thought
 That slaves must tread around that
 holy spot.

Thou knewest not the land was blest
 In giving thy beloved rest,
 Holding the fond hopes closer to her
 breast

That every sweet and saintly grave
 Was freedom's prophecy, and gave
 The pledge of Heaven to sanctify and
 save.

That pledge is answered. To thy
 ear
 The unchained city sends its cheer,
 And, tuned to joy, the muffled bells
 of fear

Ring Victor in. The land sits free
 And happy by the summer sea,
 And Bourbon Naples now is Italy !

She smiles above her broken chain
 The languid smile that follows pain,
 Stretching her cramped limbs to the
 sun again.

Oh, joy for all, who hear her call
 From grey Camaldoli's convent-
 wall
 And Elmo's towers to freedom's
 carnival !

A new life breathes among her vines
 And olives, like the breath of pines
 Blown downward from the breezy
 Apennines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that
 breath,
 Rejoice as one who witnesseth
 Beauty from ashes rise, and life from
 death !

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,
 Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain,
 Writing the grave with flowers :
 " Arisen again ! "

THE SUMMONS.

My ear is full of summer sounds,
 Of summer sights my languid eye ;
 Beyond the dusty village bounds
 I loiter in my daily rounds,
 And in the noon-time shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,
 The bird swings on the ripened
 wheat.

The long green lances of the corn
 Are tilting in the winds of morn,
 The locust shrills his song of heat.

Another sound my spirit hears,
 A deeper sound that drowns them
 all,—
 A voice of pleading choked with tears,
 The call of human hopes and fears,
 The Macedonian cry to Paul !

The storm-bell rings, the trumpet
 blows ;

I know the word and countersign ;
 Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,
 Where stand or fall her friends or foes,
 I know the place that should be
 mine.

Shamed be the hands that idly fold,
 And lips that woo the reed's accord,
 When laggard Time the hour has tolled,
 For true with false and new with old
 To fight the battles of the Lord !

O brothers ! blest by partial Fate
 With power to match the will and
 deed,
 To him your summons comes too late
 Who sinks beneath his armour's
 weight,
 And has no answer but God-speed !

THE WAITING.

I WAIT and watch : before my eyes
Methinks the night grows thin and
gray ;

I wait and watch the eastern skies
To see the golden spears uprise
Beneath the oriflamme of day !

Like one whose limbs are bound in
trance [grow,
I hear the day-sounds swell and
And see across the twilight glance,
Troop after troop, in swift advance,
The shining ones with plumes of
snow !

I know the errand of their feet,
I know what mighty work is theirs ;
I can but lift up hands unmeet,
The threshing-floors of God to beat,
And speed them with unworthy
prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair
The steps of progress wait for me :
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
And yet not mine if understood ;
For one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
And God shall make the balance
good.

O power to do ! O baffled will !
O prayer and action ! ye are one.
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still,
And good but wished with God is
done !

MOUNTAIN PICTURES.

I.

FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGE-
WASSET.

ONCE more, O Mountains of the North,
unveil [mantles by !
Your brows, and lay your cloudy

And once more, ere the eyes that seek
ye fail,
Uplift against the blue walls of the
sky

Your mighty shapes, and let the sun-
shine weave

Its golden net-work in your belt-
ing woods,

Smile down in rainbows from your
falling floods,

And on your kingly brows at morn
and eve

Set crowns of fire ! So shall my
soul receive

Haply the secret of your calm and
strength,

Your unforgotten beauty interfuse
My common life, your glorious
shapes and hues

And sun-dropped splendours at my
bidding come,

Loom vast through dreams, and
stretch in billowy length

From the sea-level of my lowland home !

They rise before me ! Last night's
thunder-gust

Roared not in vain : for where its
lightnings thrust

Their tongues of fire, the great peaks
seem so near,

Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold
and clear,

I almost pause the wind in the pines
to hear,

The loose rock's fall, the steps of
browsing deer.

The clouds that shattered on yon slide-
worn walls

And splintered on the rocks their
spears of rain

Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,
Making the dusk and silence of the
woods

Glad with the laughter of the chasing
floods,

And luminous with blown spray and
silver gleams

While, in the vales below, the dry-
lipped streams

Sing to the freshened meadow-
lands again.

So, let me hope, the battle-storm that
beats

The land with hail and fire may
pass away

With its spent thunders at the
break of day,

Like last night's clouds, and leave,
as it retreats,

A greener earth and fairer sky be-
hind,

Blown crystal-clear by Freedom's
Northern wind !

II.

MONADNOCK FROM WACHUSET.

I WOULD I were a painter, for the sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who
led,

A fitting guide, with reverential
tread,

Into that mountain mystery. First
a lake

Tinted with sunset ; next the wavy
lines

Of far receding hills ; and yet
more far,

Monadnock lifting from his night
of pines

His rosy forehead to the evening
star.

Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachuset laid
His head against the West, whose
warm light made

His aureole ; and o'er him, sharp
and clear,

Like a shaft of lightning in mid-
launching stayed,

A single level cloud-land, shone upon
By the fierce glances of the sunken
sun,

Menaced the darkness with its
golden spear !

So twilight deepened round us. Still
and black

The great woods climbed the moun-
tain at our back ;

And on their skirts, where yet the
lingering day

On the shorn greenness of the clear-
ing lay,

The brown old farm-house like a
bird's nest hung.

With home-like sounds the desert air
was stirred :

The bleat of sheep along the hill we
heard,

The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet
well,

The pasture-bars that clattered as
they fell ;

Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle
lowed ; the gate

Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the
merry weight

Of sun-brown children, listening,
while they swung,

The welcome sound of supper-call
to hear ;

And down the shadowy lane, in
tinklings clear,

The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell
rung.

Thus soothed and pleased, our back-
ward path we took,

Praising the farmer's home. He
only spake,

Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,
Like one to whom the far-off is
most near :

" Yes, most folks think it has a plea-
sant look ;

I love it for my good old mother's
sake,

Who lived and died here in the
peace of God ! "

The lesson of his words we pondered
o'er,

As silently we turned the eastern flank
Of the mountain, where its shadow

deepest sank,

Doubling the night along our rugged
road : [abode,—

We felt that man was more than his
The inward life than Nature's rai-
ment more ;

And the warm sky, the sundown-
tinted hill,

The forest and the lake, seemed
dwarfed and dim

Before the saintly soul, whose human
will [trod,

Meekly in the Eternal Footsteps

Making her homely toil and household ways
 An earthly echo of the song of praise
 Swelling from angel lips and harps
 of seraphim.

OUR RIVER.

FOR A SUMMER FESTIVAL AT "THE
 LAURELS" ON THE MERRIMACK.

ONCE more on yonder laurelled height
 The summer flowers have budded ;
 Once more with summer's golden light
 The vales of home are flooded ;
 And once more, by the grace of Him
 Of every good the Giver,
 We sing upon its wooded rim
 The praises of our river :

Its pines above, its waves below,
 The west-wind down it blowing,
 As fair as when the young Brissot
 Beheld it seaward flowing,—
 And bore its memory o'er the deep,
 To soothe a martyr's sadness,
 And freseo, in his troubled sleep,
 His prison-walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with
 streams
 Renowned in song and story,
 Whose music murmurs through our
 dreams
 Of human love and glory :
 We know that Arno's banks are fair,
 And Rhine has castled shadows,
 And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr
 Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung
 By painter or by poet,
 Our river waits the tuneful tongue
 And cunning hand to show it,—
 We only know the fond skies lean
 Above it, warm with blessing,
 And the sweet soul of our Undine
 Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks
 That graze its shores in keeping ;
 No icy kiss of Dian mocks
 The youth beside it sleeping :
 Our Christian river loveth most
 The beautiful and human ;
 The heathen streams of Naiads boast,
 But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears
 The ripple we are hearing ;
 It whispers soft to homesick ears
 Around the settler's clearing ;
 In Sacramento's vales of corn,
 Or Santee's bloom of cotton,
 Our river by its valley-born
 Was never yet forgotten.

The drum rolls loud,—the bugle fills
 The summer air with clangour ;
 The war-storm shakes the solid hills
 Beneath its tread of anger ;
 Young eyes that last year smiled in
 ours

" Now point the rifle's barrel,
 And hands then stained with fruits
 and flowers
 Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers
 bloom on,
 And rivers still keep flowing,—
 The dear God still His rain and sun
 On good and ill bestowing.

His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and
 wait !"
 His flowers are prophesying
 That all we dread of change or fall
 His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born !—no
 more

We ask the wise Allotter
 Than for the firmness of thy shore.
 The calmness of thy water,
 The cheerful lights that overlay
 Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
 To match our spirits to our day
 And make a joy of duty.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

ANDREW RYKMAN's dead and gone ;
 You can see his leaning slate
 In the graveyard, and thereon
 Read his name and date.

"*Trust is truer than our fears,*"
 Runs the legend through the moss,
 "*Gain is not in added years,*
Nor in death is loss."

Still the feet that thither trod,
 All the friendly eyes are dim ;
 Only Nature, now, and God
 Have a care for him.

There the dews of quiet fall,
 Singing birds and soft winds stray ;
 Shall the tender Heart of all
 Be less kind than they ?

What he was and what he is
 They who ask may haply find,
 If they read this prayer of his
 Which he left behind.

Pardon, Lord, the lips that dare
 Shape in words a mortal's prayer !
 Prayer, that, when my day is done,
 And I see its setting sun,
 Shorn and beamless, cold and dim,
 Sink beneath the horizon's rim,—
 When this ball of rock and clay
 Crumbles from my feet away,
 And the solid shores of sense
 Melt into the vague immense,
 Father ! I may come to Thee
 Even with the beggar's plea,
 As the poorest of Thy poor,
 With my needs, and nothing more.

Not as one who seeks his home
 With a step assured I come ;
 Still behind the tread I hear
 Of my life-companion, Fear ;
 Still a shadow deep and vast
 From my westerling feet is cast,
 Wavering, doubtful, undefined
 Never shapen nor outlined

From myself the fear has grown,
 And the shadow is my own.
 Yet, O Lord, through all a sense
 Of Thy tender providence
 Stays my failing heart on Thee,
 And confirms the feeble knee ;
 And, at times, my worn feet press
 Spaces of cool quietness,
 Lilled whiteness shone upon
 Not by light of moon or sun.
 Hours there be of inmost calm,
 Broken but by grateful psalm,
 When I love Thee more than fear
 Thee,
 And Thy blessed Christ seems near
 me,
 With forgiving look, as when
 He beheld the Magdalen.
 Well I know that all things move
 To the spherical rhythm of love,—
 That to Thee, O Lord of all !
 Nothing can of chance befall :
 Child and seraph, mote and star,
 Well Thou knowest what we are ;
 Through Thy vast creative plan
 Looking, from the worm to man,
 There is pity in Thine eyes,
 But no hatred nor surprise.
 Not in blind caprice of will,
 Not in cunning sleight of skill,
 Not for show of power, was wrought
 Nature's marvel in Thy thought.
 Never careless hand and vain
 Smites these chords of joy and
 pain ;
 No immortal selfishness
 Plays the game of curse and bless ;
 Heaven and earth are witnesses
 That Thy glory goodness is.
 Not for sport of mind and force
 Hast Thou made Thy universe,
 But as atmosphere and zone
 Of Thy loving heart alone.
 Man, who walketh in a show,
 Sees before him, to and fro,
 Shadow and illusion go ;
 All things flow and fluctuate,
 Now contract and now dilate
 In the welter of this sea,
 Nothing stable is but Thee ;
 In this whirl of swooning trance,
 Thou alone art permanence ;

All without Thee only seems,
 All beside is choice of dreams.
 Never yet in darkest mood
 Doubted I that Thou wast good,
 Nor mistook my will for fate,
 Pain of sin for heavenly hate,—
 Never dreamed the gates of pearl
 Rise from out the burning marl,
 Or that good can only live
 Of the bad conservative,
 And through counterpoise of hell
 Heaven alone be possible.
 For myself alone I doubt ;
 All is well, I know, without ;
 I alone the beauty mar,
 I alone the music jar.
 Yet, with hands by evil stained,
 And an ear by discord pained,
 I am groping for the keys
 Of the heavenly harmonies ;
 Still within my heart I bear
 Love for all things good and fair.
 Hands of want or souls in pain
 Have not sought my door in vain ;
 I have kept my fealty good
 To the human brotherhood ;
 Scarcely have I asked in prayer
 That which others might not share.
 I, who hear with secret shame
 Praise that paineth more than
 blame,
 Rich alone in favours lent,
 Virtuous by accident,
 Doubtful where I fain would rest,
 Frailest where I seem the best,
 Only strong for lack of test,—
 What am I, that I should press
 Special pleas of selfishness,
 Coolly mounting into heaven
 On my neighbour unforgiven ?
 Ne'er to me, howe'er disguised,
 Comes a saint unrecognised ;
 Never fails my heart to greet
 Noble deed with warmer beat ;
 Halt and maimed, I own not less
 All the grace of holiness ;
 Nor, through shame or self-distrust,
 Less I love the pure and just.
 Lord, forgive these words of mine :
 What have I that is not Thine ?—
 Whatsoe'er I fain would boast
 Needs Thy pitying pardon most.

Thou, O Elder Brother ! who
 In Thy flesh our trial knew,
 Thou, who hast been touched by
 these
 Our most sad infirmities,
 Thou alone the gulf caust span
 In the dual heart of man,
 And between the soul and sense
 Reconcile all difference,
 Change the dream of me and mine
 For the truth of Thee and Thine,
 And, through chaos, doubt, and strife,
 Interfuse Thy calm of life.
 Haply, thus by Thee renewed,
 In Thy borrowed goodness good,
 Some sweet morning yet in God's
 Dim, æonian periods,
 Joyful I shall wake to see
 Those I love who rest in Thee,
 And to them in Thee allied
 Shall my soul be satisfied.

Scarcely Hope hath shared for me
 What the future life may be,
 Other lips may well be bold ;
 Like the publican of old,
 I can only urge the plea,
 " Lord be merciful to me !"
 Nothing of desert I claim,
 Unto me belongeth shame.
 Not for me the crowns of gold,
 Palms, and harpings manifold ;
 Not for erring eye and feet
 Jasper wall and golden street.
 What Thou wilt, O Father, give !
 All is gain that I receive.
 If my voice I may not raise
 In the elders' song of praise,
 If I may not, sin-defiled,
 Claim my birthright as a child,
 Suffer it that I to Thee
 As an hired servant be ;
 Let the lowliest task be mine,
 Grateful, so the work be Thine ;
 Let me find the humblest place
 In the shadow of Thy grace :
 Blest to me were any spot
 Where temptation whispers not.
 If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him on ;
 If a blinder soul there be.
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.

Make my mortal dreams come true
 With the work I fain would do ;
 Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant ;
 Let me find in Thy employ
 Peace that dearer is than joy ;
 Out of self to love be led
 And to heaven acclimated,
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seem my natural habitude.

So we read the prayer of him
 Who, with John of Labadie,
 Trod, of old, the oozy rim
 Of the Zuyder Zee.

Thus did Andrew Rykman pray.
 Are we wiser, better grown,
 That we may not, in our day,
 Make his prayer our own ?

THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.⁶⁸

In that blaek forest, where, when day
 is done,
 With a snake's stillness glides the
 Amazon
 Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the
 wood,
 The long, despairing moan of solitude
 And darkness and the absence of all
 good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound
 so drear,
 So full of hopeless agony and fear,
 His heart stands still and listens like
 his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell
 toll,
 Starts, drops his oar against the gun-
 wale's thole,
 Crosses himself, and whispers, "A
 lost soul !"

"No, Señor, not a bird. I know it
 well,—
 It is the pained soul of some infidel
 Or cursèd heretic that cries from hell.

"Poor fool ! with hope still mocking
 his despair,
 He wanders, shrieking on the mid-
 night air
 For human pity and for Christian
 prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb ! Our Holy
 Mother hath
 No prayer for him who, sinning unto
 death,
 Burns always in the furnace of God's
 wrath !"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,
 Lending new horror to that mournful
 cry,
 The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp : shadows
 deepen round,
 From giant trees with snake-like
 creepers wound,
 And the black water glides without a
 sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense
 Of nature plastic to benign intents,
 And an eternal good in Providence,

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his
 eyes ;
 And lo ! rebuking all earth's ominous
 cries, [skies !
 The Cross of pardon lights the tropic

"Father of all !" he urges his strong
 plea,
 "Thou lovest all : Thy erring child
 may be
 Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee !

"All souls are Thine ; the wings of
 morning bear
 None from that Presence which is
 everywhere, [there.
 Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art

“Through sins of sense, perversities
of will,
Through doubt and pain, through
guilt and shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature
still.

“Wilt Thou not make, Eternal Source
and Goal !
In Thy long years, life’s broken circle
whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost
soul ?”

ITALY.

Across the sea I heard the groans
Of nations in the intervals
Of wind and wave. Their blood and
bones
Cried out in torture, crushed by
thrones,
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

I dreamed of Freedom slowly gained
By martyrmeekness, patience, faith,
And lo ! an athlete grimly stained,
With corded muscles battle-strained,
Shouting it from the fields of death !

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,
Among the clamouring thousands
mute,
I only know that God is right,
And that the children of the light
Shall tread the darkness under foot.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,
That sultry skies the bolt will form
To smite them clear ; that Nature must
The balance of her powers adjust,
Though with the earthquake and
the storm.

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice !
I bow before His sterner plan.
Dumb are the organs of my choice ;
He speaks in battle’s stormy voice,
His praise is in the wrath of man !

Yet, surely as He lives, the day
Of peace He promised shall be ours,
To fold the flags of war, and lay
Its sword and spear to rust away,
And sow its ghastly fields with
flowers !

THE RIVER PATH.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water’s hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew ;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river’s farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the
gloom :
With them the sunset’s rosy bloom ;

While dark, through willowy vistas
seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or
sun.
We spake not, but our thought was
one.

We paused, as if from that bright
shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before ;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear !

Sudden our pathway turned from
night ;

The hills swung open to the light ;

Through their green gates the sun-
shine showed,

A long, slant splendour downward
flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it
rolled ;

It bridged the shaded stream with
gold ;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadow with the sunlit side !

“So,” prayed we, “when our feet
draw near

The river dark with mortal fear,

“And the night cometh chill with
dew,

O Father ! let Thy light break through !

“So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide !

“So let the eyes that fail on earth
On Thy eternal hills look forth ;

“And in Thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below !”

A MEMORIAL.

M. A. C.

OH, thicker, deeper, darker growing,
The solemn vista to the tomb
Must know henceforth another sha-
dow,
And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers,
We walked, O friend, from child-
hood's day ;
And, looking back o'er fifty summers,
Our footprints track a common way.

One in our faith, and one our longing
To make the world within our reach
Somewhat the better for our living,
And gladder for our human speech.

Thou heard'st with me the far-off
voices,
The old beguiling song of fame,
But life to thee was warm and pre-
sent,
And love was better than a name.

To homely joys and loves and friend-
ships
Thy genial nature fondly elung ;
And so the shadow on the dial
Ran back and left thee always
young.

And who could blame the generous
weakness
Which, only to thyself unjust,
So overprized the worth of others,
And dwarfed thy own with self-dis-
trust ?

All hearts grew warmer in the pre-
sence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest
sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and
prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly
words ; [chambers,
In thy large heart were fair guest-
Open to sunrise and the birds !

The task was thine to mould and
fashion
Life's plastic newness into grace ;
To make the boyish heart heroic,
And light with thought the maiden's
face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,
With bended heads of mourning,
stand
The living forms that owe their beauty
And fitness to thy shaping hand.

Thy call has come in ripened man-
hood,
The noonday calm of heart and
mind,
While I, who dreamed of thy remain-
ing
To mourn me, linger still behind :

Live on, to own, with self-upbraiding,
A debt of love still due from me,—
The vain remembrance of occasions,
For ever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred
To join the silent funeral prayers,
But all that long sad day of summer
My tears of mourning dropped with
theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with
sorrow,
The birds forgot their merry trills:
All day I heard the pines lamenting
With thine upon thy homestead
hills.

Green be those hillside pines for ever,
And green the meadowy lowlands
be,
And green the old memorial beeches,
Name-carven in the woods of Lee !

Still let them greet thy life com-
panions
Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,
In every mossy line recalling
A tender memory sadly sweet.

O friend ! if thought and sense avail
not
To know thee henceforth as thou
art,
That all is well with thee for ever
I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,
Thine the green pastures blossom-
sown,
And smiles of saintly recognition,
As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and
shadow
To meet us, but to thee we come ;
With thee we never can be strangers,
And where thou art must still be
home.

 HYMN.

SUNG AT CHRISTMAS BY THE SCHOLARS
OF ST. HELENA'S ISLAND, S. C.

O NONE in all the world before
Were ever glad as we !
We're free on Carolina's shore,
We're all at home and free.

Thou Friend and Helper of the poor,
Who suffered for our sake,
To open every prison door,
And every yoke to break !

Bend low Thy pitying face and mild,
And help us sing and pray ;
The hand that blessed the little child,
Upon our foreheads lay.

We hear no more the driver's horn,
No more the whip we fear,
This holy day that saw Thee born
Was never half so dear.

The very oaks are greener clad,
The waters brighter smile ;
O never shone a day so glad
On sweet St. Helen's isle.

We praise Thee in our songs to-day,
To Thee in prayer we call,
Make swift the feet and straight the
way
Of freedom unto all.

Come once again, O blessed Lord !
Come walking on the sea !
And let the mainlands hear the word
That sets the islands free !

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have
The quiet aisles of prayer, [trod
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument ;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds :
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought ?
Who talks of scheme and plan ?
The Lord is God ! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the
ground
Ye tread with boldness shod ;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice ; even such
His pitying love I deem :
Ye seek a king ; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss ;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.
More than your schoolmen teach,
within
Myself, alas ! I know ;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within ;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings ;
I know that God is good !

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above :
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist,
own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove ;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers ! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on Thee !

OUR MASTER.

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
 For ever flowing free,
 For ever shared, for ever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the name
 All other names above ;
 Love only knoweth whence it came,
 And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
 The mists of earth away !
 Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
 How wide and far we stray !

Hush every lip, close every book,
 The strife of tongues forbear ;
 Why forward reach, or backward look,
 For love that clasps like air ?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down :
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For Him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
 The lineaments restore
 Of Him we know in outward shape
 And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign ;
 The world's long hope is dim ;
 The weary centuries watch in vain
 The clouds of heaven for Him.

Death comes, life goes ; the asking eye
 And ear are answerless ;
 The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
 Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, the systems fall,
 And every symbol wanes ;
 The Spirit over-brooding all
 Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
 Or earth below they look,
 Who know with John His smile of
 love,
 With Peter His rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
 Of sorrow over sin,
 He is His own best evidence,
 His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
 Nor dream of bards and seers,
 No dead fact stranded on the shore
 Of the oblivious years ;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He ;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain ;
 We touch Him in life's throng and
 press,
 And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are
 said
 Our lips of childhood frame,
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all !
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

Thou judgest us ; Thy purity
 Doth all our lusts condemn ;
 The love that draws us nearer Thee
 Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight ;
 And, naked to Thy glance,
 Our secret sins are in the light
 Of Thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress
 Thy tender light shines in ;
 Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
 Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own ;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong ;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates Thee, who loves be-
comes
Therein to Thee allied ;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly
Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God !

O Love ! O Life ! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one :
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way !

The homage that we render Thee
Is still our Father's own ;
Nor jealous claim nor rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath,
No place for me and mine ;
Our human strength is weakness,
death
Our life, apart from Thine.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done ;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable !
Thy saving name is given ;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven !

How vain, secure in all Thou art,
Our noisy championship !—
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor Thine the zealot's ban ;
Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our
Lord,
What may Thy service be ?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone ;
He serves Thee best who loveth most
His brothers and Thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude ;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas
bells,
Thy inward altars raise ;
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
And its obedience praise !

THE VANISHERS.

SWEETEST of all childlike dreams

In the simple Indian lore
Still to me the legend seems
Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,
Never reached nor found at rest,
Baffling search, but beckoning on
To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,
Through the dark of lowland firs,
Flash the eyes and flow the locks
Of the mystic Vanishers !

And the fisher in his skiff,
And the hunter on the moss,
Hear their call from cape and cliff,
See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green
Twilight of the clustered pines,
In their faces rarely seen
Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow
On the slopes of westering knolls ;
In the wind they whisper low
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine !
Thou and I have seen them too ;
On before with beck and sign
Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail
In the gold of setting day ;
More than gleams of wing or sail
Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,
Gleams and glories seen and flown,
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,
Airs from viewless Eden blown,—

Beauty that eludes our grasp,
Sweetness that transcends our taste,
Loving hands we may not clasp,
Shining feet that mock our haste,—

Gentle eyes we closed below,
Tender voices heard once more,
Smile and call us, as they go
On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine !
Let us walk our little way,
Knowing by each beckoning sign
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still, with baffled feet,
Smiling eye and waving hand,
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,
Lost and found, in Sunset Land !

REVISITED.

READ AT THE "LAURELS," ON THE
MERRIMACK, 6TH MONTH, 1865.

THE roll of drums and the bugle's
wailing
Vex the air of our vales no more ;
The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,
The share is the sword the soldier
wore !

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland
river,
Under thy banks of laurel bloom ;
Softly and sweet, as the hour be-
seemeth,
Sing us the songs of peace and
home.

Let all the tenderer voices of nature
Temper the triumph and chasten
mirth,
Full of the infinite love and pity
For fallen martyr and darkened
hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for
ashes,
And the oil of joy for mourning
long,
Let thy hills give thanks, and all
thy waters
Break into jubilant waves of
song !

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,
Give us a waft of the north-wind
laden
With sweetbrier odours and breath
of kine !

Bring us the purple of mountain sun-
sets,
Shadows of clouds that rake the
hills,
The green repose of thy Plymouth
meadows,
The gleam and ripple of Campton
rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,
Slaves of fancy, through all thy
miles,
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,
And Winnepesaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to
fall ;
Play with thy fringes of elms, and
darken
Under the shade of the mountain
wall.

The cradle-song of thy hillside
fountains
Here in thy glory and strength re-
peat ;
Give us a taste of thy upland music,
Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses
Pour the music and weave the
flowers ;
With the song of birds and bloom of
meadows
Lighten and gladden thy heart and
ours.

Sing on ! bring down, O lowland river,
The joy of the hills to the waiting
sea ;
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of
mountains,
The breath of the woodlands, bear
with thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley,
Mirth and labour shall hold their
truce ;
Dance of water and mill of grinding,
Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the Northland's strength and
glory,
Pride and hope of our home and
race,—
Freedom lending to rugged labour
Tints of beauty and lines of grace.

Once again, O beautiful river,
Hear our greetings and take our
thanks ;
Hither we come, as Eastern pilgrims
Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet un-
trodden,
Though never His word has stilled
thy waves,
Well for us may thy shores be holy,
With Christian altars and saintly
graves.

And well may we own thy hint and
token [these,
Of fairer valleys and streams than
Where the rivers of God are full of
water,
And full of sap are His healing trees !

THE COMMON QUESTION.

BEHIND us at our evening meal
The grey bird ate his fill,
Swung downward by a single claw
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head aslant,
And, in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing,
And go to sleep ;"—but o'er and o'er
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said :—
 How like are men and birds !
 We all are saying what he says,
 In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,
 The girl with hoop and doll,
 And men with lands and houses, ask
 The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
 We fain the bag would cram ;
 We sigh above our crowded nets
 For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
 The vague desire can stay ;
 Self-love is still a Tartar mill
 For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all ;
 He knoweth all our wants ;
 And what we blindly ask of Him
 His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
 Might well be merged in one ;
 And nest and perch and hearth and
 church
 Repeat, " Thy will be done."

BRYANT ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

WE praise not now the poet's art,
 The rounded beauty of his song ;
 Who weighs him from his life apart
 Must do his nobler nature wrong.

Not for the eye, familiar grown
 With charms to common sight
 denied,—
 The marvellous gift he shares alone
 With him who walked on Rydal-
 side ;

Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,
 Too grave for smiles, too sweet for
 tears ;
 We speak his praise who wears to-day
 The glory of his seventy years.

When Peace brings Freedom in her
 train,
 Let happy lips his songs rehearse ;
 His life is now his noblest strain,
 His manhood better than his verse !

Thank God ! his hand on Nature's
 keys,
 Its eunung keeps at life's full span ;
 But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times
 like these,
 The poet seems beside the man !

So be it ! let the garlands die,
 The singer's wreath, the painter's
 meed,
 Let our names perish, if thereby
 Our country may be saved and freed !

HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF THOMAS STARR
 KING'S HOUSE OF WORSHIP, 1864.

AMIDST these glorious works of Thine,
 The solemn minarets of the pine,
 And awful Shasta's iey shrine,—

Where swell Thy hymns from wave
 and gale,
 And organ-thunders never fail,
 Behind the cataract's silver veil,—

Our puny walls to Thee we raise,
 Our poor reed-music sounds Thy praise :
 Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways !

For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,
 We urge Thee not with selfish prayers,
 Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before Thee, in an evil day,
 Our country's bleeding heart we lay,
 And dare not ask Thy hand to stay ;

But, through the war-cloud, pray to
 Thee
 For union, but a union free,
 With peace that comes of purity !

That Thou wilt bare Thy arm to save
 And, smiting through this Red Sea
 wave,
 Make broad a pathway for the slave !

For us, confessing all our need,
 We trust nor rite nor word nor deed,
 Nor yet the broken staff of creed.

Assured alone that Thou art good
 To each, as to the multitude,
 Eternal Love and Fatherhood,—

Weak, sinful, blind, to Thee we kneel,
 Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and
 feel
 Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these Western gates of Even
 We wait to see with Thy forgiven
 The opening Golden Gate of Heaven !

Suffice it now. In time to be
 Shall holier altars rise to Thee,—
 Thy Church our broad humanity !

White flowers of love its walls shall
 climb,
 Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,
 Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,—
 The music of the world's accord
 Confessing Christ, the Inward Word !

That song shall swell from shore to
 shore,
 One hope, one faith, one love, restore
 The seamless robe that Jesus wore.

THOMAS STARR KING.

THE great work laid upon his twoscore
 years
 Is done, and well done. If we drop
 our tears, [loved,
 Who loved him as few men were ever
 We mourn no blighted hope nor
 broken plan [and approved
 With him whose life stands rounded
 In the full growth and stature of a man.

Mingle, O bells, along the Western
 slope,
 With your deep toll a sound of faith
 and hope !
 Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-
 way down,
 From thousand-masted bay and
 steeped town !
 Let the strong organ with its loftiest
 swell [tell
 Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and
 That the brave sower saw his ripened
 grain.
 O East and West ! O morn and sunset
 twain
 No more for ever !—has he lived in
 vain
 Who, priest of Freedom, made ye
 one, and told
 Your bridal service from his lips of
 gold ?

THE CLEAR VISION.

I DID but dream. I never knew
 What charms our sternest season
 wore.
 Was never yet the sky so blue,
 Was never earth so white before.
 Till now I never saw the glow
 Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
 And never learned the bough's designs
 Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
 As that my eastern windows see ?
 Did ever such a moonlight take
 Weird photographs of shrub and
 tree ?

Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
 The music of the winter street ?
 Was ever yet a sound by half
 So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh ?

O Earth ! with gladness overfraught,
 No added charm thy face hath
 found ;
 Within my heart the change is
 wrought,
 My footsteps make enchanted
 ground.

From couch of pain and curtained room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west-winds of
spring

To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the
woods

Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and wind-flowers sway,
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own
The wiser love severely kind ;
Since, richer for its chastening grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.

The world, O Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by Thee prolonged ;
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful Thy works appear !

As thou hast made Thy world without,
Make Thou more fair my world
within ;
Shine through its lingering clouds of
doubt ;

Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin ;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to Thee and man ;
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best !

2nd mo., 1868.

THE DOLE OF JARL THORKELL.

THE land was pale with famine
And racked with fever-pain ;
The frozen fiords were fishless,
The earth withheld her grain.

Men saw the boding Fylgja
Before them come and go,
And, through their dreams, the Urdar-
moon
From west to east sailed slow !

Jarl Thorkell of Thevera
At Yule-time made his vow ;
On Rykdal's holy Doom-stone
He slew to Frey his cow.

To bounteous Frey he slew her ;
To Skuld, the younger Norn,
Who watches over birth and death,
He gave her calf unborn.

And his little gold-haired daughter
Took up the sprinkling-rod,
And smeared with blood the temple
And the wide lips of the god.

Hoarse below, the winter water
Ground its ice-blocks o'er and o'er ;
Jets of foam, like ghosts of dead waves,
Rose and fell along the shore.

The red torch of the Jokul,
Aloft in icy space,
Shone down on the bloody Horg-stone,
And the statue's carven face.

And closer round and grimmer
Beneath its baleful light
The Jotun shapes of mountains
Came crowding through the night.

The grey-haired Hersir trembled
As a flame by wind is blown ;
A weird power moved his white lips,
And their voice was not his own !

"The Æsir thirst !" he muttered ;
"The gods must have more blood
Before the tun shall blossom
Or fish shall fill the flood.

"The Æsir thirst and hunger,
And hence our blight and ban ;
The mouths of the strong gods water
For the flesh and blood of man !

"Whom shall we give the strong ones ?
Not warriors, sword on thigh ;
But let the nursling infant
And bedrid old man die."

"So be it !" cried the young men,
"There needs nor doubt nor parle ;"
But, knitting hard his red brows,
In silence stood the Jarl.

A sound of woman's weeping
 At the temple door was heard,
 But the old men bowed their white
 heads,
 And answered not a word.

Then the Dream-wife of Thingvalla,
 A Vala young and fair,
 Sang softly, stirring with her breath
 The veil of her loose hair.

She sang : "The winds from Alfheim
 Bring never sound of strife ;
 The gifts for Frey the meetest
 Are not of death, but life.

"He loves the grass-green meadows,
 The grazing kine's sweet breath ;
 He loathes your bloody Horg-stones,
 Your gifts that smell of death.

"No wrong by wrong is righted,
 No pain is cured by pain ;
 The blood that smokes from Doom-
 rings
 Falls back in redder rain.

"The gods are what you make
 them,
 As earth shall Asgard prove ;
 And hate will come of hating,
 And love will come of love.

"Make dole of skyr and black bread
 That old and young may live ;
 And look to Frey for favour
 When first like Frey you give.

"Even now over Njord's sea-meadows
 The summer dawn begins :
 The tun shall have its harvest,
 The fiord its glancing fins."

Then up and swore Jarl Thorkell :
 "By Gimli and by Hel,
 O Vala of Thingvalla,
 Thou singest wise and well !

"Too dear the Æsir's favours
 Bought with our children's lives ;
 Better die than shame in living
 Our mothers and our wives.

"The full shall give his portion
 To him who hath most need ;
 Of curdled skyr and black bread
 Be daily dole decreed."

He broke from off his neck-chain
 Three links of beaten gold ;
 And each man, at his bidding,
 Brought gifts for young and old.

Then mothers nursed their children,
 And daughters fed their sires,
 And Health sat down with Plenty
 Before the next Yule fires.

The Horg-stones stand in Rykdal ;
 The Doom-ring still remains ;
 But the snows of a thousand winters
 Have washed away the stains.

Christ ruleth now ; the Æsir
 Have found their twilight dim ;
 And, wiser than she dreamed, of old
 The Vala sang of Him !

THE TWO RABBIS.

THE Rabbi Nathan, twoscore years
 and ten,
 Walked blameless through the evil
 world, and then,
 Just as the almond blossomed in his
 hair,
 Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
 And miserably sinned. So, adding not
 falsehood to guilt, he left his seat,
 and taught
 No more among the elders, but went
 out
 From the great congregation girt about
 With sackcloth, and with ashes on his
 head,
 Making his grey locks greyer. Long
 he prayed,
 Smiting his breast ; then, as the Book
 he laid
 Open before him for the Bath-Col's
 choice,
 Pausing to hear that Daughter of a
 Voice,

Behold the royal preacher's words :
" A friend

Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end ;
And for the evil day thy brother lives."

Marvelling, he said : " It is the Lord
who gives

Counsel in need. At Ecbatana dwells
Rabbi Ben Isaac, who all men exeels
In righteousness and wisdom, as the
trees

Of Lebanon the small weeds that the
bees

Bow with their weight. I will arise,
and lay

My sins before him."

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with many
prayers ; [awares,

But even as one who, followed un-
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand
Thrill with its touch his own, and his
cheek fanned

By odours subtly sweet, and whispers
near

Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose
but hear,

So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chant-
ing low

The wail of David's penitential woe,
Before him still the old temptation
came,

And mocked him with the motion and
the shame

Of such desires that, shuddering, he
abhorred

Himself : and, crying mightily to the
Lord

To free his soul and cast the demon out,
Smote with his staff the blankness
round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent
day,

The towers of Ecbatana far away
Rose on the desert rim ; and Nathan,
faint

And footsore, pausing where for some
dead saint

The faith of Islam reared a domed
tomb, [whom

Saw some one kneeling in the shadow,

He greeted kindly : " May the Holy
One

Answer thy prayers, O stranger !"
Whereupon

The shape stood up with a loud cry,
and then,

Clasped in each other's arms, the two
grey men

Wept, praising Him whose gracious
providence

Made their paths one. But straight-
way, as the sense

Of his transgression smote him,
Nathan tore

Himself away : " O friend beloved, no
more

Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my
shame.

Haply thy prayers, since naught
availeth mine,

May purge my soul, and make it white
like thine.

Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned !"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The
desert wind [ing bare

Blew his long mantle backward, lay-
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.

" I too, O friend, if not in act," he
said,

" In thought have verily sinned.
Hast thou not read,

' Better the eye should see than that
desire

Should wander' ? Burning with a
hidden fire

That tears and prayers quench not, I
come to thee

For pity and for help, as thou to me.
Pray for me, O my friend !" But

Nathan cried,
" Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac !"

Side by side
In the low sunshine by the turban
stone

They knelt ; each made his brother's
woe his own,

Forgetting, in the agony and stress
Of pitying love, his claim of selfish-
ness ;

Peace, for his friend besought, his
own became ;
His prayers were answered in another's
name ;
And, when at last they rose up to
embrace,
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's
face !

Long after, when his headstone
gathered moss,
Traced on the targum - marge of
Onkelos
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words
were read :
*" Hope not the cure of sin till Self is
dead ;
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay the angels shall
forget ;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes
alone ;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy
own !"*

THE MEETING.

THE elder folks shook hands at last,
Down seat by seat the signal passed.
To simple ways like ours unused,
Half solemnised and half amused,
With long-drawn breath and shrug,
my guest
His sense of glad relief expressed.
Outside the hills lay warm in sun ;
The cattle in the meadow-run
Stood half-leg deep ; a single bird
The green repose above us stirred.
" What part or lot have you," he
said,
" In these dull rites of drowsy-head ?
Is silence worship ? Seek it where
It soothes with dreams the summer
air,
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,
But where soft lights and shadows fall,
And all the slow, sleep-walking hours
Glide soundless over grass and flowers !
From time and place and form apart,
Its holy ground the human heart,

Nor ritual-bound nor templeward
Walks the free spirit of the Lord !
Our common Master did not pen
His followers up from other men ;
His service liberty indeed,
He built no church, He framed no creed ;
But while the saintly Pharisee
Made broader his phylactery,
As from the synagogue was seen
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene
Through ripening cornfields lead the
way
Upon the awful Sabbath day,
His sermons were the healthful talk
That shorter made the mountain-walk,
His wayside texts were flowers and
birds, [words
Where mingled with His gracious
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

" Thy words are well, O friend," I
said ;
" Unmeasured and unlimited,
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,
The mystic Church of God has grown.
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands,
Unheard the voices still and small
Of its unseen confessional.
He needs no special place of prayer
Whose hearing ear is everywhere ;
He brings not back the childish days
That ringed the earth with stones of
praise,
Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid
The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.
Still less He owns the selfish good
And sickly growth of solitude,—
The worthless grace that, out of sight,
Flowers in the desert anchorite ;
Dissevered from the suffering whole,
Love hath no power to save a soul.
Not out of Self, the origin
And native air and soil of sin,
The living waters spring and flow,
The trees with leaves of healing grow.
" Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore ;

But nature is not solitude :
 She crowds us with her thronging
 wood ;
 Her many hands reach out to us,
 Her many tongues are garrulous ;
 Perpetual riddles of surprise
 She offers to our ears and eyes !
 She will not leave our senses still,
 But drags them captive at her will :
 And, making earth too great for
 heaven,
 She hides the Giver in the given.

“ And so, I find it well to come
 For deeper rest to this still room,
 For here the habit of the soul
 Feels less the outer world's control ;
 The strength of mutual purpose pleads
 More earnestly our common needs ;
 And from the silence multiplied
 By these still forms on either side,
 The world that time and sense have
 known
 Falls off and leaves us God alone.

“ Yet rarely through the charmed
 repose
 Unmixed the stream of motive flows,
 A flavour of its many springs,
 The tints of earth and sky it brings ;
 In the still waters needs must be
 Some shade of human sympathy ;
 And here, in its accustomed place,
 I look on memory's dearest face ;
 The blind by-sitter guessteth not
 What shadowhaunts that vacant spot :
 No eyes save mine alone can see
 The love wherewith it welcomes me !
 And still, with those alone my kin,
 In doubt and weakness, want and sin,
 I bow my head, my heart I bare
 As when that face was living there,
 And strive (too oft, alas ! in vain)
 The peace of simple trust to gain,
 Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay
 The idols of my heart away.

“ Welcome the silence all unbroken,
 Nor less the words of fitness spoken,—
 Such golden words as hers for whom
 Our autumn flowers have just made
 room ;

Whose hopeful utterance through and
 through
 The freshness of the morning blew ;
 Who loved not less the earth that
 light

Fell on it from the heavens in sight,
 But saw in all fair forms more fair
 The Eternal beauty mirrored there.
 Whose eighty years but added grace
 And saintlier meaning to her face,—
 The look of one who bore away
 Glad tidings from the hills of day,
 While all our hearts went forth to meet
 The coming of her beautiful feet !
 Or haply hers, whose pilgrim tread
 Is in the paths where Jesus led ;
 Who dreams her childhood's Sabbath
 dream

By Jordan's willow-shaded stream,
 And, of the hymns of hope and faith,
 Sung by the monks of Nazareth,
 Hears pious echoes, in the call
 To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall,
 Repeating where His works were
 wrought

The lesson that her Master taught,
 Of whom an elder Sibyl gave
 The prophecies of Cumæ's cave !

“ I ask no organ's soulless breath
 To drone the themes of life and death,
 No altar candle-lit by day,
 Nor ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,
 No cool philosophy to teach
 Its bland audacities of speech
 To double-tasked idolaters
 Themselves their gods and worship-
 pers,
 No pulpit hammered by the fist
 Of loud-asserting dogmatist,
 Who borrows from the hand of love
 The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.
 I know how well the fathers taught,
 What work the later schoolmen
 wrought ;

I reverence old-time faith and men,
 But God is near us now as then ;
 His force of love is still unspent,
 His hate of sin as imminent ;
 And still the measure of our needs
 Outgrows the cramping bounds of
 creeds ;

The manna gathered yesterday
 Already savours of decay ;
 Doubts to the world's child-heart un-
 known

Question us now from star and stone ;
 Too little or too much we know,
 And sight is swift and faith is slow ;
 The power is lost to self-deceive
 With shallow forms of make-believe.
 We walk at high noon, and the bells
 Call to a thousand oracles,
 But the sound deafens, and the light
 Is stronger than our dazzled sight ;
 The letters of the sacred Book
 Glimmer and swim beneath our look ;
 Still struggles in the Age's breast
 With deepening agony of quest
 The old entreaty : ' Art thou He,
 Or look we for the Christ to be ?'

"God should be most where man is
 least :

So, where is neither church nor priest,
 And never rag of form or creed
 To clothe the nakedness of need,—
 Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—
 I turn my bell-unsummoned feet ;
 I lay the critic's glass aside,
 I tread upon my lettered pride,
 And, lowest-seated, testify
 To the oneness of humanity ;
 Confess the universal want,
 And share whatever Heaven may
 grant.

He findeth not who seeks his own,
 The soul is lost that's saved alone.
 Not on one favoured forehead fell
 Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
 But flamed o'er all the thronging host
 The baptism of the Holy Ghost ;
 Heart answers heart : in one desire
 The blending lines of prayer aspire ;
 ' Where, in My name meet two or
 three,'

Our Lord hath said, ' I there will be !'

"So sometimes comes to soul and sense
 The feeling which is evidence
 That very near about us lies
 The realm of spiritual mysteries.
 The sphere of the supernal powers
 Impinges on this world of ours.

The low and dark horizon lifts,
 To light the scenic terror shifts ;
 The breath of a diviner air
 Blows down the answer of a prayer :
 That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
 A great compassion clasps about,
 And law and goodness, love and force,
 Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
 Then duty leaves to love its task,
 The beggar Self forgets to ask ;
 With smile of trust and folded hands,
 The passive soul in waiting stands
 To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
 The One true Life its own renew.

"So, to the calmly gathered thought
 The innermost of truth is taught,
 The mystery dimly understood,
 That love of God is love of good,
 And, chiefly, its divinest trace
 In Him of Nazareth's holy face ;
 That to be saved is only this,—
 Salvation from our selfishness,
 From more than elemental fire,
 The soul's unsanctified desire,
 From sin itself, and not the pain
 That warns us of its chafing chain ;
 That worship's deeper meaning lies
 In mercy, and not sacrifice,
 Not proud humilities of sense
 And posturing of penitence,
 But love's unforced obedience ;
 ' That Book and Church and Day are
 given

For man, not God,—for earth, not
 heaven,—

The blessed means to holiest ends,
 Not masters, but benignant friends ;
 That the dear Christ dwells not afar,
 The King of some remoter star,
 Listening, at times, with flattered
 ear

To homage wrung from selfish fear,
 But here, amidst the poor and blind,
 The bound and suffering of our kind,
 In works we do, in prayers we pray,
 Life of our life, He lives to-day."

THE ANSWER.

SPARE me, dread angel of reproof,
And let the sunshine weave to-day
Its gold-threads in the warp and woof
Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me awhile ; the flesh is weak.
These lingering feet, that fain would stray
Among the flowers, shall some day
seek
The strait and narrow way.

Take off thy ever-watchful eye,
The awe of thy rebuking frown ;
The dullest slave at times must sigh
To fling his burdens down ;

To drop his galley's straining oar,
And press, in summer warmth and
calm,
The lap of some enchanted shore
Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,
My heart its taste of long desire ;
This day be mine : be those to come
As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,
Smiting my selfish prayers away ;
"To-morrow is with God alone,
And man hath but to-day.

"Say not, thy foud, vain heart within,
The Father's arm shall still be
wide,
When from these pleasant ways of sin
Thou turn'st at eventide.

"'Cast thyself down,' the tempter
saith,
'And angels shall thy feet upbear.'
He bids thee make a lie of faith,
And blasphemy of prayer.

"Though God be good and free be
Heaven,
No force divine can love compel ;
And, though the song of sins forgiven
May sound through lowest hell,

"The sweet persuasion of His voice
Respects thy sanctity of will.
He giveth day : thou hast thy choice
To walk in darkness still ;

"As one who, turning from the light,
Watches his own grey shadow fall,
Doubting, upon his path of night,
If there be day at all !

"No word of doom may shut thee out,
No wind of wrath may downward
whirl,
No swords of fire keep watch about
The open gates of pearl ;

"A tenderer light than moon or sun,
Than song of earth a sweeter hymn,
May shine and sound for ever on,
And thou be deaf and dim.

"For ever round the Mercy-seat
The guiding lights of Love shall
burn ;
But what if, habit-bound, thy feet
Shall lack the will to turn ?

"What if thine eye refuse to see,
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome
fail,
And thou a willing captive be,
Thyself thy own dark jail ?

"O doom beyond the saddest guess,
As the long years of God unroll
To make thy dreary selfishness
The prison of a soul !

"To doubt the love that fain would
break
The fetters from thyself-bound limb ;
And dream that God can thee forsake
As thou forsakest Him !"

G. L. S.

HE has done the work of a true man,—
Crown him, honour him, love him.
Weep over him, tears of woman,
Stoop manliest brows above him !

O dusky mothers and daughters,
 Vigils of mourning keep for him !
 Up in the mountains, and down by
 the waters,
 Lift up your voices and weep for
 him !

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,
 The freest of hands is still ;
 And the gap in our picked and chosen
 The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,
 No need his will outrun ;
 Or ever our lips could ask him,
 His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,
 Himself to his neighbour lending ;
 He found the Lord in his suffering
 brothers,
 And not in the clouds descending.

So the bed was sweet to die on,
 Whence he saw the doors widenswung
 Against whose bolted iron
 The strength of his life was flung.

And he saw ere his eye was darkened
 The sheaves of the harvest-bringing,
 And knew while his ear yet hearkened
 The voice of the reapers singing.

Ah, well !—the world is discreet ;
 There are plenty to pause and
 wait ;
 But here was a man who set his feet
 Sometimes in advance of fate, —

Plucked off the old bark when the
 inner
 Was slow to renew it,
 And put to the Lord's work the sinner,
 When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing
 A worthier paladin.
 Shall he not hear the blessing,
 " Good and faithful, enter in ! "

FREEDOM IN BRAZIL.

WITH clearer light, Cross of the South,
 shine forth
 In blue Brazilian skies ;
 And thou, O river, cleaving half the
 earth
 From sunset to sunrise,
 From the great mountains to the
 Atlantic waves
 Thy joy's long anthem pour.
 Yet a few days (God make them
 less !) and slaves
 Shall shame thy pride no more.
 No fettered feet thy shaded margins
 press ;
 But all men shall walk free
 Where thou, the high-priest of the
 wilderness,
 Hast wedded sea to sea.

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through
 whose mouth
 The word of God is said,
 Once more, " Let there be light ! "—
 Son of the South,
 Lift up thy honoured head,
 Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert
 More than by birth thy own,
 Careless of watch and ward ; thou art
 begirt
 By grateful hearts alone.
 The moated wall and battle-ship may
 fail,
 But safe shall justice prove ;
 Stronger than greaves of brass or iron
 mail
 The panoply of love.

Crowned doubly by man's blessing
 and God's grace,
 Thy future is secure ;
 Who frees a people makes his statue's
 place
 In Time's Valhalla sure.
 Lo ! from his Neva's banks the
 Scythian Czar
 Stretches to thee his hand,
 Who, with the pencil of the Northern
 star,
 Wrote freedom on his land.

And he whose grave is holy by our
calm

And prairied Sangamon,
From his gaunt hand shall drop the
martyr's palm
To greet thee with "Well done!"

And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy
face make sweet,

And let thy wail be stilled,
To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat
Her promise half fulfilled.

The Voice that spake at Nazareth
speaks still,

No sound thereof hath died ;
Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal
will

Shall yet be satisfied.
The years are slow, the vision tarrieth
long,

And far the end may be ;
But, one by one, the fiends of ancient
wrong

Go out and leave thee free.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

LONG since, a dream of heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me
oft ;

I see the saints in white robes clad,
The martyrs with their palms aloft ;
But hearing still, in middle song,

The ceaseless dissonance of wrong ;
And shrinking, with hid faces, from
the strain

Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse
and pain.

The glad song falters to a wail,
The harping sinks to low lament ;
Before the still uplifted veil

I see the crowned foreheads bent,
Making more sweet the heavenly
air,

With breathings of unselfish prayer ;
And a Voice saith : " O Pity which is
pain,

O Love that weeps, fill up My suffer-
ings which remain !

" Shall souls redeemed by Me refuse
To share My sorrow in their turn ?

Or, sin-forgiven, My gift abuse
Of peace with selfish unconcern ?
Has saintly ease no pitying care ?

Has faith no work, and love no
prayer ?

While sin remains, and souls in dark-
ness dwell,

Can heaven itself be heaven, and look
unmoved on hell ? "

Then through the Gates of Pain, I
dream,

A wind of heaven blows coolly in ;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more
thin,

Tears quench the burning soil, and
thence [itence ;

Spring sweet, pale flowers of pen-
And through the dreary realm of
man's despair,

Star-crowned an angel walks, and lo !
God's hope is there !

Is it a dream? Is heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air ?

Its happy eyes for ever dry,
Its holy lips without a prayer !
My God ! my God ! if thither led

By Thy free grace unmerited,
No crown nor palm be mine, but let
me keep

A heart that still can feel, and eyes
that still can weep.

LINES ON A FLY-LEAF.

I NEED not ask thee, for my sake,
To read a book which well may make

Its way by native force of wit
Without my manual sign to it.
Its piquant writer needs from me

No gravely masculine guaranty,
And well might laugh her merriest
laugh

At broken spears in her behalf ;
Yet, spite of all the critics tell,
I frankly own I like her well.

It may be that she wields a pen [men,
 Too sharply nibbed for thin-skinned
 That her keen arrows search and try
 The armour joints of dignity,
 And, though alone for error meant,
 Sing through the air irreverent.
 I blame her not, the young athlete
 Who plants her woman's tiny feet,
 And dares the chances of debate
 Where bearded men might hesitate,
 Who, deeply earnest, seeing well
 The ludicrous and laughable,
 Mingling in eloquent excess
 Her anger and her tenderness,
 And, chiding with a half-caress,
 Strives, less for her own sex than ours,
 With principalities and powers,
 And points us upward to the clear
 Sunned heights of her new atmosphere.

Heaven mend her faults!—I will not
 pause

To weigh and doubt and peck at flaws,
 Or waste my pity when some fool
 Provokes her measureless ridicule.
 Strong-minded is she? Better so
 Than dulness set for sale or show,
 A household folly, capped and belled
 In fashion's dance of puppets held,
 Or poor pretence of womanhood,
 Whose formal, flavourless platitude
 Is warranted from all offence
 Of robust meaning's violence.

Give me the wine of thought whose bead
 Sparkles along the page I read.

Electric words in which I find
 The tonic of the north-west wind,—
 The wisdom which itself allies
 To sweet and pure humanities,
 Where scorn of meanness, hate of
 wrong,

Are underlaid by love as strong;
 The genial play of mirth that lights
 Grave themes of thought, as, when on
 nights

Of summer-time, the harmless blaze
 Of thunderless heat-lightning plays,
 And tree and hill-top resting dim
 And doubtful on the sky's vague rim,
 Touched by that soft and lambent
 gleam, [dream,
 Start sharply outlined from their

Talk not to me of woman's sphere,
 Nor point with Scripture texts a sneer,
 Nor wrong the manliest saint of all
 By doubt, if he were here, that Paul
 Would own the heroines who have lent
 Grace to truth's stern arbitrament,
 Foregone the praise to woman sweet,
 And cast their crowns at Duty's feet;
 Let her, who by her strong Appeal
 Made Fashion weep and Mammon feel,
 Who, earliest summoned to withstand
 The colour-madness of the land,
 Counted her life-long losses gain,
 And made her own her sisters' pain;
 Or her who, in her greenwood shade,
 Heard the sharp call that Freedom
 made, [lyre

And, answering, struck from Sappho's
 Of love the Tyrtaean earnest's fire:
 Or that young girl,—Domrémy's maid
 Revived a nobler cause to aid,—
 Shaking from warning finger-tips
 The doom of her apocalypse;
 Or her, who world-wide entrance
 gave

To the log-cabin of the slave,
 Made all his want and sorrow known,
 And all earth's languages his own.

— — —
 HYMN

FOR THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP AT
 GEORGETOWN.

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF A MOTHER.

THOU dwellest not, O Lord of all!
 In temples which Thy children raise;
 Our work to Thine is mean and small,
 And brief to Thy eternal days.

Forgive the weakness and the pride,
 If marred thereby our gift may be,
 For love, at least, has sanctified
 The altar that we rear to Thee.

The heart and not the hand has
 wrought
 From sunken base to tower above
 The image of a tender thought,
 The memory of a deathless love!

And though should never sound of
speech
Or organ echo from its wall,
Its stones would pious lessons teach,
Its shade in benedictions fall.

Here should the dove of peace be
found,
And blessings and not curses given ;
Nor strife profane, nor hatred wound,
The mingled loves of earth and
heaven.

Thou, who didst soothe with dying
breath
The dear one watching by Thy
cross,
Forgetful of the pains of death
In sorrow for her mighty loss,

In memory of that tender claim,
O Mother-born, the offering take,
And make it worthy of Thy name,
And bless it for a mother's sake !

NOREMBEGA.

[Norembega, or Norimbegue, is the name given by early French fishermen and explorers to a fabulous country south of Cape Breton, first discovered by Verrazzani in 1524. It was supposed to have a magnificent city of the same name on a great river, probably the Penobscot. The site of this barbaric city is laid down on a map published at Antwerp in 1570. In 1604 Champlain sailed in search of the Northern Eldorado, twenty-two leagues up the Penobscot from the Isle Haute. He supposed the river to be that of Norembega, but wisely came to the conclusion that those travellers who told of the great city had never seen it. He saw no evidences of anything like civilisation, but mentions the finding of a cross, very old and mossy, in the woods.]

THE winding way the serpent takes
The mystic water took,
From where, to count its beaded lakes,
The forest sped its brook.

A narrow space 'twixt shore and shore,
For sun or stars to fall,
While evermore, behind, before,
Closed in the forest wall.

The dim wood hiding underneath
Wan flowers without a name ;
Life tangled with decay and death,
League after league the same.

Unbroken over swamp and hill
The rounding shadow lay,
Save where the river cut at will
A pathway to the day.

Beside that track of air and light,
Weak as a child unweaned,
At shut of day a Christian knight
Upon his henchman leaned.

The embers of the sunset's fires
Along the clouds burned down ;
"I see," he said, "the domes and
spires
Of Norembega town."

"Alack ! the domes, O master mine,
Are golden clouds on high ;
Yon spire is but the branchless pine
That cuts the evening sky."

"O hush and hark ! What sounds
are these
But chants and holy hymns ?"
"Thou hear'st the breeze that stirs
the trees
Through all their leafy limbs."

"Is it a chapel bell that fills
The air with its low tone ?"
"Thou hear'st the tinkle of the rills,
The insect's vesper drone."

"The Christ be praised !—He sets for
A blessed cross in sight !" [me
"Now, nay, 'tis but yon blasted tree
With two gaunt arms onrigh !"]

"Be it wind so sad or tree so stark,
It mattereth not, my knave ;
Methinks to funeral hymns I hark,
The cross is for my grave !

"My life is sped ; I shall not see
My home-set sails again ;
The sweetest eyes of Normandie
Shall watch for me in vain.

“Yet onward still to ear and eye
The baffling marvel calls ;
I fain would look before I die
On Norembege’s walls.

“So, haply, it shall be thy part
At Christian feet to lay
The mystery of the desert’s heart
My dead hand plucked away.

“Leave me an hour of rest ; go thou
And look from yonder heights ;
Perchance the valley even now
Is starred with city lights.”

The henchman climbed the nearest
hill,
He saw nor tower nor town,
But, through the drear woods, lone
and still,
The river rolling down.

He heard the stealthy feet of things
Whose shapes he could not see,
A flutter as of evil wings,
The fall of a dead tree.

The pines stood black against the
A sword of fire beyond ; [moon,
He heard the wolf howl, and the loon
Laugh from his reedy pond.

He turned him back : “O master dear,
We are but men misled ;
And thou hast sought a city here
To find a grave instead.”

“As God shall will ! what matters
where
A true man’s cross may stand,
So Heaven be o’er it here as there
In pleasant Norman land ?

“These woods, perchance, no secret
Of lordly tower and hall ; [hide
Yon river in its wanderings wide
Has washed no city wall ;

“Yet mirrored in the sullen stream
The holy stars are given :
Is Norembege, then, a dream
Whose waking is in Heaven ?

“No builded wonder of these lands
My weary eyes shall see ;
A City never made with hands
Alone awaiteth me—

“ ‘*Urbs Syon mystica* ;’ I see
Its mansions passing fair,
‘*Condita celo* ;’ let me be,
Dear Lord, a dweller there !”

Above the dying exile hung
The vision of the bard,
As faltered on his failing tongue
The song of good BEARd.

The henchman dug at dawn a grave
Beneath the hemlocks brown,
And to the desert’s keeping gave
The lord of fief and town.

Years after, when the Sieur Champlain
Sailed up the unknown stream,
And Norembege proved again
A shadow and a dream,

He found the Norman’s nameless grave
Within the hemlock’s shade,
And, stretching wide its arms to save,
The sign that God had made,

The cross-boughed tree that marked
the spot
And made it holy ground :
He needs the earthly city not
Who hath the heavenly found.

NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON.

NAUHAUGHT, the Indian deacon, who
of old
Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his
narrowing Cape
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all
the winds
And the relentless smiting of the waves,
Awoke one morning from a pleasant
dream
Of a good angel dropping in his hand
A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name
of God.

He rose and went forth with the early
 day
 Far inland, where the voices of the
 waves
 Mellowed and mingled with the whis-
 pering leaves,
 As, through the tangle of the low,
 thick woods,
 He searched his traps. Therein nor
 beast nor bird
 He found; though meanwhile in the
 reedy pools
 The otter plashed, and underneath the
 pines
 The partridge drummed: and as his
 thoughts went back
 To the sick wife and little child at
 home,
 What marvel that the poor man felt
 his faith
 Too weak to bear its burden,—like a
 rope
 That, strand by strand uncoiling,
 breaks above
 The hand that grasps it. “Even now,
 O Lord!
 Send me,” he prayed, “the angel of
 my dream!
 Nauhaught is very poor; he cannot
 wait.”

Even as he spake he heard at his bare
 feet
 A low, metallic clink, and, looking
 down,
 He saw a dainty purse with discs of
 gold
 Crowding its silken net. Awhile he
 held
 The treasure up before his eyes, alone
 With his great need, feeling the won-
 drous coins
 Slide through his eager fingers, one
 by one.
 So then the dream was true. The
 angel brought
 One broad piece only; should he take
 all these?
 Who would be wiser, in the blind,
 dumb woods?
 The loser, doubtless rich, would
 scarcely miss

This dropped crumb from a table
 always full.
 Still, while he mused, he seemed to
 hear the cry
 Of a starved child; the sick face of
 his wife
 Tempted him. Heart and flesh in
 fierce revolt
 Urged the wild licence of his savage
 youth
 Against his later scruples. Bitter toil,
 Prayer, fasting dread of blame, and
 pitiless eyes
 To watch his halting,—had he lost for
 these
 The freedom of the woods;—the hunt-
 ing-grounds
 Of happy spirits for a walled-in heaven
 Of everlasting psalms? One healed
 the sick
 Very far off thousands of moons
 ago:
 Had he not prayed Him night and day
 to come
 And cure his bed-bound wife? Was
 there a hell?
 Were all his fathers' people writhing
 there—
 Like the poor shell-fish set to boil
 alive—
 For ever, dying never? If he kept
 This gold, so needed, would the dread-
 ful God
 Torment him like a Mohawk's captive
 stuck
 With slow-consuming splinters?
 Would the saints
 And the white angels dance and laugh
 to see him
 Burn like a pitch-pine torch? His
 Christian garb
 Seemed falling from him; with the
 fear and shame
 Of Adam naked at the cool of day,
 He gazed around. A black snake lay
 in coil
 On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong
 eye
 Watched from a dead bough. All his
 Indian lore
 Of evil blending with a convert's faith
 In the supernal terrors of the Book,

He saw the Tempter in the coiling
 snake
 And ominous, black-winged bird ;
 and all the while
 The low rebuking of the distant waves
 Stole in upon him like the voice of God
 Among the trees of Eden. Girding up
 His soul's loins with a resolute hand,
 he thrust
 The base thought from him : " Nau-
 haught, be a man !
 Starve, if need be ; but, while you
 live, look out
 From honest eyes on all men, un-
 ashamed.
 God help me ! I am deacon of the
 church,
 A baptized, praying Indian ! Should
 I do
 This secret meanness, even the bar-
 ken knots
 Of the old trees would turn to eyes to
 see it,
 The birds would tell of it, and all the
 leaves
 Whisper above me : ' Nauhaught is a
 thief !'
 The sun would know it, and the stars
 that hide
 Behind his light would watch me,
 and at night
 Follow me with their sharp, accusing
 eyes.
 Yea, Thou, God, seest me !" Then
 Nauhaught drew
 Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus
 The pain of hunger, and walked
 bravely back
 To the brown fishing-hamlet by the
 sea ; [asked :
 And, pausing at the inn-door, cheerily
 " Who hath lost aught to-day ?"
 " I," said a voice ;
 " Ten golden pieces, in a silken purse,
 My daughter's handiwork." He
 looked, and lo !
 One stood before him in a coat of frieze,
 And the glazed hat of a seafaring man,
 Shrewd-faced, broad-shouldered, with
 no trace of wings.
 Marvelling, he dropped within the
 stranger's hand

The silken web, and turned to go his
 way.
 But the man said : A tithe at least
 is yours ;
 Take it in God's name as an honest
 man."
 And as the deacon's dusky fingers
 closed
 Over the golden gift, " Yea, in God's
 name
 I take it, with a poor man's thanks,"
 he said.
 So down the street that, like a river
 of sand,
 Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer
 sea,
 He sought his home, singing and
 praising God ;
 And when his neighbours in their
 careless way
 Spoke of the owner of the silken
 purse—
 A Wellfleet skipper, known in every
 port
 That the Cape opens in its sandy
 wall—
 He answered, with a wise smile, to
 himself :
 " I saw the angel where they see a
 man."

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the
 road,
 A ragged beggar sunning ;
 Around it still the sumachs grow,
 And blackberry-vines are running.
 Within, the master's desk is seen,
 Deep scarred by raps official ;
 The warping-floor, the battered seats,
 The jack-knife's carved initial ;
 The charcoal frescoes on its wall ;
 Its door's worn sill, betraying
 The feet that, creeping slow to school,
 Went storming out to playing !

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting ;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled :
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered ;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower
fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you !"

Still memory to a grey-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing !

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss.
Like her,—because they love him.

GARIBALDI.

IN trance and dream of old, God's
prophet saw
The casting down of thrones. Thou,
watching lone
The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy
hilled,

Where, fringing round Caprera's
rocky zone
With foam, the slow waves gather
and withdraw,
Behold'st the vision of the seer ful-
filled,
And hear'st the sea-winds burdened
with a sound
Of falling chains, as, one by one,
unbound,
The nations lift their right hands up
and swear
Their oath of freedom. From the
chalk-white wall
Of England, from the black Car-
pathian range,
Along the Danube and the Theiss,
through all
The passes of the Spanish Pyrenees,
And from the Seine's thronged banks,
a murmur strange
And glad floats to thee o'er thy
summer seas
On the salt wind that stirs thy
whitening hair,—
The song of freedom's bloodless
victories ! [sword
Rejoice, O Garibaldi ! Though thy
Failed at Rome's gates, and blood
seemed vainly poured
Where, in Christ's name, the crownèd
infidel
Of France wrought murder with the
arms of hell
On that sad mountain slope whose
ghostly dead,
Unmindful of the grey exorcist's ban,
Walk, unappeased, the chambered
Vatican,
And draw the curtains of Napo-
leon's bed !
God's providence is not blind, but,
full of eyes,
It searches all the refuges of lies ;
And in His time and way, the ac-
cursed things
Before whose evil feet thy battle-
gage
Has clashed defiance from hot
youth to age
Shall perish. All men shall be priests
and kings,—

One royal brotherhood, one church
made free
By love, which is the law of liberty !
1869.

AFTER ELECTION.

THE day's sharp strife is ended now,
Our work is done, God knoweth how !
As on the thronged, unrestful town
The patience of the moon looks down,
I wait to hear, beside the wire,
The voices of its tongues of fire.

Slow, doubtful, faint, they seem at
first :
Be strong, my heart, to know the
worst !

Hark !—there the Alleghanies spoke ;
That sound from lake and prairie
broke,

That sunset-gun of triumph rent
The silence of a continent !

That signal from Nebraska sprung,
This, from Nevada's mountain-tongue !
Is that thy answer, strong and free,
O loyal heart of Tennessee ?

What strange, glad voice is that which
calls
From Wagner's grave and Sumter's
walls ?

From Mississippi's fountain-head
A sound as of the bison's tread !
There rustled freedom's Charter Oak !
In that wild burst the Ozarks spoke !
Cheer answers cheer from rise to set
Of sun. We have a country yet !

The praise, O God, be Thine alone !
Thou givest not for bread a stone ;
Thou hast not led us through thenight
To blind us with returning light ;
Not through the furnace have we
passed,
To perish at its mouth at last.

O night of peace, thy flight restrain !
November's moon, be slow to wane !

Shine on the freedman's cabin floor,
On brows of prayer a blessing pour ;
And give, with full assurance blest,
The weary heart of Freedom rest !
1868.

MY TRIUMPH.

THE autumn-time has come ;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling ;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear !

And present gratitude
Insures the future's good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be ;

That in the paths untrod
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me !
O dear ones gone above me !
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases :
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it ?

Let the thick curtain fall ;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted :
Deeper than written scroll
The colours of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue ;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner, but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbour;
An equal-handed labour;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unrequited steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

THE HIVE AT GETTYSBURG.

In the old Hebrew myth the lion's
frame,
So terrible alive,
Bleached by the desert's sun and wind,
became
The wandering wild bees' hive;

And he who, lone and naked-handed,
Those jaws of death apart, [tore
In after time drew forth their honeyed
store
To strengthen his strong heart.

Dead seemed the legend: but it only
To wake beneath our sky; [slept
Just on the spot whence ravening
Treason crept
Back to its lair to die,
Bleeding and torn from Freedom's
mountain bounds,
A stained and shattered drum
Is now the hive where, on their flowery
rounds,
The wild bees go and come.

Unchallenged by a ghostly sentinel,
They wander wide and far,
Along green hillsides, sown with shot
and shell,
Through vales once choked with war.
The low reveillé of their battle-drum
Disturbs no morning prayer;
With deeper peace in summer noons
their hum
Fills all the drowsy air.

And Samson's riddle is our own to
day,
Of sweetness from the strong,
Of union, peace, and content plucked
away
From the rent jaws of wrong.
From Treason's death we draw a purer
As, from the beast he slew, [life,
A sweetness sweeter for his bitter strife
The old-time athlete drew!

HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

Right in the track where Sherman
Ploughed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
Up from the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people,
With freedom newly dowered,
Where, beside their Northern teacher,
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children
 Of the poor and long-enslavèd
 Reading the words of Jesus,
 Singing the songs of David.
 Behold!—the dumb lips speaking,
 The blind eyes seeing!
 Bones of the Prophet's vision
 Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw them passing
 Their new life's portal!
 Almost it seemed the mortal
 Put on the immortal.
 No more with the beasts of burden,
 No more with stone and clod,
 But crowned with glory and honour
 In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
 Its manhood taking;
 There, in each dark, brown statue,
 A soul was waking!
 The man of many battles,
 With tears his eyelids pressing,
 Stretched over those dusky foreheads
 His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
 Fear for or doubt you;
 What shall I tell the children
 Up North about you?"
 Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,
 Some answer devising;
 And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
 Tell 'em we're rising!"

O black boy of Atlanta!
 But half was spoken:
 The slave's chain and the master's
 Alike are broken.
 The one curse of the races
 Held both in tether:
 They are rising,—all are rising,
 The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
 Ill comes of hate and scorning:
 Shall the dark faces only
 Be turned to morning?—
 Make Time your sole avenger,
 All-healing, all-redressing;
 Meet Fate half-way, and make it
 A joy and blessing!

TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD,

ON READING HER POEM IN "THE
 STANDARD."

THE sweet spring day is glad with
 music,
 But through it sounds a sadder
 strain;
 The worthiest of our narrowing circle
 Sings Loring's dirges o'er again.

O woman greatly loved! I join thee
 In tender memories of our friend;
 With thee across the awful spaces
 The greeting of a soul I send!

What cheer hath he? How is it with
 him?
 Where lingers he this weary while?
 Over what pleasant fields of Heaven
 Dawns the sweet sunrise of his smile?

Does he not know our feet are treading
 The earth hard down on Slavery's
 grave?

That, in our crowning exultations,
 We miss the charm his presence gave!

Why on this spring air comes no whisper
 From him to tell us all is well?
 Why to our flower-time comes no
 token
 Of lily and of asphodel?

I feel the unutterable longing,
 Thy hunger of the heart is mine;
 I reach and grope for hands in dark-
 ness,
 My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

Still on the lips of all we question
 The finger of God's silence lies;
 Will the lost hands in ours be folded?
 Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

O friend! no proof beyond this yearn-
 ing,
 This outreach of our hearts, we need;
 God will not mock the hope He giveth,
 No love He prompts shall vainly
 plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in
darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er ;
Some day their arms shall close about
us,
And the old voices speak once more.

No dreary splendours wait our coming
Where rapt ghost sits from ghost
apart ;
Homeward we go to Heaven's thanks-
giving,
The harvest-gathering of the heart.

— — —

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

ALONG the aisle where prayer was made
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Close-veiled, between the kneeling
host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk, and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone,
Pray for me !

Back from the place of worshipping
She glided like a guilty thing ;
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard ;
While, full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped :
“ *Pray for me !* ”

Back to the night from whence she
came,
To unimagined grief or shame !
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore ;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul,—
Pray for me !

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin !
Thou leav'st a common need within ;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless
weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid.
Pray for us !

Pass on ! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the common heart !
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Dumbly imploring as we go :
Pray for us !

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads
Our want perchance hath greater
needs ?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And Heaven bends low to hear the
prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair :
Pray for us !

In vain remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised hands against a fate
Whose walls of iron only move
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burdens fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all.
Pray for us !

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'er-
flow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not
know.
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine.
Pray for us !

— — —

A SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.

AT THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE, BROWN
UNIVERSITY, 29TH, 6TH MO., 1870.

TO-DAY the plant by Williams set
Its summer bloom discloses ;
The wilding sweetbrier of his prayers
Is crowned with cultured roses.

Once more the Island State repeats
The lesson that he taught her,
And binds his pearl of charity
Upon her brown-locked daughter.

- Is't fancy that he watches still
His Providence plantations?
That still the careful Founder takes
A part on these occasions?
- Methinks I see that reverend form,
Which all of us so well know:
He rises up to speak; he jogs
The presidential elbow.
- "Good friends," he says, "you reap
I sowed in self-denial, [a field
For toleration had its griefs
And charity its trial.
- "Great grace, as saith Sir Thomas
More,
To him must needs be given
Who heareth heresy and leaves
The heretic to Heaven!
- "I hear again the snuffled tones,
I see in dreary vision
Dyspeptic dreamers, spiritual bores,
And prophets with a mission.
- "Each zealot thrust before my eyes
His Scripture-garbled label;
All creeds were shouted in my ears
As with the tongues of Babel.
- "Scourged at one cart-tail, each
denied
The hope of every other;
Each martyr shook his branded fist
At the conscience of his brother!
- "How cleft the dreary drone of man
The shriller pipe of woman,
As Gorton led his saints elect,
Who held all things in common!
- "Their gay robes trailed in ditch and
swamp,
And torn by thorn and thicket,
The dancing-girls of Merry Mount
Came dragging to my wicket.
- "Shrill Anabaptists, shorn of ears;
Grey witch-wives, hobbling slowly;
And Antinomians, free of law,
Whose very sins were holy.
- "Hoarse Ranters, crazed Fifth Mon-
archists,
Of stripes and bondage braggarts,
Pale Churchmen, with singed rubrics
snatched
From Puritanic faggots.
- "And last, not least, the Quakers
came, [ing,
With tongues still sore from burn-
The Bay State's dust from off their
feet
Before my threshold spurning;
- "A motley host, the Lord's *débris*,
Faith's odds and ends together;
Well might I shrink from guests with
lungs
Tough as their breeches' leather:
- "If, when the hangman at their heels
Came, rope in hand to catch them,
I took the hunted outcasts in,
I never sent to fetch them.
- "I fed, but spared them not a whit;
I gave to all who walked in,
Not clams and succotash alone,
But stronger meat of doctrine.
- "I proved the prophets false I
pricked
The bubble of perfection,
And clapped upon their inner light
The snuffers of election.
- "And looking backward on my times,
This credit I am taking;
I kept each sectary's dish apart,
No spiritual chowder making.
- "Where now the blending signs of
Would puzzle their assorter, [sect
The dry-shod Quaker kept the land,
The Baptist held the water.
- "A common coat now serves for
both,
The hat's no more a fixture;
And which was wet and which was
dry,
Who knows in such a mixture?

“Well! He who fashioned Peter’s
dream

To bless them all is able ;
And bird and beast and creeping
thing
Make clean upon His table !

“I walked by my own light ; but
when
The ways of faith divided,
Was I to force unwilling feet
To tread the path that I did ?

“I touched the garment-hem of truth,
Yet saw not all its splendour ;
I knew enough of doubt to feel
For every conscience tender.

“God left men free of choice, as when
His Eden-trees were planted ;
Because they chose amiss, should I
Deny the gift He granted ?

“So, with a common sense of need,
Our common weakness feeling,
I left them with myself to God
And His all-gracious dealing !

“I kept His plan whose rain and sun
To fare and wheat are given ;
And if the ways to hell were free,
I left them free to heaven !”

Take heart with us, O man of old,
Soul-freedom’s brave confessor,
So love of God and man wax strong,
Let sect and creed be lesser.

The jarring discords of thy day
In ours one hymn are swelling ;
The wandering feet, the severed paths,
All seek our Father’s dwelling.

And slowly learns the world the truth
That makes us all thy debtor,—
That holy life is more than rite,
And spirit more than letter ;

That they who differ pole-wide serve
Perchance the common Master,
And other sheep He hath than they
Who graze one narrow pasture !

For truth’s worst foe is he who claims
To act as God’s avenger,
And deems, beyond his sentry-beat,
The crystal walls in danger !

Who sets for heresy his traps
Of verbal quirk and quibble,
And weeds the garden of the Lord
With Satan’s borrowed dibble.

To-day our hearts like organ keys
One Master’s touch are feeling ;
The branches of a common Vine
Have only leaves of healing.

Co-workers, yet from varied fields,
We share this restful nooning ;
The Quaker with the Baptist here
Believes in close communing.

Forgive, dear saint, the playful tone,
Too light for thy deserving ;
Thanks for thy generous faith in man,
Thy trust in God unswerving.

Still echo in the hearts of men
The words that thou hast spoken ;
No forge of hell can weld again
The fetters thou hast broken.

The pilgrim needs a pass no more
From Roman or Genevan ; [keeps
Thought-free, no ghostly tollman
Henceforth the road to Heaven !

“THE LAURELS.”

AT THE TWENTIETH AND LAST
ANNIVERSARY.

FROM these wild rocks I look to-day
O’er leagues of dancing waves, and
see
The far, low coast-line stretch away
To where our river meets the sea.

The light wind blowing off the land
Isburdened with old voices ; through
Shut eyes I see how lip and hand
The greeting of old days renew.

O friends whose hearts still keep their
 prime, [cheers,
 Whose bright example warms and
 Ye teach us how to smile at Time,
 And set to music all his years !

I thank you for sweet summer days,
 For pleasant memories lingering
 long,
 For joyful meetings, fond delays,
 And ties of friendship woven strong.

As for the last time, side by side,
 You tread the paths familiar grown,
 I reach across the severing tide,
 And blend my farewells with your
 own.

Make room, O river of our home !
 For other feet in place of ours,
 And in the summers yet to come,
 Make glad another Feast of Flowers !

Hold in thy mirror, calm and deep,
 The pleasant pictures thou hast seen ;
 Forget thy lovers not, but keep
 Our memory like thy laurels green.
 ISLES OF SHOALS, 7th mo., 1870.

HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION OF EMANCIPA-
 TION AT NEWBURYPORT.

NOT unto us who did but seek
 The word that burned within to speak,
 Not unto us this day belong
 The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth
 The burden of unwelcome truth,
 And left us, weak and frail and few,
 The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became,
 The air we breathed was hot with
 blame ;
 For not with gauged and softened tone
 We made the bondman's cause our
 own.

We bore, as Freedom's hope forlorn,
 The private hate, the public scorn ;
 Yet held through all the paths we trod
 Our faith in man and trust in God.

We prayed and hoped ; but still, with
 awe,
 The coming of the sword we saw ;
 We heard the nearing steps of doom,
 We saw the shade of things to come.

In grief which they alone can feel
 Who from a mother's wrong appeal,
 With blended lines of fear and hope
 We cast our country's horoscope.

For still within her house of life
 We marked the lurid sign of strife,
 And, poisoning and embittering all,
 We saw the star of Wormwood fall.

Deep as our love for her became
 Our hate of all that wrought her shame,
 And if, thereby, with tongue and pen
 We erred,—we were but mortal men.

We hoped for peace ; our eyes survey
 The blood-red dawn of Freedom's day :
 We prayed for love to loose the chain ;
 'Tis shorn by battle's axe in twain !

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours
 Has mined and heaved the hostile
 towers ;
 Not by our hands is turned the key
 That sets the sighing captives free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave
 Is piled and parted for the slave ;
 A darker cloud moves on in light ;
 A fiercer fire is guide by night !

The praise, O Lord ! is Thine alone,
 In Thy own way Thy work is done !
 Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,
 To whom be glory, first and last !

1865.

THE PAGEANT.

A SOUND as if from bells of silver,
Or elfin cymbals smitten clear,
Through the frost-pictured panes
I hear.

A brightness which outlines the
morning,
A splendour brooking no delay,
Beckons and tempts my feet away.

I leave the trodden village highway
For virgin snow-paths glimmering
through
A jewelled elm-tree avenue ;

Where, keen against the walls of
sapphire,
The gleaming tree-bolls, ice-em-
bossed,
Hold up their chandeliers of frost.

I tread in Orient halls enchanted,
I dream the Saga's dream of caves
Gem-lit beneath the North Sea
waves !

I walk the land of Eldorado,
I touch its mimic garden bowers,
Its silver leaves and diamond
flowers !

The flora of the mystic mine-world
Around me lifts on crystal stems
The petals of its clustered gems !

What miracle of weird transforming
In this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite !

This foregleam of the Holy City
Like that to him of Patmos given,
The white bride coming down
from heaven !

How flash the ranked and mail-clad
alders,
Through what sharp-glancing
spears of reeds
The brook its muffled water leads !

Yon maple, like the bush of Horeb,
Burns unconsumed : a white, cold
fire
Rays out from every grassy spire.

Each slender rush and spike of mullein,
Low laurel shrub and drooping
fern,
Transfigured, blaze where'er I
turn.

How yonder Ethiopian hemlock
Crowned with his glistening
circuit stands !
What jewels light his swarthy
hands !

Here, where the forest opens south-
ward,
Between its hospitable pines,
As through a door, the warm
sun shines.

The jewels loosen on the branches,
And lightly, as the soft winds
blow,
Fall, tinkling on the ice below.

And through the clashing of their
cymbals
I hear the old familiar fall
Of water down the rocky wall.

Where, from its wintry prison break-
ing,
In dark and silence hidden long,
The brook repeats its summer
song.

One instant flashing in the sunshine
Keen as a sabre from its sheath,
Then lost again the ice beneath.

I hear the rabbit lightly leaping,
The foolish screaming of the jay,
The chopper's axe-stroke far
away ;

The clamour of some neighbouring
barn-yard,
The lazy cock's belated crow,
Or cattle-tramp in crispy snow.

And, as in some enchanted forest
The lost knight hears his comrades sing,
And, near at hand, their bridles ring,

So welcome I these sounds and voices,
These airs from far-off summer blown,
This life that leaves me not alone.

For the white glory overawes me ;
The crystal terror of the seer
Of Chebar's vision blinds me here.

Rebuke me not, O sapphire heaven !
Thou stainless earth, lay not on me
Thy keen reproach of purity.

If, in this august presence-chamber,
I sigh for summer's leaf-green gloom
And warm airs thick with odorous bloom !

Let the strange frost-work sink and crumble,
And let the loosened tree-boughs swing,
Till all their bells of silver ring.

Shine warmly down, thou sun of noon-time,
On this chill pageant, melt and move
The winter's frozen heart with love.

And, soft and low, thou wind south-blowing,
Breathe through a veil of tenderest haze
Thy prophecy of summer days.

Come with thy green relief of promise,
And to this dead, cold splendour bring
The living jewels of the spring !

THE SINGER.

YEARS since (but names to me before),
Two sisters sought at eve my door ;
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A grey old farm-house in the West.

How fresh of life the younger one,
Half smiles, half tears, like rain in sun !
Her gravest mood could scarce displace
The dimples of her nut-brown face.

Wit sparkled on her lips not less
For quick and tremulous tenderness ;
And, following close her merriest glance,
Dreamed through her eyes the heart's romance.

Timid and still, the elder had
Even then a smile too sweetly sad ;
The crown of pain that all must wear
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet ere the summer eve grew long,
Her modest lips were sweet with song ;
A memory haunted all her words
Of clover-fields and singing birds.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed
The broad horizons of the west ;
Her speech dropped prairie flowers ;
The gold
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Fore-doomed to song she seemed to me :

I queried not with destiny :
I knew the trial and the need,
Yet, all the more, I said, God speed !

What could I other than I did ?
Could I a singing-bird forbid ?
Deny the wind-stirred leaf ? Rebuke
The music of the forest brook ?

She went with morning from my door,
But left me richer than before ;
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed : through all the land
her name

A pleasant household word became :
All felt behind the singer stood
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play ;
Her tired feet climbed a weary way ;
And even through her lightest strain
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her her fair fame grew,
The good she did she rarely knew.
Unguessed of her in life the love
That rained its tears her grave above.

When last I saw her, full of peace,
She waited for her great release ;
And that old friend so sage and bland,
Our later Franklin, held her hand.

For all that patriot bosoms stirs
Had moved that woman's heart of
hers,
And men who toiled in storm and sun
Found her their meet companion.

Our converse, from her suffering bed
To healthful themes of life she led :
The out-door world of bud and bloom
And light and sweetness filled her
room.

Yet evermore an underthought
Of loss to come within us wrought,
And all the while we felt the strain
Of the strong will that conquered pain.

God giveth quietness at last !
The common way that all have passed
She went, with mortal yearnings fond,
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,
My dear ones ! Give the singer place.
To you, to her,—I know not where,—
I lift the silence of a prayer.

For only thus our own we find ;
The gone before, the left behind,
All mortal voices die between ;
The unheard reaches the unscen.

Again the blackbirds sing ; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter
dreams,

And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed
The sweet surprises of the wood ;
And bird and flower are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter !

What to shut eyes has God revealed ?
What hear the ears that death has
sealed ?

What undreamed beauty passing show
Requites the loss of all we know ?

O silent land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow !

O white soul ! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well !

CHICAGO.

MEN said at vespers : " All is well !"
In one wild night the city fell ;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.
Men clasped each other's hands, and
said :

" The City of the West is dead !"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow
retreat,

The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding
glare,

The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round that sea of fire ;
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-
throbs came ;

In tears of pity died the flame !

From East, from West, from South
and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old ; but fairer still
The new, the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'er-
thrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city !—from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe ;
And build, as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again !

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness !
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart !

Ah ! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust ;
The Christ again has preached thro'
thee
The Gospel of Humanity !

Then lift oncemore thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous !

MY BIRTHDAY.

BENEATH the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year ;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell ;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well !

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,
I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature
take ;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will !
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun !

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamour of the throng !
How old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song !

Methinks the spirit's temper grows
Too soft in this still air ;
Somewhat the restful heart fore-
goes
Of needed watch and prayer

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle ears
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven re-
Dear Lord, the languid air ; [fresh,
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear !

Be near me in mine hours of need
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn !

THE BREWING OF SOMA.

"These libations mixed with milk have been prepared for Indra: offer Soma to the drinker of Soma."—*VASHISTA*. Trans. by *MAX MÜLLER*.

THE fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke
Up through the green wood curled ;
"Bring honey from the hollow oak,
Bring milky sap," the brewers spoke,
In the childhood of the world.

And brewed they well or brewed they ill,
The priests thrust in their rods,
First tasted, and then drank their fill,
And shouted, with one voice and will,
"Behold the drink of gods !"

They drank, and lo ! in heart and brain
A new, glad life began ;
The grey of hair grew young again,
The sick man laughed away his pain,
The cripple leaped and ran.

"Drink, mortals, what the gods have
Forget your long annoy." [sent,
So sang the priests. From tent to tent
The Soma's sacred madness went,
A storm of drunken joy.

Then knew each rapt inebriate
A winged and glorious birth,
Soared upward, with strange joy elate,
Beat, with dazed head, Varuna's gate,
And, sobered, sank to earth.

The land with Soma's praises rang ;
On Gihon's banks of shade
Its hymns the dusky maidens sang ;
In joy of life or mortal pang
All men to Soma prayed.

The morning twilight of the race
Sends down these matin psalms ;
And still with wondering eyes we trace
The simple prayers to Soma's grace,
That Vedic verse embalms.

As in that child-world's early year,
Age after age has striven
By music, incense, vigils drear,
And trance, to bring the skies more
near,
Or lift men up to heaven !—

Some fever of the blood and brain,
Some self-exalting spell,
The scourger's keen delight of pain,
The Dervish dance, the Orphic strain,
The wild-haired Bacchant's yell,—

The desert's hair-grown hermit sunk
The saner brute below ;
The naked santon, hashish-drunk,
The cloister madness of the monk,
The fakir's torture-show !

And yet the past comes round again,
And new doth old fulfil ;
In sensual transports wild as vain
We brew in many a Christian fane
The heathen Soma still !

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways !
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love !

With that deep hush subduing all

Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and
stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire,
Thy coolness and Thy balm ;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire :
Speak through the earthquake, wind,
and fire,
O still, small voice of calm !

A WOMAN.

OH, dwarfed and wronged, and stained
with ill,

Behold ! thou art a woman still !
And, by that sacred name and dear,
I bid thy better self appear.
Still, through thy foul disguise, I see
The rudimental purity,
That, spite of change and loss, makes
good

Thy birthright-claim of womanhood ;
An inward loathing, deep, intense ;
A shame that is half innocence.
Cast off the grave-clothes of thy sin !
Rise from the dust thou liest in,
As Mary rose at Jesus' word,
Redeemed and white before the Lord !
Reclaim thy lost soul ! In His name,
Rise up, and break thy bonds of shame.
Art weak ? He's strong. Art fearful ?
Hear

The world's O'ercomer : " Be of cheer !"
What lip shall judge when He ap-
proves ?

Who dare to scorn the child He loves ?

DISARMAMENT.

" PUT up the sword ! " The voice of
Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's
roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles
reaped
And left dry ashes ; over trenches
heaped
With nameless dead ; o'er cities starv-
ing slow
Under a rain of fire ; through wards
of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands,
lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off
homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never
comes !
O men and brothers ! let that voice
be heard.
War fails, try peace ; put up the use-
less sword !

Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights
grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shep-
herds sit
With grave responses listening unto it :
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of
look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests
shook.
" O son of peace ! " the giant cried,
" thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield
to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with
no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said : " Poor fiend, even thee
I love."
Lo ! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size ; the huge ab-
horrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove ;

And where the thunder of its rage
 was heard,
 Circling above him sweetly sang the
 bird :
 "Hate hath no harm for love," so
 ran the song ;
 "And peace unweaponed conquers
 every wrong !"

THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbour over the way
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
 Pushed from her ears the locks of
 gray,
 And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles,
 stopped,
 And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
 From bough to bough in the apple-
 tree.

"Nay !" said the grandmother ;
 "have you not heard,
 My poor, bad boy ! of the fiery pit,
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful
 bird
 Carries the water that quenches it ?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin :
 You can see the mark on his red breast
 still
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn ! my breast-
 burned bird,
 Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
 Very dear to the heart of our Lord
 Is he who pities the lost like Him !"

"Amen !" I said to the beautiful myth ;
 "Sing, bird of God, in my heart
 as well :
 Each good thought is a drop wherewith
 To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
 Tears of pity are cooling dew,
 And dear to the heart of our Lord are
 all
 Who suffer like Him in the good
 they do !"

THE SISTERS.

ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,
 Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
 Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
 And looked out into the storm and
 night.

"Hush, and hearken !" she cried in
 fear,
 "Hearest thou nothing, sister dear ?"

"I hear the sea, and the plash of rain,
 And roar of the north-east hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm
 No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
 That waves are roaring and wild winds
 blow ?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss
 The harbour-lights on a night like
 this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,
 Up from the sea on the wind it came !

"Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
 And the voice is the voice of Estwick
 Hall !"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head,
 "Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever
 swam
 He rides at anchor at Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on
thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and
tide,
And wringing her small white hands
she cried :

"O sister Rhoda, there's something
wrong ;
I hear it again, so loud and long.

" 'Annie ! Annie !' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick
Hall ! "

Upsprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest ! He never would call
thy name !

"If he did, I would pray the wind
and sea [me !"
To keep him for ever from thee and

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful
blast ;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a
groan,
But through her tears a strange light
shone,—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest !" she whispered, under
breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth !"

She came and stood by her sister's bed :
"Hall of the Heron is dead !" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work
have done, [sun.
We shall see him no more beneath the

"Little will reckon that heart of thine,
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and
eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I
wed ;
Thine the living, and mine the dead !"

MARGUERITE.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY, 1760.

THE robins sang in the orchard, the
buds into blossoms grew ;
Little of human sorrow the buds and
the robins knew !

Sick, in an alien household, the poor
French neutral lay ;
Into her lonesome garret fell the light
of the April day.

Through the dusty window, eurtained
by the spider's warp and woof,
On the loose-laid floor of hemlock, on
oaken ribs of roof.

The bedquilt's faded patchwork, the
teacups on the stand,
The wheel with flaxen tangle, as it
dropped from her sick hand !

What to her was the song of the robin,
or warm morning light,
As she lay in the trance of the dying,
heedless of sound or sight ?

Done was the work of her hands, she
had eaten her bitter bread ;
The world of the alien people lay be-
hind her dim and dead.

But her soul went back to its child-
time ; she saw the sun o'erflow
With gold the basin of Minas, and
set over Gasperan ;

The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the
rush of the sea at flood,
Through inlet and creek and river,
from dyke to upland wood ;

The gulls in the red of morning, the
fish-hawk's rise and fall,
The drift of the fog in moonshine,
over the dark coast-wall.

She saw the face of her mother, she
heard the song she sang ;
And far off, faintly, slowly, the bell
for vespers rang !

By her bed the hard-faced mistress sat,
smoothing the wrinkled sheet,
Peering into the face, so helpless, and
feeling the ice-cold feet.

With a vague remorse atoning for her
greed and long abuse,
By care no longer heeded and pity
too late for use.

Up the stairs of the garret softly the
son of the mistress stepped,
Leaned over the head-board, covering
his face with his hands, and wept.

Outspoke the mother, who watched
him sharply, with brow a-
frown :

“What ! love you the Papist, the
beggar, the charge of the town ?”

“Be she Papist or beggar who lies
here, I know and God knows
I love her, and fain would go with
her wherever she goes !

“O mother ! that sweet face came
pleading, for love so athirst.
You saw but the town-charge ; I knew
her God's angel at first.”

Shaking her grey head, the mistress
hushed down a bitter cry ;
And awed by the silence and shadow
of death drawing nigh,

She murmured a psalm of the Bible ;
but closer the young girl pressed,
With the last of her life in her fingers,
the cross to her breast.

“My son, come away,” cried the
mother, her voice cruel grown.
“She is joined to her idols, like Eph-
raim ; let her alone !”

But he knelt with his hand on her
forehead, his lips to her ear,
And he called back the soul that was
passing : “Marguerite, do you
hear ?”

She paused on the threshold of
Heaven ; love, pity, surprise,
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant
the cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed
her, but never her cheek grew red,
And the words the living long for he
spake in the ear of the dead.

And the robins sang in the orchard,
where buds to blossoms grew ;
Of the folded hands and the still face
never the robins knew !

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.

AFTER THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN
WINTER.

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and
grey stones of the Horg,
In its little Christian city stands the
church of Vordingborg.

In merry mood King Volmer sat, for-
getful of his power,
As idle as the Goose of Gold that
brooded on his tower.

Out spake the King to Henrik, his
young and faithful squire :

“Dar’st trust thy little Elsie, the
maid of thy desire ?”

“Of all the men in Denmark she
loveth only me :

As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is
to thee.”

Loud laughed the king : “To-morrow
shall bring another day,^a

When I myself will test her ; she will
not say me nay.”

Thereat the lords and gallants, that
round about him stood,

Wagged all their heads in concert and
smiled as courtiers should.

The grey lark sings o’er Vordingborg,
and on the ancient town

From the tall tower of Valdemar the
Golden Goose looks down :

The yellow grain is waving in the
pleasant wind of morn,

The wood resounds with cry of hounds
and blare of hunter’s horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie
sits and spins,

And, singing with the early birds, her
daily task begins.

Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls
around her garden-bower,

But she is sweeter than the mint and
fairer than the flower.

About her form her kirtle blue clings
lovingly, and, white

As snow, her loose sleeves only leave
her small, round wrists in sight :

Below the modest petticoat can only
half conceal

The motion of the lightest foot that
ever turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees
hum in sunshine warm ;

But, look ! she starts, she lifts her
face, she shades it with her arm.

^aA common saying of Valdemar ; hence
his sobriquet *Alterday*.

And, hark ! a train of horsemen, with
sound of dog and horn,
Come leaping o’er the ditches, come
trampling down the corn !

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and
scarf and plume streamed gay,
As fast beside her father’s gate the
riders held their way ;

And one was brave in scarlet cloak,
with golden spur on heel,

And, as he checked his foaming steed,
the maiden checked her wheel.

“All hail among thy roses, the fairest
rose to me !

For weary months in secret my heart
has longed for thee !”

What noble knight was this ? What
words for modest maiden’s ear ?

She dropped a lowly courtesy of bash-
fulness and fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel ;
she fain would seek the door,

Trembling in every limb, her cheek
with blushes crimsoned o’er.

“Nay, fear me not,” the rider said,
“I offer heart and hand,

Bear witness these good Danish
knights who round about me
stand.

“I grant you time to think of this,
to answer as you may.

For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring
another day.”

He spake the old phrase slyly as,
glancing round his train,

He saw his merry followers seek to
hide their smiles in vain.

“The snow of pearls I’ll scatter in
your curls of golden hair,

I’ll line with fur the velvet of the
kirtle that you wear ;

All precious gems shall twine your
neck ; and in a chariot gay

You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind
four steeds of gray.

“And harps shall sound, and flutes
shall play, and brazen lamps
shall glow ;

On marble floors your feet shall weave
the dances to and fro.

At frosty eventide for us the blazing
hearth shall shine,

While, at our ease, we play at draughts,
and drink the blood-red wine.”

Then Elsie raised her head and met
her wooer face to face ;

A roguish smile shone in her eye and
on her lip found place.

Back from her low white forehead the
curls of gold she threw,

And lifted up her eyes to his, steady
and clear and blue.

“I am a lowly peasant, and you a
gallant knight ;

I will not trust a love that soon may
cool and turn to slight.

If you would wed me henceforth be a
peasant, not a lord ;

I bid you hang upon the wall your
tried and trusty sword.”

“To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen
Dynadel away,

And in its place will swing the scythe
and mow your father's hay.”

“Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak
my eyes can never bear ;

A Vadmal coat, so plain and grey, is
ali that you must wear.”

“Well, Vadmal will I wear for you,”
the rider gaily spoke,

“And on the Lord's high altar I'll
lay my scarlet cloak.”

“But mark,” she said, “no stately
horse my peasant love must
ride,

A yoke of steers before the plough is
all that he must guide.”

The knight looked down upon his
steed : “Well, let him wander
free :

No other man must ride the horse
that has been backed by me.

Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and
to my oxen talk, [will walk.”
If only little Elsie beside my plough

“You must take from out your cellar
cask of wine and flask and can ;
The homely mead I brew you may
serve a peasant-man.”

“Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink
that mead of thine,
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat
to drain my generous wine.”

“Now break your shield asunder, and
shatter sign and boss,
Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms,
your knightly knee across.
And pull me down your castle from
top to basement wall.

And let your plough trace furrows in
the ruins of your hall !”

Then smiled he with a lofty pride ;
right well at last he knew

The maiden of the spinning-wheel was
to her troth-pledge true.

“Ah, roguish little Elsie ! you act
your part full well :

You know that I must bear my shield
and in my castle dwell :

“The lions ramping on that shield
between the hearts aflame

Keep watch o'er Denmark's honour,
and guard her ancient name.

For know that I am Volmer ; I dwell
in yonder towers,

Who ploughs them ploughs up Den-
mark, this goodly home of ours !

“I tempt no more, fair Elsie ! your
heart I know is true ;

Would God that all our maidens were
good and pure as you !

Well have you pleased your monarch,
and he shall well repay ;

God's peace ! Farewell ! To-morrow
will bring another day !”

He lifted up his bridle hand, he
spurred his good steed then,

And like a whirl-blast swept away
with all his gallant men.

The steel hoofs beat the rocky path ;
 again on winds of morn
 The wood resounds with cry of hounds
 and blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful !" the
 listening Henrik cried ;
 And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he
 stood by Elsie's side.
 None saw the fond embracing, save,
 shining from afar,
 The Golden Goose that watched them
 from the tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark ! of all
 the flowers that throng
 Her vales of spring the fairest I sing
 for you my song.
 No praise as yours so bravely rewards
 the singer's skill ;
 Thank God ! of maids like Elsie the
 land has plenty still !

THE THREE BELLS

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud
 That raked her splintering mast,
 The good ship settled slowly,
 The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
 Her signal guns pealed out.
 Dear God ! was that Thy answer
 From the horror round about ?

A voice came down the wild wind,
 "Ho ! ship ahoy !" its cry :
 "Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
 Shall lay till daylight by !"

Hour after hour crept slowly
 Yet on the heaving swells
 Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
 The lights of the Three Bells !

And ship to ship made signals,
 Man answered back to man,
 While oft, to cheer and hearten,
 The Three Bells nearer ran ;

And the captain from her taffrail
 Sent down his hopeful cry.
 "Take heart ! Hold on !" he shouted,
 "The Three Bells shall lay by !"

All night across the waters
 The tossing lights shone clear ;
 All night from reeling taffrail
 The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
 Of storm and darkness passed,
 Just as the wreck lurched under,
 All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, for ever,
 In grateful memory sail !
 Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
 Above the wave and gale !

Type of the Love eternal,
 Repeat the Master's cry,
 As tossing through our darkness
 The lights of God draw nigh !

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

THE summer warmth has left the sky,
 The summer songs have died away ;
 And, withered, in the footpaths lie
 The fallen leaves, but yesterday
 With ruby and with topaz gay.

The grass is browning on the hills ;
 No pale, belated flowers recall
 The astral fringes of the rills,
 And drearily the dead vines fall, [wall.
 Frost-blackened, from the roadside

Yet through the grey and sombre wood,
 Against the dusk of fir and pine,
 Last of their floral sisterhood,
 The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,
 The tawny gold of Afric's mine !

Small beauty hath my unsung flower,
 For spring to own or summer hail ;
 But, in the season's saddest hour,
 To skies that weep and winds that wail
 Its glad surprisals never fail.

O days grown cold ! O life grown old !
 No rose of June may bloom again ;
 But, like the hazel's twisted gold,
 Through early frost and latter rain
 Shall hints of summer-time remain.

And as within the hazel's bough
 A gift of mystic virtue dwells,
 That points to golden ores below,
 And in dry desert places tells
 Where flow unseen the cool, sweet
 wells,

So, in the wise Diviner's hand,
 Be mine the hazel's grateful part
 To feel, beneath a thirsty land,
 The living waters thrill and start,
 The beating of the rivulet's heart !

Sufficeth me the gift to light
 With latest bloom the dark, cold days ;
 To call some hidden spring to sight
 That, in these dry and dusty ways,
 Shall sing its pleasant song of praise.

O Love ! the hazel-wand may fail,
 But thou canst lend the surer spell,
 That, passing over Baca's vale,
 Repeats the old-time miracle,
 And makes the desert-land a well.

SUMNER.

"I am not one who has disgraced beauty
 of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or
 the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a
 slave; but, by the grace of God, I have kept
 my life unsullied."—MILTON'S *Defence of the
 People of England*.

O MOTHER STATE!—the winds of
 March
 Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of
 God,
 Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch
 Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf,
 Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead
 Thou sittest, in thy robes of grief,
 A Rachel yet un comforted !

And once again the organ swells,
 Once more the flag is half-way hung,
 And yet again the mournful bells
 In all thy steeple-towers are rung.

And I, obedient to thy will,
 Have come a simple wreath to lay,
 Superfluous, on a grave that still
 Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take, with awe, the task assigned ;
 It may be that my friend might miss,
 In his new sphere of heart and mind,
 Some token from my hand in this.

By many a tender memory moved,
 Along the past my thought I send ;
 The record of the cause he loved
 Is the best record of its friend.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,
 He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame,
 But never yet to Hebrew seer
 A clearer voice of duty came.

God said : " Break thou these yokes ;
 undo
 These heavy burdens. I ordain
 A work to last thy whole life through,
 A ministry of strife and pain.

" Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
 Put thou the scholar's promise by,
 The rights of man are more than these."
 He heard, and answered : " Here
 am I !"

He set his face against the blast,
 His feet against the flinty shard,
 Till the hard service grew, at last,
 Its own exceeding great reward.

Lifted like Saul's above the crowd,
 Upon his kingly forehead fell
 The first, sharp bolt of Slavery's cloud,
 Launched at the truth he urged so
 well.

Ah ! never yet, at rack or stake,
 Was sorer loss made Freedom's gain,
 Than his, who suffered for her sake
 The beak-torn Titan's lingering
 pain !

The fixed star of his faith, through all
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the
same ;

As through a night of storm, some tall,
Strong lighthouse lifts its steady
flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw
The sheaves of Freedom's large in-
crease,

The holy fanes of equal law,
The New Jerusalem of peace.

The weak might fear, the wordling
mock,
The faint and blind of heart regret ;
All knew at last th' eternal rock
On which his forward feet were set.

The subtlest scheme of compromise
Was folly to his purpose bold ;
The strongest mesh of party lies
Weak to the simplest truth he told.

One language held his heart and lip,
Straight onward to his goal he
trod,

And proved the highest statesmanship
Obedience to the voice of God.

No wail was in his voice,—none heard,
When treason's storm-cloud blackest
grew,

The weakness of a doubtful word ;
His duty, and the end, he knew.

The first to smite, the first to spare ;
When once the hostile ensigus
fell,

He stretched out hands of generous
care
To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small
Or craven in his soul's broad plan ;
Forgiving all things personal,
He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,
The memories of her great and good,
Took from his life a fresher date,
And in himself embodied stood.

How felt the greed of gold and place,
The venal crew that schemed and
planned,
The fine scorn of that haughty face,
The spurning of that bribeless hand !

If than Rome's tribunes statelier
He wore his senatorial robe,
His lofty port was all for her,
The one dear spot on all the globe.

If to the master's plea he gave
The vast contempt his manhood felt,
He saw a brother in the slave,—
With man as equal man he dealt.

Proud was he ? If his presence kept
Its grandeur wheresoe'er he trod,
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped
The hero and the demigod,

None failed, at least, to reach his ear,
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain ;
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,
And blessed him from his ward of
pain.

Safely his dearest friends may own
The slight defects he never hid,
The surface-blemish in the stone
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought
His conscience to the public mart ;
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure
of heart.

What if he felt the natural pride
Of power in noble use, too true
With thin humilities to hide
The work he did, the lore he knew ?

Was he not just ? Was any wronged
By that assured self-estimate ?
He took but what to him belonged,
Unenvious of another's state.

Well might he heed the words he spake,
And scan with care the written page
Through which he still shall warm
and wake
The hearts of men from age to age.

Ah ! who shall blame him now because
 He solaced thus his hours of pain !
 Should not the o'erworn thresher
 pause,
 And hold to light his golden grain ?

No sense of humour dropped its oil
 On the hard ways his purpose went ;
 Small play of fancy lightened toil ;
 He spake alone the thing he meant.

He loved his books, the Art that hints
 A beauty veiled behind its own,
 The graver's line, the penil's tints,
 The chisel's shape evoked from stone.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,
 The social courtesies that bless
 And sweeten life, and loved his friends
 With most unworldly tenderness.

But still his tired eyes rarely learned
 The glad relief by Nature brought ;
 Her mountain ranges never turned
 His current of persistent thought.

The sea rolled chorus to his speech,
 Three-banked like Latium's tall
 trireme, [beach
 With labouring oars ; the grove and
 Were Forum and the Academe.

The sensuous joy from all things fair
 His strenuous bent of soul repressed,
 And left from youth to silvered hair
 Few hours for pleasure, none for rest.

For all his life was poor without,
 O Nature, make the last amends !
 Train all thy flowers his grave about,
 And make thy singing-birds his
 friends !

Revive again, thou summer rain,
 The broken turf upon his bed !
 Breathe, summer wind, thy tenderest
 strain
 Of low, sweet music overhead !

With calm and beauty symbolise
 The peace which follows long annoy,
 And lend our earth-bent mourning
 eyes
 Some hint of his diviner joy.

For safe with right and truth he is,
 As God lives he must live away ;
 There is no end for souls like his,
 No night for children of the day !

Nor cant nor poor solicitudes
 Made weak his life's great argument ;
 Small leisure his for frames and moods
 Who followed Duty where she went.

The broad, fair fields of God he saw
 Beyond the bigot's narrow bound ;
 The truths he moulded into law
 In Christ's beatitudes he found.

His State-craft was the Golden Rule,
 His right of vote a sacred trust ;
 Clear, over threat and ridicule,
 All heard his challenge : " Is it
 just ? "

And when the hour supreme had come,
 Not for himself a thought he gave ;
 In that last pang of martyrdom,
 His care was for the half-freed slave.

Not vainly dusky hands upbore,
 In prayer, the passing soul to heaven
 Whose mercy to His suffering poor
 Was service to the Master given.

Long shall the good State's annals tell,
 Her children's children long be
 taught, [well
 How, praised or blamed, he guarded
 The trust he neither shunned nor
 sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,
 O Mother, from thy son, not long
 He waited calmly in his place
 The sure remorse which follows
 wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved
 The one brief lapse, the single blot ;
 Forgotten be the stain removed,
 Her righted record shows it not !

The lifted sword above her shield
 With jealous care shall guard his
 fame ;
 The pine-tree on her ancient field
 To all the winds shall speak his
 name.

The marble image of her son
 Her loving hands shall yearly crown,
 And from her pictured Pantheon
 His grand, majestic face look down.

O State so passing rich before,
 Who now shall doubt thy highest
 claim ?
 The world that counts thy jewels o'er
 Shall longest pause at SUMNER'S
 name !

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

ON the Isle of Penikese,
 Ringed about by sapphire seas,
 Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
 Stood the Master with his school.
 Over sails that not in vain
 Wooded the west-wind's steady strain,
 Line of coast that low and far
 Stretched its undulating bar,
 Wings aslant along the rim
 Of the waves they stooped to skim,
 Rock and isle and glistening bay,
 Fell the beautiful white day.
 Said the Master to the youth :
 " We have come in search of truth,
 Trying with uncertain key
 Door by door of mystery ;
 We are reaching, through His laws,
 To the garment-hem of Cause,
 Him, the endless, unbegun,
 The Unnamable, the One
 Light of all our light the Source,
 Life of life, and Force of force.
 As with fingers of the blind,
 We are groping here to find
 What the hieroglyphics mean
 Of the Unseen in the seen,
 What the Thought which underlies
 Nature's masking and disguise,
 What it is that hides beneath
 Blight and bloom and birth and death.
 By past efforts unavailing,
 Doubt and error, loss and failing,
 Of our weakness made aware,
 On the threshold of our task
 Let us light and guidance ask,
 Let us pause in silent prayer ! "

Then the Master in his place
 Bowed his head a little space,
 And the leaves by soft airs stirred,
 Lapse of wave and cry of bird
 Left the solemn hush unbroken
 Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
 While its wish, on earth unsaid,
 Rose to heaven interpreted.
 As, in life's best hours we hear
 By the spirit's finer ear
 His low voice within us, thus
 The All-Father heareth us ;
 And His holy ear we pain
 With our noisy words and vain.
 Not for Him our violence
 Storming at the gates of sense,
 His the primal language, His
 The eternal silences !

Even the careless heart was moved,
 And the doubting gave assent,
 With a gesture reverent,
 To the Master well-beloved.
 As thin mists are glorified
 By the light they cannot hide,
 All who gazed upon him saw,
 Through its veil of tender awe,
 How his face was still uplift
 By the old sweet look of it,
 Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer.
 And the love that casts out fear.
 Who the secret may declare
 Of that brief, unuttered prayer ?
 Did the shade before him come
 Of th' inevitable doom,
 Of the end of earth so near,
 And Eternity's new year ?

In the lap of sheltering seas
 Rests the isle of Penikese ;
 But the lord of the domain
 Comes not to his own again :
 Where the eyes that follow fail,
 On a vaster sea his sail
 Drifts beyond our beck and hail.
 Other lips within its bound
 Shall the laws of life expound ;
 Other eyes from rock and shell
 Read the world's old riddles well :
 But when breezes light and bland
 Blow from Summer's blossomed
 land,

When the air is glad with wings,
 And the blithe song-sparrow sings,
 Many an eye with his still face
 Shall the living ones displace,
 Many an ear the word shall seek
 He alone could fitly speak,
 And one name for evermore
 Shall be uttered o'er and o'er
 By the waves that kiss the shore,
 By the curlew's whistle sent
 Down the cool, sea-scented air ;
 In all voices known to her,
 Nature owns her worshipper,
 Half in triumph, half lament.
 Thither Love shall tearful turn,
 Friendship pause uncovered there,
 And the wisest reverence learn
 From the Master's silent prayer.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

My thoughts are all in yonder town,
 Where, wept by many tears,
 To-day my mother's friend lays down
 The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise
 Of death with her is seen,
 And on her simple casket lies
 No wreath of bloom and green.

Oh, not for her the florist's art,
 The mocking weeds of woe,
 Dear memories in each mourner's heart
 Like heaven's white lilies blow.

And all about the softening air
 Of new-born sweetness tells,
 And the ungathered May-flowers wear
 The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle
 Is fresh as heretofore ;
 And earth takes up its parable
 Of life from death once more.

Here organ-swell and church-bell toll
 Methinks but discord were,—
 The prayerful silence of the soul
 Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude
 Alike of earth and sky ;—
 O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,
 Breathe but a half-heard sigh !

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake ;
 And thou not distant sea,
 Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,
 And thou wert Galilee !

For all her quiet life flowed on
 As meadow streamlets flow,
 Where fresher green reveals alone
 The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see
 The plain-robed mourners pass,
 With slow feet treading reverently
 The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,
 Where, like the friends of Paul,
 That you no more her face shall see
 You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and more
 Unto the perfect day ;
 She cannot fail of peace who bore
 Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear
 The look of sins forgiven !
 O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
 Our own needs up to heaven !

How reverent in our midst she stood,
 Or knelt in grateful praise !
 What grace of Christian womanhood
 Was in her household ways !

For still her holy living meant
 No duty left undone ;
 The heavenly and the human blent
 Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found
 For feasting ear and eye,
 And Pleasure, on her daily round,
 She passed unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense
 Of all things sweet and fair,
 And Beauty's gracious providence
 Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
 With love's unconcealed ease ;
 Her kindly instincts understood
 All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness
 Made sweet her smile and tone,
 And glorified her farm-wife dress
 With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
 Are humble human souls ;
 The Gospel of a life like hers
 Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes
 out,
 The saintly fact survives ;
 The blessed Master none can doubt
 Revealed in holy lives.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

A SCORE of years had come and gone
 Since the Pilgrims landed on Ply-
 mouth stone,
 When Captain Underhill, bearing scars
 From Indian ambush and Flemish
 wars,
 Left three-hilled Boston and wandered
 down,
 East by north, to Cochecho town.

With Vane the younger, in counsel
 sweet,
 He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,
 And, when the bolt of banishment fell
 On the head of his saintly oracle,
 He had shared her ill as her good report,
 And braved the wrath of the General
 Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away
 The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.
 The world might bless and the world
 might ban,
 What did it matter the perfect man,
 To whom the freedom of earth was
 given,
 Proof against sin, and sure of heaven ?

He cheered his heart as he rode along
 With screed of Scripture and holy song,
 Or thought how he rode with his lances
 free
 By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder-
 Zee,
 Till his wood-path grew to a trodden
 road,
 And Hilton Point in the distance
 showed.

He saw the church with the block-
 house high,
 The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,
 And, tacking to windward, low and
 crank,
 The little shallop from Strawberry
 Bank ;
 And he rose in his stirrups and looked
 abroad
 Over land and water, and praised the
 Lord.

Goodly and stately and grave to see,
 Into the clearing space rode he,
 With the sun on the hilt of his sword
 in sheath,
 And his silver buckles and spurs
 beneath,
 And the settlers welcomed him, one
 and all,
 From swift Quampeagan to Gonic Fall.

And he said to the elders: "Lo, I
 come
 As the way seemed open to seek a home,
 Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by
 my hands
 In the Narragansett and Netherlands,
 And if here ye have work for a Chris-
 tian man,
 I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can.

"I boast not of gifts, but fain would
 own
 The wonderful favour God hath shown,
 The special mercy vouchsafed one
 day
 On the shore of Narragansett Bay,
 As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp
 aside,
 And mused like Isaac at eventide.

"A sudden sweetness of peace I found,
A garment of gladness wrapped me
round ;

I felt from the law of works released,
The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,
My faith to a full assurance grew,
And all I had hoped for myself I knew.

"Now, as God appointeth, I keep my
way,

I shall not stumble, I shall not stray ;
He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,
I wear the robe of His righteousness ;
And the shafts of Satan no more avail
Than Pequot arrows on Christian
mail."

"Tarry with us," the settlers cried,
"Thou man of God, as our ruler and
guide."

And Captain Underhill bowed his
head.

"The will of the Lord be done !" he
said.

And the morrow beheld him sitting
down

In the ruler's seat in Coheco town.

And he judged therein as a just man
should ;

His words were wise and his rule was
good ;

He coveted not his neighbour's land,
From the holding of bribes he shook
his hand ;

And through the camps of the heathen
ran

A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good
Book saith,

And life hath ever a savour of death.
Through hymns of triumph the

tempter calls,

And whoso thinketh he standeth falls.

Alas ! ere their round the seasons ran,
There was grief in the soul of the
saintly man.

The tempter's arrows that rarely fail
Had found the joints of his spiritual
mail ;

And men took note of his gloomy air.
The shame in his eye, the halt in his
prayer,

The signs of a battle lost within,
The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his
name

With broken vows and a life of blame ;
And the people looked askance on him

As he walked among them sullen and
grim,

Ill at ease, and bitter of word,
And prompt of quarrel with hand or
sword.

None knew how, with prayer and
fasting still,

He strove in the bonds of his evil will ;
But he shook himself like Samson at
length,

And girded anew his loins of strength,
And bade the crier go up and down
And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head
Ceased as he rose in his place and said :

"Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye
know

How I came among you a year ago,
Strong in the faith that my soul was
freed

From sin of feeling, or thought, or deed.

"I have sinned, I own it with grief
and shame,

But not with a lie on my lips I came.
In my blindness I verily thought my
heart

Swept and garnished in every part.
He chargeth His angels with folly ;
He sees

The heavens unclean. Was I more
than these ?

"I urge no plea. At your feet I lay
The trust you gave me, and go my way.

Hate me or pity me, as you will,
The Lord will have mercy on sinners
still ;

And I, who am chiefest, say to all,
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall."

No voice made answer : a sob so low
That only his quickened ear could know
Smote his heart with a bitter pain,
As into the forest he rode again,
And the veil of its oaken leaves shut
down
On his latest glimpse of Coheco town.

Crystal-clear on the man of sin
The streams flashed up, and the sky
shone in ;
On his cheek of fever the cool wind
blew,
The leaves dropped on him their tears
of dew,
And angels of God, in the pure, sweet
guise
Of flowers, looked on him with sad
surprise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and
breeze
Sang in their saddest of minor keys?
What was it the mournful wood-
thrush said ?
What whispered the pine-trees over-
head ?
Did he hear the Voice on his lonely way
That Adam heard in the cool of day ?

Into the desert alone rode he,
Alone with the Infinite Purity ;
And, bowing his soul to its tender
rebuke,
As Peter did to the Master's look
He measured his path with prayers of
pain
For peace with God and nature again.

And in after years to Coheco came
The bruit of a once familiar name ;
How among the Dutch of New
Netherlands,
From wild Danskamer to Haarlem
sands,
A penitent soldier preached the Word,
And smote the heathen with Gideon's
sword !

And the heart of Boston was glad to hear
How he harried the foe on the long
frontier,

And heaped on the land against him
barred
The coals of his generous watch and
ward.
Fairest and bravest! the Bay State still
Counts with her worthies John Under-
hill.

IN QUEST.

HAVE I not voyaged, friend beloved,
with thee
On the great waters of the unsounded
sea,
Momently listening with suspended
oar
For the low rote of waves upon a shore
Changeless as heaven, where never
fog-cloud drifts
Over its windless woods, nor mirage
lifts
The steadfast hills ; where never birds
of doubt [out,
Sing to mislead, and every dream dies
And the dark riddles which perplex
us here
In the sharp solvent of its light are
clear ?
Thou knowest how vain our quest ;
how, soon or late,
The baffling tides and circles of debate
Swept back our bark unto its starting-
place,
Where, looking forth upon the blank,
grey space,
And round about us seeing, with sad
eyes,
The same old difficult hills and cloud-
cold skies,
We said : " This outward search
availeth not
To find Him. He is farther than we
thought,
Or, haply, nearer. To this very spot
Whereon we wait, this commonplace
of home,
As to the well of Jacob, He may come
And tell us all things." As I listened
there,
Through the expectant silences of
prayer,

Somewhat I seemed to hear, which
hath to me
Been hope, strength, comfort, and I
give it thee.

“The riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is good,
As only he can feel who makes his love
The ladder of his faith, and climbs
above

On th' rounds of his best instincts ;
draws no line

Between mere human goodness and
divine,

But, judging God by what in him is
best,

With a child's trust leans on a Father's
breast,

And hears unmoved the old creeds
babble still

Of kingly power and dread caprice of
will,

Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,
The pitiless doomsman of the universe.

Can Hatred ask for love ? Can Selfish-
ness

Invite to self-denial ? Is He less
Than man in kindly dealing ? Can
He break

His own great law of fatherhood, for-
sake

And curse His children ? Not for
earth and heaven

Can separate tables of the law be given.
No rule can bind which He Himself
denies ;

The truths of time are not eternal lies.”

So heard I ; and the chaos round me
spread

To light and order grew ; and,
“Lord,” I said,

“Our sins are our tormentors, worst
of all

Felt in distrustful shame that dares
not call

Upon Thee as our Father. We have
set

A strange god up, but Thou remainest
yet.

All that I feel of pity Thou hast known
Before I was ; my best is all Thy own,

From Thy great heart of goodness mine
but drew [Lord, wilt do,
Wishes and prayers ; but Thou, O
In Thy own time, by ways I cannot see,
All that I feel when I am nearest
Thee !”

A SEA DREAM.

We saw the slow tides go and come,
The curving surf-lines lightly drawn,
The grey rocks touched with tender
bloom [dawn.
Beneath the fresh-blown rose of

We saw in richer sunsets lost
The sombre pomp of showery noons ;
And signalled spectral sails that crossed
The weird, low light of rising moons.

On stormy eves from cliff and head
We saw the white spray tossed and
spurned ;
While over all, in gold and red,
Its face of fire the lighthouse turned.

The rail-car brought its daily crowds,
Half curious, half indifferent,
Like passing sails or floating clouds,
We saw them as they came and went.

But, one calm morning, as we lay
And watched the mirage-lifted wall
Of coast, across the dreamy bay,
And heard afar the curlew call,

And nearer voices, wild or tame,
Of airy flock and childish throng,
Up from the water's edge there came
Faint snatches of familiar song.

Careless we heard the singer's choice
Of old and common airs ; at last
The tender pathos of his voice
In one low chanson held us fast.

A song that mingled joy and pain,
And memories old and sadly sweet ;
While, timing to its minor strain,
The waves in lapsing cadence beat.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun ;
 The rocks are fringed with foam ;
 I walk once more a haunted shore,
 A stranger, yet at home,—
 A land of dreams I roam.

Is this the wind, the soft sea-wind
 That stirred thy locks of brown ?
 Are these the rocks whose mosses knew
 The trail of thy light gown,
 Where boy and girl sat down ?

I see the grey fort's broken wall,
 The boats that rock below ;
 And, out at sea, the passing sails
 We saw so long ago
 Rose-red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time
 On every breeze is blown ;
 As glad the sea, as blue the sky,—
 The change is ours alone ;
 The saddest is my own.

A stranger now, a world-worn man,
 Is he who bears my name ;
 But thou, methinks, whose mortal life
 Immortal youth became,
 Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,
 Thy place I cannot see ;
 I only know that where thou art
 The blessed angels be,
 And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me if the evil years
 Have left on me their sign ;
 Wash out, O soul so beautiful,
 The many stains of mine
 In tears of love divine !

I could not look on thee and live,
 If thou wert by my side ;
 The vision of a shining one,
 The white and heavenly bride,
 Is well to me denied.

But turn to me thy dear girl-face
 Without the angel's crown,
 The wedded roses of thy lips,
 Thy loose hair rippling down
 In waves of golden brown.

Look forth once more through space
 and time,
 And let thy sweet shade fall
 In tenderest grace of soul and form
 On memory's frescoes wall.
 A shadow, and yet all !

Draw near, more near, for ever dear !
 Where'er I rest or roam,
 Or in the city's crowded streets,
 Or by the blown sea foam,
 The thought of thee is home !

At breakfast hour the singer read
 The city news, with comment wise,
 Like one who felt the pulse of trade
 Beneath his finger fall and rise.

His look, his air, his curt speech, told
 The man of action, not of books,
 To whom the corners made in gold
 And stocks were more than seaside
 nooks.

Of life beneath the life confessed
 His song had hinted unawares ;
 Of flowers in traffic's ledger pressed,
 Of human hearts in bulls and bears.

But eyes in vain were turned to watch
 That face so hard and shrewd and
 strong ;
 And ears in vain grew sharp to catch
 The meaning of that morning song.

In vain some sweet-voiced querist
 sought
 To sound him, leaving as she came ;
 Her baited album only caught
 A common, unromantic name.

No word betrayed the mystery fine,
 That trembled on the singer's
 tongue ;
 He came and went, and left no sign
 Behind him save the song he sung.

A MYSTERY.

THE river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green ;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang :
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang !

No clue of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew ;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag
Could lean the blasted pine ;
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills
The mountain road should creep ;
So, green and low, the meadow fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind ;
Their place the mountains took ;
The white torn fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide ;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream ?
Or glimpse through æons old ?
The secret which the mountains kept
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
A tender hope I drew,
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of Heaven arise.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY (always may
his name
Be said with reverence !) as the swift
doom came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and
mangled frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped just
where he stood
To do the utmost that a brave man
could,
And die, if needful, as a true man
should.

Men stooped above him ; women
dropped their tears
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes
or fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his
years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly
lips of pain,
Dead to all thought save duty's,
moved again :
"Put out the signals for the other
train!"

No nobler utterance since the world
began
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of
man.

Ah me! how poor and noteless seem
to this
The sick-bed dramas of self-conscious-
ness,
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes
of bliss!

Oh, grand, supreme endeavour! Not
in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue
and brain!
Freighted with life the downward
rushing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave
follows wave,
Obeyed the warning which the dead
lips gave. [save.
Others he saved, himself he could not

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is
not dead
Who in his record still the earth shall
tread
With God's clear aureoleshining round
his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our
pride [beside.
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed
God give us grace to live as Bradley
died !

CHILD-SONGS.

STILL linger in our noon of time
And on our Saxon tongue
The echoes of the home-born hymns
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies
In every age and clime ;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor
flower,
Nor green earth's virgin sod,
So moved the singer's heart of old
As these small ones of God.

The mystery of unfolding life
Was more than dawning morn,
Than opening flower or crescent moon
The human soul new-born !

And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns,—

The voices loved of him who sang,
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,
That sound to-day on all the winds
That blow from Rydal-side,—

Heard in the Tenton's household
songs,
And folk-lore of the Finn,
Where'er to holy Christmas hearths
The Christ-child enters in !

Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels ;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can ;
God hath His small interpreters ;
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim ;
But he is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him !

And haply, pleading long with Him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
The angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom!—Teach Thou us
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of Thine !

The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds ;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall ;
The mind of pride is nothingness,
The childlike heart is all !

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF LONGWOOD.

WITH fifty years between you and
your well-kept wedding vow,
The Golden Age, old friends of mine,
is not a fable now.

And, sweet as has life's vintage been
through all your pleasant past,
Still, as at Cana's marriage-feast, the
best wine is the last !

Again before me, with your names,
fair Chester's landscape comes,
Its meadows, woods, and ample barns,
and quaint, stone-built homes.

The smooth-shorn vales, the wheaten
slopes, the boscage green and soft,
Of which their poet sings so well from
towered Cedareroft.

And lo! from all the country-side come
neighbours, kith and kin :
From city, hamlet, farm-house old,
the wedding guests come in.

And they who, without scrip or purse,
mob-hunted, travel-worn,
In Freedom's age of martyrs came, as
victors now return.

Older and slower, yet the same, files
in the long array,
And hearts are light and eyes are glad,
though heads are badger-gray.

The fire-tried men of Thirty-eight who
saw with me the fall,
Midst roaring flames and shouting
mob, of Pennsylvania Hall :

And they of Lancaster who turned
the cheeks of tyrants pale,
Singing of freedom through the grates
of Moyamensing jail !

And haply with them, all unseen, old
comrades, gone before,
Pass, silently as shadows pass, within
your open door, —

The eagle face of Lindley Coates,
brave Garrett's daring zeal,
The Christian grace of Pennock, the
steadfast heart of Neal.

Ah me! beyond all power to name,
the worthies tried and true,
Grave men, fair women, youth and
maid, pass by in hushed review.

Of varying faiths, a common cause
fused all their hearts in one.
God give them now, whate'er their
names, the peace of duty done !

How gladly would I tread again the
old-remembered places,
Sit down beside your hearth once more
and look in the dear old faces !

And thank you for the lessons your
fifty years are teaching,
For honest lives that louder speak
than half our noisy preaching ;

For your steady faith and courage in
that dark and evil time,
When the Golden Rule was treason,
and to feed the hungry, crime ;

For the poor slave's house of refuge
when the hounds were on his
track,
And saint and sinner, Church and
State, joined hands to send him
back.

Blessings upon you !—What you did
for each sad, suffering one.
So homeless, faint, and naked, unto
our Lord was done !

Fair fall on Kennett's pleasant vales
and Longwood's bowery ways
The mellow sunset of your lives,
friends of my early days.

May many more of quiet years be
added to your sum,
And, late at last, in tenderest love,
the beckoning angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are
there, alike below, above ;
Our friends are now in either world,
and love is sure of love.

KINSMAN.

DIED AT THE ISLAND OF PANAY
(PHILIPPINE GROUP), AGED 19 YEARS.

WHERE ceaseless Spring her garland
twines,
As sweetly shall the loved one rest,
As if beneath the whispering pines
And maple shadows of the West.

Ye mourn, O hearts of home ! for him,
But, haply, mourn ye not alone ;
For him shall far-off eyes be dim,
And pity speak in tongues unknown.

There needs no graven line to give
The story of his blameless youth ;
All hearts shall throb intuitive,
And nature guess the simple truth.

The very meaning of his name
Shall many a tender tribute win ;
The stranger own his sacred claim,
And all the world shall be his kin.

And there, as here, on main and isle,
The dews of holy peace shall fall,
The same sweet heavens above him
smile,
And God's dear love be over all !

—————
VESTA.

O CHRIST of God ! whose life and death
Our own have reconciled,
Most quietly, most tenderly
Take home Thy star-named child !

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
Thy words are on her tongue ;
The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's
Who hears its mother call ;
The lilies of Thy perfect peace
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms
To rest herself in Thine ;
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we
Our well-beloved resign !

Oh, less for her than for ourselves
We bow our heads and pray ;
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
To Thee shall point the way !

—————
THE HEALER.

TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN, WITH
DORÉ'S PICTURE OF CHRIST HEALING
THE SICK.

So stood of old the holy Christ
Amidst the suffering throng ;
With whom His lightest touch sufficed
To make the weakest strong.

That healing gift He lends to them
Who use it in His name ; [hem
The power that filled His garment's
Is evermore the same.

For lo ! in human hearts unseen
The Healer dwelleth still,
And they who make His temples clean
The best subserve His will.

The holiest task by Heaven decreed,
An errand all divine,
The burden of our common need
To render less is thine.

The paths of pain are thine. Go forth
With patience, trust, and hope ;
The sufferings of a sin-sick earth
Shall give thee ample scope.

Beside the unveiled mysteries
Of life and death go stand,
With guarded lips and reverent eyes
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued
From Him who went about
The Syrian hillsides doing good
And casting demons out.

That Good Physician liveth yet
Thy Friend and Guide to be ;
The Healer by Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with thee.

—————
A CHRISTMAS CARMEN.

I.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from
all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of
hands ;
Sing hymns that were sung by the
stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus
was born !
With glad jubilations
Bring hope to the nations !
The dark night is ending and dawn
has begun :
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the
sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts
beat as one !

II.

Sing the bridal of nations ! with
chorals of love
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in
the dove,
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time
in accord,
And the voice of the world is the
voice of the Lord !
Clasp hands of the nations
In strong gratulations :
The dark night is ending and dawn
has begun ; [sun,
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the
All speech flow to music, all hearts
beat as one !

III.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches
of peace ;
East, west, north, and south let the
long quarrel cease :
Sing the song of great joy that the
angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will
to man !
Hark ! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us !
The dark night is ending and dawn
has begun ;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the
sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts
beat as one !

HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF PLYMOUTH
CHURCH, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

ALL things are Thine : no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts ! to offer Thee ;
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,
Thy own before Thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought ;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;
Through mortal motive, scheme and
plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

No lack Thy perfect fulness knew ;
For human needs and longings grew
This house of prayer, this home of
rest,
In the fair garden of the West.

In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for whom the heavens are
small ;
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father ! deign these walls to bless,
Fill with Thy love their emptiness,
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee !

THE VISION OF ECHARD.

THE Benedictine Echard
Sat, worn by wandering far,
Where Marsberg sees the bridal
Of the Moselle and Sarre.

Fair with its sloping vineyards
And tawny chestnut bloom,
The happy vale Ausonius sung
For holy Treves made room.

On the shrine Helena builded
To keep the Christ coat well,
On minster tower and kloster cross,
The westering sunshine fell.

There, where the rock-hewn circles
O'erlooked the Roman's game,
The veil of sleep fell on him,
And his thought a dream became.

He felt the heart of silence
Throb with a soundless word,
And by the inward ear alone
A Spirit's voice he heard.

And the spoken word seemed written
On air and wave and sod,
And the bending walls of sapphire
Blazed with the thought of God :

“What lack I, O My children ?
All things are in My hand ;
The vast earth and the awful stars
I hold as grains of sand.

“Need I your alms ? The silver
And gold are Mine alone ;
The gifts ye bring before Me
Were evermore My own.

“Heed I the noise of viols,
Your pomp of masque and show ?
Have I not dawns and sunsets ?
Have I not winds that blow ?

“Do I smell your gums of incense ?
Is My ear with chantings fed ?
Taste I your wine of worship,
Or eat your holy bread ?

“Of rank and name and honours
Am I vain as ye are vain ?
What can Eternal Fulness
From your lip-service gain ?

“Ye make Me not your debtor
Who serve yourselves alone ;
Ye boast to Me of homage
Whose gain is all your own.

“For you I gave the prophets,
For you the Psalmist's lay ;
For you the law's stone tables,
And holy book and day.

“Ye change to weary burdens
The helps that should uplift ;
Ye lose in form the spirit,
The Giver in the gift.

“Who called ye to self-torment,
To fast and penance vain ?
Dream ye Eternal Goodness
Has joy in mortal pain ?

“For the death in life of Nitria,
For your Chartreuse ever dumb,
What better is the neighbour,
Or happier the home ?

“Who counts his brother's welfare
As sacred as his own,
And loves, forgives, and pities,
He serveth Me alone.

“I note each gracious purpose,
Each kindly word and deed ;
Are ye not all My children ?
Shall not the Father heed ?

“No prayer for light and guidance
Is lost upon Mine ear :
The child's cry in the darkness
Shall not the Father hear ?

“I loathe your wrangling councils,
I tread upon your creeds ;
Who made ye Mine avengers,
Or told ye of My needs ;

“I bless men and ye curse them,
I love them and ye hate ;
Ye bite and tear each other,
I suffer long and wait.

“Ye bow to ghastly symbols,
To cross and scourge and thorn ;
Ye seek His Syrian manger
Who in the heart is born.

“For the dead Christ, not the living,
Ye watch His empty grave
Whose life alone within you
Has power to bless and save.

“O blind ones, outward groping,
The idle quest forego ;
Who listens to His inward voice
Alone of Him shall know.

“His love all love exceeding
The heart must needs recall,
Its self-surrendering freedom,
Its loss that gaineth all.

“Climb not the holy mountains,
Their eagles know not Me ;
Seek not the Blessed Islands,
I dwell not in the sea.

“The gods are gone for ever
From Zanskar's glacier sides,
And in the Buddha's footprints
The Ceylon serpent glides.

“No more from shaded Delphos
The weird responses come ;
Dodona's oaks are silent,
The Hebrew Bath-Col dumb !

“No more from rocky Horeb
The smitten waters gush ;
Fallen is Bethel's ladder,
Quenched is the burning bush.

“The jewels of the Urim
And Thummim all are dim ;
The fire has left the altar,
The sign the teraphim.

“No more in ark or hill grove
The Holiest abides ;
Not in the scroll's dead letter
The eternal secret hides.

“The eye shall fail that searches
For Me the hollow sky ;
The far is even as the near,
The low is as the high.

“What if the earth is hiding
Her old faiths, long outworn ?
What is it to the changeless truth
That yours shall fail in turn ?

“What if the o'erturned altar
Lays bare the ancient lie ?
What if the dreams and legends
Of the world's childhood die ?

“Have ye not still My witness
Within yourselves alway,
My hand that on the keys of life
For bliss or bale I lay ?

“Still, in perpetual judgment,
I hold assize within,
With sure reward of holiness,
And dread rebuke of sin.

“A light, a guide, a warning,
A presence ever near,
Through the deep silence of the flesh
I reach the inward ear.

“My Gerizim and Ebal
Are in each human soul,
The still, small voice of blessing,
And Sinai's thunder-roll.

“The stern behest of duty,
The doom-book open thrown,

The heaven ye seek, the hell ye fear,
Are with yourselves alone.”

A gold and purple sunset
Flowed down the broad Moselle ;
On hills of vine and meadow lands
The peace of twilight fell.

A slow, cool wind of evening
Blew over leaf and bloom ;
And, faint and far, the Angles
Rang from Saint Matthew's tomb.

Then up rose Master Ehard,
And marvelled : “Can it be
“That here, in dream and vision,
The Lord hath talked with me ?”

He went his way ; behind him
The shrines of saintly dead,
The holy coat and nail of cross,
He left unvisited.

He sought the vale of Eltzbach
His burdened soul to free,
Where the foot-hills of the Eifel
Are glassed in Laachersee.

And, in his Order's kloster,
He sat, in night-long parle,
With Tauler of the Friends of God,
And Nicolas of Basle.

And lo ! the twain made answer :
“Yea, brother, even thus,
The Voice above all voices
Hath spoken unto us.

“The world will have its idols,
And flesh and sense their sign ;
But the blinded eyes shall open,
And the gross ear be fine.

“What if the vision tarry ?
God's time is always best ;
The true Light shall be witnessed,
The Christ within confessed.

“In mercy or in judgment
He shall turn and overturn,
Till the heart shall be His temple
Where all of Him shall learn.”

THE SEEKING OF THE WATER-
FALL.

THEY left their home of summer ease
Beneath the lowland's sheltering
trees,
To seek, by ways unknown to all,
The promise of the waterfall.

Some vague, faint rumour to the vale,
Had crept — perchance a hunter's
tale —
Of its wild mirth of waters lost
On the dark woods through which it
tossed.

Somewhere it laughed and sang; some-
where
Whirled in mad dance its misty hair;
But who had raised its veil, or seen
The rainbow skirts of that Undine?

They sought it where the mountain
brook
Its swift way to the valley took;
Along the rugged slope they clomb,
Their guide a thread of sound and foam.

Height after height they slowly won;
The fiery javelins of the sun
Smote the bare ledge; the tangled shade
With rock and vine their steps delayed.

But, through leaf-openings, now and
then
They saw the cheerful homes of men,
And the great mountains with their
wall
Of misty purple girdling all.

The leaves through which the glad
winds blew
Shared the wild dance the waters
knew;
And where the shadows deepest fell
The wood-thrush rang his silver bell.

Fringing the stream, at every turn
Swung low the waving fronds of fern;
From stony cleft and mossy sod
Pale asters sprang, and golden-rod.

And still the water sang the sweet,
Glad song that stirred its gliding feet,
And found in rock and root the keys
Of its beguiling melodies.

Beyond, above, its signals flew
Of tossing foam the birch-trees
through;
Now seen, now lost, but baffling still
The weary seekers' slackening will.

Each called to each: "Lo here! Lo
there!
Its white scarf flutters in the air!"
They climbed anew; the vision fled,
To beckon higher overhead.

So toiled they up the mountain-slope
With faint and ever fainter hope;
With faint and fainter voice the brook
Still bade them listen, pause, and look.

Meanwhile below the day was done;
Above, the tall peaks saw the sun
Sink, beam-shorn, to its misty set
Behind the hills of violet.

"Here ends our quest!" the seekers
cried,
"The brook and rumour both have
lied!
The phantom of a waterfall
Has led us at its beck and call."

But one, with years grown wiser, said:
"So, always baffled, not misled,
We follow where before us runs
The vision of the shining ones.

"Not where they seem their signals fly-
Their voices while we listen die;
We cannot keep, however fleet,
The quick time of their winged feet.

"From youth to age unresting stray
These kindly mockers in our way;
Yet lead they not, the baffling elves,
To something better than themselves?"

"Here, though unreached the goal
we sought,
Its own reward our toil has brought:

The winding water's sounding rush,
The long note of the hermit thrush,

"The turquoise lakes, the glimpse of
pond
And river track, and, vast, beyond
Broad meadows belted round with
pines,
The grand uplift of mountain lines !

"What matter though we seek with
pain
The garden of the gods in vain,
If lured thereby we climb to greet
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet ?

"To seek is better than to gain ;
The fond hope dies as we attain ;
Life's fairest things are those which
seem,
The best is that of which we dream.

"Then let us trust our waterfall
Still flashes down its rocky wall,
With rainbow crescent curved across
Its sunlit spray from moss to moss.

"And we, forgetful of our pain,
In thought shall seek it oft again ;
Shall see this aster-blossomed sod,
This sunshine of the golden-rod,

"And haply gain, through parting
boughs,
Grand glimpses of great mountain
brows
Cloud turbaned, and the sharp steel
sheen
Of lakes deep set in valleys green.

"So failure wins ; the consequence
Of loss becomes its recompense ;
And evermore the end shall tell
The unreached ideal guided well.

"Our sweet illusions only die
Fulfilling love's sure prophecy ;
And every wish for better things
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

"For fate is servitor of love ;
Desire and hope and longing prove

The secret of immortal youth,
And Nature cheats us into truth.

"O kind allurers, wisely sent,
Beguiling with benign intent,
Still move us, through divine unrest,
To seek the loveliest and the best !

"Go with us when our souls go free,
And, in the clear, white light to be,
Add unto Heaven's beatitude
The old delight of seeking good !"

JUNE ON THE MERRIMACK.

O DWELLERS in the stately towns,
What come ye out to see ?
This common earth, this common sky,
This water flowing free ?

As gaily as these kalmia flowers
Your door-yard blossoms spring ;
As sweetly as these wild wood birds
Your caged minstrels sing.

You find but common bloom and green,
The rippling river's rune,
The beauty which is everywhere
Beneath the skies of June ;

The Hawkswood oaks, the storm-torn
plumes
Of old pine-forest kings,
Beneath whose century-woven shade
Deer Island's mistress sings.

And here are pictured Artichoke,
And Curson's bowery mill ;
And Pleasant Valley smiles between
The river and the hill.

You know full well these banks of
The upland's wavy line, [bloom,
And how the sunshine tips with fire
The needles of the pine.

Yet, like some old remembered psalm,
Or sweet, familiar face,
Not less because of commonness
You love the day and place.

And not in vain in this soft air
 Shall hard-strung nerves relax,
 Not all in vain the o'erworn brain
 Forego its daily tax.

The lust of power, the greed of gain,
 Have all the year their own ;
 The haunting demons well may let
 Our one bright day alone.

Unheeded let the newsboy call,
 Aside the ledger lay :
 The world will keep its tread-mill step
 Though we fall out to-day.

The truants of life's weary school
 Without excuse from thrift,
 We change for once the gains of toil
 For God's unpurchased gift.

From ceiled rooms, from silent books,
 From crowded car and town,
 Dear Mother Earth, upon thy lap,
 We lay our tired heads down.

Cool, summer wind, our heated brows ;
 Blue river, through the green
 Of clustering pines, refresh the eyes
 Which all too much have seen.

For us these pleasant woodland ways
 Are thronged with memories old,
 Have felt the grasp of friendly hands
 And heard love's story told.

A sacred presence overbroods
 The earth whereon we meet ;
 These winding forest paths are trod
 By more than mortal feet.

Old friends called from us by the voice
 Which they alone could hear,
 From mystery to mystery,
 From life to life, draw near.

More closely for the sake of them
 Each other's hands we press ;
 Our voices take from them a tone
 Of deeper tenderness.

Our joy is theirs, their trust is ours ;
 Alike below, above,
 Or here or there, about us fold
 The arms of one great love !

We ask to-day no countersign,
 No party names we own ;
 Unlabelled, individual,
 We bring ourselves alone

What cares the unconventional wood
 For pass-words of the town ?
 The sound of fashion's shibboleth
 The laughing waters drown.

Here cant forgets his dreary tone,
 And care his face forlorn ;
 The liberal air and sunshine laugh
 The bigot's zeal to scorn.

From manhood's weary shoulder falls
 His load of selfish cares ;
 And woman takes her rights, as flowers
 And brooks and birds take theirs.

The licence of the happy woods,
 The brook's release are ours ;
 The freedom of the unshamed wind
 Among the glad-eyed flowers.

Yet here no evil thought finds place,
 Nor foot profane comes in ;
 Our grove, like that of Samothrace,
 Is set apart from sin.

We walk on holy ground ; above
 A sky more holy smiles ;
 The chant of the beatitudes
 Swells down these leafy aisles.

Thanks to the gracious Providence
 That brings us here once more ;
 For memories of the good behind
 And hopes of good before !

And if, unknown to us, sweet days
 Of June like this must come,
 Unseen of us these laurels clothe
 The river-banks with bloom ;

And these green paths must soon be trod

By other feet than ours,
Full long may annual pilgrims come
To keep the Feast of Flowers ;

The matron be a girl once more,
The bearded man a boy,
And we, in heaven's eternal June,
Be glad for earthly joy !

HYMN OF THE DUNKERS.

KLOSTER KEDAR, EPHRATA, PENN-
SYLVANIA (1738).

SISTER MARIA CHRISTIANA *sings.*

WAKE, sisters, wake ! the day-star
shines ;

Above Ephrata's eastern pines
The dawn is breaking, cool and calm.
Wake, sisters, wake to prayer and
psalm !

Praised be the Lord for shade and light,
For toil by day, for rest by night !
Praised be His name who deigns to
bless

Our Kedar of the wilderness !—

Our refuge when the spoiler's hand
Was heavy on our native land ;
And Freedom, to her children due,
The wolf and vulture only knew.

We praised Him when to prison led,
We owned Him when the stake blazed
red ;

We knew, whatever might befall
His love and power were over all.

He heard our prayers ; with out-
stretched arm

He led us forth from cruel harm ;
Still, wheresoe'er our steps were bent,
His cloud and fire before us went !

The watch of faith and prayer He set,
We kept it then, we keep it yet.
At midnight, crow of cock, or noon,
He cometh sure, He cometh soon

He comes to chasten, not destroy,
To purge the earth from sin's alloy.
At last, at last shall all confess
His mercy as His righteousness.

The dead shall live, the sick be whole,
The scarlet sin be white as wool ;
No discord mar below, above,
The music of eternal love !

Sound, welcome trump, the last alarm !
Lord God of hosts, make bare Thine
arm,
Fulfil this day our long desire,
Make sweet and clean the world with
fire !

Sweep, flaming besom, sweep from
sight

The lies of time ; be swift to smite,
Sharp sword of God, all idols down,
Genevan creed and Roman crown.

Quake, earth, through all thy zones,
till all

The fanes of pride and priestcraft fall ;
And lift thou up in place of them
Thy gates of pearl, Jerusalem !

Lo ! rising from baptismal flame,
Transfigured, glorious, yet the same,
Within the heavenly city's bound
Our Kloster Kedar shall be found.

He cometh soon ! at dawn or noon
Or set of sun, He cometh soon.
Our prayers shall meet Him on His
way ;

Wake, sisters, wake ! arise and pray !

IN THE "OLD SOUTH."

1677.

SHE came and stood in the Old South
Church,

A wonder and a sign,
With a look the old-time sibyls wore,
Half-crazed and half-divine.

Save the mournful sackcloth about
her wound

Unelothed as the primal mother,
With limbs that trembled and eyes
that blazed

With a fire she dared not smother.

Loose on her shoulders fell her hair
With sprinkled ashes gray,
She stood in the broad aisle strange
and weird

As a soul at the judgment day.

And the minister paused in his ser-
mon's midst,

And the people held their breath,
For these were the words the maiden
spoke

Through lips as pale as death :

“ Thus saith the Lord, with equal
feet

All men my courts shall tread,
And priest and ruler no more shall eat
My people up like bread !

“ Repent ! repent ! ere the Lord shall
speak

In thunder and breaking seals !
Let all souls worship Him in the way
His light within reveals.”

She shook the dust from her naked
feet,

And her sackcloth closer drew,
And into the porch of the awe-hushed
church

She passed like a ghost from view.

They whipped her away at the tail o'
the cart

Through half the streets of the
town,

But the words she uttered that day
nor fire

Could burn nor water drown.

And now the aisles of the ancient church
By equal feet are trod,

And the bell that swings in its belfry
rings

Freedom to worship God !

And now whenever a wrong is done
It thrills the conscious walls ;
The stone from the basement cries aloud
And the beam from the timber calls.

There are steeple-houses on every hand,
And pulpits that bless and ban,
And the Lord will not grudge the
single church
That is set apart for man.

For in two commandments are all the
law

And the prophets under the sun,
And the first is last and the last is first,
And the twain are verily one.

So, long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay-tides rise and fall,
Shall freedom stand in the Old South
Church
And plead for the rights of all !

LEXINGTON.

1775.

No Berserk thirst of blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs, who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old
day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways ;
They loved not strife, they dreaded
pain ;

They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath
His praise.

No seers were they, but simple men ;
Its vast results the future hid :

The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful
then.

Swift as their summons came they left
The plow mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the
mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
 They scarcely asked the reason why;
 They only knew they could but die,
 And death was not the worst of all!

Of man for man the sacrifice,
 All that was theirs to give, they gave.
 The flowers that blossomed from
 their grave
 Have sown themselves beneath all
 skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal
 tower,
 And shattered slavery's chain as
 well;
 On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
 Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb:
 The nations listening to its sound
 Wait, from a century's vantage-
 ground,
 The holier triumphs yet to come,—

The bridal time of Law and Love,
 The gladness of the world's release,
 When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
 The hawk shall nestle with the dove!—

The golden age of brotherhood
 Unknown to other rivalries
 Than of the mild humanities,
 And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
 Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
 The eagle of our mountain-crag,
 The lion of our Motherland!

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

I.

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
 The centuries fall like grains of sand,
 We meet to-day, united, free,
 And loyal to our land and Thee,
 To thank Thee for the era done,
 And trust Thee for the opening one.

II.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
 The fathers spake that word of Thine
 Whose echo is the glad refrain
 Of rended bolt and falling chain,
 To grace our festal time, from all
 The zones of earth our guests we call.

III.

Be with us while the New World greets
 The Old World thronging all its streets,
 Unveiling all the triumphs won
 By art or toil beneath the sun;
 And unto common good ordain
 This rivalry of hand and brain.

IV.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
 The war flags of a gathered world,
 Beneath our Western skies fulfil
 The Orient's mission of good-will,
 And, freighted with love's Golden
 Fleece,
 Send back its Argonauts of peace.

V.

For art and labour met in truce,
 For beauty made the bride of use,
 We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
 The austere virtues strong to save,
 The honour proof to place or gold,
 The manhood never bought nor sold!

VI.

Oh make Thou us, through centuries
 long,
 In peace secure, in justice strong;
 Around our gift of freedom draw
 The safeguards of Thy righteous law:
 And, cast in some diviner mould,
 Let the new cycle shame the old!

THIERS.

I.

FATE summoned, in grey-bearded age,
 to act [fact]
 A history stranger than his written
 Him who portrayed the splendour
 and the gloom

Of that great hour when throne and
altar fell
With long death-groan which still is
audible.

He, when around the walls of
Paris rung
The Prussian bugle like the blast of
doom,

And every ill which follows unblest
war

Maddened all France from Finisterre
to Var,

The weight of fourscore from his
shoulders flung,

And guided Freedom in the path he saw
Lead out of chaos into light and law,
Peace, not imperial, but republican,
And order pledged to all the Rights
of Man.

II.

Death called him from a need as
imminent

As that from which the Silent William
went

When powers of evil, like the smiting
seas

On Holland's dykes, assailed her
liberties.

Sadly, while yet in doubtful balance
hung

The weal and woe of France, the bells
were rung

For her lost leader. Paralysed of will,
Above his bier the hearts of men stood
still.

Then, as if set to his dead lips, the horn
Of Roland wound once more to rouse
and warn,

The old voice filled the air ! His last
brave word

Not vainly France to all her boundaries
stirred.

Strong as in life, he still for Freedom
wrought,

As the dead Cid at red Toloso fought.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

AT THE UNVEILING OF HIS STATUE.

AMONG their graven shapes to whom
Thy civic wreaths belong,
O city of his love, make room
For one whose gift was song.

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,
Nor his the helm of state,
Nor glory of the stricken field,
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,
He served his race and time
As well as if his clerkly pen
Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,
The Muses found their son,
Could any say his trueful art
A duty left undone ?

He toiled and sang ; and year by year
Men found their homes more
sweet,
And through a tenderer atmosphere
Looked down the brick-walled
street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street
knew ;
The Red King walked Broadway ·
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea ! upraise
His veil with reverent hands ;
And mingle with thy own the praise
And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe
Above her hero-urns ;
And Scotland, with her holly, wreath
The flower he culled for Burns.

Oh, stately stand thy palace walls,
Thy tall ships ride the seas ;
To-day thy poet's name recalls
A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,
Nor less thy tall fleets swim,
That shady square and dusty street
Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,
The echoes of his song ;
Too late the tardy meed we bring,
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas ! Of all who knew
The living man, to-day
Before his unveiled face, how few
Make bare their locks of gray !

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,
Our grateful eyes be dim ;
O brothers of the days to come,
Take tender charge of him !

New hands the wires of song may
sweep,
New voices challenge fame ;
But let no moss of years o'erereep
The lines of Halleck's name.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

Oh, well may Essex sit forlorn
Beside her sea-blown shore ;
Her well-beloved, her noblest born,
Is hers in life no more !

No lapse of years can render less
Her memory's sacred claim ;
No fountain of forgetfulness
Can wet the lips of Fame.

A grief alike to wound and heal,
A thought to soothe and pain,
The sad, sweet pride that mothers feel
To her must still remain.

Good men and true she has not lacked,
And brave men yet shall be ;
The perfect flower, the crowning
fact,
Of all her years was he !

As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,
What worthier knight was found
To grace in Arthur's golden age
The tabled Table Round ?

A voice, the battle's trumpet-note,
To welcome and restore ;
A hand, that all unwilling smote,
To heal and build once more !

A soul of fire, a tender heart
Too warm for hate, he knew
The generous victor's graceful part
To sheathe the sword he drew.

When Earth, as if on evil dreams,
Looks back upon her wars,
And the white light of Christ out-
streams
From the red disc of Mars,

His fame who led the stormy van
Of battle well may cease,
But never that which crowns the man
Whose victory was Peace.

Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown shore
Thy beautiful and brave,
Whose failing hand the olive bore,
Whose dying lips forgave !

Let age lament the youthful chief,
And tender eyes be dim ;
The tears are more of joy than grief
That fall for one like him !

THE TWO ANGELS.

God called the nearest angels who
dwell with Him above :
The tenderest one was Pity, the
dearest one was Love.

"Arise," He said, "my angels ! a
wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven,
and saddens all within.

“ My harp stake up the mournful strain
that from a lost world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light
and blights the asphodels.

“ Fly downward to that under world,
and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine,
and Pity tears like rain !”

Two faces bowed before the Throne,
veiled in their golden hair ;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down
the dark abyss of air.

The way was strange, the flight was
long ; at last the angels came
Whereswung the lost and nether world,
red-wrapped in rayless flame.

There Pity, shuddering, wept ; but
Love, with faith too strong for fear,

Took heart from God’s almightiness,
and smiled a smile of cheer.

And lo ! that tear of Pity quenched
the flame whereon it fell,
And, with the sunshine of that smile,
hope entered into hell !

Two unveiled faces full of joy looked
upward to the Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of
Him who sat thereon !

And deeper than the sound of seas,
more soft than falling flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song
the Voice Eternal spake :

“ Welcome, my angels ! ye have
brought a holier joy to heaven ;
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be
the song of sin forgiven !”

THE LIBRARY.

SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE
HAVERHILL LIBRARY.

“ LET THERE BE LIGHT !” God spake
of old,
And over chaos dark and cold,
And, through the dead and formless
frame
Of nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone
On giant fern and mastodon,
On half-formed plant and beast of prey,
And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o’erran
The earth, uplifting brute and man ;
And mind, at length, in symbols
dark
Its meanings traced on stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought roll,
On plastic clay and leathern scroll,
Man wrote his thoughts ; the ages
passed,
And lo ! the Press was found at last !

Then dead souls woke ; the thoughts
of men
Whose bones were dust revived again ;
The cloister’s silence found a tongue,
Old prophets spake, old poets sung.

And here, to-day, the dead look
down,
The kings of mind again we crown ;
We hear the voices lost so long,
The sage’s word, the sibyl’s song.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves
Alive along these crowded shelves ;
And Shakespeare treads again his stage
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon’s marbles broke
Their stony trance, and lived and
spoke,
Life thrills along the alcoved hall,
The lords of thought await our call !

THE HENCHMAN.

My lady walks her morning round,
 My lady's page her fleet greyhound,
 My lady's hair the fond winds stir,
 And all the birds make songs for
 her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers,
 And Rathburn side is gay with
 flowers ;
 But ne'er like hers, in flower or bird,
 Was beauty seen or music heard.

The distance of the stars is hers ;
 The least of all her worshippers,
 The dust beneath her dainty heel,
 She knows not that I see or feel.

O proud and calm !— she cannot
 know

Where'er she goes with her I go ;
 O cold and fair !— she cannot guess
 I kneel to share her hound's caress !

Gay knights beside her hunt and
 hawk,

I rob their ears of her sweet talk ;
 Her suitors come from east and west,
 I steal her smiles from every guest.

Unheard of her, in loving words,
 I greet her with the song of birds ;
 I reach her with her green-armed
 bowers,
 I kiss her with the lips of flowers.

The hound and I are on her trail,
 The wind and I uplift her veil ;
 As if the calm, cold moon she were,
 And I the tide, I follow her.

As unrebuked as they, I share
 The licence of the sun and air,
 And in a common homage hide
 My worship from her scorn and pride.

World-wide apart, and yet so near,
 I breathe her charmed atmosphere,
 Wherein to her my service brings
 The reverence due to holy things.

Her maiden pride, her haughty name,
 My dumb devotion shall not shame ;
 The love that no return doth crave
 To knightly levels lifts the slave.

No lance have I, in joust or fight,
 To splinter in my lady's sight ;
 But, at her feet, how blest were I
 For any need of hers to die !

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.

OUT from Jerusalem

The king rode with his great
 War chiefs and lords of state,
 And Sheba's queen with them,

Comely, but black withal,
 To whom, perchance, belongs
 That wondrous Song of songs,
 Sensuous and mystical,

Whereto devout souls turn
 In fond, eestatic dream,
 And through its earth-born theme
 The Love of loves discern.

Proud in the Syrian sun,
 In gold and purple sheen,
 The dusky Ethiop queen
 Smiled on King Solomon.

Wisest of men, he knew
 The languages of all
 The creatures great or small
 That trod the earth or flew.

Across an ant-hill led
 The king's path, and he heard
 Its small folk, and their word
 He thus interpreted :

“ Here comes the king men greet
 As wise and good and just,
 To crush us in the dust
 Under his heedless feet.”

The great king bowed his head,
And saw the wide surprise
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes
As he told her what they said.

"O king!" she whispered sweet,
"Too happy fate have they
Who perish in thy way
Beneath thy gracious feet!"

"Thou of the God-lent crown,
Shall these vile creatures dare
Murmur against thee where
The knees of kings kneel down?"

"Nay," Solomon replied,
"The wise and strong should seek
The welfare of the weak,"
And turned his horse aside.

His train, with quick alarm,
Curved with their leader round
The ant-hill's peopled mound
And left it free from harm.

The jewelled head bent low:
"O king!" she said, "henceforth
The secret of thy worth
And wisdom well I know.

"Happy must be the State
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great."

RED RIDING-HOOD.

ON the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine-trees
sung
The naked elm-boughs tossed and
swung;
While, through the window, frosty-
starred,
Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the sombre crow flap by,
The hawk's grey fleck along the sky,
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poisoning on the drift,

Erect, alert, his broad grey tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-
jays!"

What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know:
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking
Now sinking in a drift so low {gale;
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of colour on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow
oak,— [blue-jay,
Come, black old crow,—come, poor
Before your supper's blown away!
Don't be afraid, we all are good;
And I'm mamma's Red Riding-
Hood!"

O Thou whose care is over all,
Who heedest even the sparrow's fall,
Keep in the little maiden's breast
The pity which is now its guest!
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as know,
Nor harder with her polish grow!
Unmoved by sentimental grief
That wails along some printed leaf,
But, prompt with kindly word and deed
To own the claims of all who need,
Let the grown woman's self make good
The promise of Red Riding-Hood!

THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

THE time of gifts has come again,
 And, on my northern window-pane,
 Outlined against the day's brief light,
 A Christmas token hangs in sight.
 The wayside travellers, as they pass,
 Mark the grey disc of clouded glass;
 And the dull blankness seems, perchance,
 Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see
 The perfect grace it hath for me;
 For there the flower, whose fringes
 through
 The frosty breath of autumn blew,
 Turns from without its face of bloom
 To the warm tropic of my room,
 As fair as when beside its brook
 The hue of bending skies it took.

So from the trodden ways of earth,
 Seem some sweet souls who veil their
 worth,
 And offer to the careless glance
 The clouding grey of circumstance.
 They blossom best where hearth-fires
 burn,
 To loving eyes alone they turn
 The flowers of inward grace that hide
 Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,
 My half-immortal flower from thee!
 Man judges from a partial view,
 None ever yet his brother knew;
 The Eternal Eye that sees the whole
 May better read the darkened soul,
 And find, to outward sense denied,
 The flower upon its inmost side!

OVERRULED.

THE threads our hands in blindness
 spin
 No self-determined plan weaves in;
 The shuttle of the unseen powers
 Works out a pattern not as ours.

Ah! small the choice of him who sings
 What sound shall leave the smitten
 strings;
 Fate holds and guides the hand of art;
 The singer's is the servant's part.

The wind-harp chooses not the tone
 That through its trembling threads is
 blown;
 The patient organ cannot guess
 What hand its passive keys shall press.

Through wish, resolve, and act, our
 will
 Is moved by undreamed forces still:
 And no man measures in advance
 His strength with untried circum-
 stance.

As streams take hue from shade and
 sun,
 As runs the life the song must run;
 But, glad or sad, to His good end
 God grant the varying notes may tend!

HYMN

SUNG AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE
 CHILDREN'S MISSION, BOSTON (1878).

THINE are all the gifts, O God!
 Thine the broken bread;
 Let the naked feet be shod,
 And the starving fed.

Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
 Give as they abound,
 Till the poor have breathing space,
 And the lost are found.

Wiser than the miser's hoards
 Is the giver's choice;
 Sweeter than the song of birds
 Is the thankful voice.

Welcome smiles on faces sad
 As the flowers of spring;
 Let the tender hearts be glad
 With the joy they bring.

Happier for their pity's sake
 Make their sports and plays,
 And from lips of childhood take
 Thy perfected praise !

GIVING AND TAKING.^a

Who gives and hides the giving hand,
 Nor counts on favour, fame, or
 praise,
 Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
 The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath naught been
 given,
 His gift in need, though small in-
 deed
 As is the grass-blade's wind-blown
 seed,
 Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

Forget it not, O man, to whom
 A gift shall fall, while yet on earth ;
 Yea, even to thy seven-fold birth
 Recall it in the lives to come.

Who broods above a wrong in thought
 Sins much ; but greater sin is his
 Who, fed and clothed with kind-
 nesses,
 Shall count the holy alms as nought.

Who dares to curse the hands that
 bless
 Shall know of sin the deadliest
 cost ;
 The patience of the heavens is lost
 Beholding man's unthankfulness.

For he who breaks all laws may still
 In Sivam's mercy be forgiven ;
 But none can save, in earth or
 heaven,
 The wretch who answers good with ill.

^a I have attempted to put in English verse
 a prose translation of a poem by Tinne-
 valuva, a Hindoo poet of the third century
 of our era.

"I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE
 TOOK ME IN."

'NEATH skies that winter never knew
 The air was full of light and
 balm,
 And warm and soft the Gulf wind
 blew
 Through orange bloom and groves
 of palm.

A stranger from the frozen North,
 Who sought the fount of health in
 vain,
 Sank homeless on the alien earth,
 And breathed the languid air with
 pain.

God's angel came ! The tender shade
 Of pity made her blue eye dim ;
 Against her woman's breast she laid
 The drooping, fainting head of him.

She bore him to a pleasant room,
 Flower-sweet and cool with salt sea
 air,
 And watched beside his bed, for
 whom
 His far-off sisters might not care.

She fanned his feverish brow and
 smoothed
 Its lines of pain with tenderest
 touch,
 With holy hymn and prayer she
 soothed
 The trembling soul that feared so
 much.

Through her the peace that passeth
 sight
 Came to him, as he lapsed away
 As one whose troubled dreams of
 night
 Slide slowly into tranquil day.

The sweetness of the land of Flowers
 Upon his lonely grave she laid :
 The jasmine dropped its golden
 showers,
 The orange lent its bloom and shade.

And something whispered in her thought,
 More sweet than mortal voices be :
 "The service thou for him hast wrought
 O daughter ! hath been done for Me "

 AT SCHOOL-CLOSE.

BOWDOIN STREET (1877).

THE end has come, as come it must
 To all things ; in these sweet June days
 The teacher and the scholar trust
 Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part : but in the years to be
 Shall pleasant memories cling to each,
 As shells bear inland from the sea
 The murmur of the rhythmic beach.

One knew the joy the sculptor knows
 When, plastic to his lightest touch,
 His clay-wrought model slowly grows
 To that fine grace desired so much.

So daily grew before her eyes
 The living shapes whereon she wrought,
 Strong, tender, innocently wise,
 The child's heart with the woman's thought.

And one shall never quite forget
 The voice that called from dream and play,
 The firm but kindly hand that set
 Her feet in learning's pleasant way,—

The joy of Undine, soul-possessed,
 The wakening sense, the strange delight
 That swelled the fabled statue's breast
 And filled its clouded eyes with sight !

O Youth and Beauty, loved of all !
 Ye pass from girlhood's gate of dreams ;
 In broader ways your footsteps fall,
 Ye test the truth of all that seems.

Her little realm the teacher leaves,
 She breaks her wand of power apart,
 While, for your love and trust, she gives [heart.
 The warm thanks of a grateful

Hers is the sober summer noon
 Contrasted with your morn of spring ;
 The waning with the waxing moon,
 The folded with the outspread wing.

Across the distance of the years
 She sends her God-speed back to you ;
 She has no thought of doubts or fears :
 Be but yourselves, be pure, be true,

And prompt in duty ; heed the deep,
 Low voice of conscience ; through the ill
 And discord round about you, keep
 Your faith in human nature still.

Be gentle : unto griefs and needs,
 Be pitiful as woman should,
 And, spite of all the lies of creeds,
 Hold fast the truth that God is good.

Give and receive ; go forth and bless
 The world that needs the hand and heart
 Of Martha's helpful carefulness
 No less than Mary's better part.

So shall the stream of time flow by
 And leave each year a richer good,
 And matron loveliness outvie
 The nameless charm of maidenhood.

And, when the world shall link your names [fine,
 With gracious lives and manners
 The teacher shall assert her claims,
 And proudly whisper, "These were mine !"

AT EVENTIDE.

Poor and inadequate the shadow-play
Of gain and loss, of waking and of
dream,

Against life's solemn background
needs must seem

At this late hour. Yet, not unthank-
fully,

I call to mind the fountains by the way,
The breath of flowers, the bird-song
on the spray,

Dear friends, sweet human loves, the
joy of giving

And of receiving, the great boon of
living

In grand historic years when Liberty
Had need of word and work, quick
sympathies

For all who fail and suffer, song's relief,
Nature's uneloquent loveliness; and
chief,

The kind restraining hand of Provi-
dence,

The inward witness, the assuring
sense

Of an Eternal Good which overlies
The sorrow of the world, Love which
outlives

All sin and wrong, Compassion which
forgives

To the uttermost, and Justice whose
clear eyes

Through lapse and failure look to the
intent,

And judge our frailty by the life we
meant.

THE PROBLEM.

I.

Nor without envy Wealth at times
must look

On their brown strength who wield
the reaping-hook

And scythe, or at the forge-fire
shape the plow

Or the steel harness of the steeds of
steam;

All who, by skill and patience, any-
how

Make service noble, and the earth
redeem

From savageness. By kingly accolade
Than theirs was never worthier knight-
hood made.

Well for them, if, while demagogues
their vain

And evil counsels proffer, they main-
tain

Their honest manhood unswayed,
and wage

No war with Labour's right to Labour's
gain

Of sweet home-comfort, rest of hand
and brain,

And softer pillow for the head of Age.

II.

And well for Gain if it ungrudging
yields

Labour its just demand; and well
for Ease

If in the uses of its own, it sees

No wrong to him who tills its plea-
sant fields

And spreads the table of its luxuries.

The interests of the rich man and the
poor

Are one and same, inseparable ever-
more;

And, when scant wage or labour fail
to give

Food, shelter, raiment, wherewithal
to live,

Need has its rights, necessity its claim.
Yea, even self-wrought misery and
shame

Test well the charity suffering long
and kind.

The home-pressed question of the age
can find

No answer in the catch-words of the
blind

Leaders of blind. Solution there is
none

Save in the Golden Rule of Christ alone.

RESPONSE.

1877.

BESIDE that milestone where the level
 sun,
 Nigh unto setting, sheds his last,
 low rays
 On word and work irrevocably done,
 Life's blending threads of good and
 ill outspun,
 I hear, O friends! your words of
 cheer and praise,
 Half doubtful if myself or otherwise.
 Like him who, in the old Arabian
 joke,
 A beggar slept and crownèd Caliph
 woke.
 Thanks not the less. With not un-
 glad surprise
 I see my life-work through your par-
 tial eyes ;
 Assured, in giving to my home-taught
 songs
 A higher value than of right belongs,
 You do but read between the written
 lines
 The finer grace of unfulfilled designs.

THE KING'S MISSIVE.

PRELUDE TO THE KING'S MISSIVE.

I SPREAD a scanty board too late ;
 The old-time guests for whom I wait
 Come few and slow, methinks,
 to-day.
 Ah ! who could hear my messages
 Across the dim unsounded seas
 On which so many have sailed away !
 Come, then, old friends, who linger yet,
 And let us meet, as we have met,
 Once more beneath this low sun-
 shine ;
 And grateful for the good we've known,
 The riddles solved, the ills outgrown,
 Shake hands upon the border line.

The favour, asked too oft before,
 From your indulgent ears, once more
 I crave, and, if belated lays
 To slower, feebler measures move,
 The silent sympathy of love
 To me is dearer now than praise.

And ye, O younger friends, for whom
 My hearth and heart keep open room,
 Come smiling through the shadows
 long,
 Be with me while the sun goes down,
 And with your cheerful voices drown
 The minor of my even-song.

For, equal through the day and night,
 The wise Eternal oversight
 And love and power and righteous
 will
 Remain : the law of destiny
 The best for each and all must be,
 And life its promise shall fulfil.

THE KING'S MISSIVE.⁶⁹

1661.

UNDER the great hill sloping bare
 To cove and meadow and Common
 lot,
 In his council chamber and oaken chair,
 Sat the worshipful Governor Endi-
 cott.
 A grave, strong man, who knew no peer
 In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in
 fear
 Of God, not man, and for good or ill
 Held his trust with an iron will.
 He had shorn with his sword the cross
 from out
 The flag, and cloven the May-pole
 down,
 Harried the heathen round about,
 And whipped the Quakers from
 town to town.
 Earnest and honest, a man at need
 To burn like a torch for his own harsh
 creed, [his zeal
 He kept with the flaming brand of
 The gate of the holy common weal.

His brow was clouded, his eye was stern

With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath ;

“Woe’s me !” he murmured : “at every turn

The pestilent Quakers are in my path !

Some we have scourged, and banished some,

Some hanged, more doomed, and still they come,

Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,
Sowing their heresy’s seed of sin.

“Did we count on this? Did we leave behind

The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease

Of our English hearths and homes, to find

Troublers of Israel such as these ?

Shall I spare ? Shall I pity them ?
God forbid !

I will do as the prophet to Agag did :

They come to poison the wells of the Word,

I will hew them in pieces before the Lord !”

The door swung open, and Rawson the clerk

Entered, and whispered under breath,

“There waits below for the hangman’s work

A fellow banished on pain of death—
Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip

Brought over in Master Goldsmith’s ship

At anchor here in a Christian port,
With freight of the devil and all his sort !”

Twice and thrice on the chamber floor

Striding fiercely from wall to wall,

“The Lord do so to me and more,”
The Governor cried, “if I hang not all !

Bring hither the Quaker.” Calm, sedate,

With the look of a man at ease with fate,

Into that presence grim and dread
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

“Off with the knave’s hat !” An angry hand

Smote down the offence ; but the wearer said,

With a quiet smile, “By the king’s command

I bear this message and stand in his stead.”

In the Governor’s hand a missive he laid

With the royal arms on its seal displayed,

And the proud man spake as he gazed thereat,

Uncovering, “Give Mr. Shattuck his hat.”

Returned to the Quaker, bowing low,—

“The king commandeth your friends’ release,

Doubtnot he shall be obeyed, although
To his subjects’ sorrow and sin’s increase.

What he here enjoineth, John Endicott,

His loyal servant, questioneth not.

You are free ! God grant the spirit you own

May take you from us to parts unknown.”

So the door of the jail was open cast,
And, like Daniel, out of the lions’ den

Tender youth and girlhood passed,
With age-bowed women and grey-locked men.

And the voice of one appointed to die
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high,

And the little maid from New Netherlands

Kissed, in her joy, the doomed man’s hands.

And one, whose call was to minister
To the souls in prison, beside him
went,

An ancient woman, bearing with her
The linen shroud for his burial
meant.

For she, not counting her own life dear,
In the strength of a love that cast out
fear,

Had watched and served where her
brethren died,

Like those who waited the cross beside.

One moment they paused on their way
to look

On the martyr graves by the
Common side,

And much scourged Wharton of Salem
took

His burden of prophecy up and cried :
“ Rest, souls of the valiant ! Not in
vain

Have ye borne the Master's cross of
pain ;

Ye have fought the fight, ye are
victors crowned,

With a fourfold chain ye have Satan
bound ! ”

The autumn haze lay soft and still

On wood and meadow and upland
farms ;

On the brow of Snow Hill the great
windmill

Slowly and lazily swung its arms ;
Broad in the sunshine stretched
away,

With its capes and islands, the
turquoise bay ;

And over water and dusk of pines
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,
The sumach added its crimson
fleck,

And double in air and water showed
The tinted maples along the Neck ;
Through frost flower clusters of pale
star-mist,

And gentian fringes of amethyst,
And royal plumes of golden rod,
The grazing cattle on Centry trod.

But as they who see not, the Quakers
saw

The world about them ; they only
thought

With deep thanksgiving and pious awe
On the great deliverance God had
wrought.

Through lane and alley the gazing
town

Noisily followed them up and down ;
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,
Some with pity and words of cheer.

One brave voice rose above the din.

Upsall, grey with his length of
days,

Cried from the door of his Red Lion
Inn :

“ Men of Boston, give God the
praise !

No more shall innocent blood call down
The bolts of wrath on your guilty
town.

The freedom of worship, dear to you,
Is dear to all, and to all is due.

“ I see the vision of days to come,
When your beautiful City of the
Bay

Shall be Christian liberty's chosen
home,

And none shall his neighbour's
rights gainsay.

The varying notes of worship shall
blend

And as one great prayer to God ascend,
And hands of mutual charity raise
Walls of salvation and gates of praise. ”

So passed the Quakers through Boston
town,

Whose painful ministers sighed to
see

The walls of their sheep-fold falling
down,

And wolves of heresy prowling free.

But the years went on, and brought
no wrong ;

With milder counsels the State grew
strong,

As outward Letter and inward Light
Kept the balance of truth aright.

The Puritan spirit perishing not,
To Concord's yeomen the signal sent,
And spake in the voice of the cannon-
shot

That severed the chains of a conti-
nent.

With its gentler mission of peace and
good-will

The thought of the Quaker is living
still,

And the freedom of soul he prophesied
Is gospel and law where the martyrs
died.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.⁷⁰

THOUGH flowers have perished at the
touch

Of Frost, the early comer,

I hail the season loved so much,
The good St. Martin's summer.

O gracious morn, with rose-red dawn,
And thin moon curving o'er it!

The old year's darling, latest born,
More loved than all before it!

How flamed the sunrise through the
pines!

How stretched the birchen shadows,
Braiding in long, wind-wavered lines
The westward sloping meadows!

The sweet day, opening as a flower
Unfolds its petals tender,
Renews for us at noontide's hour
The summer's tempered splendour.

The birds are hushed; alone the
wind,

That through the woodland
searches,

The red-oak's lingering leaves can find,
And yellow plumes of larches.

But still the balsam-breathing pine
Invites no thought of sorrow,
No hint of loss from air like wine
The earth's content can borrow.

The summer and the winter here
Midway a truce are holding,
A soft, consenting atmosphere
Their tents of peace enfolding.

The silent woods, the lonely hills,
Rise solemn in their gladness;
The quiet that the valley fills
Is scarcely joy or sadness.

How strange! The autumn yester-
day

In winter's grasp seemed dying;
On whirling winds from skies of
gray

The early snow was flying.

And now, while over Nature's mood
There steals a soft relenting,
I will not mar the present good,
Forecasting or lamenting.

My autumn time and Nature's hold
A dreamy tryst together,
And, both grown old, about us fold
The golden-tissued weather.

I lean my heart against the day
To feel its bland caressing;
I will not let it pass away
Before it leaves its blessing.

God's angels come not as of old
The Syrian shepherds knew them;
In reddening dawns, in sunset gold,
And warm noon lights I view
them.

Nor need there is, in times like this
When heaven to earth draws nearer,
Of wing or song as witnesses
To make their presence clearer.

O stream of life, whose swifter flow
Is of the end forewarning,
Methinks thy sundown afterglow
Seems less of night than morning!

Old cares grow light; aside I lay
The doubts and fears that troubled;
The quiet of the happy day
Within my soul is doubled.

That clouds must veil this fair sun-
shine

Not less a joy I find it ;
Nor less yon warm horizon line
That winter lurks behind it.

The mystery of the untried days
I close my eyes from reading.
His will be done whose darkest ways
To light and life are leading !

Less drear the winter night shall be,
If memory cheer and hearten
Its heavy hours with thoughts of thee,
Sweet summer of St. Martin !

THE DEAD FEAST OF THE KOL-FOLK.⁷¹

CHOTA NAGPOOR.

We have opened the door,
Once, twice, thrice !

We have swept the floor,
We have boiled the rice.
Come hither, come hither !
Come from the far lands,
Come from the star lands,
Come as before !

We lived long together,
We loved one another ;
Come back to our life.
Come father, come mother,
Come sister and brother,
Child, husband, and wife,
For you we are sighing.
Come take your old places,
Come look in our faces,
The dead on the dying,
Come home !

We have opened the door,
Once, twice, thrice !
We have kindled the coals,
And we boil the rice
For the feast of souls.
Come hither, come hither !
Think not we fear you,
Whose hearts are so near you.

Come tenderly thought on,
Come all unforgotten,
Come from the shadow-lands,
From the dim meadow-lands
Where the pale grasses bend
Low to our sighing.
Come father, come mother,
Come sister and brother,
Come husband and friend,
The dead to the dying,
Come home !

We have opened the door
You entered so oft ;
For the feast of souls
We have kindled the coals,
And we boil the rice soft.
Come you who are dearest
To us who are nearest,
Come hither, come hither,
From out the wild weather ;
The storm clouds are flying,
The peepul is sighing ;
Come in from the rain.
Come father, come mother,
Come sister and brother,
Come husband and lover,
Beneath our roof-cover.
Look on us again,
The dead on the dying,
Come home !

We have opened the door !
For the feast of souls
We have kindled the coals
We may kindle no more !
Snake, fever, and famine,
The curse of the Brahmin,
The sun and the dew,
They burn us, they bite us,
They waste us and smite us ;
Our days are but few !
In strange lands far yonder
To wonder and wander
We hasten to you.
List then to our sighing,
While yet we are here :
Nor seeing nor hearing,
We wait without fearing,
To feel you draw near.
O dead to the dying
Come home !

THE LOST OCCASION.

SOME die too late and some too soon,
At early morning, heat of noon,
Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,
Whom the rich heavens did so endow
With eyes of power and Jove's own
brow,

With all the massive strength that fills,
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,
With rarest gifts of heart and head
From manliest stock inherited,
New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian ;
Whom no one met, at first, but took
A second awed and wondering look
(As turned, perchance, the eyes of
Greece

On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece);
Whose words in simplest home-spun
clad,
The Saxon strength of Cædmon's
had,

With power reserved at need to reach
The Roman forum's loftiest speech,
Sweet with persuasion, eloquent
In passion, cool in argument,
Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes
As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,
Crushing as if with Talus' flail
Through Error's logic-woven mail,
And failing only when they tried
The adamant of the righteous side,—
Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved
Of old friends, by the new deceived,
Too soon for us, too soon for thee,
Beside thy lonely Northern sea,
Where long and low the marsh-lands
spread,
Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow,—
The late-sprung mine that underlaid
Thy sad concessions vainly made.
Thou shouldst have seen from Sumter's
wall

The star-flag of the Union fall,
And armed rebellion pressing on
The broken lines of Washington !
No stronger voice than thine had then
Called out the utmost might of men,

To make the Union's charter free
And strengthen law by liberty.
How had that stern arbitrament
To thy grey age youth's vigour lent,
Shaming ambition's paltry prize
Before thy disillusioned eyes ;
Breaking the spell about thee wound
Like the green withes that Samson
bound ;

Redeeming in one effort grand,
Thyself and thy imperilled land !
Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,
O sleeper by the Northern sea,
The gates of opportunity !

God fills the gaps of human need,
Each crisis brings its word and deed.
Wise men and strong we did not
lack ;

But still, with memory turning
back,

In the dark hours we thought of thee,
And thy lone grave beside the sea.

Above that grave the east winds blow,
And from the marsh-lands drifting
slow

The sea-fog comes, with evermore
The wave-wash of a lonely shore
And sea-bird's melancholy cry,
As Nature fain would typify
The sadness of a closing scene,
The loss of that which should have
been

But, where thy native mountains bare
Their foreheads to diviner air,
Fit emblem of enduring fame,
One lofty summit keeps thy name,
For thee the cosmic forces did
The rearing of that pyramid,
The prescient ages shaping with
Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.
Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
With hands of light their benison,
The stars of midnight pause to set
Their jewels in its coronet,
And evermore that mountain mass
Seems climbing from the shadowy pass
To light, as if to manifest
Thy nobler self, thy life at best !

THE EMANCIPATION GROUP.

BOSTON, 1879.

AMIDST thy sacred effigies
Of old renown give place,
O city, Freedom-loved ! to his
Whose hand unchained a race.

Take the worn frame, that rested not
Save in a martyr's grave—
The care-lined face, that none forgot,
Bent to the kneeling slave.

Let man be free ! The mighty word
He spake was not his own ;
An impulse from the Highest stirred
These chiselled lips alone.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,
Along his pathway ran,
And Nature, through his voice, denied
The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes
Saw peril, strife, and pain ;
His was the nation's sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain.

O symbol of God's will on earth
As it is done above !
Bear witness to the east and worth
Of justice and of love.

Stand in thy place and testify
To coming ages long,
That truth is stronger than a lie,
And righteousness than wrong.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

VOICE of a people suffering long,
The pathos of their mournful song,
The sorrow of their night of wrong !

Their cry like that which Israel gave,
A prayer for one to guide and save,
Like Moses by the Red Sea's wave !

The stern accord her timbrel lent
To Miriam's note of triumph sent
O'er Egypt's sunken armament !

The tramp that startled camp and
town,
And shook the walls of slavery down,
The spectral march of old John Brown !

The storm that swept through battle-
days,
The triumph after long delays,
The bondmen giving God the praise !

Voice of a ransomed race, sing on
Till Freedom's every right is won,
And Slavery's every wrong undone !

WITHIN THE GATE.

L. M. C.

WE sat together, last May-day, and
talked
Of the dear friends who walked
Beside us, sharers of the hopes and fears
Of five-and-forty years

Since first we met in Freedom's hope
forlorn,
And heard her battle-horn
Sound through the valleys of the sleep-
ing North,
Calling her children forth.

And youth pressed forward with hope-
lighted eyes,
And age, with forecast wise
Of the long strife before the triumph
won,
Girded his armour on.

Sadly, as name by name we called
the roll,
We heard the dead-bells toll
For the unanswering many, and we
knew
The living were the few.

And we, who waited our own call before
The inevitable door,
Listened and looked, as all have done,
to win
Some token from within.

No sign we saw, we heard no voices
call ;
The impenetrable wall
Cast down its shadow, like an awful
doubt,
On all who sat without.

Of many a hint of life beyond the veil,
And many a ghostly tale
Wherewith the ages spanned the gulf
between
The seen and the unseen,

Seeking from omen, trance, and dream
to gain
Solace to doubtful pain,
And touch, with groping hands, the
garment hem
Of truth sufficing them,

We talked ; and, turning from the
sore unrest
Of an all-baffling quest,
We thought of holy lives that from
us passed
Hopeful unto the last,

As if they saw beyond the river of
death,
Like Him of Nazareth,
The many mansions of the Eternal
days
Lift up their gates of praise.

And, hushed to silence by a reverent
awe,
Methought, O friend, I saw
In thy true life of word, and work,
and thought
The proof of all we sought.

Did we not witness in the life of thee
Immortal prophecy ?
And feel, when with thee, that thy
footsteps trod
An everlasting road ?

Not for brief days thy generous sym-
pathies,
Thy scorn of selfish ease ;
Not for the poor prize of an earthly goal
Thy strong uplift of soul.

Than thine was never turned a fonder
heart
To nature and to art
In fair-formed Hellas in her golden
prime,
Thy Philothea's time.

Yet, loving beauty, thou could'st pass
it by.
And for the poor deny
Thyself, and see thy fresh, sweet
flower of fame
Wither in blight and blame.

Sharing His love who holds in His
embrace
The lowliest of our race,
Sure the Divine economy must be
Conservative of thee !

For truth must live with truth, self-
sacrifice
Seek out its great allies ;
Good must find good by gravitation
sure,
And love with love endure.

And so, since thou hast passed within
the gate
Whereby awhile I wait,
I give blind grief and blinder sense
the lie :
Thou hast not lived to die !

THE KHAN'S DEVIL.

THE Khan came from Bokhara town
To Hamza, santon of renown.

“My head is sick, my hands are weak ;
Thy help, O holy man, I seek.”

In silence marking for a space
The Khan's red eyes and purple face,

Thick voice, and loose, uncertain tread,
"Thou hast a devil!" Hamza said.

"Allah forbid!" exclaimed the Khan.
"Rid me of him at once, O man!"

"Nay," Hamza said, "no spell of
mine
Can slay that curs'd thing of thine.

"Leave feast and wine, go forth and
drink
Water of healing on the brink

"Where clear and cold from moun-
tain snows
The Nahr el Zeben downward flows.

"Six moons remain, then come to me;
May Allah's pity go with thee!"

Awe-struck, from feast and wine, the
Khan
Went forth where Nahr el Zeben ran.

Roots were his food, the desert dust
His bed, the water quenched his thirst,

And when the sixth moon's scimitar
Curved sharp above the evening star,

He sought again the santon's door,
Not weak and trembling as before,

But strong of limb and clear of
brain;

"Behold," he said, "the fiend is
slain."

"Nay," Hamza answered, "starved
and drowned,
The curst one lies in death-like
swound.

"But evil breaks the strongest gyves,
And jins like him have charmed lives.

"One beaker of the juice of grape
May call him up in living shape.

"When the red wine of Badakshan
Sparkles for thee, beware, O Khan!

"With water quench the fire within,
And drown each day thy devilkin!"

Thenceforth the great Khan shunned
the cup
As Shitan's own, though offered up,

With laughing eyes and jewelled
hands,
By Yarkand's maids and Samarcand's.

And, in the lofty vestibule
Of the medress of Kaush Kodul,

The students of the holy law
A golden-lettered tablet saw,

With these words, by a cunning hand,
Graved on it at the Khan's command:

"In Allah's name, to him who hath
A devil, Khan el Hamed saith,

"Wisely our Prophet cursed the vine:
The fiend that loves the breath of wine

"No prayer can slay, no marabout
Nor Meccan dervish can drive out.

"I, Khan el Hamed, know the charm
That robs him of his power to harm.

"Drown him, O Islam's child! the
spell
To save thee lies in tank and well!"

ABRAM MORRISON.

'MIDST the men and things which will
Haunt an old man's memory still,
Drollest, quaintest of them all,
With a boy's laugh I recall
Good old Abram Morrison.

When the Grist and Rolling Mill
Ground and rumbled by Po Hill,
And the old red school-house stood
Midway in the Powow's flood,
Here dwelt Abram Morrison.

From the Beach to far beyond
 Bear-Hill, Lion's Mouth and Pond,
 Marvellous to our tough old stock,
 Chips o' the Anglo-Saxon block,
 Seemed the Celtic Morrison.

Mudknock, Balmawhistle, all
 Only knew the Yankee drawl,
 Never brogue was heard till when,
 Foremost of his countrymen,
 Hither came Friend Morrison ;

Yankee born, of alien blood,
 Kin of his had well withstood
 Pope and King with pike and ball
 Under Derry's leaguered wall,
 As became the Morrisons.

Wandering down from Nutfield woods
 With his household and his goods,
 Never was it clearly told
 How within our quiet fold
 Came to be a Morrison.

Once a soldier, blame him not
 That the Quaker he forgot,
 When, to think of battles won,
 And the red-coats on the run,
 Laughed aloud Friend Morrison.

From grey Lewis over sea
 Bore his sires their family tree,
 On the rugged boughs of it
 Grafting Irish mirth and wit,
 And the brogue of Morrison.

Half a genius, quick to plan,
 Blundering like an Irishman,
 But with canny shrewdness lent
 By his far-off Scotch descent,
 Such was Abram Morrison.

Back and forth to daily meals,
 Rode his cherished pig on wheels,
 And to all who came to see :
 " Aisier for the pig an' me,
 Sure it is " said Morrison.

Simple-hearted, boy o'ergrown,
 With a humour quite his own,
 Of our sober-stepping ways,
 Speech and look and cautious phrase,
 Slow to learn was Morrison.

Much we loved his stories told
 Of a country strange and old,
 Where the fairies danced till dawn,
 And the goblin Leprecaun
 Looked, we thought, like Morri-
 son.

Or wild tales of feud and fight,
 Witch and troll and second sight
 Whispered still where Stornoway
 Looks across its stormy bay,
 Once the home of Morrisons.

First was he to sing the praise
 Of the Powow's winding ways ;
 And our straggling village took
 City grandeur to the look
 Of its poet Morrison.

All his words have perished. Shame
 On the saddle-bags of Fame,
 That they bring not to our time
 One poor couplet of the rhyme
 Made by Abram Morrison !

When, on calm and fair First Days,
 Rattled down our one-horse chaise
 Through the blossomed apple-boughs
 To the old, brown meeting-house,
 There was Abram Morrison.

Underneath his hat's broad brim
 Peered the queer old face of him ;
 And with Irish jauntiness
 Swung the coat-tails of the dress
 Worn by Abram Morrison.

Still, in memory, on his feet,
 Leaning o'er the elders' seat,
 Mingling with a solemn drone,
 Celtic accents all his own,
 Rises Abram Morrison.

" Don't," he's pleading, " don't ye
 go,
 Dear young friends, to sight and
 show ;
 Don't run after elephants,
 Learned pigs and presidents,
 And the likes !" said Morrison.

On his well-worn theme intent,
Simple, child-like, innocent,
Heaven forgive the half-cheeked smile
Of our careless boyhood, while
Listening to Friend Morrison !

We have learned in later days
Truth may speak in simplest phrase ;
That the man is not the less
For quaint ways and home-spun dress,
Thanks to Abram Morrison !

Not to pander nor to please
Come the needed homilies,
With no lofty argument
Is the fitting message sent
Through such lips as Morrison's.

Dead and gone ! But while its track
Powow keeps to Merrimack,
While Po Hill is still on guard,
Looking land and ocean ward,
They shall tell of Morrison !

After half a century's lapse,
We are wiser now, perhaps,
But we miss our streets amid
Something which the past has hid,
Lost with Abram Morrison.

Gone for ever with the queer
Characters of that old year !
Now the many are as one ;
Broken is the mould that run
Men like Abram Morrison.

VOYAGE OF THE JETTIE.⁷²

A SHALLOW stream, from fountains
Deep in the Sandwich mountains,
Ran lakeward Bearcamp River ;
And, between its flood-torn shores,
Sped by sail or urged by oars
No keel had vexed it ever.

Alone the dead trees yielding
To the dull axe Time is wielding,
The shy mink and the otter,
And golden leaves and red,
By countless autumns shed,
Had floated down its water.

From the grey rocks of Cape Ann,
Came a skilled sea-faring man,
With his dory, to the right place ;
Over hill and plain he brought her,
Where the boatless Bearcamp water
Comes winding down from White-
Face.

Quoth the skipper : " Ere she floats
forth,
I'm sure my pretty boat's worth,
At least, a name as pretty."
On her painted side he wrote it,
And the flag that o'er her floated
Bore aloft the name of Jettie.

On a radiant morn of summer,
Elder guest and latest comer
Saw her wed the Bearcamp water ;
Heard the name the skipper gave her.
And the answer to the favour
From the Bay State's graceful
daughter.

Then, a singer, richly gifted,
Her charmed voice uplifted ;
And the wood-thrush and song-
sparrow
Listened, dumb with envious pain,
To the clear and sweet refrain
Whose notes they could not borrow.

Then the skipper plied his oar,
And from off the shelving shore,
Glided out the strange explorer ;
Floating on, she knew not whither, —
The tawny sands beneath her,
The great hills watching o'er her.

On, where the stream flows quiet
As the meadows' margins by it,
Or widens out to borrow a
New life from that wild water,
The mountain giant's daughter,
The pine-besung Chocorua.

Or, mid the tangling cumber
And pack of mountain lumber
That spring floods downward force,
Over sunken snag, and bar
Where the grating shallows are
The good boat held her course.

Under the pine-dark highlands,
 Around the vine-hung islands,
 She ploughed her crooked furrow ;
 And her rippling and her lurches
 Searched the river eels and perches,
 And the musk-rat in his burrow.

Every sober clam below her,
 Every sage and grave pearl-grower,
 Shut his rusty valves the tighter ;
 Crow called to crow complaining,
 And old tortoises sat craning
 Their leathern necks to sight her.

So, to where the still lake glasses
 The misty mountain masses
 Rising dim and distant north-
 ward,
 And, with faint-drawn shadow
 pictures,
 Low shores, and dead pine spectres,
 Blends the skyward and the earth-
 ward,

On she glided, overladen,
 With merry man and maiden
 Sending back their song and
 laughter,—
 While, perchance, a phantom crew,
 In a ghostly birch canoe,
 Paddled dumb and swiftly after !

And the bear on Ossipee
 Climbed the topmost crag to see
 The strange thing drifting under ;
 And, through the haze of August,
 Passaconaway and Paugus
 Looked down in sleepy wonder.

All the pines that o'er her hung
 In mimic sea-tones sung
 The song familiar to her ;
 And the maples leaned to screen her,
 And the meadow-grass seemed greener,
 And the breeze more soft to woo her.

The lone stream mystery-haunted,
 To her the freedom granted
 To scan its every feature,
 Till new and old were blended,
 And round them both extended
 The loving arms of Nature.

Of these hills the little vessel
 Henceforth is part and parcel ;
 And on Bearcamp shall her log
 Be kept, as if by George's
 Or Grand Menan, the surges
 Tossed her skipper through the fog.

And I who, half in sadness,
 Recall the morning gladness
 Of life, at evening time,
 By chance, onlooking idly,
 Apart from all so widely,
 Have set her voyage to rhyme.

Dies now the gay persistence
 Of song and laugh, in distance ;
 Alone with me remaining
 The stream, the quiet meadow,
 The hills in shine and shadow,
 The sombre pines complaining.

And, musing here, I dream
 Of voyagers on a stream
 From whence is no returning,
 Under sealed orders going,
 Looking forward little knowing,
 Looking back with idle yearning.

And I pray that every venture
 The port of peace may enter,
 That, safe from snag and fall
 And siren-haunted islet,
 And rock, the Unseen Pilot
 May guide us one and all.

OUR AUTOCRAT.

READ AT DR. HOLMES'S BREAKFAST.

His laurels fresh from song and lay,
 Romance, art, science, rich in all,
 And young of heart, how dare we say
 We keep his seventieth festival ?

No sense is here of loss or lack ;
 Before his sweetness and his light
 The dial holds its shadow back,
 The charmed hours delay their
 flight.

His still the keen analysis
Of men and moods, electric wit,
Free play of mirth, and tenderness
To heal the slightest wound from it.

And his the pathos touching all
Life's sins and sorrows and regrets,
Its hopes and fears, its final call
And rest beneath the violets.

His sparkling surface scarce betrays
The thoughtful tide beneath it
rolled,
The wisdom of the latter days,
And tender memories of the old.

What shapes and fancies, grave or
gay,
Before us at his bidding come !
The Treadmill tramp, the One-Horse
Shay,
The dumb despair of Elsie's doom !

The tale of Avis and the Maid,
The plea for lips that cannot speak,
The holy kiss that Iris laid
On Little Boston's pallid cheek !

Long may he live to sing for us
His sweetest songs at evening time,
And, like his Chambered Nautilus,
To holier heights of beauty climb !

Though now unnumbered guests sur-
round
The table that he rules at will,
Its Autocrat, however crowned,
Is but our friend and comrade still.

The world may keep his honoured
name,
The wealth of all his varied powers ;
A stronger claim has love than fame,
And he himself is only ours !

GARRISON.

THE storm and peril overpast,
The hounding hatred shamed and
still,
Go, soul of freedom ; take at last
The place which thou alone canst
fill.

Confirm the lesson taught of old—
Life saved for self is lost, while
they
Who lose it in His service hold
The lease of God's eternal day.

Not for thyself, but for the slave
Thy words of thunder shook the
world ;
No selfish griefs or hatred gave
The strength wherewith thy bolts
were hurled.

From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew
We heard a tender undersong ;
Thy very wrath from pity grew,
From love of man thy hate of
wrong.

Now past and present are as one ;
The life below is life above ;
Thy mortal years have but begun
The immortality of love.

With somewhat of thy lofty faith
We lay thy outward garment by,
Give death but what belongs to
death,
And life the life that cannot die !

Not for a soul like thine the calm
Of selfish ease and joys of sense ;
But duty, more than crown or palm,
Its own exceeding recompense.

Go up and on ! thy day well done,
Its morning promise well fulfilled,
Arise to triumphs yet unwon,
To holier tasks that God has willed.

Go, leave behind thee all that mars
The work below of man for man ;
With the white legions of the stars
Do service such as angels can.

Wherever wrong shall right deny
Or suffering spirits urge their plea,
Be thine a voice to smite the lie,
A hand to set the captive free !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

"AND where now, Bayard, will thy
footsteps tend?"

My sister asked our guest one
winter's day.

Smiling he answered in the Friends'
sweet way

Common to both: "Wherever thou
shalt send!

What wouldst thou have me see for
thee?" She laughed,

Her dark eyes dancing in the wood-
fire's glow:

"Loffoden isles, the Kilpis, and
the low,

Unsetting sun on Finmark's fishing-
craft."

"All these and more I soon shall see
for thee!"

He answered cheerily: and he kept
his pledge

On Lapland snows, the North
Cape's windy wedge,

And Tromso freezing in its winter
sea.

He went and came. But no man
knows the track

Of his last journey, and he comes
not back!

II.

He brought us wonders of the new
and old;

We shared all climes with him.
The Arab's tent

To him its story-telling secret
lent.

And, pleased, we listened to the tales
he told.

His task, beguiled with songs that
shall endure,

In manly, honest thoroughness he
wrought;

From humble home-lays to the
heights of thought

Slowly he climbed, but every step was
sure.

How, with the generous pride that
friendship hath,

We, who so loved him, saw at last
the crown

Of civic honour on his brows pressed
down,

Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift
was death.

And now for him, whose praise in
deafened ears

Two nations speak, we answer but
with tears!

III.

O Vale of Chester! trod by him so oft,
Green as thy June turf keep his
memory. Let

Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied
stream forget,

Nor winds that blow round lonely
Cedarcroft;

Let the home voices greet him in the
far,

Strange land that holds him; let
the messages

Of love pursue him o'er the chartless
seas

And unmapped vastness of his un-
known star!

Love's language, heard beyond the
loud discourse

Of perishable fame, in every sphere
Itself interprets; and its utterance

here

Somewhere in God's unfolding universe
Shall reach our traveller, softening

the surprise
Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies!

A NAME.

TO G. W. P.

THE name the Gallie exile bore,
St. Malo! from thy ancient mart,
Became upon our Western shore
Greenleaf for Feuillevert.

A name to hear in soft accord
Of leaves by light winds overrun,
Or read, upon the greening sward
Of May, in shade and sun.

The name my infant ear first heard
Breathed softly with a mother's
kiss ;
His mother's own, no tenderer word
My father spake than this.

No child have I to bear it on ;
Be thou its keeper ; let it take
From gifts well used and duty done
New beauty for thy sake.

The fair ideals that outran
My halting footsteps seek and find—
The flawless symmetry of man,
The poise of heart and mind.

Stand firmly where I felt the sway
Of every wing that fancy flew,
See clearly where I groped my way,
Nor real from seeming knew.

And wisely choose, and bravely hold
Thy faith unswerved by cross or
crown,
Like the stout Huguenot of old
Whose name to thee comes down.

As Marot's songs made glad the
heart
Of that lone exile, haply mine
May in life's heavy hours impart
Some strength and hope to thine.

Yet when did Age transfer to Youth
The hard-gained lessons of its
day ?
Each lip must learn the taste of
truth,
Each foot must feel its way.

We cannot hold the hands of choice
That touch or shun life's fateful
keys ;
The whisper of the inward voice
Is more than homilies.

Dear boy ! for whom the flowers are
born, [sing,
Stars shine, and happy song-birds
What can my evening give to morn,
My winter to thy spring !

A life not void of pure intent,
With small desert of praise or
blame,
The love I felt, the good I meant,
I leave thee with my name.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

In the minister's morning sermon
He had told of the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure,
All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to the quenchless burn-
ing,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason
A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
A tenderer heart belied.

And, after the painful service
On that pleasant Sabbath day,
He walked with his little daughter
Through the apple-bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows
Sparrow and blackbird sung ;
Above him their tinted petals
The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory
The minister looked and smiled ;
" How good is the Lord who gives us
These gifts from His hand, my
child.

" Behold in the bloom of apples
And the violets in the sward
A hint of the old, lost beauty
Of the Garden of the Lord ! "

Then up spake the little maiden,
Treading on snow and pink :
"O father ! these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no Garden of Eden
There never had been a fall ;
And if never a tree had blossomed
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child !" the father answered,
"By His decree man fell ;
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But He doeth all things well.

"And whether by His ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
We must fear and love Him still."

"Oh, I fear Him !" said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him, too ;
But I wish He was good and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit
As the tremulous lips of pain
And wide, wet eyes uplifted
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head he pondered
The words of the little one ;
Had he erred in his life-long teaching ?
Had he wrong to his Master done ?

To what grim and dreadful idol
Had he lent the holiest name ?
Did his own heart, loving and human,
The God of his worship shame ?

And lo ! from the bloom and green-
ness,
From the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter,
He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
Of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies
The vision of God he saw.

And, as when, in the clefts of Horeb,
Of old was His presence known,
The dread Ineffable Glory
Was Infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the gospel of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

MY TRUST.

A PICTURE memory brings to me :
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and
pain.

But wiser now, a man grey grown,
My childhood's needs are better
known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Grey grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read His works and ways aright.

I wait, in His good time to see
That as my mother dealt with me
So with His children dealeth He.

I bow myself beneath His hand :
That pain itself was wisely planned
I feel, and partly understand.

The joy that comes in sorrow's guise,
The sweet pains of self-sacrifice,
I would not have them otherwise.

And what were life and death if sin
Knew not the dread rebuke within,
The pang of merciful discipline ?

Not with thy proud despair of old,
Crowned stoic of Rome's noblest
mould!
Pleasure and pain alike I hold.

I suffer with no vain pretence
Of triumph over flesh and sense,
Yet trust the grievous providence,

How dark soe'er it seems, may tend,
By ways I cannot comprehend,
To some unguessed benignant end ;

That every loss and lapse may gain
The clear-aired heights by steps of
pain,
And never cross is borne in vain.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

I WANDERED lonely where the pine-
trees made
Against the bitter East their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow
dell,
The trailing spring flower tinted like
a shell
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my
feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose
loss the pines
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the
blossoming vines
Lifted their glad surprise,
While yet the bluebird smoothed in
leafless trees
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-
breeze,
And snow-drifts lingered under
April skies.

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I
bent,
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged
and pent,

Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness
and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial
day,
And make the sad earth happier
for their bloom.

BY THEIR WORKS.

CALL him not heretic whose works
attest
His faith in goodness by no creed
confessed.
Whatever in love's name is truly
done
To free the bound and lift the fallen
one
Is done to Christ. Whoso in deed
and word
Is not against Him labours for our
Lord.
When He, who, sad and weary, long-
ing sore
For love's sweet service, sought the
sisters' door,
One saw the heavenly, one the human
guest,
But who shall say which loved the
Master best ?

THE WORD.

VOICE of the Holy Spirit, making
known
Man to himself, a witness swift and
sure,
Warning, approving, true and wise
and pure,
Counsel and guidance that misleadeth
none !
By Thee the mystery of life is read ;
The picture-writing of the world's
grey seers,
The myths and parables of the
primal years,
Whose letter kills, by Thee inter-
preted

Take healthful meanings fitted to our
needs,
And in the soul's vernacular express
The common law of simple righte-
ousness.
Hatred of cant and doubt of human
creeds
May well be felt: the unpardonable
sin
Is to deny the Word of God within!

—————
THE BOOK.

GALLERY of sacred pictures manifold,
A minster rich in holy effigies,
And bearing on entablature and
frieze
The hieroglyphic oracles of old.
Along its transept aureoled martyrs
sit;
And the low chancel side-lights
half acquainted
The eye with shrines of prophet,
bard, and saint,
Their age-dimmed tablets traced in
doubtful writ!
But only when on form and word
obscure
Falls from above the white supernal
light
We read the mystic characters
aright,
And life informs the silent portraiture,
Until we pause at last, awe-held,
before
The One ineffable Face, love, wonder,
and adore.

—————
REQUIREMENT.

WE live by Faith; but Faith is not
the slave
Of text and legend. Reason's voice
and God's,
Nature's and Duty's, never are at
odds.
What asks our Father of His children,
save

Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good
deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human
needs,
Reverence and trust, and prayer for
light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily
ways?
No knotted scourge nor sacrificial
knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered
life,
Whose very breathing is unworded
praise!—
A life that stands as all true lives have
stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is
Good.

—————
HELP.

DREAM not, O Soul, that easy is the
task
Thus set before thee. If it proves
at length,
As well it may, beyond thy natural
strength,
Faint not, despair not. As a child
may ask
A father, pray the Everlasting Good
For light and guidance midst the
subtle snares
Of sin thick planted in life's
thoroughfares,
For spiritual strength and moral
hardihood;
Still listening, through the noise of
time and sense,
To the still whisper of the Inward
Word;
Bitter in blame, sweet in approval
heard,
Itself its own confirming evidence:
To health of soul a voice to cheer and
please,
To guilt the wrath of the Eumenides.

—————

UTTERANCE.

BUT what avail inadequate words to reach
 The innermost of Truth? Who shall essay,
 Blinded and weak, to point and lead the way,
 Or solve its mystery in familiar speech?
 Yet, if it be that something not thy own,
 Some shadow of the Thought to which our schemes,
 Creeds, cult, and ritual are at best but dreams,
 Is even to thy unworthiness made known,
 Thou mayst not hide what yet thou shouldst not dare
 To utter lightly, lest on lips of thine
 The real seem false, the beauty un-divine.
 So, weighing duty in the scale of prayer,
 Give what seems given thee. It may prove a seed
 Of goodness dropped in fallow-grounds of need.

THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS.

TO H. P. S.

FROM the green Amesbury hill which bears the name
 Of that half mythic ancestor of mine
 Who trod its slopes two hundred years ago,
 Down the long valley of the Merrimack
 Midway between me and the river's mouth,
 I see thy home, set like an eagle's nest
 Among Deer Island's immemorial pines,
 Crowning the crag on which the sunset breaks
 Its last red arrow. Many a tale and song,

Which thou hast told or sung, I call to mind,
 Softening with silvery mist the woods and hills,
 The out-thrust headlands and in-reaching bays
 Of our north-eastern coast-line, trending where
 The Gulf, midsummer, feels the chill blockade
 Of icebergs stranded at its northern gate.
 To thee the echoes of the Island Sound
 Answer not vainly, nor in vain the moan
 Of the South Breaker prophesying storm.
 And thou hast listened, like myself, to men
 Sea-perilled off where Antieosti lies
 Like a fell spider in its web of fog,
 Or where the Grand Bank shallows with the wrecks
 Of sunken fishers; and to whom strange isles
 And frost-rimmed bays and trading stations seem
 Familiar as Great Neck and Kettle Cove,
 Nubble and Boon, the common names of home.

So let me offer thee this lay of mine,
 Simple and homely, lacking much thy play
 Of colour and of fancy. If its theme
 And treatment seem to thee befitting youth
 Rather than age, let this be my excuse:
 It has beguiled some heavy hours and called
 Some pleasant memories up; and, better still,
 Occasion lent me for a kindly word
 To one who is my neighbour and my friend.

THE skipper sailed out of the harbour
mouth,
Leaving the apple-bloom of the South
For the ice of the Eastern seas,
In his fishing schooner Breeze.

Handsome and brave and young
was he,
And the maids of Newbury sighed
to see
His lessening white sail fall
Under the sea's blue wall.

Through the Northern Gulf and the
misty screen
Of the isles of Mingan and Madeleine,
St. Paul's and Blanc Sablon,
The little Breeze sailed on,

Backward and forward, along the
shore
Of lorn and desolate Labrador,
And found at last her way
To the Seven Islands Bay.

The little hamlet, nestling below
Great hills white with lingering snow,
With its tin-roofed chapel stood
Half hid in the dwarf spruce
wood ;

Green-turfed, flower-sown, the last
outpost
Of summer upon the dreary coast,
With its gardens small and spare,
Sad in the frosty air.

Hard by where the skipper's schooner
lay,
A fisherman's cottage looked away
Over isle and bay, and behind
On mountains dim-defined.

And there twin sisters, fair and young,
Laughed with their stranger guest,
and sung
In their native tongue the lays
Of the old Provençal days.

Alike were they, save the faint outline
Of a scar on Suzette's forehead fine ;
And both, it so befell,
Loved the heretic stranger well.

Both were pleasant to look upon,
But the heart of the skipper clave to
one ;
Though less by his eye than heart
He knew the twain apart.

Despite of alien race and creed,
Well did his wooing of Marguerite
speed ;
And the mother's wrath was vain
As the sister's jealous pain.

The shrill-tongued mistress her house
forbade,
And solemn warning was sternly said
By the black-robed priest, whose
word
As law the hamlet heard.

But half by voice and half by signs
The skipper said, " A warm sun shines
On the green-banked Merrimack ;
Wait, watch, till I come back.

" And when you see, from my mast-
head,
The signal fly of a kerchief red,
My boat on the shore shall wait ;
Come, when the night is late."

Ah ! weighed with childhood's haunts
and friends,
And all that the home sky overbends,
Did ever young love fail
To turn the trembling scale ?

Under the night, on the wet sea
sands,
Slowly unclasped their plighted
hands :
One to the cottage hearth,
And one to his sailor's berth.

What was it the parting lovers heard ?
Nor leaf, nor ripple, nor wing of bird,
But a listener's stealthy tread
On the rock-moss, crisp and dead.

He weighed his anchor, and fished
 once more
 By the black coast-line of Labrador ;
 And by love and the north wind
 driven,
 Sailed back to the Islands Seven.

In the sunset's glow the sisters twain
 Saw the Breeze come sailing in again ;
 Said Suzette, " Mother dear
 The heretic sail is here."

"Go, Marguerite, to your room, and
 hide ;
 Your door shall be bolted !" the
 mother cried :
 While Suzette, ill at ease,
 Watched the red sign of the
 Breeze.

At midnight, down to the waiting
 skiff
 She stole in the shadow of the cliff ;
 And out of the Bay's mouth ran
 The schooner with maid and man.

And all night long, on a restless
 bed,
 Her prayers to the Virgin Marguerite
 said ;
 And thought of her lover's pain
 Waiting for her in vain.

Did he pace the sands ? Did he pause
 to hear
 The sound of her light step drawing
 near ?
 And, as the slow hours passed,
 Would he doubt her faith at
 last ?

But when she saw through the misty
 pane,
 The morning break on a sea of rain,
 Could even her love avail
 To follow his vanished sail ?

Meantime the Breeze, with favouring
 wind,
 Left the rugged Moisie hills behind,
 And heard from an unseen shore
 The falls of Manitou roar.

On the morrow's morn, in the thick,
 grey weather
 They sat on the reeling deck together,
 Lover and counterfeit,
 Of hapless Marguerite.

With a lover's hand, from her fore-
 head fair
 He smoothed away her jet-black
 hair.
 What was it his fond eyes met?—
 The sear of the false Suzette !

Fiercely he shouted : " Bear away
 East by north for Seven Isles Bay !"
 The maiden wept and prayed,
 But the ship her helm obeyed.

Once more the Bay of the Isles they
 found :
 They heard the bell of the chapel
 sound,
 And the chant of the dying sung
 In the harsh, wild Indian tongue.

A feeling of mystery, change, and
 awe
 Was in all they heard and all they
 saw :
 Spell-bound the hamlet lay
 In the hush of its lonely bay.

And when they came to the cottage
 door,
 The mother rose up from her weeping
 sore,
 And with angry gestures met
 The scared look of Suzette.

" Here is your daughter," the skipper
 said :

" Give me the one I love instead."
 But the woman sternly spake :
 " Go, see if the dead will wake !"

He looked. Her sweet face still and
 white
 And strange in the noonday taper
 light,
 She lay on her little bed,
 With the cross at her feet and
 head.

In a passion of grief the strong man
bent
Down to her face, and, kissing it, went
Back to the waiting Breeze,
Back to the mournful seas.

Never again to the Merrimaek
And Newbury's homes that bark came
back.
Whether her fate she met
On the shores of Carraquette,

Miscou, or Traeadie, who can say?
But even yet at Seven Isles Bay
Is told the ghostly tale
Of a weird, unspoken sail,

In the pale, sad light of the Northern
day
Seen by the blanketed Montagnais,
Or squaw, in her small kyaek,
Crossing the spectre's track.

On the deek a maiden wrings her
hands; [sands;
Her likeness kneels on the grey coast
One in her wild despair,
And one in the trance of prayer.

She flits before no earthly blast,
The red sign fluttering from her mast,
Over the solemn seas,
The ghost of the schooner Breeze!

HOW THE WOMEN WENT FROM DOVER.

1662.

THE tossing spray of Coheco's fall
Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,
As through Dover town in the chill,
grey dawn,
Three women passed, at the cart-tail
drawn!^a

^a The following is a copy of the warrant issued by Major Waldron, of Dover, in 1662. The Quakers, as was their wont, prophesied against him, and saw, as they supposed, the fulfilment of their prophecy when, many years after, he was killed by the Indians.

To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham,

Bared to the waist, for the north wind's
grip
And keener sting of the constable's
whip,
The blood that followed each hissing
blow
Froze as it sprinkled the winter snow.

Priest and ruler, boy and maid
Followed the dismal cavaleade;
And from door and window, open
thrown,
Looked and wondered gaffer anderone.

"God is our witness," the victims
cried,
"We suffer for Him who for all men
died;
The wrong ye do has been done be-
fore,
We bear the stripes that the Master
bore!

"And thou, O Richard Waldron, for
whom
We hear the feet of a coming doom,
On thy cruel heart and thy hand of
wrong
Vengeance is sure, though it tarry
long.

Lynn, Boston, Roxbury, Dedham, and until these vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction.

You, and every one of you, are required, in the King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Colman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town; and so to convey them from constable to constable till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril; and this shall be your warrant.

RICHARD WALDRON.

Dated at Dover, December 22, 1662.

This warrant was executed only in Dover and Hampton. At Salisbury the constable refused to obey it. He was sustained by the townspeople, who were under the influence of Major Robert Pike, the leading man in the lower valley of the Merrimack, who stood far in advance of his time, as an advocate of religious freedom, and an opponent of ecclesiastical authority. He had the moral courage to address an able and manly letter to the Court at Salem, remonstrating against the witchcraft trials.

“In the light of the Lord, a flame we
see
Climb and kindle a proud roof-tree ;
And beneath it an old man lying
dead,
With stains of blood on his hoary
head.”

“Smite, Goodman Hate - Evil !—
harder still !”
The magistrate cried, “lay on with a
will !
Drive out of their bodies the Father
of Lies,
Who through them preaches and pro-
phesies !”

So into the forest they held their
way,
By winding river and frost-rimmed
bay,
Over wind-swept hills that felt the
beat
Of the winter sea at their icy feet.

The Indian hunter, searching his
traps,
Peered stealthily through the forest
gaps ;
And the outlying settler shook his
head,—
“They’re witches going to jail,” he
said.

At last a meeting-house came in
view ;
A blast on his horn the constable
blew ;
And the boys of Hampton cried up
and down,
“The Quakers have come !” to the
wondering town.

From barn and woodpile the good-
man came ;
The goodwife quitted her quilting
frame,
With her child at her breast ; and,
hobbling slow,
The grandam followed to see the
show.

Once more the torturing whip was
swung,
Once more keen lashes the bare flesh
stung.
“O spare ! they are bleeding !” a
little maid cried,
And covered her face the sight to
hide.

A murmur ran round the crowd :
“Good folks,”
Quoth the constable, busy counting
the strokes,
“No pity to wretches like these is
due,
They have beaten the gospel black
and blue !”

Then a pallid woman, in wild-eyed
fear,
With her wooden noggin of milk
drew near.
“Drink, poor hearts !” a rude hand
smote
Her draught away from a parching
throat.

“Take heed,” one whispered, “they’ll
take your cow
For fines, as they took your horse and
plow,
And the bed from under you.” “Even
so,”
She said. “They are cruel as death,
I know.”

Then on they passed, in the waning
day,
Through Scabrook woods, a weariful
way ;
By great salt meadows and sand-hills
bare,
And glimpses of blue sea here and
there.

By the meeting-house in Salisbury
town,
The sufferers stood, in the red sun-
down,
Bare for the lash ! O pitying Night,
Drop swift thy curtain and hide the
sight !

With shame in his eye and wrath on
his lip

The Salisbury constable dropped his
whip.

"This warrant means murder foul
and red ;

"Cursed is he who serves it!" he
said.

"Show me the order, and meanwhile
strike

A blow at your peril!" said Justice
Pike.

Of all the rulers the land possessed,
Wisest and boldest was he and best.

He scoffed at witchcraft ; the priest
he met

As man meets man ; his feet he set
Beyond his dark age, standing up-

right,
Soul-free, with his face to the morn-
ing light.

He read the warrant : "*These convey
From our precincts ; at every town on
the way*

Give each ten lashes." "God judge
the brute !

I tread his order under my foot !

"Cut loose these poor ones and let
them go ;

Come what will of it, all men shall
know

No warrant is good, though backed
by the Crown,

For whipping women in Salisbury
town !"

The hearts of the villagers, half re-
leased

From creed of terror and rule of
priest,

By a primal instinct owned the right
Of human pity in law's despite.

For ruth and chivalry only slept,
His Saxon manhood the yeoman
kept ; [ran

Quicker or slower, the same blood
In the Cavalier and the Puritan.

The Quakers sank on their knees in
praise

And thanks. A last, low sunset blaze
Flashed out from under a cloud, and
shed

A golden glory on each bowed head.

The tale is one of an evil time,
When souls were fettered and thought
was crime,

And heresy's whisper above its breath
Meant shameful scourging and bonds
and death !

What marvel, that hunted and sorely
tried,

Even woman rebuked and prophesied,
And soft words rarely answered back
The grim persuasion of whip and rack !

If her cry from the whipping-post and
jail

Pierced sharp as the Kenite's driven
nail, [days,

O woman, at ease in these happier
Forbear to judge of thy sister's ways !

How much thy beautiful life may owe
To her faith and courage thou canst
not know,

Nor how from the paths of thy calm
retreat

She smoothed the thorns with her
bleeding feet.

A SUMMER PILGRIMAGE.

To kneel before some saintly shrine,
To breathe the health of airs divine,
Or bathe where sacred rivers flow,
The cowed and turbaned pilgrims go.
I too, a palmer, take, as they
With staff and scallop-shell, my way
To feel, from burdening cares and ills,
The strong uplifting of the hills.

The years are many since, at first,
For dreamed-of wonders all athirst,
I saw on Winnepesaukee fall
The shadow of the mountain wall.

Ah! where are they who sailed with
me
The beautiful island-studded sea?
And am I he whose keen surprise
Flashed out from such unclouded
eyes?

Still, when the sun of summer burns,
My longing for the hills returns;
And northward, leaving at my back
The warm vale of the Merrinack,
I go to meet the winds of morn,
Blown down the hill-gaps, mountain-
born,
Breathe scent of pines, and satisfy
The hunger of a lowland eye.

Again I see the day decline
Along a ridged horizon line;
Touching the hill-tops, as a nun
Her beaded rosary, sinks the sun.
One lake lies golden, which shall soon
Be silver in the rising moon;
And one, the crimson of the skies
And mountain purple multiplies.

With the untroubled quiet blends
The distance-softened voice of friends;
The girl's light laugh no discord
brings
To the low song the pine-tree sings;
And, not unwelcome, comes the hail
Of boyhood from his nearing sail.
The human presenee breaks no spell,
And sunset still is miracle!

Calm as the hour, methinks I feel
A sense of worship o'er me steal;
Not that of satyr-charming Pan,
No cult of Nature shaming man,
Not Beauty's self, but that which
lives
And shines through all the veils it
weaves,—
Soul of the mountain, lake, and wood,
Their witness to the Eternal Good!

And if, by fond illusion, here
The earth to heaven seems drawing
near,
And yon outlying range invites
To other and serener heights,

Scarce hid behind its topmost swell,
The shining Mounts Delectable!
A dream may hint of truth no less
Than the sharp light of wakefulness.

As through her veil of incense smoke
Of old the spell-rapt priestess spoke,
More than her heathen oracle,
May not this trance of sunset tell
That Nature's forms of loveliness
Their heavenly archetypes confess,
Fashioned like Israel's ark alone
From patterns in the Mount made
known?

A holier beauty overbroods
These fair and faint similitudes;
Yet not unblest is he who sees
Shadows of God's realities,
And knows beyond this masquerade
Of shape and colour, light and shade,
And dawn and set, and wax and wane,
Eternal verities remain.

O gems of sapphire, granite set!
O hills that charmed horizons fret!
I know how fair your morns can
break,
In rosy light on isle and lake;
How over wooded slopes can run
The noonday play of cloud and sun,
And evening droop her oriflamme
Of gold and red in still Asquam.

The summer moons may round again,
And careless feet these hills profane;
These sunsets waste on vacant eyes
The lavish splendour of the skies;
Fashion and folly, misplaced here,
Sigh for their natural atmosphere,
And travelled pride the outlook seorn
Of lesser heights than Matterhorn:

But let me dream that hill and sky
Of unseen beauty prophesy;
And in these tinted lakes behold
The trailing of the raiment fold
Of that which, still eluding gaze,
Allures to upward-tending ways,
Whose footprints make, wherever
found,
Our common earth a holy ground.

THE ROCK-TOMB OF BRADORE.

A DREAR and desolate shore !
 Where no tree unfolds its leaves,
 And never the spring wind weaves
 Green grass for the hunter's tread !
 A land forsaken and dead,
 Where the ghostly icebergs go
 And come with the ebb and flow
 Of the waters of Bradore !

A wanderer, from a land
 By summer breezes fanned,
 Looked round him, awed, subdued,
 By the dreadful solitude,
 Hearing alone the cry
 Of sea-birds clanging by,
 The crash and grind of the floe,
 Wail of wind and wash of tide.
 "O wretched land !" he cried,
 "Land of all lands the worst,
 God forsaken and curst !
 Thy gates of rock should show
 The words the Tuscan seer
 Read in the Realm of Woe :
Hope entereth not here !"

Lo ! at his feet there stood
 A block of smooth larch wood,
 Waif of some wandering wave,
 Beside a rock-closed cave
 By Nature fashioned for a grave,
 Safe from the ravening bear
 And fierce fowl of the air,
 Wherein to rest was laid
 A twenty summers' maid,
 Whose blood had equal share
 Of the lands of vine and snow,
 Half French, half Eskimo.
 In letters uneffaced,
 Upon the block were traced
 The grief and hope of man,
 And thus the legend ran :
*"We loved her !
 Words cannot tell how well !
 We loved her !
 God loved her !
 And called her home to peace and rest.
 We love her !"*

The stranger paused and read.
 "O winter land !" he said,

"Thy right to be I own ;
 God leaves thee not alone.
 And if thy fierce winds blow
 Over drear wastes of rock and snow,
 And at thy iron gates
 The ghostly iceberg waits,
 Thy homes and hearts are dear.
 Thy sorrow o'er thy sacred dust
 Is sanctified by hope and trust ;
 God's love and man's are here.
 And love where'er it goes
 Makes its own atmosphere ;
 Its flowers of Paradise
 Take root in the eternal ice,
 And bloom through Polar snows !"

STORM ON LAKE ASQUAM.

A CLOUD, like that the old-time
 Hebrew saw
 On Carmel prophesying rain, began
 To lift itself o'er wooded Cardigan,
 Growing and blackening. Suddenly,
 a flaw

Of chill wind menaced ; then a strong
 blast beat
 Down the long valley's murmuring
 pines, and woke
 The noon-dream of the sleeping
 lake, and broke
 Its smooth steel mirror at the moun-
 tains' feet.

Thunderous and vast, a fire-veined
 darkness swept
 Over the rough pine-bearded
 Asquam range ;
 A wraith of tempest, wonderful and
 strange,
 From peak to peak the cloudy giant
 stepped.

One moment, as if challenging the
 storm,
 Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel
 Looked from his watch-tower ; then
 the shadow fell,
 And the wild rain-drift blotted out
 his form.

And over all the still unhidden sun,
Weaving its light through slant-
blown veils of rain,
Smiled on the trouble, as hope
smiles on pain ;

And, when the tumult and the strife
were done,

With one foot on the lake and one on
land,
Framing within his crescent's tinted
streak

A far-off picture of the Melvin peak,
Spent broken clouds the rainbow's
angel spanned.

THE WISHING BRIDGE.

AMONG the legends sung or said
Along our rocky shore,
The Wishing Bridge of Marblehead
May well be sung once more.

An hundred years ago (so ran
The old-time story) all
Good wishes said above its span
Would, soon or late, befall.

If pure and earnest, never failed
The prayers of man or maid
For him who on the deep sea sailed,
For her at home who stayed.

Once thither came two girls from
school,
And wished in childish glee ;
And one would be a queen and rule,
And one the world would see.

Time passed ; with change of hopes
and fears,
And in the self-same place,
Two women, grey with middle years,
Stood, wondering, face to face.

With wakened memories, as they
met,
They queried what had been :
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"
Said one "I am a queen.

"My realm a little homestead is,
Where, lacking crown and throne,
I rule by loving services
And patient toil alone."

The other said : "The great world
lies
Beyond me as it laid ;
O'er love's and duty's boundaries
My feet have never strayed.

"I see but common sights of home,
Its common sounds I hear,
My widowed mother's sick-bed room
Sufficeth for my sphere.

"I read to her some pleasant page
Of travel far and wide,
And in a dreamy pilgrimage
We wander side by side.

"And when, at last, she falls asleep,
My book becomes to me
A magic glass : my watch I keep
But all the world I see.

"A farm-wife queen your place you
fill,
While fancy's privilege
Is mine to walk the earth at will,
Thanks to the Wishing Bridge."

"Nay, leave the legend for the truth,"
The other cried, "and say
God gives the wishes of our youth
But in His own best way !"

THE MYSTIC'S CHRISTMAS.

"ALL hail !" the bells of Christmas
rang
"All hail !" the monks at Christmas
sang,
The merry monks who kept with cheer
The gladdest day of all their year.

But still apart, unmoved thereat,
A pious elder brother sat
Silent, in his accustomed place,
With God's sweet peace upon his face.

"Whysitt'st thou thus?" his brethren
cried.

"It is the blessed Christmas-tide ;
The Christmas lights are all aglow,
The sacred lilies bud and blow.

"Above our heads the joy-bells ring,
Without the happy children sing,
And all God's creatures hail the morn
On which the holy Christ was born !

"Rejoice with us ; no more rebuke
Our gladness with thy quiet look."
The grey monk answered : "Keep, I
pray,
Even as ye list, the Lord's birthday.

"Let heathen Yule fires flicker red
Where thronged refectory feasts are
spread ;
With mystery-play and masque and
mime
And wait-songs speed the holy time !

"The blindest faith may haply save ;
The Lord accepts the things we have ;
And reverence, howsoe'er it strays,
May find at last the shining ways.

"They needs must grope who cannot
see,
The blade before the ear must be ;
As ye are feeling I have felt,
And where ye dwell I too have dwelt.

"But now, beyond the things of sense,
Beyond occasions and events,
I know, through God's exceeding
grace,
Release from form and time and place.

"I listen, from no mortal tongue,
To hear the song the angels sung ;
And wait within myself to know
The Christmas lilies bud and blow.

"The outward symbols disappear
From him whose inward sight is
clear ;
And small must be the choice of
days
To him who fills them all with praise !

"Keep while you need it, brothers
mine,
With honest zeal your Christmas sign,
But judge not him who every morn
Feels in his heart the Lord Christ
born !"

WHAT THE TRAVELLER SAID AT SUNSET.

THE shadows grow and deepen round
me,
I feel the dew-fall in the air ;
The muezzin of the darkening thicket
I hear the night-thrush call to
prayer.

The evening wind is sad with fare-
wells,
And loving hands unclasp from
mine ;
Alone I go to meet the darkness
Across an awful boundary-line.

As from the lighted hearths behind
me
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
What waits me in the land of strange-
ness ?
What face shall smile, what voice
shall greet ?

What space shall awe, what bright-
ness blind me ?
What thunder-roll of music stun ?
What vast processions sweep before
me
Of shapes unknown beneath the
sun ?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
I dread the myriad-voicèd strain ;
Give me the unforgotten faces,
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning
Who is our Brother and our Friend ;
In whose full life, divine and human,
The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul-communion,
The sense of spiritual strength re-
newed,
The reverence for the pure and holy,
The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen
An endless anthem's rise and fall ;
No curious eye is mine to measure
The pearl gate and the jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than
knowledge :
What matter if I never know
Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy,
Or warmer Sirius white as snow !

Forgive my human words, O Father !
I go Thy larger truth to prove ;
Thy mercy shall transcend my long-
ing :
I seek but love, and Thou art Love !

I go to find my lost and mourned for
Safe in Thy sheltering goodness
still,
And all that hope and faith fore-
shadow
Made perfect in Thy holy will !

A GREETING.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S SEVEN-
TIETH ANNIVERSARY, 1882.

THRICE welcome from the Land of
Flowers
And golden-fruited orange bowers
To this sweet, green-turfed June of
ours !
To her who, in our evil time,
Dragged into light the nation's crime
With strength beyond the strength of
men.
And, mightier than their swords, her
pen !
To her who world-wide entrance gave
To the log-cabin of the slave ;

Made all his wrongs and sorrows
known,
And all earth's languages his own,—
North, South, and East and West,
made all
The common air electrical,
Until the o'ercharged bolts of heaven
Blazed down, and every chain was
riven !

Welcome from each and all to her
Whose Wooing of the Minister
Revealed the warm heart of the man
Beneath the creed-bound Puritan,
And taught the kinship of the love
Of man below and God above ;
To her whose vigorous pencil-strokes
Sketched into life her Oldtown
Folks,—

Whose fireside stories, grave or gay,
In quaint Sam Lawson's vagrant way,
With old New England's flavour rife,
Waifs from her rude idyllic life,
Are racy as the legends old
By Chaucer or Boccaccio told ;
To her who keeps, through change of
place [grace,
And time, her native strength and
Alike where warm Sorrento smiles,
Or where, by birchen-shaded isles,
Whose summer winds have shivered
o'er

The icy drift of Labrador,
She lifts to light the priceless Pearl
Of Harpswell's angel-beckoned girl !
To her at threescore years and ten
Be tributes of the tongue and pen ;
Be honour, praise, and heart-thanks
given,
The loves of earth, the hopes of heaven !

Ah, dearer than the praise that stirs
The air to-day, our love is hers !
She needs no guaranty of fame
Whose own is linked with Freedom's
name.

Long ages after ours shall keep
Her memory living while we sleep :
The waves that wash our grey coast
lines,
The winds that rock the Southern
pines,

Shall sing of her ; the unending years
 Shall tell her tale in unborn ears.
 And when, with sins and follies past,
 Are numbered colour-hate and caste,
 White, black, and red shall own as one
 The noblest work by woman done.

WILSON.^a

THE lowliest born of all the land,
 He wrung from Fate's reluctant hand
 The gifts which happier boyhood
 claims ;
 And, tasting on a thankless soil
 The bitter bread of unpaid toil,
 He fed his soul with noble aims.

And Nature, kindly provident,
 To him the future's promise lent ;
 The powers that shape man's des-
 tinies,
 Patience and faith and toil, he knew,
 The close horizon round him grew,
 Broad with great possibilities.

By the low hearth-fire's fitful blaze
 He read of old heroic days,
 The sage's thought, the patriot's
 speech ;
 Unhelped, alone, himself he taught,
 His school the craft at which he
 wrought,
 His lore the book within his reach.

He felt his country's need ; he knew
 The work her children had to do ;
 And when, at last, he heard the call
 In her behalf to serve and dare,
 Beside his senatorial chair [all.
 He stood the unquestioned peer of

Beyond the accident of birth
 He proved his simple manhood's worth ;
 Ancestral pride and classic grace
 Confessed the large-brained artisan,
 So clear of sight, so wise in plan
 And counsel, equal to his place.

^a Read at the Massachusetts Club on the
 seventieth anniversary of the birthday of
 Vice-President Wilson.

With glance intuitive he saw
 Through all disguise of form and law,
 And read men like an open book ;
 Fearless and firm, he never quailed
 Nor turned aside for threats, nor failed
 To do the thing he undertook.

How wise, how brave, he was, how
 well
 He bore himself, let history tell [sea,
 While waves our flag o'er land and
 No black thread in its warp or weft ;
 He found dissevered States, he left
 A grateful Nation, strong and free !

IN MEMORY.

J. T. F.

As a guest who may not stay
 Long and sad farewells to say
 Glides with smiling face away,

Of the sweetness and the zest
 Of thy happy life possessed
 Thou hast left us at thy best.

Warm of heart and clear of brain,
 Of thy sun-bright spirit's wane
 Thou hast spared us all the pain.

Now that thou hast gone away,
 What is left of one to say
 Who was open as the day?

What is there to gloss or shun ?
 Save with kindly voices none
 Speak thy name beneath the sun.

Safe thou art on every side,
 Friendship nothing finds to hide,
 Love's demand is satisfied.

Over manly strength and worth,
 At thy desk of toil, or hearth,
 Played the lambent light of mirth,—

Mirth that lit, but never burned ;
 All thy blame to pity turned ;
 Hatred thou hadst never learned.

Every harsh and vexing thing
At thy home-fire lost its sting ;
Where thou wast was always spring.

And thy perfect trust in good,
Faith in man and womanhood,
Chance and change and time with-
stood.

Small respect for cant and whine,
Bigot's zeal and hate malign,
Had that sunny soul of thine.

But to thee was duty's claim
Sacred, and thy lips became
Reverent with one holy Name.

Therefore, on thy unknown way,
Go in God's peace ! We who stay
But a little while delay.

Keep for us, O friend, where'er
Thou art waiting, all that here
Made thy earthly presence dear ;

Something of thy pleasant past
On a ground of wonder cast,
In the stiller waters glassed !

Keep the human heart of thee ;
Let the mortal only be
Clothed in immortality.

And when fall our feet as fell
Thine upon the asphodel,
Let thy old smile greet us well ;

Proving in a world of bliss
What we fondly dream in this,—
Love is one with holiness !

—

THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

H. W. L.

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday ;

With his books and his pleasant
pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within
him,
And his moistening eyes grew
dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him ;

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float for ever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young ;
The last of earth and the first of
heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel,
Who calls God's children home !

And to him in a holier welcome
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master :
"Of such is the kingdom of
heaven !"

—

RABBI ISHMAEL.

THE Rabbi Ishmael, with the woe and
 sin
 Of the world heavy upon him, enter-
 ing in
 The Holy of Holies, saw an awful
 Face
 With terrible splendour filling all the
 place.
 "O Ishmael Ben Elisha!" said a
 voice,
 "What seekest thou? What blessing
 is thy choice?"
 And, knowing that he stood before
 the Lord,
 Within the shadow of the cherubim,
 Wide-winged between the blinding
 light and him,
 He bowed himself, and uttered not a
 word,
 But in the silence of his soul was
 prayer:
 "O Thou Eternal! I am one of
 all,
 And nothing ask that others may not
 share.
 Thou art almighty; we are weak and
 small,
 And yet Thy children: let Thy mercy
 spare!"
 Trembling, he raised his eyes, and in
 the place
 Of the insufferable glory, lo! a face
 Of more than mortal tenderness, that
 bent
 Graciously down in token of assent,
 And, smiling, vanished! With
 strange joy clate,
 The wondering Rabbi sought the
 temple's gate.
 Radiant as Moses from the Mount, he
 stood
 And cried aloud unto the multitude:
 "O Israel, hear! The Lord our God
 is good!
 Mine eyes have seen His glory and
 His grace;
 Beyond His judgments shall His love
 endure;
 The mercy of the All Merciful is sure!"

VALUATION.

THE old Squire said, as he stood by
 his gate,
 And his neighbour, the Deacon,
 went by.
 "In spite of my bank stock and real
 estate,
 You are better off, Deacon, than I.
 "We're both growing old, and the
 end's drawing near.
 You have less of this world to
 resign. [I fear,
 But in Heaven's appraisal your assets,
 Will reckon up greater than mine.
 "They say I am rich, but I'm feeling
 so poor,
 I wish I could swap with you even:
 The pounds I have lived for and laid
 up in store
 For the shillings and pence you
 have given."
 "Well, Squire," said the Deacon, with
 shrewd common sense,
 While his eye had a twinkle of fun,
 "Let your pounds take the way of
 my shillings and pence,
 And the thing can be easily done!"

WINTER ROSES.^a

MY garden roses long ago
 Have perished from the leaf-strewn
 walks;
 Their pale, fair sisters smile no more
 Upon the sweet-brier stalks.
 Gone with the flower-time of my life,
 Spring's violets, summer's bloom-
 ing pride,
 And Nature's winter and my own
 Stand, flowerless, side by side.

^a In reply to a flower gift from Mrs. Put-
 man's Jamaica Plain.

So might I yesterday have sung ;
 To-day, in bleak December's noon,
 Come sweetest fragrance, shapes, and
 hues,
 The rosy wealth of June !

Bless the young hands that culled the
 gift,
 And bless the hearts that prompted
 it ;

If undeserved it comes, at least
 It seems not all unfit.

Of old my Quaker ancestors
 Had gifts of forty stripes save one ;
 To-day as many roses crown
 The grey head of their son.

And with them, to my fancy's eye,
 The fresh-faced givers smiling come,
 And nine-and-thirty happy girls
 Make glad a lonely room.

They bring the atmosphere of youth ;
 The light and warmth of long ago
 Are in my heart, and on my cheek
 The airs of morning blow.

O buds of girlhood, yet unblown,
 And fairer than the gift ye chose,
 For you may years like leaves unfold
 The heart of Sharon's rose !

HYMN.

(FOR THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL
 SOCIETY.)

1882.

O PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,
 We own Thy wise design,
 Whereby these human hands of ours
 May share the work of Thine !

Apart from Thee we plant in vain
 The root and sow the seed ;
 Thy early and Thy later rain,
 Thy sun and dew we need.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
 Our burden is our boon ;
 The curse of Earth's grey morning is
 The blessing of its noon.

Why search the wide world every-
 where
 For Eden's unknown ground ?—
 That garden of the primal pair
 May nevermore be found.

But, blest by Thee, our patient toil
 May right the ancient wrong,
 And give to every clime and soil
 The beauty lost so long.

Our homestead flowers and fruited
 trees
 May Eden's orchard shame ;
 We taste the tempting sweets of these
 Like Eve, without her blame.

And, North and South and East and
 West
 The pride of every zone,
 The fairest, rarest, and the best
 May all be made our own.

Its earliest shrines the young world
 sought
 In hill-groves and in bowers,
 The fittest offerings thither brought
 Were Thy own fruits and flowers.

And still with reverent hands we
 cull
 Thy gifts each year renewed ;
 The good is always beautiful,
 The beautiful is good.

GODSPEED.

OUTBOUND, your bark awaits you.
 Were I one
 Whose prayer availeth much, my
 wish should be
 Your favouring trade-wind and
 consenting sea.
 By sail or steed was never love outrun,

And, here or there, love follows her
 in whom
 All graces and sweet charities unite,
 The old Greek beauty set in holier
 light ;
 And her for whom New England's
 by-ways bloom,
 Who walks among us welcome as the
 Spring,
 Calling up blossoms where her light
 feet stray.
 God keep you both, make beautiful
 your way,
 Comfort, console, and bless ; and
 safely bring,
 Ere yet I make upon a vaster sea
 The unreturning voyage, my friends
 to me.

AT LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is
 falling,
 And, in the winds from unsunned
 spaces blown,
 I hear far voices out of darkness call-
 ing
 My feet to paths unknown,
 Thou who hast made my home of life
 so pleasant,
 Leave not its tenant when its walls
 decay ;
 O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
 Be Thou my strength and stay !
 Be near me when all else is from me
 drifting :
 Earth, sky, home's pictures, days
 of shade and shine,
 And kindly faces to my own uplifting
 The love which answers mine.
 I have but Thee, my Father ! let Thy
 spirit
 Be with me then to comfort and
 uphold ;
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm
 I merit,
 Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill un-
 reckoned,
 And both forgiven through Thy
 abounding grace—
 I find myself by hands familiar beck-
 oned
 Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many
 mansions,
 Some sheltering shade where sin
 and striving cease,
 And flows for ever through heaven's
 green expansions
 The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about
 me stealing,
 I fain would learn the new and
 holy song,
 And find at last, beneath Thy trees
 of healing,
 The life for which I long.

OUR COUNTRY.

READ AT WOODSTOCK, CONN., JULY 4,
 1883.

WE give thy natal day to hope,
 O Country of our love and prayer !
 Thy way is down no fatal slope,
 But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace-fires, and yet
 By God's grace only stronger made,
 In future task before thee set [aid.
 Thou shalt not lack the old-time

The fathers sleep, but men remain
 As wise, as true, and brave as they ;
 Why count the loss and not the
 gain ?—
 The best is that we have to-day.

Whate'er of folly, shame, or crime,
 Within thy mighty bounds trans-
 spires
 With speed defying space and time
 Comes to us on the accusing wires.

While of thy wealth of noble deeds,
 Thy homes of peace, thy votes un-
 sold,
 The love that pleads for human
 needs,
 The wrong redressed, but half is
 told !

We read each felon's chronicle,
 His acts, his words, his gallows-
 mood ;
 We know the single sinner well
 And not the nine-and-ninety good.

Yet if, on daily scandals fed,
 We seem at times to doubt thy
 worth,
 We know thee still, when all is
 said,
 The best and dearest spot on earth.

From the warm Mexie Gulf, or
 where
 Belted with flowers Los Angeles
 Basks in the semi-tropic air,
 To where Katahdin's cedar trees

Are dwarfed and bent by Northern
 winds,
 Thy plenty's horn is yearly filled ;
 Alone, the rounding century finds
 Thy liberal soil by free hands tilled.

A refuge for the wronged and poor,
 Thy generous heart has borne the
 blame
 That, with them, through thy open
 door,
 The old world's evil outcasts came.

But, with thy just and equal rule,
 And labour's need and breadth of
 lands,
 Free press and rostrum, church and
 school,
 Thy sure, if slow, transforming
 hands

Shall mould even them to thy design,
 Making a blessing of the ban ;
 And Freedom's chemistry combine
 The alien elements of man.

The power that broke their prison bar
 And set the dusky millions free,
 And welded in the flame of war
 The Union fast to Liberty,

Shall it not deal with other ills,
 Redress the red man's grievance,
 break
 The Cireean eup which shames and
 kills,
 And Labour full requital make ?

Alone to such as fitly bear
 Thy civic honours bid them fall ?
 And call thy daughters forth to share
 The rights and duties pledged to
 all ?

Give every child his right of school,
 Merge private greed in public good,
 And spare a treasury overfull
 The tax upon a poor man's food ?

No lack was in thy primal stock,
 No weakling founders builded here ;
 Thine were the men of Plymouth
 Rock,
 The Huguenot and Cavalier ;

And they whose firm endurance gained
 The freedom of the souls of men,
 Whose hands, unstained with blood,
 maintained,
 The swordless commonwealth of
 Penn.

And thine shall be the power of all
 To do the work which duty bids,
 And make the people's council hall
 As lasting as the Pyramids !

Well have thy later years made good
 Thy brave-said word a century
 back,
 The pledge of human brotherhood,
 The equal claim of white and black.

That word still echoes round the
 world,
 And all who hear it turn to thee,
 And read upon thy flag unfurled
 The prophecies of destiny.

Thy great world-lesson all shall learn,
 The nations in thy school shall sit,
 Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall
 burn [lit.
 With watch-fires from thy own up-

Great without seeking to be great
 By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,
 But richer in the large estate
 Of virtue which thy children hold,

With peace that comes of purity
 And strength to simple justice due,
 So runs our loyal dream of thee :
 God of our fathers !—make it true.

O Land of lands ! to thee we give
 Our prayers, our hopes, our service
 free ;
 For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
 And at thy need shall die for thee !

THE "STORY OF IDA."

WEARY of jangling noises never
 stilled,
 The sceptic's sneer, the bigot's hate,
 the din
 Of clashing texts, the webs of creed
 men spin
 Round simple truth, the children
 grown who build
 With gilded cards their new Jerusa-
 lem,
 Busy, with sacerdotal tailorings
 And tinsel gauds, bedizening holy
 things
 I turn, with glad and grateful heart,
 from them
 To the sweet story of the Florentine
 Immortal in her blameless maiden-
 hood,
 Beautiful as God's angels and as
 good ;
 Feeling that life, even now, may be
 divine
 With love no wrong can ever change
 to hate,
 No sin make less than all-compassion-
 ate !

AN AUTOGRAPH.

I WRITE my name as one,
 On sands by waves o'errun
 Or winter's frosted pane,
 Traces a record vain.

Oblivion's blankness claims
 Wiser and better names,
 And well my own may pass
 As from the strand or glass.

Wash on, O waves of time !
 Melt, noons, the frosty rime !
 Welcome the shadow vast,
 The silence that shall last !

When I and all who know
 And love me vanish so,
 What harm to them or me
 Will the lost memory be ?

If any words of mine,
 Through right of life divine,
 Remain, what matters it
 Whose hand the message writ ?

Why should the "crown's quest"
 Sit on my worst or best ?
 Why should the showman claim
 The poor ghost of my name ?

Yet, as when dies a sound
 Its spectre lingers round,
 Haply my spent life will
 Leave some faint echo still.

A whisper giving breath
 Of praise or blame to death,
 Soothing or saddening such
 As loved the living much.

Therefore with yearnings vain
 And fond I still would fain
 A kindly judgment seek,
 A tender thought bespeak.

And, while my words are read,
 Let this at least be said :
 "Whate'er his life's defeatures,
 He loved his fellow-creatures.

"If of the Law's stone table,
To hold he scarce was able
The first great precept fast,
He kept for man the last.

"Through mortal lapse and dulness
What lacks the Eternal Fulness,
If still our weakness can
Love Him in loving man ?

"Age brought him no despairing
Of the world's future faring ;
In human nature still
He found more good than ill.

"To all who dumbly suffered,
His tongue and pen he offered ;
His life was not his own,
Nor lived for self alone.

"Hater of din and riot,
He lived in days unquiet ;
And, lover of all beauty,
Trod the hard ways of duty.

"He meant no wrong to any,
He sought the good of many,
Yet knew both sin and folly, —
May God forgive him wholly !"

SAINT GREGORY'S GUEST.

A TALE for Roman guides to tell
To careless, sight-worn travellers
still,
Who pause beside the narrow cell
Of Gregory on the Cælian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came
A beggar, stretching empty palms,
Fainting and fast-sick, in the name
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered, "All I have
In this poor cell of mine I give,
The silver cup my mother gave ;
In Christ's name take thou it, and
live."

Years passed ; and, called at last to
bear

Pastoral crook and keys of Rome,
The poor monk, in Saint Peter's
chair,
Sat the crowned lord of Christen-
dom.

"Prepare a feast," Saint Gregory
cried,

"And let twelve beggars sit there-
at."

The beggars came, and one beside,
An unknown stranger, with them
sat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff
spake,

"O stranger ; but if need be thine,
I bid thee welcome, for the sake
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,
Whose form was as the Son of God.

"Know'st thou," He said, "thy gift
of old ?"

And in the hand He lifted up
The Pontiff marvelled to behold
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen,
and bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of
heaven.

I am The Wonderful, through whom
Whate'er thou askest shall be
given."

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell
With his twelve guests in mute
accord
Prone on their faces, knowing well
Their eyes of flesh had seen the
Lord.

The old-time legend is not vain ;
Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul,
Telling it o'er and o'er again
On grey Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still wheresoever pity shares
 Its bread with sorrow, want, and
 sin,
 And love the beggar's feast prepares,
 The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,
 Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
 He walks our earth, The Wonderful,
 And all good deeds are done to Him.

REVELATION.

"And I went into the Vale of Beavor, and as I went I preached repentance to the people. And one morning, sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me. And it was said: *All things come by Nature*; and the Elements and the Stars came over me. And as I sat still and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true Voice, which said: *There is a living God who made all things*. And immediately the cloud and the temptation vanished, and Life rose over all, and my heart was glad and I praised the Living God."—*Journal of George Fox, 1690.*

STILL as of old, in Beavor's Vale,
 O man of God! our hope and faith
 The Elements and Stars assail,
 And the awed spirit holds its breath,
 Blown over by a wind of death.

Takes Nature thought for such as we,
 What place her human atom fills,
 The weed-drift of her careless sea,
 The mist on her unheeding hills?
 What recks she of our helpless wills?

Strange god of Force, with fear, not
 love,
 Its trembling worshipper! Can
 prayer
 Reach the shut ear of Fate, or move
 Unpitying Energy to spare?
 What doth the cosmic Vastness
 care?

In vain to this dread Unconcern
 For the All-Father's love we look;
 In vain, in quest of it, we turn
 The storied leaves of Nature's book,
 The prints her rocky tablets took.

I pray for faith, I long to trust;
 I listen with my heart, and hear
 A voice without a sound: "Be just,
 Be true, be merciful, revere
 The Word within thee: God is
 near!

"A light to sky and earth unknown
 Pales all their lights: a mightier
 force
 Than theirs the powers of Nature own,
 And, to its goal as at its source
 His Spirit moves the Universe.

"Believe and trust. Through stars
 and suns,
 Through life and death, through
 soul and sense,
 His wise, paternal purpose runs;
 The darkness of His providence
 Is star-lit with benign intents."

O joy supreme! I know the Voice,
 Like none beside on earth or sea;
 Yea, more, O soul of mine, rejoice,
 By all that He requires of me,
 I know what God Himself must be

No picture to my aid I call,
 I shape no image in my prayer;
 I only know in Him is all
 Of life, light, beauty, everywhere,
 Eternal Goodness here and there!

I know He is, and what He is,
 Whose one great purpose is the
 good
 Of all. I rest my soul on His
 Immortal Love and Fatherhood;
 And trust Him, as His children
 should.

I fear no more. The clouded face
 Of Nature smiles; through all her
 things
 Of time and space and sense I trace
 The moving of the Spirit's wings,
 And hear the song of hope she
 sings.

ADJUSTMENT.

THE tree of Faith its bare, dry boughs
must shed

That nearer heaven the living ones
may climb ;

The false must fail, though from
our shores of time

The old lament be heard,—“Great
Pan is dead !”

That wail is Error's, from his high
place hurled ;

This sharp recoil is Evil undertrod ;
Our time's unrest, an angel sent of
God

Troubling with life the waters of the
world.

Even as they list the winds of the
Spirit blow

To turn or break our century-rusted
vanes ;

Sands shift and waste ; the rock
alone remains

Where, led of Heaven, the strong
tides come and go,

And storm-clouds, rent by thunder-
bolt and wind,

Leave, free of mist, the permanent
stars behind.

Therefore I trust, although to out-
ward sense

Both true and false seem shaken ;
I will hold

With newer light my reverence for
the old,

And calmly wait the births of Provi-
dence.

No gain is lost ; the clear-eyed saints
look down

Untroubled on the wreck of schemes
and creeds ;

Love yet remains, its rosary of
good deeds

Counting in task-field and o'er peopled
town ;

Truth has charmed life ! the Inward
Word survives,

And, day by day, its revelation
brings ;

Faith, hope, and charity, what-
soever things

Which cannot be shaken, stand.

Still holy lives

Reveal the Christ of whom the letter
told,

And the new gospel verifies the old.

THE WOOD GIANT.

FROM Alton Bay to Sandwich Dome,

From Mad to Saco river,

For patriarchs of the primal wood

We sought with vain endeavour.

And then we said : “The giants old

Are lost beyond retrieval ;

This pigmy growth the axe has
spared

Is not the wood primeval.

“Look where we will o'er vale and
hill,

How idle are our searches

For broad-girthed maples, wide-
limbed oaks,

Centennial pines and birches !

“Their tortured limbs the axe and
saw

Have changed to beams and trestles ;

They rest in walls, they float on
seas,

They rot in sunken vessels.

“This shorn and wasted mountain
land

Of underbrush and boulder,—

Who thinks to see its full-grown tree
Must live a century older.”

At last to us a woodland path,

To open sunset leading,

Revealed the Anakim of pines

Our wildest wish exceeding.

Alone, the level sun before ;

Below, the lake's green islands ;

Beyond, in misty distance dim,

The rugged Northern Highlands.

Dark Titan on his Sunset Hill
Of time and change defiant !
How dwarfed the common woodland
seemed,
Before the old-time giant !

What marvel that, in simpler days
Of the world's early childhood,
Men crowned with garlands, gifts,
and praise
Such monarchs of the wild-wood ?

That Tyrian maids with flower and
song
Danced through the hill grove's
spaces,
And hoary-bearded Druids found
In woods their holy places ?

With somewhat of that Pagan awe
With Christian reverence blend-
ing,
We saw our pine-tree's mighty arms
Above our heads extending.

We heard his needles' mystic rune,
Now rising, and now dying,
As erst Dodona's priestess heard
The oak leaves prophesying.

Was it the half-unconscious moan
Of one apart and mateless,
The weariness of unshared power,
The loneliness of greatness ?

O dawns and sunsets, lend to him
Your beauty and your wonder !
Blithe sparrow, sing thy summer
song
His solemn shadow under !

Play lightly on his slender keys,
O wind of summer, waking
For hills like these the sound of
seas
On far-off beaches breaking !

And let the eagle and the crow
Find shelter in his branches,
When winds shake down his winter
snow
In silver avalanches-

The brave are braver for their cheer,
The strongest need assurance,
The sigh of longing makes not less
The lesson of endurance.

THE HOMESTEAD.

AGAINST the wooded hills it stands,
Ghosts of a dead home, staring
through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old-time harvests grew.

Unploughed, unsown, by seythe un-
shorn,
The poor, forsaken farm-fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot no housewife keeps ;
Through weeds and tangle only left,
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossom-clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms ;
Beside the roofless porch a sad
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mould and dust of drouth,
On floor and hearth the squirrel
leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn, about to fall,
Resounds no more on husking eves ;
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear ! It seems almost
Some haunting Presence makes its
sign ; [ghost
That down yon shadowy lane some
Might drive his spectral kine !

O home so desolate and lorn !
Did all thy memories die with thee
Were any wed, were any born,
Beneath this low roof-tree ?

Whose axe the wall of forest broke,
And let the waiting sunshine
through ?

What good-wife sent the earliest smoke
Up the great chimney flue ?

Did rustie lovers hither come ?
Did maidens, swaying back and
forth

In rhythmic grace, at wheel and loom,
Make light their toil with mirth ?

Did child feet patter on the stair ?
Did boyhood frolic in the snow ?
Did grey age, in her elbow chair,
Knit, rocking to and fro ?

The murmuring brook, the sighing
breeze,
The pine's slow whisper, cannot tell ;
Low mounds beneath the hemlock-
trees
Keep the home secrets well.

Cease, mother-land, to fondly boast
Of sons far off who strive and thrive,
Forgetful that each swarming host
Must leave an emptier hive !

O wanderers from ancestral soil,
Leave noisome mill and chaffering
store ;

Gird up your loins for sturdier toil,
And build the home once more

Come back to bayberry-scented slopes,
And fragrant fern, and ground-mat
vine ;

Breathe airs blown overholt and copse
Sweet with black birch and pine.

What matter if the gains are small
That life's essential wants supply ?
Your homestead's title gives you all
That idle wealth can buy.

All that the many-dollar'd crave,
The brick-walled slaves of 'Change
and mart,
Lawns, trees, fresh air, and flowers,
you have,
More dear for lack of art.

Your own sole masters, freedom-
willed,

With none to bid you go or stay,
Till the old fields your fathers tilled,
As manly men as they !

With skill that spares your toiling
hands,

And chemie aid that science brings,
Reclaim the waste and outworn lands,
And reign thereon as kings !

BIRCHBROOK MILL.

A NOTELESS stream, the Birchbrook
runs
Beneath its leaning trees ;
That low, soft ripple is its own,
That dull roar is the sea's.

Of human signs it sees alone
The distant church spire's tip,
And, ghost-like, on a blank of grey,
The white sail of a ship.

No more a toiler at the wheel,
It wanders at its will ;
Nor dam nor pond is left to tell
Where once was Birchbrook mill.

The timbers of that mill have fed
Long since a farmer's fires ;
His doorsteps are the stones that
ground
The harvest of his sires.

Man trespassed here ; but Nature lost
No right of her domain ;
She waited, and she brought the old
Wild beauty back again.

By day the sunlight through the leaves
Falls on its moist, green sod,
And wakes the violet bloom of spring
And autumn's golden rod.

Its birches whisper to the wind,
The swallow dips her wings
In the cool spray, and on its banks
The grey song-sparrow sings.

But from it, when the dark night
falls,

The school-girl shrinks with dread ;
The farmer, home-bound from his
fields,
Goes by with quickened tread

They dare not pause to hear the grind
Of shadowy stone on stone ;
The plashing of a water-wheel
Where wheel there now is none.

Has not a cry of pain been heard
Above the clattering mill ?
The pawing of an unseen horse,
Who waits his mistress still ?

Yet never to the listener's eye
Has sight confirmed the sound ;
A wavering birch line marks alone
The vacant pasture ground.

No ghostly arms fling up to heaven
The agony of prayer ;
No spectral steed impatient shakes
His white mane on the air.

The meaning of that common dread
No tongue has fitly told ;
The secret of the dark surmise
The brook and birches hold.

What nameless horror of the past
Broods here for evermore ?
What ghost his unforgiven sin
Is grinding o'er and o'er ?

Does, then, immortal memory play
The actor's tragic part,
Rehearsals of a mortal life
And unveiled human heart ?

God's pity spare a guilty soul
That drama of its ill,
And let the scenic curtain fall
On Birchbrook's haunted mill !

HOW THE ROBIN CAME.

AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND.

HAPPY young friends, sit by me,
Under May's blown apple-tree,
While these home-birds in and out
Through the blossoms flit about.
Hear a story, strange and old,
By the wild red Indians told,
How the robin came to be :

Once a great chief left his son,—
Well-beloved, his only one,—
When the boy was well-nigh grown,
In the trial-lodge alone.
Left for tortures long and slow
Youths like him must undergo,
Who their pride of manhood test,
Lacking water, food, and rest.
Seven days the fast he kept,
Seven nights he never slept,
Then the young boy, wrung with pain,
Weak from nature's overstrain,
Faltering, moaned a low complaint :
" Spare me, father, for I faint !"
But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,
Hid his pity in his pride.
" You shall be a hunter good,
Knowing never lack of food ;
You shall be a warrior great,
Wise as fox and strong as bear ;
Many scalps your belt shall wear,
If with patient heart you wait
Bravely till your task is done.
Better you should starving die
Than that boy and squaw should cry
Shame upon your father's son !"

When next morn the sun's first rays
Glistened on the hemlock sprays,
Straight that lodge the old chief
sought,
And boiled samp and moose meat
brought.

" Rise and eat, my son !" he said.
Lo, he found the poor boy dead !
As with grief his grave they made,
And his bow beside him laid,
Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid,
On the lodge-top overhead,
Preening smooth its breast of red

And the brown coat that it wore,
 Sat a bird, unknown before.
 And as if with human tongue,
 "Mourn me not," it said, or sung ;
 "I, a bird, am still your son,
 Happier than if hunter fleet,
 Or a brave, before your feet
 Laying scalps in battle won.
 Friend of man, my song shall cheer
 Lodge and corn-land ; hovering near,
 To each wigwam I shall bring
 Tidings of the coming spring ;
 Every child my voice shall know
 In the moon of melting snow,
 When the maple's red bud swells,
 And the wind-flower lifts its bells.
 As their fond companion
 Men shall henceforth own your son,
 And my song shall testify
 That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith
 How, at first, the robin came
 With a sweeter life from death,
 Bird for boy, and still the same.
 If my young friends doubt that this
 Is the robin's genesis,
 Not in vain is still the myth
 If a truth be found therewith :
 Unto gentleness belong
 Gifts unknown to pride and wrong ;
 Happier far than hate is praise,—
 He who sings than he who slays.

SWEET FERN.

THE subtle power in perfume found
 Nor priest nor sibyl vainly learned ;
 On Grecian shrine or Aztec mound
 No censor idly burned.

That power the old-time worships
 knew,
 The Corybantes' frenzied dance,
 The Pythian priestess swooning
 through
 The wonderland of trance.

And Nature holds, in wood and
 field,
 Her thousand sunlit censers still ;
 To spells of flower and shrub we
 yield
 Against or with our will.

I climbed a hill path strange and new
 With slow feet, pausing at each
 turn
 A sudden waft of west wind blew
 The breath of the sweet fern.

That fragrance from my vision
 swept
 The alien landscape ; in its stead,
 Up fairer hills of youth I stepped,
 As light of heart as tread.

I saw my boyhood's lakelet shine
 Once more through rifts of wood-
 land shade ;
 I knew my river's winding line
 By morning mist betrayed.

With me June's freshness, lapsing
 brook,
 Murmurs of leaf and bee, the call
 Of birds, and one in voice and look
 In keeping with them all.

A fern beside the way we went
 She plucked, and, smiling, held it
 up,
 While from her hand the wild, sweet
 scent
 I drank as from a cup.

O potent witchery of smell !
 The dust-dry leaves to life return,
 And she who plucked them owns the
 spell
 And lifts her ghostly fern.

Or sense or spirit ? Who shall say
 What touch the chord of memory
 thrills ?
 It passed, and left the August day
 Ablaze on lonely hills.

BANISHED
FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

1660.

ON A PAINTING BY E. A. ABBEY.

OVER the threshold of his pleasant
home

Set in green clearings passed the
exiled Friend,

In simple trust, misdoubting not
the end.

"Dear heart of mine!" he said, "the
time has come

"To trust the Lord for shelter." One
long gaze

The good wife turned on each
familiar thing,—

The lowing kine, the orchard blos-
soming,

The open door that showed the
hearth-fire's blaze,—

And calmly answered, "Yes, He will
provide."

Silent and slow they crossed the
homestead's bound,

Lingering the longest by their
child's grave-mound.

"Move on, or stay and hang!" the
sheriff cried.

They left behind them more than
home or laud,

And set sad faces to an alien
strand.

Safer with winds and waves than
human wrath,

With ravening wolves than those
whose zeal for God

Was cruelty to man, the exiles
trod

Drear leagues of forest without guide
or path,

Or launching frail boats on the un-
charted sea,

Round storm-vexed capes, whose
teeth of granite ground

The waves to foam, their perilous
way they wound,

Enduring all things so their souls
were free.

Oh, true confessors, shaming them
who did

Anew the wrong their Pilgrim
Fathers bore!

For you the Mayflower spread her
sail once more,

Freighted with souls, to all that duty
bid.

Faithful as they who sought an
unknown land,

O'er wintry seas, from Holland's
Hook of Sand!

So from his lost home to the darken-
ing main,

Bodeful of storm, stout Macey held
his way,

And, when the green shore blended
with the gray,

His poor wife moaned: "Let us turn
back again."

"Nay, woman, weak of faith, kneel
down," said he,

"And say thy prayers: the Lord
Himself will steer;

And led by Him, nor man nor devils
I fear!"⁷³

So the grey Southwicks, from a rainy
sea,

Saw, far and faint, the loom of land,
and gave

With feeble voices thanks for
friendly ground

Whereon to rest their weary feet,
and found

A peaceful death-bed and a quiet
grave

Where, ocean-walled, and wiser than
his age,

The lord of Shelter scorned the bigot's
rage.

Aquidneck's isle, Nantucket's lonely
shores,

And Indian-haunted Narragansett
saw

The way-worn travellers round the
camp-fire draw,

Or heard the plashing of their weary
oars.

And every place whereon they rested
grew
Happier for pure and gracious
womanhood,
And men whose names for stainless
honour stood,
Founders of States and rulers wise
and true.
The Muse of history yet shall make
amends
To those who freedom, peace, and
justice taught,
Beyond their dark age led the van
of thought,
And left unforfeited the name of
Friends.
O mother State, how foiled was thy
design !
The gain was theirs, the loss alone
was thine.

THE TWO ELIZABETHS.

Read at the unveiling of the bust of Elizabeth Fry at the Friends' School, Providence, R.I.

A. D. 1209.

AMIDST Thuringia's wooded hills she
dwelt,
A high-born princess, servant of
the poor,
Sweetening with gracious words the
food she dealt
To starving throngs at Wartburg's
blazoned door.
A blinded zealot held her soul in
chains,
Cramped the sweet nature that he
could not kill,
Scarred her fair body with his penance-
pains,
And gauged her conscience by his
narrow will.
God gave her gifts of beauty and of
grace,
With fast and vigil she denied them
all ;

Unquestioning, with sad, pathetic
face,
She followed meekly at her stern
guide's call.

So drooped and died her home-blown
rose of bliss
In the chill rigour of a discipline
That turned her fond lips from her
children's kiss,
And made her joy of motherhood
a sin.

To their sad level by compassion
led,
One with the low and vile herself
she made,
While thankless misery mocked the
hand that fed,
And laughed to scorn her piteous
masquerade.

But still, with patience that out-
wore hate
She gave her all while yet she had
to give ;
And then her empty hands, importu-
nate,
In prayer she lifted that the poor
might live.

Sore pressed by grief, and wrongs
more hard to bear,
And dwarfed and stifled by a harsh
control,
She kept life fragrant with good deeds
and prayer,
And fresh and pure the white flower
of her soul.

Death found her busy at her task :
one word
Alone she uttered at she paused to
die,
" Silence ! "—then listened even as
one who heard
With song and wing the angels
drawing nigh !

Now Fra Angelico's roses fill her
hands,
And, on Murillo's canvas, Want
and Pain
Kneel at her feet. Her marble image
stands
Worshipped and crowned in Mar-
burg's holy fane.

Yea, wheresoe'er her Church its cross
uprears,
Wide as the world her story still is
told ;
In manhood's reverence, woman's
prayers and tears
She lives again whose grave is
centuries old.

And still, despite the weakness or the
blame
Of blind submission to the blind,
she hath
A tender place in hearts of every
name,
And more than Rome owns Saint
Elizabeth !

A. D. 1780.

Slow ages passed : and lo ! another
came,
An English matron, in whose
simple faith
Nor priestly rule nor ritual had claim,
A plain, uncanonised Elizabeth.

Nosackclothrobe, norashen-sprinkled
hair,
Nor wasting fast, nor scourge, nor
vigil long,
Marred her calm presence. God had
made her fair,
And she could do His goodly work
no wrong.

Their yoke is easy and their burden
light [of God ;
Whose sole Confessor is the Christ
Her quiet trust and faith transcending
sight
Smoothed to her feet the difficult
paths she trod.

And there she walked, as duty bade
her go,
Safe and unsullied as a cloistered
nun,
Shamed with her plainness Fashion's
gandy show,
And overcame the world she did
not shun.

In Earlham's bowers, in Plashet's
liberal hall,
In the great city's restless crowd
and din,
Her ear was open to the Master's
call,
And knew the summons of His
voice within.

Tender as mother, beautiful as wife,
Amidst the throngs of prisoned
crime she stood,
In modest raiment faultless as her
life,
The type of England's worthiest
womanhood !

To melt the hearts that harshness
turned to stone
The sweet persuasion of her lips
sufficed,
And guilt, which only hate and fear
had known,
Saw in her own the pitying love of
Christ.

So wheresoe'er the guiding Spirit
went
She followed, finding every prison
cell
It opened for her sacred as a tent
Pitched by Gennesaret or by Jacob's
well.

And Pride and Fashion felt her strong
appeal,
And priest and ruler marvelled as
they saw
How hand in hand went wisdom with
her zeal,
And woman's pity kept the bounds
of law.

She rests in God's peace ; but her
memory stirs
The air of earth as with an angel's
wings,
And warms and moves the hearts of
men like hers,
The sainted daughter of Hungarian
kings.

United now, the Briton and the Hun,
Each, in her own time, faithful unto
death,
Live sister souls ! in name and spirit
one,
Thuringia's saint and our Elizabeth !

THE REUNION.

Read September 10, 1885, to the surviving
students of Haverhill Academy in 1827-28.

THE gulf of seven-and-fifty years
We stretch our welcoming hands
across ;
The distance but a pebble's toss
Between us and our youth appears.

For in life's school we linger on
The remnant of a once full list ;
Conning our lessons, undismissed,
With faces to the setting sun.

And some have gone the unknown
way,
And some await the call to rest ;
Who knoweth whether it is best
For those who went or those who stay ?

And yet despite of loss and ill,
If faith and love and hope remain,
Our length of days is not in vain,
And life is well worth living still.

Still to a gracious Providence
The thanks of grateful hearts are
due,
For blessings when our lives were
new,
For all the good vouchsafed us since.

The pain that spared us sorer hurt,
The wish denied, the purpose
crossed,
And pleasure's fond occasions lost,
Were mercies to our small desert.

'Tis something that we wander back,
Grey pilgrims, to our ancient ways,
And tender memories of old days
Walk with us by the Merrimack ;

That even in life's afternoon
A sense of youth comes back again,
As through this cool September
rain
The still green woodlands dream of
June.

The eyes grown dim to present things
Have keener sight for by-gone years,
And sweet and clear, in deafening
ears,
The bird that sang at morning sings.

Dear comrades, scattered wide and far,
Send from their homes their kindly
word,
And dearer ones, unseen, unheard,
Smile on us from some heavenly star.

For life and death with God are one,
Unchanged by seeming change His
care
And love are round us here and
there ;
He breaks no thread His hand has
spun.

Soul touches soul, the muster-roll
Of life eternal has no gaps ;
And after half a century's lapse
Our school-day ranks are closed and
whole.

Hail and farewell ! We go our way ;
Where shadows end, we trust in
light ;
The star that ushers in the night
Is herald also of the day !

REQUITAL.

As Islam's Prophet, when his last day
drew
Nigh to its close, besought all men
to say
Whom he had wronged, to whom
he then should pay
A debt forgotten, or for pardon sue,
And, through the silence of his weep-
ing friends,
A strange voice cried: "Thou owest
me a debt,"
"Allah be praised!" he answered.
"Even yet
He gives me power to make to thee
amends.
O friend! I thank thee for thy
timely word."
So runs the tale. Its lesson all
may heed,
For all have sinned in thought, or
word, or deed,
Or, like the Prophet, through neglect
have erred.
All need forgiveness, all have debts
to pay
Ere the night cometh, while it still
is day.

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"O mother! Take my hand," said
she,
"And then the dark will all be
light."
We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is
day,
And there is darkness never-
more.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as
we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we
raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!

THE TWO LOVES.

SMOOTHING soft the nestling head
Of a maiden fancy-led,
Thus a grave-eyed woman said:

"Richest gifts are those we make
Dearer than the love we take
That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest;
Mine has been the common quest
To be loved and therefore blest.

"Favours undeserved were mine
At my feet as on a shrine
Love has laid its gifts divine.

"Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet
With their sweetness came regret,
And a sense of unpaid debt.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied,
Was it vanity or pride
That a deeper joy denied?

"Hands that ope but to receive
Empty close; they only live
Richly who can richly give.

"Still," she sighed, with moistening
eyes,

"Love is sweet in any guise;
But its best is sacrifice!

"He who, giving, does not crave,
Limest is to Him who gave
Life itself the loved to save.

"Love, that self-forgetful gives,
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,
Late or soon its own receives."

AN EASTER FLOWER GIFT.

O DEAREST bloom the seasons know,
 Flowers of the Resurrection blow,
 Our hope and faith restore ;
 And through the bitterness of death
 And loss and sorrow, breathe a breath
 Of life for evermore !

The thought of Love Immortal blends
 With fond remembrances of friends ;
 In you, O sacred flowers,
 By human love made doubly sweet,
 The heavenly and the earthly meet,
 The heart of Christ and ours !

MULFORD.

AUTHOR OF "THE NATION" AND
 "THE REPUBLIC OF GOD."

UNNOTED as the setting of a star
 He passed ; and seer and party
 scarcely knew
 When from their midst a sage and
 seer withdrew
 To fitter audience, where the great
 dead are
 In God's republic of the heart and
 mind
 Leaving no purer, nobler soul behind.

AN ARTIST OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

G. F.

HAUNTED of Beauty, like the marvel-
 lous youth
 Who sang Saint Agnes' Eve ! How
 passing fair
 Her shapes took colour in thy home-
 stead air !
 How on thy canvas even her dreams
 were truth !
 Magician ! who from commonest ele-
 ments

Called up divine ideals, clothed upon
 By mystic lights soft blending into
 one

Womanly grace and child-like inno-
 cence.

Teacher ! thy lesson was not given in
 vain.

Beauty is goodness ; ugliness is sin ;
 Art's place is sacred : nothing foul
 therein

May crawl or tread with bestial feet
 profane.

If rightly choosing is the painter's test,
 Thy choice, O master, ever was the
 best.

HYMNS OF THE BRAHMO
SOMAJ.⁷⁴

I.

THE mercy, O Eternal One !
 By man unmeasured yet,
 In joy or grief, in shade or sun,
 I never will forget.
 I give the whole, and not a part,
 Of all Thou gavest me ;
 My goods, my life, my soul and heart,
 I yield them all to Thee !

II.

We fast and plead, we weep and pray,
 From morning until even ;
 We feel to find the holy way,
 We knock at the gate of heaven !
 And when in silent awe we wait,
 And word and sign forbear,
 The hinges of the golden gate
 Move, soundless, to our prayer !
 Who hears the eternal harmonies
 Can heed no outward word ;
 Blind to all else is he who sees
 The vision of the Lord !

III.

O soul, be patient, restrain thy tears,
 Have hope, and not despair ;
 As a tender mother heareth her child
 God hears the penitent prayer.

And not for ever shall grief be thine ;
 On the Heavenly Mother's breast,
 Washed clean and white in the waters
 of joy
 Shall His seeking child find rest.
 Console thyself with His word of grace,
 And cease thy wail of woe,
 For His mercy never an equal hath,
 And His love no bounds can know.

Lean close unto Him in faith and hope ;
 How many like thee have found
 In Him a shelter and home of peace,
 By His mercy compassed round !
 There, safe from sin and the sorrow it
 brings,
 They sing their grateful psalms,
 And rest, at noon, by the wells of God,
 In the shade of His holy palms !



INSCRIPTIONS.



ON A SUN-DIAL.

FOR DR. HENRY I. BOWDITCH.

WITH warning hand I mark Time's
 rapid flight
 From life's glad morning to its solemn
 night ;
 Yet, through the dear God's love, I
 also show
 There's Light above me by the Shade
 below.

ON A FOUNTAIN.

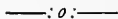
FOR DOROTHEA L. DIX.

STRANGER and traveller
 Drink freely, and bestow
 A kindly thought on her
 Who bade this fountain flow,
 Yet hath no other claim
 Than as the minister
 Of blessing in God's name.
 Drink, and in His peace go !



ORIENTAL MAXIMS.

PARAPHRASE OF SANSKRIT TRANSLATIONS.



THE INWARD JUDGE.

FROM "INSTITUTES OF MANU."

THE soul itself its awful witness is.
 Say not in evil doing, "No one sees,"
 And so offend the conscious One
 within, [sin
 Whose ear can hear the silences of
 Ere they find voice, whose eyes un-
 sleeping see
 The secret motions of iniquity.

Nor in thy folly say, "I am alone."
 For, seated in thy heart, as on a
 throne,
 The ancient Judge and Witness liveth
 still,
 To note thy act and thought ; and as
 thy ill
 Or good goes from thee, far beyond
 thy reach,
 The solemn Doomsman's seal is set
 on each.

LAYING UP TREASURE.

FROM THE "MAHÀBHÁRATA."

BEFORE the Ender comes, whose
 charioteer
 Is swift or slow Disease, lay up each
 year
 Thy harvests of well-doing, wealth
 that kings
 Nor thieves can take away. When
 all the things
 Thou callest thine, goods, pleasures,
 honours fall, [all.
 Thou in thy virtue shalt survive them

CONDUCT.

FROM THE "MAHÀBHÁRATA."

HEED how thou livest. Do no act by
 day
 Which from the night shall drive thy
 peace away.
 In months of sun so live that months
 of rain
 Shall still be happy. Evermore re-
 strain
 Evil and cherish good, so shall there
 be
 Another and a happier life for thee.



NOTES.

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NOTE 1, page 17.

MOGG MEGONE, or Hegone, was a leader among the Saco Indians in the bloody war of 1677. He attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year; and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco River. From a deed signed by this Indian in 1664, and from other circumstances, it seems that, previous to the war, he had mingled much with the colonists. On this account he was probably selected by the principal sachems as their agent in the treaty signed in November 1676.

NOTE 2, page 17.

Biron de St. Castine came to Canada in 1644. Leaving his civilised companions, he plunged into the great wilderness and settled among the Penobscot Indians, near the mouth of their noble river. He here took for his wives the daughters of the great Modocawando, — the most powerful sachem of the East. His castle was plundered by Governor Andros during his reckless administration; and the enraged Biron is supposed to have excited the Indians into open hostility to the English.

NOTE 3, page 18.

The owner and commander of the garrison at Black Point, which Mogg attacked and plundered. He was an old man at the period to which the tale relates.

NOTE 4, page 18.

Major Phillips, one of the principal men of the Colony. His garrison sustained a long and terrible siege by the savages. As a magistrate and a gentleman, he exacted of his plebeian neighbours a remarkable degree of deference. The Court Records of the settlement inform us that an individual was fined for the heinous offence of saying that "Major Phillips's mare was as lean as an Indian dog."

NOTE 5, page 18.

Captain Harmon, of Georgeana, now York, was, for many years, the terror of the Eastern Indians. In one of his expeditions up the Kennebec River, at the head of a party of rangers, he discovered twenty of the savages asleep by a large fire. Cautiously creeping towards them until he was certain of his aim, he ordered his men to single out their objects. The first discharge killed or mortally wounded the whole number of the unconscious sleepers.

NOTE 6, page 18.

Wood Island, near the mouth of the Saco. It was visited by the Sieur de Monts and Champlain, in 1603. The following extract, from the journal of the latter, relates to it:—"Having left the Kennebec, we ran along the coast to the westward, and east anchor under a small island, near the mainland, where we saw twenty or more natives. I here visited

an island, beautifully clothed with a fine growth of forest trees, particularly of the oak and walnut; and overspread with vines, that, in their season, produce excellent grapes. We named it the island of Bacchus." *Les Voyages de Sieur Champlain*, Liv. 2, c. 8.

NOTE 7, page 18.

John Bonython was the son of Richard Bonython, Gent., one of the most efficient and able magistrates of the Colony. John proved to be "a degenerate plant." In 1635 we find, by the Court Records, that, for some offence, he was fined 40s. In 1640 he was fined for abuse toward R. Gibson, the minister, and Mary his wife. Soon after he was fined for disorderly conduct in the house of his father. In 1645 the "Great and General Court" adjudged John Bonython outlawed, and incapable of any of his Majesty's laws, and proclaimed him a rebel." (Court Records of the Province, 1645.) In 1651 he bade defiance to the laws of Massachusetts, and was again outlawed. He acted independently of all law and authority; and hence, doubtless, his burlesque title of "The Sagamore of Saco," which has come down to the present generation in the following epitaph:—

"Here lies Bonython; the Sagamore of Saco,
He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and went to
Hobomoko."

By some means or other he obtained a large estate. In this poem I have taken some liberties with him, not strictly warranted by historical facts, although the conduct imputed to him is in keeping with his general character. Over the last years of his life lingers a deep obscurity. Even the manner of his death is uncertain. He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians; but this is doubted by the able and indefatigable author of the History of Saco and Biddeford.—Part I. p. 115.

NOTE 8, page 18.

Foxwell's Brook flows from a marsh or bog, called the "Heath," in Saco,

containing thirteen hundred acres. On this brook, and surrounded by wild and romantic scenery, is a beautiful waterfall of more than sixty feet.

NOTE 9, page 19.

Hiacoomes, the first Christian preacher on Martha's Vineyard; for a biography of whom the reader is referred to Increase Mayhew's account of the Praying Indians, 1726. The following is related of him:—"One Lord's Day, after meeting, where Hiacoomes had been preaching, there came in a Powwow very angry, and said, 'I know all the meeting Indians are liars. You say you don't care for the Powwaws;'—then calling two or three of them by name, he railed at them, and told them they were deceived, for the Powwaws could kill all the meeting Indians, if they set about it. But Hiacoomes told him that he would be in the midst of all the Powwaws in the island, and they should do the utmost they could against him; and when they should do their worst by their witchcraft to kill him, he would without fear set himself against them by remembering Jehovah. He told them also he did put all the Powwaws under his heel. Such was the faith of this good man. Nor were these Powwaws ever able to do these Christian Indians any hurt, though others were frequently hurt and killed by them."—*Mayhew*, pp. 6, 7, c. 1.

NOTE 10, page 21.

"The toothache," said Roger Williams in his observations upon the language and customs of the New England tribes, "is the only pain which will force their stoute hearts to cry." He afterwards remarks that even the Indian women never cry as he has heard "some of their men in this paine."

NOTE 11, page 23.

Wetuomanit,—a house god, or demon. "They—the Indians—have given me the names of thirty-seven gods which I have, all which in their solemn Worship they

invocate!" R. Williams's Briefe Observations of the Customs, Manners, Worship, etc., of the Natives, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death: on all which is added Spiritual Observations, General and Particular, of Chiefe and Special use—upon all occasions—to all the English inhabiting these parts; yet Pleasant and Profitable to the view of all Mene.—p. 110, c. 21.

NOTE 12, page 25.

Mt. Desert Island, the Bald Mountain upon which overlooks Frenchman's and Penobscot Bay. It was upon this island that the Jesuits made their earliest settlement.

NOTE 13, page 26.

Father Hennepin, a missionary among the Iroquois, mentions that the Indians believed him to be a conjuror, and that they were particularly afraid of a bright silver chalice which he had in his possession. "The Indians," says Père Jerome Lallamant, "fear us as the greatest sorcerers on earth."

NOTE 14, page 26.

Bomazeen is spoken of by Penhallow, as "the famous warrior and chieftain of Norridgewock." He was killed in the attack of the English upon Norridgewock, in 1724.

NOTE 15, page 26.

Père Ralle, or Rasles, was one of the most zealous and indefatigable of that band of Jesuit missionaries who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, penetrated the forests of America, with the avowed object of converting the heathen. The first religious mission of the Jesuits to the savages in North America was in 1611. The zeal of the fathers for the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith knew no bounds. For this, they plunged into the depths of the wilderness; habituated them-

selves to all the hardships and privations of the natives; suffered cold, hunger, and some of them death itself, by the extremest tortures. Père Brebeuf, after labouring in the cause of his mission for twenty years, together with his companion, Père Lallamant, was burned alive. To these might be added the names of those Jesuits who were put to death by the Iroquois—Daniel, Garnier, Buteaux, La Riborerd, Goupil, Constantin, and Liegeouis. "For bed," says Father Lallamant, in his *Relation de ce qui s'est dans le pays des Hurons*, 1640, c. 3, "we have nothing but a miserable piece of bark of a tree; for nourishment, a handful or two of corn, either roasted or soaked in water, which seldom satisfies our hunger; and after all, not venturing to perform even the ceremonies of our religion, without being considered as sorcerers." Their success among the natives, however, by no means equalled their exertions. Père Lallamant says: "With respect to adult persons, in good health, there is little apparent success; on the contrary, there have been nothing but storms and whirlwinds from that quarter."

Sebastian Ralle established himself, some time about the year 1670, at Norridgewock, where he continued more than forty years. He was accused, and perhaps not without justice, of exciting his praying Indians against the English, whom he looked upon as the enemies not only of his king, but also of the Catholic religion. He was killed by the English, in 1724, at the foot of the cross which his own hands had planted. This Indian church was broken up, and its members either killed outright or dispersed.

In a letter written by Ralle to his nephew he gives the following account of his church, and his own labours:—"All my converts repair to the church regularly twice every day—first, very early in the morning, to attend mass, and again in the evening, to assist in the prayers at sunset. As it is necessary to fix the imagination of savages, whose attention is easily distracted, I have composed prayers, calculated to inspire them with just sentiments of the august sacrifice of our altars; they chant, or at least recite, them aloud

during mass. Besides preaching to them on Sundays and saints' days, I seldom let a working-day pass without making a concise exhortation, for the purpose of inspiring them with horror at those vices to which they are most addicted, or to confirm them in the practice of some particular virtue."—*Vide Lettres Edifiantes et Cur.*, vol. vi. p. 127.

NOTE 16, page 30.

The character of Ralle has probably never been correctly delineated. By his brethren of the Romish Church he has been nearly apotheosised. On the other hand, our Puritan historians have represented him as a demon in human form. He was undoubtedly sincere in his devotion to the interests of his church, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of advancing those interests. "The French," says the author of the *History of Sao and Biddeford*, "after the peace of 1713, secretly promised to supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, if they would renew hostilities. Their principal agent was the celebrated Ralle, the French Jesuit."—p. 215.

NOTE 17, page 31.

Iertel de Rouville was an active and unsparing enemy of the English. He was the leader of the combined French and Indian forces which destroyed Deerfield, and massacred its inhabitants, in 1703. He was afterwards killed in the attack upon Haverhill. Tradition says that, on examining his dead body, his head and face were found to be perfectly smooth, without the slightest appearance of hair or beard.

NOTE 18, page 35.

Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N.H.), and the ceremonies closed with

a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly-married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house, was permitted to go, accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now, if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief.—*Vide Morton's New Canaan.*

NOTE 19, page 39.

This was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook. (*Mass. Hist. Coll.*, vol. iii. pp. 21, 22.) "He was regarded," says Hubbard, "as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, etc. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees."

"The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdom, and to these the Devil appeareth more familiarly than to others."—*Winslow's Relation.*

NOTE 20, page 42.

There are rocks in the river at the Falls of Amoskeag, in the cavities of which, tradition says, the Indians formerly stored and concealed their corn,

NOTE 21, page 49.

"Thou 'mind'st me of a story told,
In rare Bernardin's leaves of gold."

The incident here referred to is related in a note to Bernardin Henri Saint Pierre's *Etudes de la Nature*.

"We arrived at the habitation of the hermits a little before they sat down to their table, and while they were still at church. J. J. Rousseau proposed to me to offer up our devotions. The hermits were reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayers to God, and the hermits were proceeding to the refectory, Rousseau said to me, with his heart overflowing, 'At this moment I experience what is said in the gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a feeling of peace and happiness which penetrates the soul.' I said, 'If Fénelon had lived, you would have been a Catholic.' He exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'Oh, if Fénelon were alive, I would struggle to get into his service, even as a lackey!'"

In my sketch of Saint Pierre it will be seen that I have somewhat antedated the period of his old age. At that time he was not probably more than fifty. In describing him I have by no means exaggerated his own history of his mental condition at the period of the story. In the fragmentary Sequel to his Studies of Nature, he thus speaks of himself: "The ingratitude of those of whom I had deserved kindness, unexpected family misfortunes, the total loss of my small patrimony through enterprises solely undertaken for the benefit of my country, the debts under which I lay oppressed, the blasting of all my hopes,—these combined calamities made dreadful inroads upon my health and reason. . . . I found it impossible to continue in a room where there was company, especially if the doors were shut. I could not even cross an alley in a public garden, if several persons had got together in it. When alone, my malady subsided. I felt myself likewise at ease in places where I saw children only. At the sight of any one walking up to the

place where I was, I felt my whole frame agitated, and retired. I often said to myself, 'My sole study has been to merit well of mankind; why do I fear them?'"

He attributes his improved health of mind and body to the counsels of his friend J. J. Rousseau. "I renounced," says he, "my books. I threw my eyes upon the works of nature, which spake to all my senses a language which neither time nor nations have it in their power to alter. Thenceforth my histories and my journals were the herbage of the fields and meadows. My thoughts did not go forth painfully after them, as in the case of human systems; but their thoughts, under a thousand engaging forms, quietly sought me. In these I studied, without effort, the laws of that Universal Wisdom which had surrounded me from the cradle, but on which heretofore I had bestowed little attention."

Speaking of Rousseau, he says: "I derived inexpressible satisfaction from his society. What I prized still more than his genius was his probity. He was one of the few literary characters, tried in the furnace of affliction, to whom you could, with perfect security, confide your most secret thoughts. . . . Even when he deviated, and became the victim of himself or of others, he could forget his own misery in devotion to the welfare of mankind. He was uniformly the advocate of the miserable. There might be inscribed on his tomb these affecting words from that Book of which he carried always about him some select passages during the last years of his life: *His sins, which are many are forgiven, for he loved much.*"

NOTE 22, page 50.

"Like that the grey-haired sea-king passed."

Dr. Hooker, who accompanied Sir James Ross in his expedition of 1841, thus describes the appearance of that unknown land of frost and fire which was seen in latitude 77° south,—a stupendous chain of mountains, the whole mass of which, from its highest

point to the ocean, was covered with everlasting snow and ice:—

“The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more intensely blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast was one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden yellow and scarlet; and then, to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfect unbroken column, one side jet-black, the other giving back the colours of the sun, sometimes turning off at a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward!—this was a sight so surpassing everything that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated, under the guidance of our commander, into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it caused a feeling of awe to steal over us at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of His hand.”

NOTE 23, page 116.

Eleonora Johanna Von Merlau, or, as Sewall the Quaker historian gives it, Von Merlane, a noble young lady of Frankfort, seems to have held among the Mystics of that city very much such a position as Annia Maria Schurmaus did among the Labadists of Holland. William Penn appears to have shared the admiration of her own immediate circle for this accomplished and gifted lady.

NOTE 24, page 119.

Magister Johann Kelpius, a graduate of the University of Helmstadt, came to Pennsylvania in 1694 with a company of German Mystics. They made their home in the woods on the Wissahickon, a little west of the Quaker settlement of Germantown. Kelpius was a believer in the near approach of the millenium, and was a devout

student of the Book of Revelation, and the *Morgen-Rothe* of Jacob Behmen. He called his settlement “The Woman in the Wilderness” (*Das Weib in der Wueste*). He was only twenty-four years of age when he came to America, but his gravity, learning, and devotion placed him at the head of the settlement. He disliked the Quakers because he thought they were too exclusive in the matter of ministers. He was, like most of the Mystics, opposed to the severe doctrinal views of Calvin and even Luther, declaring “that he could as little agree with the *Damianus* of the Augsburg Confession as with the *Anathema* of the Council of Trent.”

He died in 1704, sitting in his little garden surrounded by his grieving disciples. Previous to his death it is said that he cast his famous “Stone of Wisdom” into the river, where that mystic souvenir of the times of Van Helmont, Paracelsus, and Agrippa has lain ever since, undisturbed.

NOTE 25, page 119.

Peter Sluyter, or Schluter, a native of Wesel, united himself with the sect of Labadists, who believed in the Divine commission of John De Labadie, a Roman Catholic priest converted to Protestantism, enthusiastic, eloquent, and evidently sincere in his special calling and election to separate the true and living members of the Church of Christ from the formalism and hypocrisy of the ruling sects. George Keith and Robert Barclay visited him at Amsterdam and afterward at the communities of Herford and Wieward; and, according to Gerard Croes, found him so near to them on some points, that they offered to take him into the Society of Friends. This offer, if it was really made, which is certainly doubtful, was, happily for the Friends at least, declined. Invited to Herford in Westphalia by Elizabeth, daughter of the Elector Palatine, De Labadie and his followers preached incessantly, and succeeded in arousing a wild enthusiasm among the people, who neglected their business and gave way to excitements and strange practices. Men and women,

it was said, at the Communion drank and danced together, and private marriages, or spiritual unions, were formed. Labadie died in 1674 at Altona, in Denmark, maintaining his testimonies to the last. "Nothing remains for me," he said, "except to go to my God. Death is merely ascending from a lower and narrower chamber to one higher and holier."

In 1679 Peter Slayter and Jasper Dankers were sent to America by the community at the Castle of Wieward. Their journal, translated from the Dutch and edited by Henry C. Murphy, has been recently published by the Long Island Historical Society. They made some converts, and among them was the eldest son of Hermanns, the proprietor of a rich tract of land at the head of Chesapeake Bay, known as Bohemia Manor. Slayter obtained a grant of this tract, and established upon it a community numbering at one time a hundred souls. Very contradictory statements are on record regarding his headship of this spiritual family, the discipline of which seems to have been of more than monastic severity. Certain it is that he bought and sold slaves, and manifested more interest in the world's goods than became a believer in the near millennium. He evinces in his journal an overweening spiritual pride, and speaks contemptuously of other professors, especially the Quakers whom he met in his travels. The latter, on the contrary, seem to have looked favourably upon the Labadists, and uniformly speak of them courteously and kindly. His journal shows him to have been destitute of common gratitude and Christian charity. He threw himself upon the generous hospitality of the Friends wherever he went, and repaid their kindness by the coarsest abuse and misrepresentation.

NOTE 26, page 120.

Among the pioneer Friends were many men of learning and broad and liberal views. Penn was conversant with every department of literature and philosophy. Thomas Lloyd was a ripe and rare scholar. The great Loganian Library

of Philadelphia bears witness to the varied learning and classical taste of its donor, James Logan. Thomas Story, member of the Council of State, Master of the Rolls, and Commissioner of Claims under William Penn, and an able minister of his Society, took a deep interest in scientific questions, and in a letter to his friend Logan, written while on a religious visit to Great Britain, seems to have anticipated the conclusion of modern geologists. "I spent," he says, "some months, especially at Scarborough, during the season attending meetings, at whose high cliffs and the variety of strata therein and their several positions I further learned and was confirmed in some things,—that the earth is of much older date as to the beginning of it than the time assigned in the Holy Scriptures as commonly understood, which is suited to the common capacities of mankind, as to six days of progressive work, by which I understand certain long and competent periods of time, and not natural days." It was sometimes made a matter of reproach by the Anabaptists and other sects, that the Quakers read profane writings and philosophies, and that they quoted heathen moralists in support of their views. Slayter and Dankers, in their journal of American travels, visiting a Quaker preacher's house at Burlington, on the Delaware, found "a volume of Virgil lying on the window, as if it were a common handbook; also Helmont's book on medicine (*Ortus Medicinæ, id est Initia Physicæ inaudita progressus medicinæ novus in morborum ultionem ad vitam longam*), whom, in an introduction they have made to it, they make to pass for one of their own sect, although in his lifetime he did not know anything about Quakers." It would appear from this that the half-mystical, half-scientific writings of the alchemist and philosopher of Vilverde had not escaped the notice of Friends, and that they had included him in their broad eclecticism.

NOTE 27, page 120.

"The Quaker's Meeting," a painting by E. Hemskerck (supposed to be

Egbert Hemskereck the younger, son of Egbert Hemskereck the old), in which William Penn and others—among them Charles II., or the Duke of York—are represented along with the rudest and most stolid class of the British rural population at that period. Hemskereck came to London from Holland with King William in 1689. He delighted in wild, grotesque subjects, such as the nocturnal intercourse of witches and the temptation of St. Anthony. Whatever was strange and uncommon attracted his free pencil. Judging from the portrait of Penn, he must have drawn his faces, figures, and costumes from life, although there may be something of caricature in the convulsed attitudes of two or three of the figures.

NOTE 28, page 122.

In one of his letters addressed to his friends in Germany he says: "These wild men, who never in their life heard Christ's teachings about temperance and contentment, herein far surpass the Christians. They live far more contented and unconcerned for the morrow. They do not overreach in trade. They know nothing of our everlasting pomp and stylishness. They neither curse nor swear, are temperate in food and drink, and if any of them get drunk, the mouth-Christians are at fault, who, for the sake of accursed lucre, sell them strong drink."

Again, he wrote in 1698 to his father that he finds the Indians reasonable people, willing to accept good teaching and manners, evincing an inward piety toward God, and more eager, in fact, to understand things divine than many among you who in the pulpit teach Christ in word, but by ungodly life deny Him.

"It is evident," says Professor Seidenstecker, "Pastorius holds up the Indian as Nature's unspoiled child to the eyes of the 'European Babel,' somewhat after the same manner in which Tacitus used the barbarian *Germani* to shame his degenerate countrymen."

As believers in the universality of the Saving Light, the outlook of early Friends upon the heathen was a very

cheerful and hopeful one. God was as near to them as to Jew or Anglo-Saxon; as accessible at Timbuctoo as at Rome or Geneva. Not the letter of Scripture, but the spirit which dictated it, was of saving efficacy. Robert Barclay is nowhere more powerful than in his argument for the salvation of the heathen, who live according to their light, without knowing even the name of Christ. William Penn thought Soerates as good a Christian as Richard Baxter. Early Fathers of the Church, as Origen and Justin Martyr, held broader views on this point than modern Evangelicals. Even Augustine, from whom Calvin borrowed his theology, admits that he has no controversy with the admirable philosophers, Plato and Plotinus. "Nor do I think," he says, in *De Civ. Dei*, lib. xviii. cap. 47, "that the Jews dare affirm that none belonged unto God but the Israelites."

NOTE 29, page 127.

The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the Colony in Virginia, in his capacity of "Admiral of New England," made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod in the summer of 1614.

NOTE 30, page 127.

Captain Smith gave to the promontory, now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabizanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while he was a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

NOTE 31, page 128.

Some three or four years since a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark grey stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrinack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited New England some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus is now very generally admitted.

NOTE 32, page 138.

De Soto, in the sixteenth century, penetrated into the wilds of the new world in search of gold and the fountain of perpetual youth.

NOTE 33, page 145.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. Bayou. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, Toussaint refused to join them until he had aided M. Bayou and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797 Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French Government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period, until 1801, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Leclerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke D'Enghien. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

NOTE 34, page 148.

The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

"Toussaint!—thou most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough
Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
Buried in some deep dungeon's careless den;
O miserable chieftain!—where and when
Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not, do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and
skies,—
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee: thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

NOTE 35, page 148.

"The French ship *LE RODEUR*, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out,—an obstinate disease of the eyes,—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wineglass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several who were stopped in the attempt to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only *one* remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

"In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, *Leon*. The same disease had been there, and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist

each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The Rodenr reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival."—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

NOTE 36, page 169.

The Northern author of the Congressional rule against receiving petitions of the people on the subject of Slavery.

NOTE 37, page 180.

Dr. Thacher, surgeon in Scammel's regiment, in his description of the siege of Yorktown, says: "The labour on the Virginia plantations is performed altogether by a species of the human race cruelly wrested from their native country, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their masters are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature." Eighteen hundred slaves were found at Yorktown, after its surrender, and restored to their masters. Well was it said by Dr. Barnes, in his late work on Slavery: "No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown than when Patrick Henry first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia."

NOTE 38, page 188.

The rights and liberties affirmed by MAGNA CHARTA were deemed of such importance, in the thirteenth century, that the Bishops, twice a year, with tapers burning, and in their pontifical robes, pronounced, in the presence of the king and the representatives of the estates of England, the greater excommunication against the infringer of that instrument. The imposing ceremony took place in the Great Hall of Westminster. A copy of the curse, as pronounced in 1253, declares that, "by the authority of Almighty God, and the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, and all

the saints in heaven, all those who violate the English liberties, and secretly or openly, by deed, word, or counsel, do make statutes, or observe them being made, against said liberties, are accursed and sequestered from the company of heaven and the sacraments of the Holy Church."

WILLIAM PENN, in his admirable political pamphlet, "England's Present interest Considered," alluding to the curse of the Charter-breakers, says: "I am no Roman Catholic, and little value their other curses; yet I declare I would not for the world incur this curse, as every man deservedly doth, who offers violence to the fundamental freedom thereby repeated and confirmed."

NOTE 39, page 193.

For the idea of this line, I am indebted to Emerson, in his inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora,—

"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

NOTE 40, page 212.

A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

NOTE 41, page 244.

See English caricatures of America: Slaveholder and cowhide, with the motto, "Haven't I a right to wallop my nigger?"

NOTE 42, page 246.

It is recorded that the Chians, when subjugated by Mithridates of Cappadocia, were delivered up to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to Colchis. Athenæus considers this a just punishment for their wickedness in first introducing the slave-trade into Greece. From this ancient villany of the Chians the proverb arose, "The Chian hath bought himself a master."

NOTE 43, page 269.

“The manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these,—inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy.”—*R. Saccho.*

NOTE 44, page 288.

Chalkley Hall, near Frankford, Pa., the residence of THOMAS CHALKLEY, an eminent minister of the Friends' denomination. He was one of the early settlers of the Colony, and his *Journal*, which was published in 1749, presents a quaint but beautiful picture of a life of unostentatious and simple goodness. He was the master of a merchant vessel, and, in his visits to the West Indies and Great Britain, omitted no opportunity to labour for the highest interests of his fellow-men. During a temporary residence in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1838, the quiet and beautiful scenery around the ancient village of Frankford frequently attracted me from the heat and bustle of the city.

NOTE 45, page 292.

August. Soliloq. cap. xxxi. “Interrogavi Terram,” etc.

NOTE 46, page 295.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barelay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier.

One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age who had been so honoured before. “I find more satisfaction,” said Barclay, “as well as honour, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favour.”

NOTE 47, page 309.

The last time I saw Dr. Channing was in the summer of 1841, when, in company with my English friend, Joseph Sturge, so well known for his philanthropic labours and liberal political opinions, I visited him in his summer residence in Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say, that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is now the world's common legacy.

NOTE 48, page 312.

“O vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer!”—*Jeremiah* xlviii. 32.

NOTE 49, page 316.

Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th month, 1845. She was the colleague, counsellor, and ever-ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The *Birmingham Pilot* says of her: “Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended than in this excellent woman.”

NOTE 50, page 321.

This legend is the subject of a celebrated picture by Tintoretto, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original sketch.

The slave lies on the ground, amid a crowd of spectators, who look on, animated by all the various emotions of sympathy, rage, terror; a woman, in front, with a child in her arms, has always been admired for the lifelike vivacity of her attitude and expression. The executioner holds up the broken implements; St. Mark, with a headlong movement, seems to rush down from heaven in haste to save his worshipper. The dramatic grouping in this picture is wonderful; the colouring, in its gorgeous depth and harmony, is, in Mr. Rogers's sketch, finer than in the picture.—*Mrs. Jameson's Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*, vol. i. p. 121.

NOTE 51, page 322.

Pennant, in his "Voyage to the Hebrides," describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.

NOTE 52, page 324.

The writer of these lines is no enemy of Catholics. He has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren by his strenuous endeavours to procure indemnification for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island. The severity of his language finds its ample apology in the reluctant confession of one of the most eminent Romish priests, the eloquent and devoted Father Ventura.

NOTE 53, page 325.

Ebenezer Elliott, the intelligence of whose death has recently reached us, was to the artisans of England what Burns was to the peasantry of Scotland. His "Corn-law Rhymes" contributed not a little to that overwhelming tide of popular opinion and feeling which resulted in the repeal of the tax on bread. Well has the eloquent author

of "The Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain" said of him, "Not corn-law repealers alone, but all Britons who moisten their scanty bread with the sweat of the brow, are largely indebted to his inspiring lay for the mighty bound which the labouring mind of England has taken in our day."

NOTE 54, page 326.

The reader of the Biography of the late William Allen, the philanthropic associate of Clarkson and Romilly, cannot fail to admire his simple and beautiful record of a tour through Europe, in the years 1818 and 1819, in the company of his American friend, Stephen Grellett.

NOTE 55, page 337.

The election of Charles Sumner to the U.S. Senate "followed hard upon" the rendition of the fugitive Sims by the U.S. officials and the armed police of Boston.

NOTE 56, page 341.

The storming of the city of Derne, in 1805, by General Eaton, at the head of nine Americans, forty Greeks, and a motley array of Turks and Arabs, was one of those feats of hardihood and daring which have in all ages attracted the admiration of the multitude. The higher and holier heroism of Christian self-denial and sacrifice, in the humble walks of private duty, is seldom so well appreciated.

NOTE 57, page 344.

It is proper to say that these lines are the joint impromptus of my sister and myself. They are inserted here as an expression of our admiration of the gifted stranger whom we have since learned to love as a friend.

NOTE 58, page 349.

This ballad was originally published in a prose work of the author's, as the song of a wandering Milesian school-master.

In the seventeenth century slavery in the New World was by no means confined to the natives of Africa. Political offenders and criminals were transported by the British Government to the plantations of Barbadoes and Virginia, where they were sold like cattle in the market. Kidnapping of free and innocent white persons was practised to a considerable extent in the seaports of the United Kingdom.

NOTE 59, page 351.

It can scarcely be necessary to say that there are elements in the character and passages in the history of the great Hungarian statesman and orator, which necessarily command the admiration of those even who believe that no political revolution was ever worth the price of human blood.

NOTE 60, page 358.

William Forster, of Norwich, England, died in East Tennessee, in the 1st month, 1854, while engaged in presenting to the governors of the States of this Union the address of his religious society on the evils of slavery. He was the relative and coadjutor of the Buxtons, Gurneys, and Frys; and his whole life, extending almost to threescore and ten years, was a pure and beautiful example of Christian benevolence. He had travelled over Europe, and visited most of its sovereigns, to plead against the slave-trade and slavery; and had twice before made visits to this country, under impressions of religious duty.

NOTE 61, page 359.

No more fitting inscription could be placed on the tombstone of Robert Rantoul than this: "He died at his post in Congress, and his last words were a protest in the name of Democracy against the Fugitive-Slave Law."

NOTE 62, page 373.

"*Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan, 10th March 1846.*—This evening the female slaves were unusually excited in singing, and I had the curiosity to ask my negro

servant, Said, what they were singing about. As many of them were natives of his own country, he had no difficulty in translating the Mandara or Bornou language. I had often asked the Moors to translate their songs for me, but got no satisfactory account from them. Said at first said, 'Oh, they sing of *Rubee*' (God). 'What do you mean?' I replied impatiently. 'Oh, don't you know?' he continued, 'they asked God to give them their *Atka*?' (certificate of freedom). I inquired, 'Is that all?' Said: 'No, they say, "Where are we going? The world is large. O God! Where are we going? O God!"' I inquired, 'What else?' Said: 'They remember their country, Bornou, and say, "*Bornou was a pleasant country, full of all good things; but this is a bad country, and we are miserable!*"' 'Do they sing anything else?' Said: 'No; they repeat these words over and over again, and add, "O God! give us our *Atka*, and let us return again to our dear home."'

"I am not surprised I got little satisfaction when I asked the Moors about the songs of their slaves. Who will say that the above words are not a very appropriate song? What could have been more congenially adapted to their then woful condition? It is not to be wondered at that these poor bondwomen cheer up their hearts, in their long, lonely, and painful wanderings over the desert, with words and sentiments like these; but I have often observed that their fatigue and sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dirge, and many days their plaintive strains never broke over the silence of the desert."—*Richardson's Journal.*

NOTE 63, page 374.

One of the latest and most interesting items of Eastern news is the statement that Slavery has been formally and totally abolished in Egypt.

NOTE 64, page 382.

A letter from England, in the *Friends' Review*, says: "Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of mischief and loss to

poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gunboats of the Allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief for them."

NOTE 65, page 388.

"Too late I loved Thee, O Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! And lo! Thou wert within, and I abroad searching for Thee. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee."—*August. Soliloq.*, Book X.

NOTE 66, page 389.

"And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death: but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness: And in that I saw the infinite Love of God."—*George Fox's Journal*.

NOTE 67, page 411.

Read at the Friends' School Anniversary, Providence, R.I., 6th mo., 1860.

NOTE 68, page 424.

Lieutenant Herndon's Report of the Exploration of the Amazon has a striking description of the peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the river. The Indian guides called it "The Cry of a Lost Soul!"

NOTE 69, page 501.

This ballad, originally written for J. R. Osgood & Co.'s *Memorial History of Boston*, describes, with pardonable poetic licence, a memorable incident in the annals of the city. The interview between Shattuck and the Governor took place, I have since learned, in the residence of the latter, and not in the Council Chamber.

NOTE 70, page 504.

This name in some parts of Europe is given to the season we call Indian Summer, in honour of the good St.

Martin. The title of the poem was suggested by the fact that the day it refers to was the exact date of the Saint's birth, the 11th of November.

NOTE 71, page 505.

See Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, vol. ii. pp. 32, 33. Also *Journal of Asiatic Society*, vol. iv. p. 795.

NOTE 72, page 511.

The picturesquely situated Wayside Inn at West Ossipee, N.H., is now in ashes; and to its former guests these somewhat careless rhymes may be a not unwelcome reminder of pleasant summers and autumns on the banks of the Bearcamp and Choocorna. To the author himself they have a special interest from the fact that they were written, or improvised, under the eye, and for the amusement of a beloved invalid friend whose last earthly sunsets faded from the mountain ranges of Ossipee and Sandwich.

NOTE 73, page 544.

"He [Macey] shook the dust from off his feet, and departed with all his worldly goods, and his family. He encountered a severe storm, and his wife, influenced by some omens of disaster, besought him to put back. He told her not to fear, for his faith was perfect. But she entreated him again. Then the spirit that impelled him broke forth: 'Woman, go below and seek thy God. I fear not the witches on earth, or the devils in hell!'"—*Life of Robert Pike*, p. 55.

NOTE 74, page 549.

I have attempted this paraphrase of the hymns of the Brahma Somaj of India, as I find them in Mozoomdar's account of the devotional exercises of that remarkable religious development which has attracted far less attention and sympathy from the Christian world than it deserves, as a fresh revelation of the direct action of the Divine Spirit upon the human heart.

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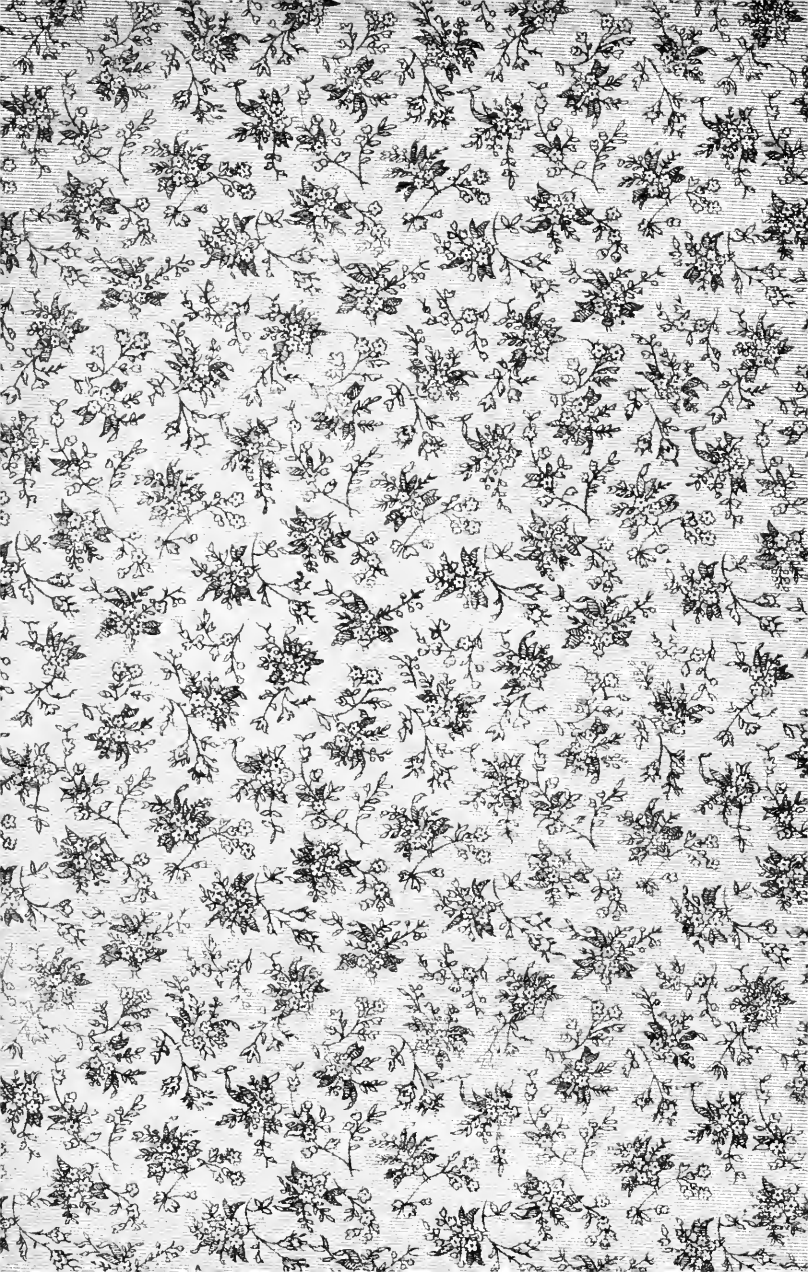
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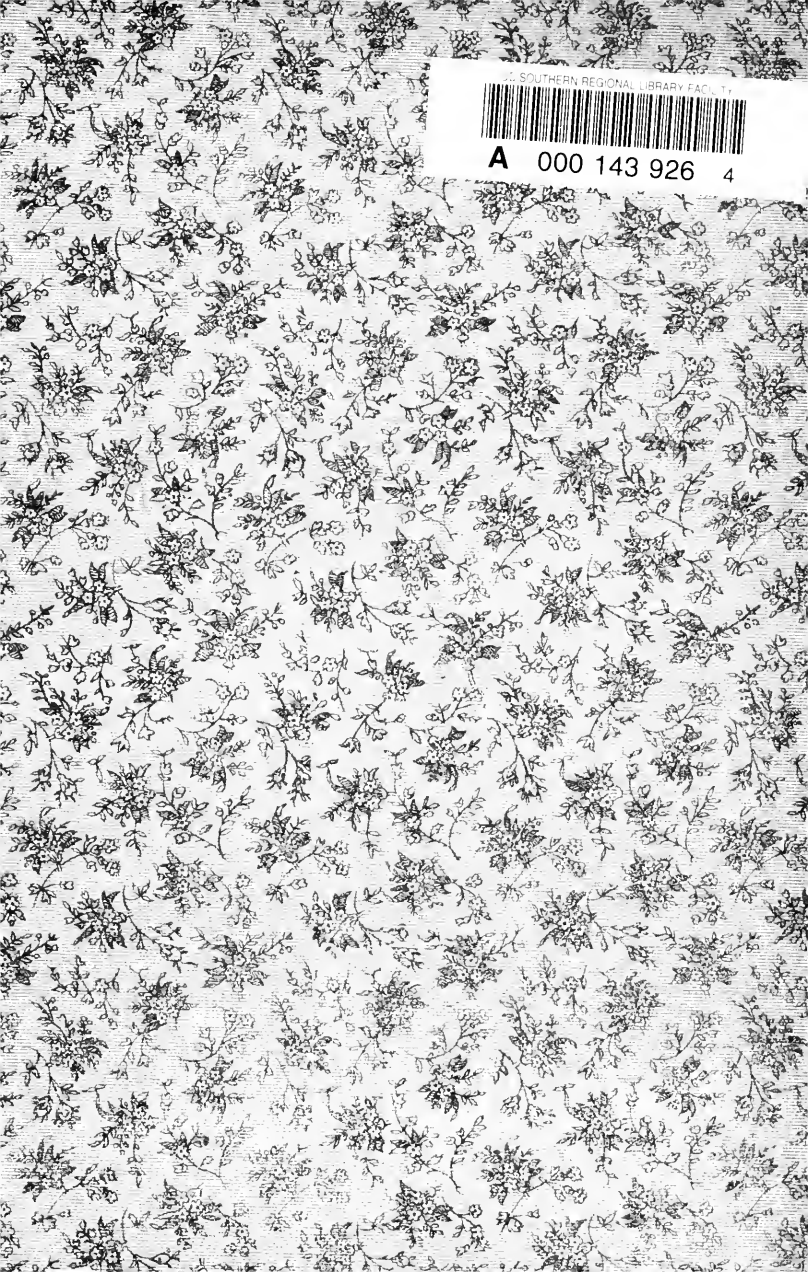
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