
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



WIDENER



HN NZDW E

23436.20.2

Harvard College Library



BOUGHT WITH MONEY
RECEIVED FROM THE
SALE OF DUPLICATES

POEMS.

P O E M S.

BY

ANNA BLACKWELL.
=

LONDON:
JOHN CHAPMAN, 142, STRAND.

M.DCCC.LIII.

23436.20.2



Duplicate money

LONDON: PRINTED BY WOODFALL AND KINDER,
ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

INDEX.

	PAGE
FIAT LUX	1
SHADOWS AND FORESHADOWINGS	3
A LEGEND OF THE BALTIC	10
AGLAÏA	16
WATER-LILIES	18
A PORTRAIT	23
A LAMENT	25
DE PROFUNDIS	29
THE WATERCRESS-GIRL	34
INDICATIONS	39
THE LAND OF DREAMS	40
QUESTIONS	44
RAINDROPS	45
THE PROUD BEAUTY'S BRIDAL	47
TO THE WIND AT NIGHT	50
CUI BONO?	51
REVELATIONS	53

	PAGE
THE LEGEND OF THE WATERFALL	57
THE WOODS	91
TO AN ARTIST	94
A WARNING	96
ECCE VENIT	99
THE SONG OF THE PERSIAN WIFE	105
TO THE MONTH OF MAY	106
"THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS"	112
A REVEILLÉ	114
A SONG OF THE STARS	118
TO A BIRD ON THE WING	134
AN EVENING HYMN	139
THE FORSAKEN	141
AN INVOCATION	144
THE SOLUTION	146
"MY LIFE DOTH LIE BENEATH THINE EYES"	147
A LEGEND OF COLOGNE	149
FAIRY KANDORE	152
DUALITY	154
NIGHT AND MORNING	156
TO MY GOD-DAUGHTER	158
"THEY SAY THAT STRICKEN HEARTS REGAIN"	160
ELFIN SONG	164
'I NEVER SEE THE WONDROUS HUMAN HAND"	165
SONNET: "THY KINGDOM COME"	167
"EYES THAT HAVE SPENT THEIR WEEPING"	168

INDEX.

vii

	PAGE
A FATHER'S REVERY	170
THE BISHOP'S BANQUET	174
A TRUE STORY	178
BOATMAN'S SONG	184
THE CHILD OF THE ISLE. A FRAGMENT	186
"A HUNDRED YEARS, AND STILL AND LOW"	189
ROLL ON, BLUE SEA!	191
MUSINGS IN A CHURCH PORCH	193
"AND GOD MADE TWO GREAT LIGHTS; HE MADE THE STARS ALSO"	205
ILLUSIONS	207
A PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN	212
"WHO ART THOU?"	214
LIFE	218
PREPARATION	219
NATURE	221
SYMBOLS	226
WORSHIP	230
A VISION	235

FIAT LUX.



THE opal-hued and many-perfumed Morn
From Dark is born ;
From out the gloomy womb of ebon Night
The stars' soft light.

Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth ;
From wondrous alchemy of winter hours
The summer flowers.

The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain ;
The rotting seed, the fading bloom, restore
The last year's store.

Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches Truth ;
Through efforts, long in vain, prophetic Need
Begets the Deed.

Wise orderings of variant Tones afford
The full Accord ;
Co-ordinated Parts, as cycles roll,
The perfect Whole.

SHADOWS AND FORESHADOWINGS.



HAVE you wander'd in the sunny meadows
When the springing grass is full of flowers ;
When the flying clouds cast sudden shadows,
Chased by joyous winds, too light for showers ;
And the liberal Day dispenses blessing with the
golden hours ?

HAVE you loiter'd under forest-arches
When the stern old woods have made them gay
With the tender green of the young larches,
Yellow opening leaves, and whitening may ;
Silken buds and shining tassels hanging from
each drooping spray ?

Have you climb'd the hill at early dawning,
When the dew is in the foxglove's bells ;
When the azure radiance of the morning
Lights the upland knolls and shadowy dells ;
Sweetest sounds and perfumes floating, all
around, in breezy swells ?

Have you gazed upon the summer-ocean,
With the pomp of sunset vaulted o'er,
While, with lulling rhyme of measured motion,
Sparkling billows break upon the shore,
And the crescent Moon and Hesper gleam above
the crystal floor ?

Have you stood beneath the midnight heaven,
With its countless denizens sublime ;
Splendid Sirius, and the Pleiads seven,
In the glory of their ancient prime,
Moving in a wondrous stillness, solemn as the
march of Time ?

And amid the beauty and the gladness,
 Filling all the earth, and air, and sea,
Did no under-tone of yearning sadness,
 As you look'd abroad exultingly,
Mingle with the blissful music of your spirit's
 jubilee?

Sadness, that in so divine a dwelling
 Life should be so far from the Divine?
Yearning, that the tale all Nature's telling
 Of a perfectness beyond our line,
Might be heard till our attaining match the
 brightness of the sign?

Heard, though clouds of folly, sin, and sorrow,
 Gather'd 'twixt the sun and our intent,
Threaten to o'ercast each coming morrow
 With the gloom of present discontent,
Showing endless Disappointment as the path
 for which we're meant:

Heard, though dogmas born of Want and Error,
Mocking thus the Unity we crave,
Would project the shadow of their terror
O'er the realms that lie beyond the grave,
Dreaming Man could clench his ruin past his
Maker's power to save!

A dark and fatal creed! and false as fatal;
For whoso Shadow saith implieth Light;
And shadow's naught; but from their fountain
natal
The Vital Rays that issue, warm and bright,
Are creative emanations of Divine Essential
Might.

•

Granite hills that tower sublime, cloud-riven,
The foundations of the earth supply;
Love, that overspans the highest heaven,
Deepest pit of hell doth underlie,
In its living, plastic aura, folding all Immensity.

O Strife of Good and Ill, with Life coeval!
O Truth of Truths, shall yet be understood,
That where we put our finite powers for evil,
God doth put His, infinite, for good,
And the sovereign Love and Wisdom may not
always be withstood!

For the Hand that shaped the world from Chaos
Still maintains and still perfects its state;
And that ever-loving Hand shall stay us
Through the slips on infancy that wait,
(For the World's a child, and we are in the
Childhood of our fate,)

Till we reach the glorious human stature;
Till, with seeing heart, and loving eyes,
We have made ourselves at one with Nature,
Tuned our discords to her harmonies,
Rowing with her mighty currents, thro' ex-
perience greatly wise!

Not Perfection,—that were a chimera—
But Continual Progress, is our law ;
Each achievement opening a new era,
Larger, nobler, than our fathers saw ;
Knitting souls and worlds together as the Years
to Ages draw.

What the Future's radiant culmination,
He, alone, can worthily foresee,
Who contains all Growth and Consummation,
In whose Life we live, and move, and be ;
Enough that He, who prompts our purpose,
holds and guides our destiny :

That an all-embracing Adaptation,
Which doth Chance and Loss alike forestall,
To the ends of Mutual Relation
Fashions Part for Part, and All for All ;
Each to Other ever beck'ning with inspired,
prophetic Call.

Method of the Universal Reason,
Pattern of the Universal Will,
Science, Art, and Beauty, in their season,
Shall our deepest aspirations fill ;
Nature's boundless grace and bounty our divine
exemplar still.

A LEGEND OF THE BALTIC.



LOUDLY peals the rattling thunder!
Lightnings flash above the sea!
Thy mad waves, O Baltic! under,
Bravest hearts must sleep with thee!

From his hut, all bleak and lonely,
Gazes forth upon the night
The old fisherman, whose only
Son is battling with its might.

Is he where Ervasti's mountains,
Bold, and sternly frowning, stand?
Where Brämöna's sparkling fountains
Leap upon the pebbly strand?

Where Carlsrona's countless islands,
Girt with circling eddies, loom ?
Where Walgröna's swelling highlands
Echo oft the cannons' boom ?

Of his place the old man knoweth
Only that he 's on the deep ;
Thro' the night the old man goeth
Where the raging tempests sweep.

For his boy, his gallant sailor,
Homeward now his ship should steer ;
And the fisherman, to hail her
With his welcome loud and clear,

Many a day hath watch'd, and waited
Her first looming, gray and dim ;
Homeward-bound, and richly-freighted,
For she brings his boy to him !

Prays he now, in bitter sorrow,
That the vessel be not nigh ;
Longing, fearing, for the morrow
To illumine the angry sky.

* * * * *

Morning dawns ; and wrecks are lying
Mid the rocks along the shore,
And the pallid forms that, dying,
Vainly clutch'd at spar and oar

Morning ! blue and golden morning !
Gently heaves the sun-fleck'd deep,
As a haughty Conqueror, scorning
To disturb his Captives' sleep.

And it is the look'd-for vessel !
And her crew have met their doom,
Master'd in the fearful wrestle
With the Tempest and the Gloom !

And the old man, wandering slowly,
 'Neath his tearless anguish bow'd,
Seeks, among those slumberers lowly
 Lying in their sandy shroud,

Seeks the Loved one, the Returning,
 His brave boy; but seeks in vain;
And the horror, and the yearning,
 Pressing on his troubled brain,

Settle to one fancy, showing,
 Through the darkness of his blight,
As a beacon, brighter growing
 With the blackness of the night.

To each pitying mate who utters
 Words of comfort for his woe,
With dazed, sea-ward glance, he mutters,
 " Forth, to find him, must I go!"

And with stiff and trembling fingers
 Rowing still his crazy bark,
Out upon the sea he lingers,
 Gazing on the waters, stark, —

Stays till evening-shadows blind him,
 Then to his lone hut doth steer ;
Saith, “ To-day I cannot find him ! ”
 Saith, “ To-morrow he ’ll be here ! ”

From his quest no hand may stay him ;
 Day by day, and year by year,
Still he saith, when comrades pray him,
 Saith, “ To-morrow he ’ll be here. ”

And the syren-hope he cherish’d
 Till it lured him to his bane ;
Till in his lone bark he perish’d,
 Founder’d on the stormy main.

For at length, at earliest dawning,
In a storm he left the shore ;
Left it ; but since that wild morning
The frail bark return'd no more.

And his comrades cross'd them, bless'd him,
Gazing thro' the twilight dun ;
Said, " May Heaven kindly rest him,
For he now hath found his son ! "

AGLAÏA.



WITHIN the spreading garden was a grot
(O'ershadow'd by the ivy and the yew,)
That, enter'd from the rainbows of the flowers,
The music of the fountains, and the breadths
Of sunny blue that gleam'd above the trees,
Did counterfeit the darkness of the tomb.

And as I groped the black and narrow way,
Sudden appear'd an alabaster shrine,
Self-gleaming, shadowless, of stateliest white.
And in a stall of cunning workmanship
Sat, motionless, a maiden wondrous fair,
A crown upon her brow, with flowing robe,
And sandall'd feet upon a cushion press'd,
And rounded hands soft folded on her knees.

The gorgeous sculptures of the tapering walls
Mix'd with the pendent fretwork of the roof,

And closed the mystic shrine on every side.
And so it stood, for ever and for aye,
Within the rigid bosom of the rock ;
The stall, the maiden, and the shrine, alike
Silent, self-gleaming, and of stateliest white.

WATER-LILIES.



GOLDEN-ROSY clouds of even float around the setting sun ;
Steal athwart the wooded valleys shining mists
and shadows dun ;
Shoreward, wavelets on the river with a shriller
cadence run.

Overhead the boughs, wide-spreading, of the giant
sycamore
Glow, transfigured in the sunset, like a mass of
emerald ore ;
Rays, through shadowy under-branches, lighting
all the mossy floor.

Birds on waving, homeward pinion, lightly cleave
the azure sky ;
With the joyous insect-murmur blend the zephyr's
fitful sigh,
And the mystical sweet music of the waters rip-
pling by.

Beauty borrowing, beauty giving, forest, meadow-
land, and stream,
Flower, and bird, and distant hill-side glisten in
the slanting beam.
Dearest Mother-Earth, thou showest beauteous as
an angel-dream !

Two brave youths, beside the river, o'er the fra-
grant greensward stray ;
And anear them, 'mid the flowers, is a fair young
child at play,
Gathering sedges and white lilies that the gleam-
ing waters sway.

One so graceful, tall, and slender, ample-brow'd,
and radiant-eyed,
In perfectness of form and feature with Apollo
might have vied,
Wandering through the groves of Ida, long ago, at
even-tide.

Dark the other, stout and stalwart, with a bold and
earnest glance ;
A Hercules his footstep telling, and his shoulders'
broad expanse ;
And a world of patient daring written in his coun-
tenance.

Silent, side by side, they wander, musingly, in
quiet guise ;
Questioning, yet scarce accepting what the inner
voice replies ;
So would seem to speak the meaning in their
grave and thoughtful eyes.

Said the Bright one, " Earth so lovely, Heaven so
glorious, Life so fair,
Why must Sorrow, crouching ever like a panther
in his lair,
Spring from out the floweriest thickets, changing
rapture to despair?"

Said the Dark one, speaking slowly, as a weight
were on his breast,
" Strength and Wisdom—they should surely lead
the living to their rest ;
Yet are bravest, wisest spirits slow and wavering
guides at best!"

Sang the child among the lilies, " Some I gather,
some I leave ;
For it is the early spring-time, and the little buds
would grieve
If I pluck'd them, all unopen'd, for the garland
that I weave."

“ Why so much, and yet so little? heart so great,
and hand so small?

Why,” said they, “ must sunshine ever gleam
athwart a cloudy pall?

Why the starry, boundless heaven arch above this
narrow ball?”

Sang the child among the lilies, “ Though it be the
early Spring,

Summer ’s coming, and new blossoms ev’ry day ’ll
be opening;

And my arms be growing longer, stronger, for the
gathering.”

And the brave youths listen’d, smiling, to the child
beside the stream,

As to sudden music chiming through the pauses of
a dream;

And they said, “ The Years will perfect what must
now imperfect seem.”

A PORTRAIT.



LARGE, lustrous, quiet eyes of tender brown
Through veiling lashes softly gleaming down ;
A smooth and thoughtful brow, and passing fair,
Border'd by wavy bands of glossy hair ;
A mouth whose sweetness no conceit might speak,
Nor paint the pallid roses of her cheek ;
A form whose tranquil and unconscious grace
Match'd well the pensive beauty of her face ;
Kindness that would unspoken prayers forestall,
And gentle courtesy, alike for all.
And yet, a presence, felt, though undefined,
That seem'd to hold her parted from her kind ;
A something o'er her placid face that swept,
A look that told of hoarded sorrows, kept

Like jewels in old coffers, rarely seen,
That came, and went, and scarcely changed her
 mien ;

The sudden shadow of an ancient pain ;
Faint echo of some far-off minor strain.
She show'd, in her old palace, like a gem
Deep set in some quaint old-world diadem ;
A mystic picture, without date or name,
Clasp'd round by antique, richly-carven frame ;
An evening glow whose sun has sunk from view ;
A star fair-shining in the distant blue.

A LAMENT.



HITHER! hither! come to me,
Sunny Sprites of Gaiety!
Come from out the beaming blue,
From the sparkles of the dew,
From the light clouds' lovelinesses,
(Flitting clouds with silver tresses!)
From the frolic breeze that lifteth
Young flowers' heads where'er he shifteth,
Peeping in their modest eyes,
Stealing kisses as he flies!
Come from fountains through whose playing
Diamond-golden gleams are straying,
Where beneath the shining wave
Stately swans their fair necks lave.

Come! the thrush is wildly singing,
On the bending roses swinging;

And the busy bee o'erhead
Hummeth over thymy bed ;
Tinkling echoes coming, going,
Where the babbling brook is flowing ;
And the merry chapel-bell
Chimes with lengthen'd airy swell
Through the pleasant solitudes
Of the blithely-rustling woods,
As the village-wedding passes
Cheerly through the nodding grasses.

Weary, weak, and sad am I ;
Lonely 'neath the summer sky.
Hither, hither come to me,
Sunny Sprites of Gaiety !

Hist ! I hear the joyous beat
Of their tiny dancing feet,
In the sunlight, in the shade,
Through the dingle, through the glade,
O'er the meadow, on the hill,
By the willow-border'd rill,
In the whispering of the pines
Where the wing of wild-bird shines,

On the billows' feathery crest,
In emeralds and foam-beads dress'd ;
Over land, and over sea ;
But they come not unto me,
Sunny Sprites of Gaiety !

Sweetest Sprites ! no more round me
Ye 'll wreathe your frolic ministry !
Never as in days of yore ;
Never more, ah ! never more !

Light of heart, and bright of eye,
Knowing naught of tear or sigh,
Strung to gladness, tuned to pleasure,
Breathing soft a Lydian measure,
Only these will ye receive
Where your graceful dance ye weave.

I the rosy spell have broken,
Lost the potent fairy-token,
And profaned each joyous rite
That shapes your airy glancing flight !

For I have dared to sound the deeps
Where the soul in shadow weeps ;
Weeps the lost, the loved Ideal,
Weeps the found, unlovely Real ;
Heart so learn'd in Sorrow's lore
Ye will visit never more !

DE PROFUNDIS.



THE Dead! the ~~countless~~ Dead! and are they lying
Within the heavy shadow of the tomb?
And do we sadly say of them, with sighing,
And falling tears, and hearts oppress'd with
gloom,

“They sleep in grassy churchyards, without
motion;

In ~~silent~~ vaults that Time, stern Sexton! fills;
In solemn forests, 'neath the waves of Ocean,
In deserts, snows, and hollows of the hills;

“The shifting phantasms of our joy and sorrow
Passing unheeded of their veiled eye;
From the dim Yesterday, the dawning Morrow,
The palpitating Now, shut out for aye?”

O Heaven! shall birds come back with summer
hours,

Yet Life to them no circling seasons bring?
Shall vernal airs awake the sleeping flowers,
And for God's-Acre shall there bloom no spring?

Hark! how in clear assent, or dim surmises,
From every human soul that e'er drew breath,
From every heart that ever loved, uprises
A living protestation against Death!

From earliest Eden, forward through the Ages,
And sounding onward to the coming years,
Rolls that majestic under-tone, and wages
Triumphant warfare with discordant fears.

The very savage through wild woodlands roaming,
The swart barbarian of every name,
And peasant-legends whisper'd in the gloaming,
And old wives' wisdom, put our doubts to shame;

Affirming still, on simple faith of seeing,
The signet-impress, by the Master's hand,
(The pledge and promise of continued being,)
Stamp'd in the instincts that Himself hath
plann'd.

These twilight glimpses ever brighter growing,
And wider, as the mounting day ascends,
To our glad vision fairer landscapes showing,
And richer gardens of related ends,

At last the Old shall shine in newest glory ;
And Science, ending where the Heart began,
Shall justify each wondrous ancient story
Whose runes are graven in the soul of Man.

Then, quicken'd by the rays of that high dawning,
His scatter'd members, gather'd into one,
In godlike strength shall rise with that new morn
ing,
And as a giant their proud race shall run.

And we shall scale, through that sublime conspiring,
The widening gyres of Being's glorious scope ;
And Life o'ertop our loftiest aspiring
With fulness ever nobler than our hope.

Then shall the mystic Brazen Veil be lifted,
And Isis in her beauty stand reveal'd ;
Then Angels plant, through clouds for ever rifted,
The shining ladder to the starry field,

And we shall know that through the boundless regions
Of this great Universe, so wisely made,
Is nothing lost ; but all its countless legions
Cohere in service, and in mutual aid.

That there 's a vital, sentient Tide that courses
Through every atom ; what we call Decay,
The ceaseless action of the living Forces
Impelling it upon its upward way.

Then shall we know that every seeming Ending
Is but a new and happier phase Begun ;
Extremes of orbèd movement ever blending
In golden cycles round th' Eternal Sun.

All shades beneath that Central Fire dissolving,
With raptured seraph-vision shall we range
Through singing worlds round *Love divine* re-
volving,
And say, " There is no Death ; but only Change."

THE WATERCRESS-GIRL.



SHE walks alone among the busy crowd,
A friendless orphan under Heaven's wide dome ;
The sun may shine, the wind blow keen and
loud,

Forth on her daily task she still must roam ;
In tattered garb, with soil'd and weary feet
Wending her way through many a dusty street.

At early morn, her basket's slender store
From the dank, noisy market-place renew'd,
She treads the round so often trod before,
With daily toil to win her daily food ;
For cold and hunger she is doom'd to feel
Till she has earn'd her coarse and scanty meal.

Day after day the self-same scene she sees ;
The same dull chimneys, the same ugly doors ;
And dimly-haunting thoughts of arching trees,
Of pleasant meadows where the wild-bird soars,
Of nodding flowers beside the gurgling rill
Where the green cresses grew, her spirit fill.

Poor child ! poor child ! vain must thy wishes be ;
The chains of poverty are on thy limbs ;
Earth hath no mother's-lap for such as thee,
The hill no lessons, and the vale no hymns ;
The wind's glad music, the sweet scent of flowers,
Lend not their beauty to thy childhood's hours !

O Thou ! whose love for all our wayward race
Hath spread such glory over sea and land
That each might see and share it in his place,
When will our selfish spirits understand
That only so this bounteous earth can be
A dwelling worthy of Thy sons and Thee ?

Days wear away ; the weary years roll on ;
Bring they no change to Poverty's lone child ?
Alas ! her innocent dreams too soon are gone,
And other visions have her heart beguiled.
Bee, bird, and wild-flower teach us evermore ;
Teach not our reeking streets their own dark lore ?

Hungry and shelterless, poor girl ! she sees
The homes of wealth ; she smelleth dainty fare ;
Her scanty garments, fluttering on the breeze,
Brush the soft raiment of gay ladies fair ;
And eager longings waken in her breast,
And gnaw like snakes, and will not be repress'd.

And how delightful all these good things are !
The warm bright parlour ; the luxurious fare ;
Rich clothes, and friends, and ease ; and what doth
bar
That she these tempting pleasures, too, might
share ?

God, when He gave her instincts, meant that she
Should seek all pleasant things instinctively.

But she is poor ; and for the rich alone
Life fills with joy her chalice ; briny tears,
And aching wants, with many a bitter moan,
She mingles for the poor through gloomy years ;
Till the snake-voices in the yearning breast
Hiss poison-thoughts that leave the heart no rest.

Fell demons whisper her whene'er she passes
Before the flaunting shops that line her way ;
For, mirror'd in their windows' tempting glasses,
She learns that she is fair ; woe worth the day !
And yet, when her young form was shaped by
Heaven,
Its beauty was in love, not mockery, given.

What knoweth she, the poor neglected child,
Of self-denials that sage tomes would teach ?
She knows but Nature's cravings, blind and wild ;
She only seeks, what others share, to reach ;
'T is gold that to the rich these pleasures brings ;
She will have gold, and buy these pleasant things.

But why again the thrice-told tale repeat,
The swift dark doom, the lingering life of
shame?

In her sad fate all shades of sorrow meet,
And the crush'd floweret dies without a name.
Like the fierce wave o'er stranded wreck that
breaks,
Man hath no pity for the woe he makes.

O God! O God! yon glowing azure sky,
Made glorious by the light of Thy fair sun,
Shall not its gorgeous arch o'er-canopy
A juster, happier world, as time rolls on?
Thy lavish gifts for all Thy children be,
And life become a guerdon worthier Thee?

INDICATIONS.



THE largest, loftiest hope, the wildest dream
Of bliss and beauty, that the heart can frame,
The generous purposes of Heaven shall shame,
As stars their broken reflex in the stream.
Would God have plac'd within thy *yearning* soul
A mocking guide-post that should lead no whither?
Would He have trac'd the road, and shown the goal,
Had He not meant thy feet to journey thither?

THE LAND OF DREAMS.



O LAND of Dreams ! O wondrous, beauteous land !
Whence hast thou all thy splendours ? and what
sun
Pours its effulgence through thy kindling skies ?

What puissant hand hath piled thy vision'd
heights ?
Spread thy warm vistas, and thy gleaming lakes
By shadows haunted, and thy silent glens ?

Our groves and gardens wane as wanes the year ;
But thine are ever in their prime, and fill'd
With subtle melodies of odorous winds.

Our lightest step leaves prints upon the grass ;
But on thy boundless plains, thy hill-side paths,
Our wandering feet crush not the smallest flowers.

Thy broad domains know neither bolt nor bar ;
Thine ample stores nor lessen nor decay ;
Thy steadfast peace nor care nor strife can mar.

O'er thine abysses Thought may brood serene ;
Or soar triumphant over Space and Time,
Moulding thy plastic elements at will.

And as we grope through our long night of woe,
Shapes of supernal beauty, crown'd with light,
From thy fair palaces and shining halls

Look down into our eyes with earnest smile,
And whisper us strange accents in our ears,
And beckon us to blooming slopes of Dawn .

Whence living streams, from spirit-fountains fed,
Shall gladden all this thirsting outer world,
And robe the earth in hues of Paradise.

For they do err, O wondrous Land of Dreams!
Who deem thy lustrous forms but empty air,
A mirage mocking our wide wastes of pain;

For He, all Being's Being, Light of Light,
The Sum and Substance of the Universe,
Would see its various spheres alike divine,

And so hath set thee betwixt us and Him;
A reflex of th' Unfathomable Life,
A radiant, eternal Prophecy.

Musician, Painter, Seer, Poet, Sage,
Serve at thine altars, speak thine oracles,
And bid us seek, and find, and seek again.

No gleam of beauty from thy fiery clouds
With frowning glory ever smote the soul
But lures and leads us on to promised realms.

On, on, for ever on! from age to age,
Through ever-brightening climes, and nobler joys,
Thy road our destin'd way, O Land of Dreams!

QUESTIONS.



WHAT the sense of Beauty, Goodness, Right,
Swaying Thought by its inherent might?
The magnetic pointing of the Soul
To a Central and Eternal Pole.

What is Freedom? Not the power to range
Thro' capricious eddyings of Change,
But to shape our course until we ride
With the current of the Polar Tide.

What is Happiness? The harmony
Of our Effort and our Destiny;
Tending ever onward, without strife,
Thro' attraction of the Polar Life.

RAINDROPS.



ROBED in the curving drapery of storms
They stood, beneath an arching vault of cloud ;
A wondrous company of shadowy forms ;
Their stately heads by weight of sorrow bow'd :
And thro' their ranks, as thro' the waving orms
When sighing breezes herald coming storms,
There went a wailing voice, a voice of sorrow ;
“ We vanish into night that hath no morrow ! ”

But, as the night wore on, a bright'ning beam
Stole onward from the portals of the east,
And with it, as on shining wings, a stream
Of purest melody, that still increased
As morning broaden'd ; till with day's first gleam
A gladsome voice rang out from that fair beam ;
“ Who selfish life, for others, gives away,
A nobler Self and Life doth find straightway.”

Then, joyous, clear, from earth's remotest bounds,
 Back to the clear and joyous firmament,
From countless shapes, and hues, and scents, and
 sounds,
 Peal'd forth the choral anthem of assent ;
“ So range we still, in ever-widening rounds,
Onward and upward, through Creation's bounds ;
Still lending unto Death, through passing sorrow,
For loftier uses nobler forms we borrow.”

THE PROUD BEAUTY'S BRIDAL.



A PoET sat in his Lady's bower ;
There lay on his heart a wither'd flower
She had given to him in vanish'd hour.

The Poet knelt to the Lady fair ;
For him might no beauty with hers compare ;
“ I 'll do for thee all that mortal may dare ! ”

The Lady carelessly shook her head :
“ My richest suitor will I wed ! ”
Oh ! what cared she for hearts that bled ?

The glance of her eye was proud and cold ;
She had pledged her hand for shining gold
To a dotard, leering, and shrunken, and old.

He rose from the feet of the Lady fair ;
He folded his arms with a lordly air ;
“ Thou art not worthy my love nor care !”

The Lady curl'd her lip so red ;
Was ever so haughty a beauty bred ?
“ At to-morrow's morn you shall see me wed !”

* * * * *

The sun shone out on the bridal gay.
The Poet was there with a princely array,
And a star on his breast as bright as the day.

He greeted the bride with a scornful smile,
As he placed, mid the blossoms in snowy pile,
A wither'd flower on her bosom the while.

“ I bow,” quoth he, “ to the mighty Power
That offers to Beauty a *golden* flower.
I give you joy of your bridal bower !”

Then lightly he leapt on his charger gay,
And laugh'd aloud as he rode away.
The Lady glanced on her bridegroom gray.

TO THE WIND AT NIGHT.



SWEEP on! sweep on, O spirit-stirring Wind!
Thy tones a witchery on the soul do cast,
Moving its inmost depths, and o'er the mind
Bringing the tuneful memories of the Past;
Sweet, and yet mournful, passionately strong,
And changeful as the voices of thy chords, they
throng.

Now, gentle, sad, the fitful music floats,
With half-forgotten thoughts for symphony;
Now, loudly swell the rich triumphant notes,
Telling of joyous hopes, bright, wild, and free;
Now, soft and low the melting cadence dies,
And ends, too like those vanish'd hopes, in sighs!

CUI BONO?

WHEREFORE, O glorious Rose!
Such toilsome wealth of matchless charms disclose
 To deck a little life so quickly fleeing?
“ From the dark mould I spring,
That my brief blossoming
 May speak the Artist-Hand that shapes my
 being.”

Wherefore, O shining Stream!
To lose thyself in the salt waves' extreme,
 With ceaseless lapse thine onward journey press-
 ing?
“ In cloud, and rain, and juice,
I run the round of Use,
 Renew'd in deathless youth, and blest in bless-
 ing.”

Wherefore, O restless Time!
Through summer's glory, and through winter's
rime,
Dost push to Prime that endeth in Defection?
"Through Change and Seeming Loss
I purge Creation's dross,
And carry all things on to their Perfection."

REVELATIONS.



God's own hand hath writ in every creature
All the phases of its history ;
Rightly read, each wondrous page of Nature
Holds the Fiat of its destiny.

From the ancient granite, whose commotions
Elemental War and Change rehearse,
To the skies, whose calm, majestic motions
Speak the Order of the Universe,

Everywhere the same august Relation,
The same shining Characters appear ;
Waiting but a wise interpretation
From the clearer vision of the Seer.

Could we fully grasp their hidden meaning,
Spread beneath us, as we gazed abroad,
Life would lie, through Ages intervening,
As it lies beneath the eye of God.

Gorgeous maze of kindred suns transcending
Our imagination's utmost power ;
Smallest mote its brief existence ending
In the bosom of the humblest flower ;

All alike design'd, foreseen, intended ;
In the glorious Whole no break nor flaw ;
Passing jar absorb'd and comprehended
In the selfsame universal Law.

In a Life where Each, combined, provided,
In the good of Other finds its own,
Can it be our Race, by needs divided,
Into hostile factions madly thrown,

While its powers God's boundless love are proving,
Only forms of Conflict must essay?
While in steadfast paths the stars are moving,
Whirl in Chance, uncertain of our way?

Can it be that He who gave us being
Left us, without rudder, to be blown
By vain winds of doctrines disagreeing,
Sway'd by fickle motions of our own?

That the Hand that marks the farthest border
Of the wide extremes of Life's abode,
Would have shut us from the rule of Order,
Or forgotten to provide our Code?

Weary of false systems, idly prating,
Of their blind attempts to lead the blind,
Of their endless doubting and debating,
Shoals and fog before, and mists behind,

Let us turn at last, no more arraiguing
God's own wondrous handiwork and plan,
To the living chart of His ordaining
Drawn in the unfolding heart of Man.

Heart of Man, despite its aberrations,
Noblest thing our beauteous earth can boast ;
Heart of Man, amidst all fluctuations,
Pointing to an unseen Polar Coast!

Studying its powers and aspirations,
Pondering its teachings reverently,
We shall learn to measure the relations
Of our Nature and our Destiny.

And our Maker's Will, itself expounding,
Shall our Leader and our Sanction be ;
And our heaven-appointed orbit rounding,
Law Supreme shall be our Liberty.

THE LEGEND OF THE WATERFALL.



THERE WAS a time (tho' long ago, its memory
liveth still,)
When glorious Spirit-Forms abode by grove and
fount and hill.

The earth-child, waking from his sleep with day-
light's earliest beams,
Would see them pass, in glowing light, and fairer
than his dreams ;

Or, resting from the sultry noon, some shady
stream beside,
Would see their rosy shadows cast upon the mur-
muring tide.

But when the dying day was gone, and moon and
stars were seen,
Upon the gazer's raptured eye would flash their
bravest sheen!

When from their nobler first estate earth's children
fell away,
No longer beam'd upon their sight those Forms by
night or day;

Yet still in their old haunts they dwell; and every
now and then
There lives some purer soul to whom they're
visible again.

And dost thou doubt in olden time these things
were even so?
Go, sit beside the waterfall and listen to its flow!

Mark how its gentle, silver chimes speak to thine
inmost soul,
And wake a yearning, echoing voice within thee
as they roll;

Go, muse within the silent cave where sunbeam
never falls,
Lit only by the crystal gems that gleam upon the
walls ;

Where trickling water slowly drops upon the cold
gray stones,
And for each low sound the roof gives back a
hundred answering tones !

Go to the forest, when the leaves wave in the
twilight dun ;
Or gaze upon the clouds that float around the
setting sun ;

Or linger where old Ocean sings his deep, eternal
song ;
Or watch the lightning as it plays the gathering
clouds among !

Have they not all a voice for thee, whose sway thy
spirit owns,
Filling thy wayward, musing heart with th'
witchery of their tones ?

It is those hidden Spirit-Forms that whisper to thy
soul ;
There 's ne'er a human heart on earth but feeleth
their control.

Among them some are good, some bad, as old tra-
ditions tell ;
Their power is great for weal or woe ; so guard
thy conscience well !

* * * * *

Now look where over shelving rocks the shining
stream descends,
While many a broad and arching tree above the
torrent bends.

In these fair lands a people lived of simple, peace-
ful mind ;
Though thro' a summer-day you search'd none
happier could you find.

A hundred generations back, yon oak, in leafy
grace,
Had shelter'd, with its giant arms, their Chieftain's
dwelling-place.

An old and stately man was he, unbent by Time or
Care ;
In simple robe, and diadem of flowing silver hair.

One only child the Chieftain had, of all her land
the pride ;
The old man's heart grew young again when she
was by his side.

For she was fair as richest hues that autumn-sun-
sets lend,
And graceful as the lily-bells that passing zephyrs
bend ;

Her heart was purer than the snow, yet full of
light and love ;
Her low, sweet, warbling voice excell'd the linnet
and the dove ;

A lightsome charm around her spread where'er her
 footsteps turn'd ;
And every threshold in the land for her sweet
 presence yearn'd.

But from her childhood she had loved, all else
 beyond, to roam
The pleasant solitudes around her shady woodland
 home.

She heard the wondrous mystic tongues that speak
 in trees and brooks,
And found a deep companionship in wild and
 lonely nooks,

But knew not whence the influence that stream'd
 from these fair things,
Nor dream'd what mighty Powers inspired her
 heart's imaginings.

At length a learned Stranger came from some wise
 eastern shore,
And to the list'ning people spoke of much forgotten
 lore.

And of the shining Spirit-Forms fair Aldah heard
him tell,
Whose sight was lost to mortals when from inno-
cence they fell.

And then she knew whence came the power she
found in trees and streams,
And long'd to see the living light of the pure
Spirit-beams.

And musing thus, she seem'd to stand the river's
brink beside,
And mark'd the fitful shadows dance upon the
sparkling tide.

And as she watch'd the waters' flow, like joyous
beams entwining,
When, in a sudden summer show'r, thro' th' drops
the sun is shining,
She saw a Form of wondrous mien upon the wave
reclining.

His forehead glow'd with purest light, his cheeks
with rubies vied ;
And flowing locks of molten gold did his broad
shoulders hide ;

His shining robes were glancing bright with rays
of every hue ;
His gleaming sandals on the tide a varying lustre
threw ;

A radiant crown was on his head, and on his hand
a ring ;
A glorious sight in sooth he seem'd to her imagin-
ing !

And as she gazed, a low, rich voice, like softest-
flowing water,
In tones of sweetest melody address'd the Chief-
tain's daughter.

“ Aldah ! lovely Aldah ! see,
Thy Spirit-lover waits for thee !
Waits, beneath the sparkling foam
To bear thee to his blissful home !

Aldah! lovely Aldah! long
Has he woo'd thee with his song,
Thou, O fairest one! not knowing
What the love within thee glowing.
Aldah! lovely Aldah! now
Wear this circlet on thy brow,
And upon thy hand this ring
To pledge thee to the Water-King!"

A coronal of liquid gems upon her head he placed,
And with a ring of twining rays her slender finger
graced;

A chorus of soft voices seem'd around the maid to
sing,
And gentle echoes spread the sounds, like ripples,
widening.

CHORUS OF WATER-SPIRITS.

Of earth's daughters, fairest, purest,
Be thy courage high!
While the Ordeal thou endurest
Hold thy Constancy!

F

Earthly love can enter never
Our abode of light ;
But the faithful spirit ever
Conquers in the fight !

The vision slowly fades away ; light and sound are
dying ;
And Aldah on the fragrant sward 'mid watching
friends is lying

And "Aldah !" say her watching friends, "thou 'st
had the sweetest sleep !
We would not rouse thee from thy rest, thy slumber
was so deep !

"Upon the Sage's wondrous words our thoughts
and eyes were bent,
And none of us perceived thy sleep until the
stranger went ;

"But we must hasten home, for fast now fall the
evening shades !"
And joyously they took their way across the twilight
glades.

* * * * *

And Aldah every evening sits beside the haunted
stream,

And muses on the glorious things she saw in her
strange dream ;

And ever, as upon her falls the setting sun's last
glow,

She sees her coronal and ring reflected in its flow.

And so she knows the scene was born of more
than Fancy's power,

Although she never sees the gems at any other
hour.

And many moons thus pass'd away, yet ne'er,
beside the stream,

Arose, to gladden Aldah's sight, the Spirit of her
dream ;

Till, one dark eve, when gloomy clouds swept thro'
the stormy sky,

And moaning winds wild cadence made wi' th'
bittern's doleful cry,

As Aldah bent beside the stream, again the Water-
King

Reclined upon its brink, but gone were now his
crown and ring ;

And dim his lustrous eyes, and dim his radiant
sandals' sheen,

And faded all his shining robes ; and grave and
sad his mien.

“ Aldah ! lovely Aldah ! see
Again thy lover comes to thee !
No more, as erst in happier hour,
In pride of beauty and of power !
Then, a mighty Spirit-King,
A radiant crown his love could bring ;
But now, by haughty foe dethroned,
Another lord his realms have own'd.
See, Aldah ! from thy brow and hand
Vanish'd is each regal band ;
For to thy lover naught remains
But exile, poverty, and chains. ,

Farewell! farewell, mine earthly bride!
I would not woo thee to my side,
In pain, privation, shame and care,
A ruin'd exile's lot to share!
Lovely Aldah! be thou free;
And happier than thou 'dst be with me!"

"Thy kingly rank," then Aldah cried,
"Had never won me for thy bride;
If thy high spirit be the same
I care not for an alter'd name!
Come to my Father's home, and he
A kind and faithful friend will be!"

As Aldah spoke, the Spirit raised his hand on high
again,

And on that wasted hand she saw there hung a
heavy chain;

And instantly, upon her own, a chain was also
hung,

By whose chill weight her slender arm with
sharpest pain was wrung.

“And couldst thou, a frail earth-child, bear that
cold and crushing weight?”

But Aldah thought for Sprite so fair she would not
mourn the fate!

In gentle, faltering tones she said, “Whate’er thy
lot may be,
Come with me to my Father’s home, we’ll share
that lot with thee!”

A beaming smile of love and joy pass’d o’er the
Spirit’s face,
And to his sad and woful form return’d its pristine
grace.

Again upon his shining brow the radiant crown
was seen,
Again the wondrous ring appear’d, sparkling in
liquid sheen;

Again the choir of voices sweet did whisperingly
sing;
Again soft echoes spread the sounds, like ripples,
widening!

CHORUS OF WATER-SPIRITS.

Aldah ! loving Aldah ! well
Thou 'st held thy Constancy !
When the waves of Trial swell,
Firm thy true soul must be !
Earthly love is purified
By Denial ;
Therefore must thou bravely bide
Further Trial !

While thus, with sweetest voices, sang the gentle
unseen Powers,
The chain the Spirit wore became a wreath of
fairest flowers ;

Not such as on this grosser earth give beauty to
the view ;
They seem'd of purest water form'd, with rainbows
gleaming thro' ;

One end was on her lover's hand, and one on
Aldah's own,
While brightly thro' the fleeting clouds the setting
sunlight shone.

And thus the twain, beside the stream, held con-
verse grave and high
Upon the wondrous Spirit-Land, unseen by mortal
eye.

He told her how, to Spirit-forms, long closed was
human ken,
And how a loving Faith alone could open it again ;

But said that, unto Spirit-eyes, all earthly things
were clear,
Those potent Beings, though unseen, for ever
hovering near.

He told her how each Spirit strives to act on human
Wills ;
And into every human mind his good or ill distils.

And how in sunbeam, cloud, and breeze, and tree,
and opening flower,
He still had whisper'd to her heart since child-
hood's earliest hour ;

And how, from childhood, he had watch'd her
spirit as it grew,
And loved her for her beauty's sake, and soul so
pure and true.

“ To rouse thy faith, from distant lands a Stranger
came to thee ! ”
He said ; and Aldah, in his smile, could read that
it was he.

“ But why so long,” then Aldah ask'd, “ didst hide
thyself from me,
While thro' so many lingering moons I watch'd in
vain for thee ? ”

“ Thy race is earthly, gross,” he said ; “ below our
purer Powers ;
Our life can ne'er descend to thine, but thine must
rise to ours :

“ And only thro’ a Loving Will the Earthly is laid
by ;
And thro’ sore trial must thou pass to prove thy
Constancy.

“ For sternest griefs and cares are set to guard the
Spirit-Land ;
And only thro’ a bitter strife is reach’d our radiant
band.

“ But think not, dearest ! thou alone the hard
ordeal must dare ;
The Spirit that would wed with earth his part
must also bear.

“ Exposed to insult and to want, exiled from throne
and home,
Thro’ all those long and weary moons it was my
lot to roam ;

“ And if thy constancy had fail’d, such still had
been my doom,
And I had countless ages pass’d in sorrow and in
gloom.

“ But be thou faithful, Aldah mine! and thro’ thy
trial rise,
Until the glorious Spirit-Land shall open on thine
eyes!”

And thus they talk’d until the sun had shed his
latest beam ;
And Aldah, at the twilight hour, forsook the
haunted stream,
And whiled her pensive homeward way with many
a pleasant dream.

* * * * *

In all around her, as of old, fair Aldah bears a
part ;
For grace and goodness she is still the idol of each
heart ;

But there is now a dignity about her step and
mien,
And something, in her eye and voice, so deep and
so serene,

That oft in wondering reverence they gaze upon
her form ;
While yet her constant kindness keeps their old
affection warm.

And still her Father's doating heart she gladdens
with her smiles,
And his declining pathway still with fondest care
beguiles.

But every eve, at sunset hour, she seeks the river's
side
Where floats the radiant Water-King upon the
whispering tide.

* * * * *

She sits upon the mossy bank with sad and
troubled mien ;
Not yet upon the river's brink her lover's form is
seen !

Beside her dying Father's couch has Aldah watch'd
all day ;
And but a moment by the stream the weeping
maid can stay.

When lo ! a merry melody comes dancing on the
air,
And Aldah's heart forgets to beat, the vision is so
fair !

Within a rosy-golden cloud that plays upon the
stream,
A thousand shining gondolas in long procession
gleam.

Forms of supernal beauty smile from every bur-
nish'd deck ;
Garlands of strange, radiant flowers each graceful
prow bedeck ;

And while adown the rippling stream the stately
vessels glide,
Fair children, twining rosy wreaths, are hovering
beside.

Bright colours flash upon the air, rich odours float
around,
And sweetest strains from lute and harp ring out
with dulcet sound.

And now in graceful crescent form they near the
verdant shore ;
One boat, more glittering than the rest, is shooting
on before.

CHORUS OF WATER-SPIRITS.

Fair Aldah ! see,
We come for thee !
To our blissful bowers,
Beyond the tide
Thy way to guide,
Come our Spirit-Powers !

Tarry not !
Each sparkling grot
Waiteth to receive thee ;
Beneath the foam
In our fair home
Ne'er shall sorrow grieve thee !

Come away ;
A brighter Day
Woos thee with its splendour !
And homage, love,
The Hosts above
To our Queen shall render !

Within the royal barge was seen a couch of softest
down ;
And, on a shining cushion, lay the Water-Monarch's
crown ;

And as they sang, the gorgeous boat did on the
margin rest,
And every voice, to enter it, the dazzled maiden
press'd ;

The beauteous children form'd a guard to lead her
to the boat ;
And every lute and harp gave out a more triumph-
ant note.

That happy home! Though Aldah's heart with
loving sadness yearn'd,
She waived the splendid train away, and from the
pageant turn'd.

“ Fairest Spirits! see ye not that now I may not go,
That my Father needeth me where he lieth low?
Away, away! I may not stay,
Nor longer watch your bright array!”

And as she spoke the glittering boat had melted
quite away;
And all the joyful Spirits round rang out a glad-
some lay.

CHORUS OF WATER-SPIRITS.

Loving Earth-Child! well for thee
That thou hast held thy constancy!
For had our tempting wiles prevail'd,
The phantom-boat thy step had fail'd!
Earthly love is purified
By Denial;
Therefore must thou bravely bide
Thy further trial!

Softly now the vision faded; died the sounds
away;
And Aldah with a quicken'd step pursued her
homeward way.

* * * * *

The old man slept when Aldah left, and yet he
slumbers on;
How calm he looks, with silver hair, and face so
still and wan!

And Aldah kneels beside his couch, list'ning his
every breath;
Alas! how sadly beautiful are thy ministries, O
Death!

And now a distant music thrills around the dying
bed;
And now she sees a Spirit-band that hover over
head.

G

And ever as the music sounds, he smiles, though
sleeping still ;

And dreams of more than earthly bliss his spirit
seem to fill.

And Aldah sees his upward flight to join that wait-
ing band,

And how he bless'd her as he went, and beckon'd
with his hand.

And upward, upward, upward still the lovely vision
rose ;

And as she gazes, thro' her soul an answering
music flows.

“ Oh, heard ye nothing ? saw ye not that glorious
Spirit-train ? ”

They only thought that heavy grief was turning
Aldah's brain.

* * * * *

Within yon fragrant, whispering grove they made
the Chieftain's grave ;
And still upon the lowly mound the bending wild-
flowers wave.

* * * * *

When next beside the stream at eve came Aldah,
pale and fair,
Her Spirit-lover, with a smile, was waiting for her
there.

“Aldah, dearest Aldah! soon thy trial sore shall
end ;
Glorious destiny awaits the Will no wiles can
bend!”

Then Aldah's long and flowing hair his shining
hand caress'd,
And on her snowy upturn'd brow his radiant lips
he press'd.

“Loveliest! I will bear thee hence where nobler
beauty reigns!”

But Aldah shriek'd for the strange sharp pain that
shot thro' all her veins.

“Thy lovely soul,” the Spirit said, “is fully
purified;

But, dearest Aldah, thou must lay thine earthly
form aside.

“How, by our countless Spirit-hosts, couldst thou
encircled be,

If thus my lightest, gentlest touch can cause such
agony?

“One only trial yet remains to prove thy con-
stancy;

Say, could thy love its earthly form, dear Aldah,
yield for me?

“If to my liquid element this clay thou wilt
resign,

The loving waves shall give to thee a shining form
like mine;

“A pure, immortal Spirit-form, of woven light, like
ours ;
A Sister and a Queen to be among our Spirit-
Powers !”

The setting sun's last golden glow fell upon flower
and tree,
As Aldah's smiling lips replied, “This could I dare
for thee !”

* * * * *

That night fair Aldah in her dreams beheld her
Father stand,
In manhood's freshest, fullest prime, amid the
Spirit-band.

Again he beckon'd with his hand, and lovingly he
smiled ;
“Within the happy Spirit-Land I wait for thee,
my child !”

And Aldah to the river's side did haste with day's
first beam,

And just above where yonder bridge now hangs
across the stream,

She moor'd a light and fragile bark beneath a
drooping bough ;

And a bridal-garland of white flowers she hung
about the prow.

Beside her Father's forest-grave she pass'd the
livelong day,

And lovingly upon the turf did fragrant blossoms
lay.

But tow'rd the stream, at sunset hour, her way
once more she wends ;

For one last time beside its edge her graceful
figure bends !

Within the fragile bark she stands ; it floats upon
the tide ;

And gently down the sparkling stream doth its
light burden glide.

Evening-rays gild leaf and flower; the breeze is
softly sighing;

Birds, with sunlight on their wings, thro' the clear
heavens are flying.

The maiden, in her snowy robe, stands in the
gliding boat;

And like a halo round her form her shining tresses
float;

Her hands are clasp'd upon her breast; her eyes
are on the stream;

The smile upon her parted lips gives back the
sunset gleam.

And ever swifter glides the boat beneath the setting
sun,

And ever swifter tow'rd their leap the hurrying
rapids run,

As now she nears the torrent's brink; that torrent
fierce and high!

O Young, and Beautiful, and Brave! fearest thou
not to die?

The headlong river down the gulf falls with a
roaring din,
And clouds of feathery spray arise from th' deep
and foaming linn,

As o'er the curving, glassy edge, like th' arrow from
the bow,
Speed bark and maiden, lost within the raging
whirl below!

But see! above the surging spray she rises, clothed
with light,
While countless shining Spirit-Forms are crowding
on her sight;

And foremost 'mid their waiting ranks her Sire
and Lover stand,
To welcome her to nobler life within the Spirit-
land!

And while the joyful Aldah stands the Water-King
beside,
The circling hosts, with gladsome songs, salute her
as his bride.

CHORUS OF WATER-SPIRITS.

Child of Earth, our Monarch's bride!

Faithful, victorious!

Nobly hast thou borne and died;

Rest thou, all-glorious!

Queen of this our radiant Land,

High, trustful Heart!

From our loving, happy band

Nothing shall part!

Tempted, Tried,

Purified,

Now thou art ours!

Freed from sadness,

Crown'd with gladness,

For ever ours!

The swelling chorus died away, the fading Forms
departed,

As the last rays of sunlight lay on the grave of the
True-hearted.

But every eve, at sunset hour, upon the foaming
tide

A purple stain still dimly marks the spot where
Aldah died.

THE WOODS.



WONDROUS are ye, worshipful, and solemn,
| Glorious sylvan temples, echoing fanes ;
Cluster'd roof, and interlacing column,
Pavement tessellate with golden stains ;

Incense from unnumber'd censers stealing
Through your cloister'd aisles and archways
dim ;

Tuneful winds, with organ-voices pealing,
Chanting softly now a choral hymn ;

Oriel-openings, though your shimmering vistas,
Letting in the promise of the sky
On the trembling leaves, by sunbeams kiss'd, as
By bright Angels blessing from on high !

White-robed thoughts with gentle ministrations
Ever at your peaceful altars wait ;
Earnest musings, holy aspirations,
Enter still your ever-open gate.

For all periods ye have celebration ;
Matins, vespers, vigils for the night ;
Fragrant dews for fitting consecration ;
Autumn's generous Communion-rite ;

Wailing tempests, that with pomp funereal
In his snowy shroud dead Winter bring ;
Joyous Summer's flowery hymeneal ;
Pure baptisms of the early Spring.

Thro' your shadowy precincts as we wander,
Buried memories lying 'mid the gloom,
Reverently, with inward glance, we ponder
The dim writing on each silent tomb.

And ye tell us of the slow unfolding,
 Slow decay, of leaf, and tree, and year ;
And ye hint a kindred closeness holding
 To the selfsame fate each various sphere.

And ye point us to the long enchaining
 Linking generations into one ;
Still the mighty Growths of Ages waning,
 Still the Forest towering to the Sun !

This the text and sum of your instruction ;
 This your living " lesson for the day : "
' All things surely tend to their destruction ;
 All things rise as surely from decay.'

Blessed be ye for the timely preaching
 Of your ancient pulpits, drear and hoar ;
The prophetic and most hopeful teaching
 Of your youth renew'd for evermore !

TO AN ARTIST.



ARTIST! fitted to thy part,
Open eye, and open heart,
Loving, seeking, hoping on
Till the glorious Thought be won,

Not for thee earth's vulgar toys!
Stoop not, on thy shining wing,
From the world of nobler joys
Where thy life is blossoming!

Onward! onward, Honey-Bee!
Fearless, patient, strong of sight;
Sweetest pleasures wait for thee
In the lovely Realms of Light.

Fly! thy way is proud and high ;
 Strive! thy labour is divine ;
Thy guerdon broad as yon blue sky ;
 GOD, THE BEAUTIFUL, is thine !

A WARNING.



ONE day in a garden I stray'd ;
The roses were just in their pride ;
When Love, in a sunbeam array'd,
Floated gracefully down by my side.
He was fair as the light, and his radiant eyes
Were as beaming and bright as the soft summer
skies ;
And adown his white shoulders the ringlets that
roll'd
Half hid his small bow and his quiver of gold.

He twin'd his wee fingers in mine ;
Look'd up in my face with a smile ;
(I never saw smile so divine !)
How could I suspect him of guile ?

“ O Lady! sweet Lady!” said Cupid to me,
“ I ’ll dwell in this garden for ever with thee!”
And I clasp’d to my heart the young Stranger with
 joy,
For oh! I believed him, the beautiful boy!

Love’s words you need never believe;
 When he flatters you, maidens, beware!
He vow’d that of roses he ’d weave
 A garland to bind in my hair.
Away ’mid the clustering flowers he flew;
From his little gold quiver an arrow he drew,
And laughing aloud as he pointed the dart,
The mischievous imp sent the shaft to my
 heart!

Little Cupid was off like a thought;
 He sang, as he hover’d away,
“ You are not the first maiden I ’ve caught
 With my vows and my garlands to-day!”

H

'T was unkind and ungrateful, I'm sure you will
own,
Thus to leave me, all wounded, in sorrow alone ;
So maidens, be wary, don't trust to his wiles,
For his arrows are cruel, and so are his smiles.

Be my story a fable or not,
Its moral 't is easy to show ;
Let those who don't wish to be shot
Keep out of the reach of the bow !

ECCE VENIT.



HARK ! through the waking earth,
Hark ! through the echoing sky,
Herald of Freedom's birth,
A Cry ! a Cry !

Through proud prescriptive halls,
Through humblest dwelling,
Where'er man's footstep falls
That sound is swelling.

It circleth round the world ;
It mounteth on the air ;
Like a broad flag unfurl'd
It floateth everywhere.

And ever as it sounds
The sons of Sorrow
Throughout the earth's wide bounds
New manhood borrow.

The triple chains that bind
Fall from the weary limb,
Crush'd soul, and fetter'd mind,
At that high hymn.

To th' Universal Heart
It saith, " Be strong ;
And bear an honest part
'Gainst ancient wrong.

" Rejoice, ye long-oppress'd,
Ye scorn'd and slighted ;
All griefs shall be redress'd,
All wrongs be righted !

“ No more, 'neath Heaven's expanse,
On Earth's free soil,
Shall Drudge, with downward glance,
Unhonour'd, toil ;

“ No longer human Wills
Shall waste in sorrow ;
Palsied by present ills,
Dreading the morrow.

“ The bountiful All-Father
Hath made thee not for woe ;
It were His pleasure rather
That Heaven began below.

“ Wouldst live in joy as liveth
The Glorious One above ?
He for thy model giveth
Himself ; and HE is LOVE.

“ Love, in each brother-man,
The God in him ;
Respect *each trace* of Pan,
However dim.

“ Where'er a human flower
Droopeth in shade,
Bear, with the sunbeam's power,
Thy kindest aid.

“ Whate'er the task thou sharest
Seek a wide good,
If thou but water bearest,
Or cleavest wood.

“ These three, Good, Truth, and Beauty,
In Use made' one,
Rule in the field of Duty
Where bliss is won.

“ Full long, through weary hours,
Hath the Spirit striven ;
Awake thy slumbering powers
For God, God-given ! ”

So Order out of Chaos
Shall rise divine ;
Great Nature's strengths obey us,
And all life shine.

Fear shall give place to love ;
All Doubts shall cease ;
Within, around, above,
Shall whisper Peace.

Fair Hopes, in those glad hours,
Shall bury the dead Past,
And a pall of fragrant flowers
Over him cast,

While Joy and Beauty wreath
Life's golden brim,
And Earth and Heaven breathe
A marriage-hymn.

Sound, sound through all the earth !
Ring through the vaulted sky !
Herald true Freedom's birth,
Thou glorious Cry !

SONG OF THE PERSIAN WIFE.



As the rose, whose swelling breast
Honey'd dews too richly freight,
So my heart, o'er-fill'd, opprest,
Bendeth under love's sweet weight!

Softest kisses, to the Night,
Gives the perfume-breathing flower;
So, o'er thee, my soul's Delight!
Floats my love this fragrant hour.

Droops the floweret's blushing head,
Pillow'd on the Evening Wind;
So, my soul her blissful bed
Finds, upon thy heart reclined.

TO THE MONTH OF MAY.

POETS' immemorial theme ;
Material of lovers' dream ;
A beauteous vision dost thou seem,
Month of May.

Universal is thy fame !
Usher'd in with loud acclaim,
The Seasons' Queen all lips proclaim
Thee, Month of May.

Since on nurse's arm I lay
I have heard all voices say
That bright and joyous was thy sway,
Month of May.

Cowslip, pink, and violet,
Guelder-rose and mignonette,
To gem thy virgin coronet,

Month of May ;

Fleecy clouds beneath the blue,
With yellow sunbeams shining through ;
Rills that gleam with silver hue,

Month of May ;

Humming-bee, and wild-bird winging
Swiftly overhead, and singing
To the chimes the leaves are ringing,

Month of May ;

Merry children, crown'd with flowers,
Welcoming thy sunny hours,
Gaily sporting thro' thy bowers,

Month of May ;

Such the pictures that we paint
 To the legends, fair and quaint,
 That grace thy missal, floral Saint,
Vestal May!

Alas! alas, for poets' theme!
 Alas! alas, for lovers' dream!
 Alas! for all the joys that seem
To crown thee, May.

Each year I 've watch'd thee in thy place;
 Each year I 've mark'd thy sure disgrace;
 I call thee "humbug!" to thy face,
• Month of May.

Thy boasted flowers are all a trope;
 Thou only hast within thy scope
 A few poor buds that dare not ope;
Month of May.

Thy breath is cold ; thine eyes are blear ;
Thy touch is raw, and damp, and drear ;
Thou art the chilliest of the year,

Month of May.

Bantling of Winter and of Spring,
Disown'd of both thy drooping wing,
Thou art a sullen, fretful thing,

Month of May.

How full of glooms thou art, and shades,
Ask all the youths and all the maids
Who 've been to meet thee in the glades,

Month of May ;

When didst thou ever show a trace
Of all thy poet-vaunted grace,
Or greet them with a smiling face,

Month of May ?

Dost thou not meet them with a frown,
And rudeness worthier of a clown ;
Pouring thy peevish tears adown,
Month of May,

Flouting each child that with thee goes,
And sprinkling rain-drops on his nose,
And spoiling all his Sunday clothes,
Month of May?

Whoso thy blighted hopes remembers
Would rather trust him to December's
Honest frost and glowing embers,
Month of May.

I could not praise thee if I would ;
There is no reason why I should ;
For thou art neither fair nor good,
Month of May.

But fill the boast of ancient time,
Redeem the promise of thy prime,
And thou 'lt have praise, both prose and rhyme,
Month of May.

Unfold the flowers with genial rays,
Bring shining skies and sunny days,
So will we crown thee with our lays,
Month of May ;

And all the youths and maidens gay,
And children in their merry play,
Again shall hail thy dawning day,
Month of May !

“THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.”



MEN, erect in scorn of wrong ;
Seers of the truth of things ;
True heart's brothers, brave and strong,
Fed from Life's perennial springs ;

Self-devoted, self-denying,
For a world in sorrow lying,
Glorious is your god-like aim ;
Glorious be your deathless fame !

Mountain-thoughts are lone and cold,
Though they seem so near the sky ;
Pioneers ! your pathway bold
Thus outreacheth sympathy.

Common joys of common minds
Lie beneath your feet afar ;
Courage! Heaven's fresh morning-winds
Waft you strength from cloud and star.

On! until Life's daily course
Prove the fulness of its Source ;
Till through System, Sun, and Soul
God's grand harmonies shall roll !

A REVEILLÉ.



WHY mourn we yet?
Why pine and fret?
What if the day be clouded?
The sun on high shines in the sky,
Though from our mist-encompass'd eye
His blessed beams be shrouded!

Up, brothers! up!
Life's mingled cup,
'T is we ourselves who fill it,
With sand, with brine, with turpentine,
With honest ale, with generous wine,
According as we will it!

Why is there dearth
In this rich earth ?
Why sickness, pain, and sorrow ?
Simply because, from God's wise laws,
With which His boundless realms He draws,
Life-rules we scorn to borrow.

Yon orbs of light
Their courses bright
Combine in peaceful measure ;
The busy root sends sap to shoot,
And stem, and leaf, and flower, and fruit,
Prepare full Autumn's treasure ;

The body works ;
No organ shirks
Its own especial duty ;
But every part, brain, lungs, and heart,
Each unto other doth impart
Health, vigour, grace, and beauty.

So must it be
With us, ere we
Can reach the days we covet ;
One vast desire our hearts must fire,
One glorious hope our souls inspire,
So fair that all may love it !

In grand Crusade,
For mutual aid,
Throughout Earth's wide communion,
Her sons must stand, in serried band,
Heart pledged to heart, and hand to hand,
With Nature's powers in union.

Then shall be done
Beneath the sun
Such deeds of worth and glory
That Life shall seem a blissful dream,
A noble-flowing poet-theme,
A brilliant fairy-story.

For what we quest
In our unrest
Is not a new Creation,
But a new Mould, to shape the Old
To riper times ; a Need-foretold,
Need-compass'd, Transformation.

Ill, understood,
Shall turn to Good ;
Each force that works for evil
Shall work for God, more potently,
In ratio infinite, as He
Is mightier than the Devil.

And all that 's found
Within, around,
Its latent use shall render ;
And this good, tough, old world of ours,
A summer-garden after showers,
Shall bloom in Eden-splendour.

A SONG OF THE STARS.



Joyously, on tireless pinions
Woven of the purple light,
Through the golden Sun's dominions
Evermore his circling minions,
Moving in immortal pleasure
To a high harmonious measure,
Twine in ceaseless maze their flight.

SONG OF THE PLANETS.

We move in bliss thro' the fields of Space,
Our soul is Love, and our form is Grace,
And we blend in the grasp of our deepening gaze
The wisdom of past and of coming days.

The tearful realms where Life's spiral springs
We have left behind, and its widening rings
 Grow brighter as they broader grow,
 And with a fuller rapture flow.

We hope no morning, we dread no night ;
We bathe in a fathomless ocean of light ;
And we joy as the folds of our radiant hair
Float on the breath of the azure air,
And our burnish'd sandals brightly glance
With the swell and fall of our measured dance ;
 Order, Beauty, Gladness, Power,
 The living wealth of our glorious dower.

URANIA'S SONG.

Sisters of the sun-lit Sphere,
Floating thro' the ether clear !
While the sounding wires
Of our silver lyres
Thrill to the sweep of our vast desires,
And in linkèd notes
Our music floats,
Intense with the depth of its living fires,

Let our flowing song,
Serene and strong,
Roll its fair waves the blue heavens along,
Till its harmonies meet
At the glorious feet
Of the Central Orb of our shining throng!

CHORUS OF PLANETS TO THE SUN.

Thou vast Intelligence! whose radiant eye
Reflects the Primal Uncreated Mind,
Who with thy vital effluence dost bind
Our kindred orbs in rounded harmony,
Thy subject-children we, our Parent-King,
Thee, thee we sing,
O mighty Sun!

Supernal streams feed Thee; from thy full urn
Exhaustless treasures draw we evermore,
And from aromal chalices we pour
Fresh life for all our sons. We learn
From thy rich bounty, and thus emulate
Thy lofty state,
Life-giving Sun!

The sacred Trine of Wisdom, Beauty, Power,
Life's ever-varying attributes reveal;
Their changing forms its Unity conceal,
To mark the outline of each blooming hour:
Sustainer of our teeming spheres! in Thee
Our Life we see,
Undying Sun!

Thou art the symbol of the Infinite!
We shadow forth the Parts of the Great Whole,
And of the sounding Octave of the Soul
We are the Tones that sing the birth of Light;
Our choral passions mounting ever higher,
Fed by thy fire,
O Central Sun!

So sang the orbs; their lustrous forms the while
Bathed in the splendours of the Day-God's smile;
When from the azure deeps a wailing came
To dim the brightness of their song of flame.

COMPLAINT OF THE EARTH.

And must I ever, sorrowing and lone,
Wander, from your high sisterhood exiled?
Amid your beauteous orbs unloved, unknown,
Thus be for ever shunn'd, accursed, defiled?
My bitter tears for ever vainly flow?
I sink beneath the burden of my woe!

From the same Parent-Orb I draw my life,
Form'd, like yourselves, in the same mighty
womb;
Yet Peace is your blest heritage, while Strife
Still shuts me sternly in chaotic gloom.
Cease, fairest Sisters! cease your joyous songs,
And listen to the story of my wrongs!

I bear a Race upon my sorrowing breast
Whose errors forge the rivets of my fate;
By every frightful form of ill opprest,
Weak and unloving, stupid and ingrate;
The lowest link of the electric chain
That binds in one Creation's starry train.

Conflict from morn to night, from night to morn !
On every breeze discordant echoes sound.
'Mid pain, and grief, and want the race is born ;
Want, grief, and pain its onward path surround :
Goaded by fierce aspirings, dimly seen,
They curse the mockery of the sky serene !

Hunger is on them all ; they cry for food ;
Food for the body sever'd from its prime ;
Food for the soul, whose shrunk and darken'd
mood
Shows but the shadow of its scope sublime,
Whose thought Creation's wondrous spheres should
trace,
Whose love should fold them all in its embrace.

O'er wastes and deserts wand'ring, tempest-cross'd,
Man gropes bewilder'd in primeval night ;
The fair proportions of his nature lost,
A sickly dwarf among the Sons of Light ;
While selfishness, and falsehood, and distrust,
Have wrapp'd his spirit in their shroud of rust.

And yet I spread my flowery vales for him,
The shadow of my mountains on him falls,
For him I raise my arching forests dim,
And deck with pendant gems my cavern'd halls ;
For him my rivers flowing to the sea ;
For him my waves' eternal melody !

The swelling joy of Spring's returning prime,
The music of my fragrant Summer-airs,
The ripen'd beauty of glad Autumn-time,
The paler glories that the Winter wears,
Image my open secret to his eyes,
And speak the latent wealth that round him lies.

My elements await but his command
With courser-speed his lightest 'hest to fill,
Follow with fiery zeal his guiding hand,
Or curb their chafing forces to his will ;
His beck should rouse the lightning from its lair,
And to his service chain the viewless air !

But he, unconscious of his destined power,
 (Of Movement frailest, mightiest extreme!)
Heeds not the summons of each freighted hour,
 Wastes the rich moments in despondent dream;
Reads not my wisdom-pictured lore, nor hears
Accords that harmonise with chiming spheres.

I languish for his aid; my climates fail,
 And dire disorders fill my troubled zones;
'Neath fell simooms my fever'd deserts quail,
 Howl o'er my frozen plains the frost-wind's
 tones;
And noxious creatures, weeds of deadly breath,
Fill me with poison, pestilence, and death.

O'erwhelm'd beneath my woes, I sink, I die,
 Fading from your bright sisterhood away;
An empty wreck 'mid ruin'd worlds to lie,
 Lost from the circuit of your starry way;
Resolved to primal elements, again
To grow from Chaos into Life thro' Pain!

So the sad Earth ; the Planets list the sound,
And with their prayers the Parent-Orb surround ;
In earnest tones their dulcet voices plead
For the lone Exile sorrowing in her need.

PRAYER OF THE PLANETS.

Great Parent ! hear the Earth
Mourning her doom !
And can it be that never
Athwart the gloom
Of her sad fate shall dart the living Ray
For ever ?
When shall her darkness kindle in the day
Of Order's birth ?

We turn, O Sun ! to thee ;
Through countless years
Sustain'd by thy rich life
Our unform'd spheres
From Chaos struggled dimly into Light.
The strife
Of our sad sister aid through Discord's night
To Harmony !

We mourn, O Parent-Sun !
Her grief and pain.
When shall the Earth complete
The golden chain
Of our perfected orbs thy throne around ?
Her feet
Tread our bright dance, while joyous pæans sound
For victory won ?

They ceased ; and through the azure air
Floated the echoes of their prayer
As waves in solemn cadence break
The stillness of some quiet lake,
What time the evening breezes sigh
To the cloud-islets sailing by.
Then all was silent ; not a sound
Thrill'd through the arching blue around ;
No more the spheral music rung,
But voiceless in its caverns hung ;
And hush'd, as when on ocean's breast
The evening breeze is lull'd to rest,
The listening Orbs in silence bend,
And on the Sun's response attend.

DISCOURSE OF THE SUN.

Forth from the blaze of the Eternal Throne
Irradiations of Essential Light
To Being's utmost glimmering verge are thrown,
'Mid Chaos working, hid from keenest sight ;
Atom to atom growing, each its own
Finding in virtue of Attractive Might.
Thus doth the Highest to the Lowliest bend,
And the extremes of Life's wide regions blend.

Upward and outward coil'd, Creation's spire,
Substance attaining thro' accretion slow,
With painful striving, ever broader, higher,
In varying phase from realm to realm doth
grow,
With an inherent, never-quench'd desire
To reach again the Fount whose wondrous
flow
First gave it being ; and whose influent force
Sustains it still upon its destined course.

In God all things are one ; Essential Life,
 Tending itself in Form to ultimate,
 The symbols of Creation's hieroglyph
 Calls into being. Know that to Create
 Is to embody Power Divine ; the Strife
 That on the growth of nascent forms doth wait
 Springs from the blindness of that second Will
 That in the Causal germ lay folded still.

Thus from the Primal Film, condensed, refined,
 Conducted onward thro' the link'd array
 Of ore, and plant, and animal, till Mind
 (Hidden in those, yet active,) can display
 Diviner light, in nobler forms enshrined,
 All things are born ; and thus the Vital Ray
 Through Man, and Star, and System, purer, higher,
 In endless cycles, rises tow'rd its Sire ;

New wealth of Wisdom, Beauty, Joy, the while
 Unfolding brighter in each loftier sphere ;
 With kindred forms, whose love-enkindled smile
 Adds dearer lustre to each widening year,
 In high communion blending : selfish Guile,
 (Product of Ignorance,) and Grief, and Fear,

K

Lost from the sparkling life, as from rich wine
Its bitter lees the generous years refine.

Sorrow on Blindness waits ; the primal laws
Of Wisdom, Love, and Use not yet reveal'd,
Pain, surest guide ! the groping sufferer draws
'Neath Order's rule (sole Freedom !) to be heal'd :
Order sublime, with which the Central Cause,
As with a signet, all His works hath seal'd ;
Order, Love's Law, which yet supreme shall reign,
Absorbing and transforming Wrong and Pain.

Then let the sorrowing Earth rejoice ; the Race
Whose ignorance now works her pain and woe,
Will usher in a Dawn whose lustrous grace
Shall to the radiant Day of Order grow ;
Amid your ranks shall raise her to her place,
Crown'd with the beauty of that Morning's
glow ;
For Man, the lowest ring of Reason's chain,
Must bind its sever'd links to Heaven again.

When, like its Source, in one all life coheres,
Purged, in its various realms, of all alloy,
Warm thro' the golden circles of the spheres
Shall pulse the conscious tides of Love and Joy ;
While Being's countless hosts, through endless
years,

Their godlike powers in unison employ ;
And the glad Universe, with high acclaim,
The fulness of the Eternal ONE proclaim !

While thus the golden Sun made answer high,
A fairer lustre fill'd the glowing sky ;
Symbols ineffable the shining air
Hung with prophetic brilliance ; and the rare
And subtle fields of ether boundless spread
With sweetest melodies o'er-garlanded,
Whose blooming wreaths the grateful orbs pro-
long,
Raising in chorus their rejoicing song ;
While from cerulean realms where Systems lie
Shrined in the depths of dim Immensity,
Peal'd, in the pauses of their joyant strain,
The silvery echoes of the wide refrain.

HYMN OF THE PLANETS TO THE ETERNAL.

CHORUS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Father of All!
With joy Thy children stand
To bless Thy bounteous hand
And on Thy name with loving reverence call.

CHORUS.

From farthest Realms of Light
Our grateful strains unite,
And at Thy feet in adoration fall!

Great Worker! we
Rejoice Thy plans to share,
With Thee our part to bear,
Thy Ministers, OMNIPOTENT! to be.

CHORUS.

Thus all the Sons of Day
Their joyous homage pay,
And in ennobling friendship work with Thee!

Life's Source and End !

Thy Unity we own ;

Thou art, and Thou alone ;

Thy Substance substance, Thy Life life doth lend.

CHORUS.

O LIFE ! O LOVE ! to Thee

We tend eternally,

All-glorious Parent, Sovereign, and Friend !

As mountain-summits, bold and high,
Alp above Alp, invade the sky,
Reflecting sunshine soft and sweet
On the still waters at their feet,
So, piled where'er the azure glows,
That swelling song in gladness rose,
And cast upon the Earth the while
The brightness of Hope's golden smile.

TO A BIRD ON THE WING.



Joyous little rover,
Skimming gaily over
Beds of purple clover,
See! the golden butter-cup
With its merry eye looks up,
And the hooded violet
Deep in shady covert set,
Painted orchis quaint and fair,
Sky-hued harebell fine and rare,
Starry briar-roses frail,
Vestal lilies of the vale,
Earthward, from the fields of light,
Fain would woo thine airy flight!

Whither art thou hasting now?
Tempts thee neither leafy bough,
Honey-laden flower-bell,
Nor the brooklet in the dell?

Fliest thou from grief or care,
From the fowler's cruel snare,
From a false and fickle mate,
From a home made desolate?
From hands that, steep'd in school-boy guilt,
With the nest so neatly built,
 And the eggs so small and white,
Fain would thee have captured too,
Hadst thou not, with "whirr-a-who!"
 Spread thy wings and taken flight?

Or did cunning feather'd neighbour,
After all thy toil and labour,
Steal the fruit of all thy pains,
Delicious berry, worm, or grains,
And drive thee, bankrupt, from thy glen,
Doom'd to begin the world again?

But thou dost show no sign of care
As, on the soft and perfumed breeze,
Above the waving of the trees,
Thou glancest through the sunny air!
Only gladsome heart could be
Thus upborne so light and free!

Joyous little rover,
Speeding swiftly over
Beds of fragrant clover,
Is it sober thought of Duty
Makes thee deaf to voice of Beauty,
Thus from every nook and corner
Wooing thee, thou little scorner!
From thy rapid, shining flight
Through the purple fields of light?
With gentle pity in thy breast,
Seekest thou some crony, lying
Sick and hungry in his nest?
Some poor mother-bird that, dying,

Widow'd by the cruel gun
That her own life hath undone,
Fain would make thee, true and good,
Guardian of her callow brood ?

Or art thou carrying aid and succour
Unto comrades in a pucker,
Grain-eating birds of every nation
In a grand confederation
Mustering 'gainst the common foe,
At Hawkdom aiming deadly blow ?

But no ! thy glad and wavy motions
Tell not of Sorrow's stern commotions,
Nor speak thy graceful evolutions
The madd'ning rush of revolutions !
Say, then, puzzling little sprite !
Whither tends thy ceaseless flight ?

Prithee, Bird, thine aim reveal !
Dwells there in thy downy breast,
Aught akin to that unrest
Which unfeather'd bipeds feel ?

Like us, grown weary of the Real,
Pursuest thou some fair Ideal?
And in the glory of the West
That fires thine eye and gilds thy crest,
Dost thou some El Dorado see,
And dream of Edens yet to be?
Edens, where Love and Joy, broad-cast,
 Make fruitful all the teeming earth,
 While Plenty mates with Peace and Mirth,
And Truth and Justice reign at last?

O roving Bird! if such thine aim,
 Fly gaily through the amber skies!
Fruition shall all wishes shame,
 For Needs and Hopes are prophecies!

1848

EVENING HYMN.



How sweet the fall of eve,
When, in the glowing West,
The sun hath sunk to rest,
amidst the splendours that his footsteps leave ;
While thro' the deep'ning twilight, soft and low,
The fragrant evening breezes come and go!

How beautiful, when light
Hath fled, and leaf and stream
Rest in a quiet dream
Within the curtaining shadows of the Night ;
While troops of stars look down with dewy rays,
And flowers droop their eyes beneath their gaze.

How silent is the air !

Who would not, at such shrine,

To holier thoughts incline ?

The *dimmyptericous* Night was made for prayer !

On the hush'd earth, from the o'erarching sky,

Doth not a solemn benediction lie ?

And when the hours of night

Have slowly roll'd away,

And the victorious Day

Athwart the kindling air speeds arrowy light,

How gloriously, as in a second Birth,

Awake to radiant life the heavens and earth !

So, when Life's eve shall fall,

Within my peaceful breast

May Thy best presence rest,

Soft as the hush of night, Father of All !

So, from the sleep of death, with quick'ning ray,

Wake me to radiant life, Thou God of Day !

THE FORSAKEN.



WEARILY, wearily lag the hours ;
Wearily rises and sets the sun ;
Wearily open and fold the flowers ;
Wearily all to the lonely one.

Through the chamber-lattice breathing
Odorously, the evening-wind,
With the braided sunbeams wreathing,
Lifts the flecker'd window-blind.

From the forest solemn—
Where, by briery bank
Fringed with moss and grasses lank,
Shadow'd waters softly flow
'Mid sylvan arch and column,—
Murmurs music sad and low.

Day by day I sit and listen
For his footstep on the leaves,
And watch the weary sunbeams glisten
On the yellow harvest-sheaves
Gather'd on the hill-side yonder.
List'ning still I vainly ponder
What may cause his long delay ;
And while I gaze, and while I sigh,
Fades to eve the weary day
From the clear, unpitying sky.

How fair the day when Love awakes
And with his glance the morning makes ;
How fair the night whose deepest shade
The veiling of Love's glance hath made ;
How fair the starry dreams that keep
Bright vigil through Love's happy sleep !

The days and nights move slowly on ;
The heart hath swifter paces ;
And shades fall quick, when Love is gone,
Upon life's pleasant places.

Night's myriad watchers, all alight,
Gleam through the dewy skies.
If, for some loved one, night by night
Ye waited, would ye shine so bright?
Would heavier dews not dim your sight,
O calm, untroubled Eyes?

Sorrow! rosy Love's twin-brother,
Turn thy pallid brow aside;
Mate, I pray thee, with another,
Nor in his fair footsteps glide;
O'er the wide earth, upon the sea,
And thro' the sky above,
Are there not paths enough for thee,
That thou must walk with Love?

Wearily, wearily lag the hours;
Wearily rises and sets the sun;
Wearily open and fold the flowers;
Wearily all to the lonely one!

•

AN INVOCATION.

SPIRIT of Beauty, Spirit of Song,
Shine in thy brightness my life's clouds among!
Weary I languish; look down from above,
Spirit of Beauty, thou! Spirit of Love!

Dark thro' the heart of the Exiled and Lonely
Waves from the Vanish'd, low-murmuring, roll;
Bearing but echoes, pale shadowings only,
Through the dim Past-haunted caves of the soul.

Genius, and Power, and Fame proud up-springing,
Are ye but phantoms, unreal as fair?
Show me the pathway where, joyously winging,
The blaze of your pinions gleams bright on the
air!

“ Deep in the heart of the Loving and Doing
Hold we, O Mortal! our dwelling for aye ;
There from the spirit-land, patiently wooing,
Angel-tones ever sweep lovingly by ! ”

Hope's fragrant morning-wind scattereth sadness !
Bending above me with rapture I see
Science all-glorious, Art's golden gladness ;
Spirit of Beauty, I yield me to thee !

SOLUTION.



ABSOLUTE Truth and Good are God's alone,
Who is Himself the standard He doth own.
For us, in life derived from Him, who live,
Truth, Good, are to that standard relative ;
Standard that by wise choice our own we make,
Striving its Primal Type to overtake ;
Striving that makes an end of Strife, and brings
Us into oneness with the Flow of Things.
Thus must God-likeness evermore express
Our quasi-Freedom and true Happiness.

My life doth lie beneath thine eyes,
Dear eyes, of liquid lustrous blue,
That arch me o'er like summer skies
With golden sunbeams glancing through.

O'er their clear depths no white cloud sails
But melts in blessing, passing soon ;
No languid haze but gently veils
The fervours of Love's glowing noon.

With balmy breaths, on odours rear'd,
They fold me in their soft embrace ;
And in their viewless aura spher'd,
Life stands reveal'd in fairer grace.

Heaven above heaven they rise serene,
Ethereal spaces, art on art,
While shining thoughts look down between,—
The load-stars of my earthlier heart.

So clasp me still with ambient skies,
Mine own true Wife! in love's sweet bond;
So rede my life in thy dear eyes,
And realms of Life our life beyond!

A LEGEND OF COLOGNE.



'T was in the olden time,
Upon a sunny day,
When bells the matin chime
Were ringing loud and gay.

A proud and stately band
Ride on by tower and field ;
The noblest of the land,
With helm, and spear, and shield.
In many a shining fold
The broider'd banners float,
While flute and clarion bold
Ring out with joyous note.

For a brave and noble Knight
 Leads home his peerless bride ;
Fair as the morning-light
 She rideth by his side.
Pass on ! pass on, gay Bridal-train !
The rising sun must set again.

But hark ! the trumpets' sound !
 The clash of sword with sword !
See ! see, upon the ground
 How the red blood is pour'd !
For once the traitorous foe
 Had woo'd the bride in vain ;
And now his envious blow
 The bridegroom-Knight hath slain.
Her friends, through death and rout,
 Fight for that lady fair ;
Jesu ! that haughty shout
 That cleaves the listening air !
Pass on ! pass on, bold Victor-train !
The rising sun must set again.

But one escaped ; a page ;
 The fearful tale he bore,
And loud, of grief and rage,
 Uprose the mingled roar.
Forth, from the city old,
 The swift avengers sped,
And slew those traitors bold ;
 But the widow'd bride was dead.
And while the vesper-song
 Was pealing on the air,
Were slowly borne along
 The Knight and Lady fair.
Pass on ! pass on, sad Funeral-train !
The rising sun must set again.

FAIRY KANDORE.



FAIRY Kandore,
Prince of the Sea,
Saw a maid on the shore,
Sleeping under a tree.

“Thou fairest of maidens, I bear thee below,
To make thee my bride where the sea-forests
grow!”

Fairy Kandore
Lanched coral and pearl,
All the wealth of his store,
On the fair Indian girl;
But she pined for her lover, her old sunny home,
And she died 'mid the sea-maidens under the
foam.

Fairy Kandore

Mourn'd the fair maid ;

On her pale brow once more

A-vest sea-flowers he laid .

Borne home by the sorrowing nymphs of the sea,
She sleeps her last sleep 'neath her own sunlit tree.

DUALITY.



OUR Maker hath not made us One, but Two ;—
Then hath He work for both of us to do :
Diverse,—for He who doeth nought in vain
Had not, to do the same work, made us twain ;
Of equal worthiness,—for both, we see,
Are call'd for by the same Necessity.

We may not yet our proper tasks divine,—
Since each must to itself its own assign,—
But may infer—if Strength in One is found,
While in the Other Grace doth most abound,—
If analytic Truth 's best understood
By One, by Other synthesis of Good,—
If One with sinewy Logic paves the road
The Other's swifter Intuitions show'd,—

That He gives not, for either's use alone,
The special faculties He makes its own,
But rather means them both—untrammell'd, free
To work, each in its own capacity,—
By blended action still to interchange
What mostly lies within their several range ;
By mutual gifts of Most to Least to find
Their own corrected, strengthen'd, and refined ;
With various step in kindred path to run,
When most themselves, most useful, most at one :
That both, of their spontaneous force, may lend
The needed quotas to each common End ;
Completing thus the image of the Whole,
The reflex of the Universal Soul.

Until this order'd balance we attain,
The World, and we, one-sided must remain ;
Nor can we, thus distorted, even see
What Heaven intends the World, or us, to be.

NIGHT AND MORNING.



MORNING ! Dian-like, victorious,
Chasing shades from land and sea ;
Coming forth, a queen all-glorious,
Robed and jewell'd royally ;
Waking world may bow before thee,
Worshipping thy radiant eye,
Bird, and flower, and stream adore thee
For thy wealth of sun and sky,—
But to me thy garish gladness
Shows too much, too often grieves ;
Kindlier is the veiling sadness
That thy gentle Sister weaves !

Wondrous shining worlds unnumber'd
Gem the forehead of the Night;
Joys, by day unseen that slumber'd,
Waking to her calm delight.
In her starry mantle shrouded
Sleep the sorrows of the heart;
And the mists the soul that clouded,
Melted into dew, depart.
Silent Night! sweet gifts bestowing,—
From thy shaded fragrant urn
Softest pleasures gently flowing,—
Holy Night! to thee I turn.

TO MY GOD-DAUGHTER.

BABY ! with thy staring eyes,
And shapeless nose ;
Arms and legs of puny size,
And jerking toes ;
Toothless gum,
Chin so glum,
Puling, druling, crying, sighing,
Sleeping, peeping, winking, blinking
Evermore whimpering,
Now and then simpering,
Poor little soul !
A speck, a mote,
Set afloat
In Life's great bowl,
Thy way to fumble
Through the rough-and-tumble
Of our upside-down Humanity,
I pity thee !

By and by
'Twixt smile and sigh
Thou wilt "grow up ;"
Thy spirit's cup
Be fill'd with wine
That will flash and shine
While shadows flit o'er its trembling brim ;
And pain and pleasure
Divide the measure
Of thy spirit's hymn.
Fearing, hoping, striving, coping,
Seeking, wishing, delving, fishing,
Hoping ever,
Contented never ;
By the Finite bounded,
Teaching thee lies ;
By th' Infinite surrounded,
Prompting to rise ;
Incited, repress'd, environ'd by danger,
What a time thou wilt have of it, poor little stranger !

Well, well ; never mind it ! lie still in my lap ;
Make the most of the Present, and finish thy pap !

THEY say that stricken hearts regain
The freshness of their prime ;
That brighter hours will bring again,
Like birds, a new Spring-time ;

That tears may pass, like April-shower
Beneath the sun's warm beam ;
That sorrows fly Time's gladd'ning power
Like shadows on the stream ;

That from the sadden'd thought may fade
The memory of pain,
And hearts that Death have vainly pray'd
Beat joyously again !

They say the one loved impress, traced
 In the heart's burning core,
 May vanish,—from its shrine effaced
 The worshipp'd shape it wore ;

That they whose union had seem'd
 Heaven's influent life to be
 Forget the raptures they had dream'd,
 And wake to apathy ;

Yet dream again ! again to find
 That visions can deceive,
 When subtly o'er the dreamer's mind
 Their mocking web they weave !

I know that cherish'd hopes may die,
 And from their darken'd urn
 The sever'd heart, all silently
 May school itself to turn ;

I know the fibres, whose strong grasp
Has clung the loved one round,
When rudely wrench'd, and left to clasp
Their shadow on the ground,

Will for their wounded tendrils try
Some new support to find,
Around whose friendly ministry
Their trampled pride may wind ;

I know that Reason to the Heart
Will its stern lessons give,
And that the Heart its counsell'd part
Will bravely strive to live ;

But ah ! the spectre-thoughts I know
That haunt the lonely Heart ;
In Memory's moonlight, to and fro,
How pale they walk apart !

Then tell me not that Love can die
 Yet leave the Heart the same ;
 No ! there, still there, the ashes lie
 Of each extinguish'd flame.

New hopes, and other joys, may rise
 To light the spirit's gloom ;
 But there, still there, the old love lies
 Within its hidden tomb.

The very turf at length that grew
 Its sepulchre above,
 Marks, by the verdure's deeper hue,
 The grave of buried Love.

Then tell me not that Love can die
 And leave the heart the same ;
 Nor ~~degrade~~ ^{bury} ~~under~~ ^{to} ~~neath~~ ^{we} the summer's sun
 To we degrade and waste so wantonly.

ELFIN-SONG.

WHEN the moon is high o'er the ruin'd tower,
When the night-bird sings in her lonely bower,
When beetle and cricket and bat are awake,
And the Will-o'-the-wisp is at play in the brake,
Then gather we all, in our frolic and glee,
We gay little Elfin's beneath the old tree!

And brightly we hover on silvery wing,
And dip our small cups in the whispering spring;
While the night-wind lifts lightly our shining hair,
And music and fragrance are on the air!
Who is there so joyous, so merry as we,
We gay little Elfin's beneath the old tree?

Memory's moonlight, w
How pale they walk apart!

I NEVER see the wondrous human Hand
Deform'd and hard and stiff from ceaseless toil,
But I must mourn that aught so subtly plann'd
The coarse necessities of life should spoil.

Each baby hand, whate'er its name or place,
How soft, how flexible, how passing fair ;
What glorious latent powers of skill and grace
The Mighty Mother hath implanted there !

And yet, so rudely is our world's work done,
So lavish of our richest wealth are we,
No meaner thing beneath the summer's sun
Do we degrade and waste so wantonly.

Roll on, O World! upon thy destined way,
And bring us to the fairer, wiser hours,
When wiser labor of the Hand shall fray
A nobler pathway for its nobler powers!

“ THY KINGDOM COME ; THY WILL
BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN
HEAVEN.”



SUBLIMEST aspiration ever breathed
From yearning human depths of Love and Pain,
When shall we cease its utterance to profane
With *doubts and fears by the sad Past bequeathed* ?
When shall we fitly apprehend GOD'S REIGN
ON EARTH, and the transcendent harmonies
Of Body, Soul, and Circumstance, whose train
This glorious prophetic Prayer implies ?
To take it for our certain Guide, and rise
Through ceaseless effort, nearing evermore
The joyful heights tow'rd which it bids us soar,
Alone were worthy of our energies !
What less would lowliest Reverence implore ?
Could loftiest Seraph-longing ask for more ?

.

EYES that have spent their weeping,
That have lost the power of tears ;—
Hearts that are coldly keeping
The memories of years ;—

Sleep ! sleep, and through your slumbers
The Watchers, tried and calm,
Shall breathe, in angel-numbers,
A sweet and solemn psalm !

Shall say, “ No cloud can gather
Around His children’s path,
But He, th’ all-loving Father,
His part in their sadness hath.

“ Not for His own good pleasure
 Would He have given them life,
Unless joy’s coming measure
 Outweigh’d all present strife.

“ Who gently bears his sorrow,
 And lives it bravely down,
Shall win a fairer morrow,
 And wear the starry crown!”

A FATHER'S REVERY.

WHEN float light clouds on heaven's azure sea,
When thro' the trees low breathes the whisper-
ing wind,
While clustering roses in rich canopy
Hang overhead their fragrant wreaths entwined,
And small sweet voices ringing thro' the air
Speak of the innocent, the good, the fair,
Then, O my loved and lost! I think of thee;
Then seem thy soft blue eyes to rest on me!

My best beloved, my beautiful, my child!
Still, still I press thee to my throbbing breast;
My heart, by thy sweet memories beguiled,
Still yearns tow'rd thee, the brightest and the
best

Of all God's gifts to me! Fame, fortune, friends,
And all the blessings that His bounty lends,
To me were but as dust, my child, the while
My life was gladden'd by thy voice and smile.

The earliest bird that welcomes in the day
Recalls thy morning-greeting to mine ear;
The morning-light, that fell with brighter ray
When thy quick footsteps told that thou wert near.
And when with mirth and pleasant household
sounds
A kindred group the board and hearth surrounds,
Unconsciously I listen for thy tone,
The sweetest music that my heart hath known.

And when the sorrowing and gentle Eve
Follows with dewy tears the setting Sun,
And all the shining clouds, as he doth leave,
Wrap them in mourning mantle, gray and dun,
I think of thee; for thou, like him, in light
Didst pass from earth and my too-loving sight;
Night's silent shadow o'er my spirit stole,
And all my life grew dark around my soul.

I miss thee, dearest, when the hour of prayer
Gathers heart-incense on its quiet shrine ;
For Angels ever thro' the solemn air
Bore thy pure worship unto Heaven with mine.
And when I bend in adoration low
I most rejoice, mine angel-child ! to know
Though nobler raptures now thy spirit thrill, !
We worship the same great All-Father still.

I, on the threshold of the mighty Fane
Whose vast dimensions fill the Infinite ;
Whose forms, dim-looming, we but strive in vain
Fitly to apprehend with earthly sight :
But thou hast pass'd the shadowy portal through,
And Heaven's Arcana daily meet thy view ;
While round thy joyous widening pathway shine
Glory and Beauty ever more divine.

The wondrous Spirit-World that lies so near,
Yet seems so distant, to our yearning thought ;
Around, within, all-real, during, clear,
And yet our earth-dimm'd vision sees it not !—

Would that thy loving voice, my gentle child,
Might whisper me, in accents undefiled,
Some dulcet echo of that Inner Land
'Mid whose full harmonies thy young feet stand !

My child ! my child ! how sweet those accents fall,
Loved memories waking, on thy father's ear !
But thou no more art mine, nor dare I call

Thee by the gentle name we gave thee here :
For thou art mine no longer ; earthly ties
Melt into nobler kindred in the skies ;
And all the glorious company of Heaven
To thee for kindred and for friends are given.

My child ! my glorified, translated child !

From the deep beauty of thine angel-home
Would I, with yearnings vain, or wishes wild,
Withdraw thy steps, o'er earth's rough ways to
roam ?

Wither the rose upon thy brow that lies,
And quench the light of heaven in thy dear eyes ?
No ! to my love for thee let power be given
To draw, not thee to earth, but me to Heaven !

THE BISHOP'S BANQUET.



WITHIN his palace sits the lordly priest ;
Upon the board before him smokes the feast ;
Around are grave diocesans in state ;
And throngs of menials at the table wait.
The unctuous grace well said, with due "Amen !"
From these "Right Reverend," "Very Reverend "
men,

So deep their reverence, so good the cheer,
Nought but a gentle clicking meets the ear.

With anxious puzzled look, and dubious air,
A valet glides behind his master's chair.
"My lord,—an't please your lordship, at the gate
Are some poor folk who 'll neither go nor wait,
But pray that they may now your lordship see,
And crave your lordship's hospitality.

One is a carpenter, my lord ; the rest
I think are fishermen, but strangely drest ;
A dozen I should say, my lord, or more ;
And travel-stain'd, and weary, and foot-sore.
They seem in haste, my lord, and cannot stay,
For that their time is short they bade me say."

"What mean you, sirrah ! by thus troubling
me ?"

Replies the reverend prelate angrily.

"My lord, I said your lordship was engaged ;—"

"Well, send them off !" his lordship cries, enraged,
For, while he stops this colloquy to hold,
The savory soup, of course, is growing cold.

"If they have aught to say to me, these men,
Tell them to-morrow they may call again.

(The snowy napkin tucking 'neath his chin)

Do they mistake this for a common inn ?

A pretty set of knaves ! 't is strange indeed

The insolence our modern manners breed !"

"Ah ! strange indeed !" responds each reverend
guest,

And to the banquet turns with sharper zest.

'Mid luscious fruits, in crystal goblets shine
Lachryma Christi and Falernian wine ;
An atmosphere of comfort, and perfume,
And solemn luxury, pervades the room ;
The heavier duties of the meal perform'd,
And heavy wits by kind libations warm'd,
These reverend tongues, unlock'd, in accents
low,

Bland eloquence discourse with courtly flow.

Again the valet with his dubious air,
Stands silently behind his master's chair ;
And, while he waits to catch his lordship's eye,
A scrap of parchment fingers anxiously.

At length the Bishop, glancing round by chance,
Espies his valet's rueful countenance.

His lordship's humor somewhat mellowed grown,
"Are the men gone?" he asks, in bantering
tone.

"They are, my lord ; but he who seemed the
head,—"

"Good!" laughs the priest, "a carpenter, you
said ;"—

“That this was for your lordship, bade me say ;
And then they shook their feet, and went away.”

The Bishop reads ; grows red and white in turn ;
For flaming words upon the parchment burn.

“I was a stranger, you received me not ;
Hungry and weary, you relieved me not ;
To these my brethren hospitality
Refusing, you refuse it unto me.”

And as he trembles, seized with sudden fears,
The flaming scroll dissolves and disappears.

“Quick ! quick ! my carriage ! on the strangers’
track !

A thousand pounds to him who brings them
back !”

Guests, bishop, servants, in their wild amaze,
With horses, torches, haste their several ways ;
Thro’ garden, lane, and field, o’er hill and plain,
They seek the strangers, thro’ the night, in vain.

Though they should speed until the morning
break,
Those strangers they will hardly overtake !

A TRUE STORY.

FAST closing is the wintry day,
And clouds have veil'd the sky
So thick that not a single ray
Can reach us from on high.

Nothing is seen above, around,
As far as sight can go,
But snowy houses, snowy ground,
And drifts of dusty snow.

The very air is full of snow ;
How desolate the sight !
May Heaven especial pity show
The poor, this bitter night !

If sad are Want and Poverty
In pleasant summer-weather,
Far sadder yet it is when they
With Cold are met together!

The scanty fire, the tatter'd dress,
The broken window-pane,
Cold couch, and hunger's keen distress,—
May they not well complain?

How can the spirit thrive and grow
Amid these chilling cares?
The soul must sympathize, we know,
Wi' th' ills the body bears.

Yet, ne'ertheless, sometimes we see
(And it is beautiful!)
That 'midst all this the heart can be
To Kindness dutiful.

Come, for a moment come with me
Into yon humble dwelling ;
For Life is there, and, it may be,
Some living lesson telling.

An aged woman, thin and mild,
Sits in an old arm-chair ;
And at her knee there stands a child,
A little child, and fair.

And see, with eager, gentle love
The two are chafing a poor dove
That the little maid has found
Lying frozen on the ground.

Old Age and Childhood ! Angel-bands
Might pause that sight to see ;
The wither'd and the dimpled hands
Blending in charity !

Well may that little child in love
Caress and soothe the frighten'd dove,
Well may she fold the trembling guest
Within her warm and loving breast,

For she an orphan's grief has known,
Left starving, shelterless, alone ;
And sad in sooth had been her lot
If the old dame had found her not.

Poor, very poor, the dame ; indeed,
Scarce for herself sufficed her crust ;
Yet she had pity on her need,
And took her home in love and trust.

How many rich in worldly gear
Have fritter'd life and wealth away,
Whose works of mercy come not near
This poor old woman's deed that day !

She took her home, her all to share ;
With generous love, unseen, unheard,
She bears the burden, yet can spare
Kind pity for a hapless bird.

For love and kindness, day by day,
Deepen and widen as they live ;
The more of these we give away
The more we still shall have to give.

Would that our sympathies might be
For all God's things, a living stream,
Reflecting cloud, and flower, and tree
In the clear waters' loving gleam !

Then should the mournful Earth rejoice,
And shining gladness robe each form,
And melody attune each voice,
Like small birds warbling after storm.

And Life, whose brow so often lowers,
Should find a joyous heart, and sing;
And gloomy Winter's cheerless hours
Be follow'd by a smiling Spring.

BOATMAN'S SONG.

SOFTLY, oh softly the shadows are falling
Over the stream as our bark glides along;
Sweetly, oh sweetly the echoes are calling,
Around us, above us, repeating our song.
“ Daylight is ending, our labour is o'er;
Our homes and our loved ones we seek on the
shore;
Even and strong be the sweep of our oar!
Our homes and our loved ones we'll find on the
shore!”

Brightly, oh brightly the silver stars, gleaming,
Lighten the wave as our bark shoots along;
Nearer, oh nearer the watch-fires are beaming;
Raise we in chorus our glad even-song!

“ Daylight is ended ; our labour is o'er !
Swiftly, O loved ones ! we row to the shore !
Even and strong was the sweep of our oar,
And light are our hearts as we leap on the shore ! ”

THE CHILD OF THE ISLE.

A FRAGMENT.

ON ocean's bosom, under distant stars,
Where fragrant zephyrs whisper night and day,
'Mid drooping leaves and opening flowers at play,
While Oreads flaunt it in their gleaming cars,
A lonely isle of witching loveliness
Lies cradled in the azure waves' caress.

Girt by a belt of white and shining sand,
And towering into hills whose misty peaks
Morn's earliest ray with jewell'd splendour
streaks,
Rise the soft outlines of that sunny land ;
Streams, thro' its fair vales, onward to the sea
With silver voices flow eternally.

The loftiest of those purple peaks beneath
A sylvan palace stood in days of yore,
Of pendant boughs that met, and arching o'er,
Blent with the girdling flowers in mazy wreath :
While odorous mosses, with rich blooms inlaid,
A dainty floor for foot of Beauty made.

And thro' the tangled masses of sweet leaves
The sunlight, and the starlight, and the moon,
Look'd lovingly ; while many a honey'd tune
The wild-birds warbled from their bower-eaves,
Making the twilight musical, for night
Was never dark within that isle of light.

And in this palace an immortal maid,
By the stern fiat of the Gods exiled
Thro' many a starry round from Heaven, be-
guiled
The lonely years ; its green and living shade
From earliest Creation had remain'd
A shrine by foot of mortal unprofaned.

•
And she in her weird graces, day by day,
 To radiant womanhood attain'd alone ;
 Her spirit's history to herself unknown ;
While in its depths the fair things round her lay
 Mirror'd in beauty that was both their own
 And hers upon whose loving heart they shone.

The still magnificence of midnight skies,
 The glories of the rising sun, the shiver
 Of glancing light on hill, and wood, and river,
Show'd their true meaning to her innocent eyes ;
 For Nature hath no mysteries for those
 Whose being with her circling currents flows.

And in their inner harmonies she saw
 Yet wider fields of life, and yearn'd to share
 The link'd relations to her ken laid bare,
And shining in the majesty of Law ;
 Reading fair Nature by her heart's pure lore,
 And her pure heart by Nature, evermore.

A HUNDRED years, and still and low
Will lie my sleeping head ;
A hundred years, and grass will grow
Above my dreamless bed.
The grass will grow ; the brook will run ;
Life still as fresh and fair
Will spring in beauty 'neath the sun ;
Where will my place be ? where ?

A hundred years ! some briefer space
My life perchance had spann'd ;
But ere they lapse my feet must pass
Within the Silent Land.
While on the plains, the lasting hills,
In shadow and in shine,
Still dial Time's slow chronicles,
What record will be mine ?

A hundred years! O yearning Heart!
O Spirit true and brave!
With Doubt and Death thou hast no part,
No kindred with the Grave!
For we shall last as lasts the Earth,
And live as lives the Sun;
And we shall know that Death is Birth
Ere a hundred years have run!

ROLL ON, BLUE SEA!



FAIR over ocean arises Love's star;
Night-winds all gently breathe from afar;
"Dearest! I come to thee! o'er the blue sea
Lightly the billows shall bear me to thee!"

Roll on, blue Sea!

Hark! hark! the landstorm comes forth in its
power!

Strong must thine arms be, O Swimmer! this hour.
Huge waves Love's beacon have hid from his
sight;

Vain is the struggle with Tempest and Night!

Roll on, dark Sea!

Day dawns in beauty o'er sea and o'er land :
Maiden and lover are met on the strand.
Lifeless, that loved form her arms coldly clasp,
Never, ah, never to loosen their grasp!
Roll on, deep Sea!

MUSINGS IN A CHURCH-PORCH.



WITH fading ray
The rounding day
Slides beyond our darken'd ken ;
For fatal is the lot of men,
 And we shall do the thing we must :
And still the glowing stars shall pale,
And still the strength of years shall fail,
 And we shall mingle with the dust ;
And so it shall be o'er again !

Broods the shining noontide hour
O'er the frowning castle-tower,
Village-spire, and cottage-bower.
Brooks to their own music run.
 Birds are twittering in the eaves,
And the lovely summer sun
 Shimmers down between the leaves,

Where the maiden in her pride,
Rosy-cheek'd and merry-eyed,
Sits the lowly door beside ;
Singing, as with blithesome sound
Evermore the wheel goes round,
And the length'ning skein is wound.
And her brothers, stout and bold,
Some in field, and some in fold,
Toil with lusty thews amain,
Till the ground and fill the wain ;
Seeing little, caring less,
What the wide earth's loveliness,—
All they know of charm or grace
 Learn'd, unconsciously the while,
From the maiden's gentle face,
(Beauty of the rustic place,)
 From her springing step and smile ;
Heedless of the summer's heat ;
 Patient of the winter's cold,
Adding ever to their store
A little more, a little more,—
Busy hands, and plodding feet,—
 Still they labour, stout and bold.

And the hale and hearty sire,
Thro' his ten years and threescore
Who hath known but one desire,
"A little more, a little more,"
Watcheth still their labours o'er,
Watcheth still the growing store.
And the prudent, frugal mother,
Full of days and full of cares,
Thro' all shifts of fate and weather
As the long year onward fares,
Loving, patient, helpful mother!
Holdeth hearth and home together.

Floats the banner's broider'd pall
O'er the Castle's moated wall,
Donjon keep, and stately hall,
Where the silent wardour waits,
Guarding still the massive gates ;
While with martial clang and shout
Mail-clad knights ride in and out :
Wealth and splendour, noble name,
Ladies' favour, knightly fame,

These to win with lance and shield
In the tourney and the field,
They will peril limb and life,
Braving danger, courting strife,
With their vassals at their heels,
 And their shining pennons flying,
And the trumpets' brazen peals
 Making music for the dying,
Till the peaceful welkin ring
With their fierce encountering!
Now thro' Paynim legions charging,
Far on Europe's eastern margin,
Christian realms and rule enlarging ;
Now with Christian foemen fighting,
For their King, their Order, smiting ;
Knightly quarrel boldly righting ;
Wars, and tumults, and alarms,
Tramp of steeds, and clash of arms,
Endless labour, ceaseless strife,
Fill the measure of their life.

Bathing in the noonday fire
Points the slender village-spire
To the heavens bending nigher,

And the sounding anthem swells,
Mix'd with pleasant chime of bells
Floating thro' the summer dells.
And the people, great and small,
Hasten at the welcome call ;
Knightly warrior, plodding clown,
Silken kirtle, russet gown,
Bending low, with reverent sign
Worshipping at holy shrine.
And the Priest, his mystic claim
Urging in his Master's name,—
In his cloister'd life apart
Sever'd from the common heart,
Trampling on its gentler moods,
Free of its vicissitudes,
Genius, reputation, learning,
To one constant purpose turning,—
Labours with unswerving zeal
To promote the Church's weal,
To prepare a world-wide sway
That the proudest shall obey ;
Building up a power and state
The Future shall consolidate.

* * * * *

'Twixt the dusky yew-trees raying,
Falls the quiet sunlight, playing
Down the old church-spire, and straying
Thro' the ivied windows hoary,
Touching with a soften'd glory
Sculptured saint and pictured story ;
Borrowing a thousand stains
From the ancient window-panes,
Till the slanting radiance bloom
Many-color'd thro' the gloom,
Resting with a subtle glow
On the carven tombs below,
With faint splendours flecking o'er
All the worn and letter'd floor
Holding in its dreamless bed
The generations of the Dead.

The maiden—in her early pride,
Rosy-cheek'd and merry-eyed,—
Faded, old, and wither'd grown,
First became a toothless crone,
Then, beneath the churchyard stone,
A little heap of mouldering bone ;

Here she lies with kindly mother,
Careful sire, and plodding brother ;
Of their thrift, their care, and pains,
And long labour, what remains ?

Noble ladies, fair and proud,
They whose grace and beauty lent
Lustre to the tournament,

Paying deeds of high emprise
With a glance of their sweet eyes,

Slumber here in stony shroud ;
Marble effigies till Doom

Kneeling ever on their tomb.

And the valiant Red-Cross Knight,

Home return'd from Paynim fight,

Rests from turmoil of the field

With cross'd feet, and crimson shield ;

Lord of the horizon's bound

Narrow limits close him round.

And the priest—whose steadfast thought,

Into one stern purpose wrought,

One absorbing end had sought,—

Waken'd from his dream of pride,

Sleeps a deeper sleep beside.

Meek, with folded hands he lies,
Placid brow and downcast eyes ;
Not a breath may stir the rest
Filling now his tranquil breast,
And his heart a stillness holds
Rigid as his vesture's folds.

Of the cottage, sire and mother,
Maid and brother, sheltering well,
Not one stone upon another
Now is left its place to tell ;
And the gaudy wall-flower glistens
On the Castle's crumbling towers,
Where the gray owl blinks and listens,
Hidden in the ivy-bowers ;
And the Church, whose strait enclosure
Silent generations fill,—
In self-center'd proud composure
Mortal change outliving still,
Priest-like, to the earth consigning
Rich and poor, and young and old,—
Like the priest, at length declining,
Mixes with the common mould ;

For the doom is over all ;
And the Church itself must fall.
For fatal is the lot of men ;
 And we but do the thing we must.
And still the glowing stars must pale,
And still the strength of years must fail,
 And all must mingle with the dust.
And so it shall be o'er again.

Nay, but every setting sun
 Heraldeth a newer day,—
Something have the Ages won
 From the wasting Years' decay.
Canst thou find a full-grown man,
 Perfect, from his earliest hour ?
Not the less the childish plan
 Ripens into Manhood's power.
Inward, outward, turn thy ken ;
 But one purpose shalt thou trace ;
We are built of lesser men,
 And a larger man the Race.
And the Present still the Past,
 As the Man the Child, exceeds.

Never summer waned but cast
 On the soil some living seeds ;
 Seeds that surely bear, at last,
 Harvest of heroic deeds.
 Life is richer than, of yore ;
 In the outlook of our sires,
Yet new summits, still before,
 Glow with countless beacon-fires:—
 For the Eden of our dreams
 In the onward distance gleams,
 Where our path is clearer spread,
 Stretching tow'rd the Morning-red!

Already on th' horizon's verge
 Floods of fairer daylight surge,
 In whose shining we behold
 Unknown splendours, joys untold.
 Fertile earth with large increase
 Nourishing a world at peace ;
 Labour from the curse redeem'd ;
 Beauty poet never dream'd ;
 Prowess valiant for the Right ;
 Science, handmaid of Delight ;

Knowledge ancient woes have taught
Into one grand lever wrought,
Working out the common thought ;
Ignorance and weakness past,
Heaven's Ideal seen at last !
Godlike Man, each lower race
Blessing from his sovran place,
Crown of rightful rule shall wear,
Lord of earth, and sea, and air.
Peace within, around, below,
Ever wiser shall he grow,
Till thro' loftier lore sublime
He has conquer'd Space and Time,
Joining in electric bond
With the shining spheres beyond :
Learning from the realms above
Of the All-pervading Love,
Till the Universal Will
Shall his inmost spirit fill ;
Till his rule all Nature draw,
Working with the Central Law ;
Till his life be wholly free,
One with the Divinity !

King and Priest ordain'd of old ;
Reign of Heaven of yore foretold !
Then shall Earth from sea to sea
One all-glorious temple be ;
And a ceaseless hymn shall rise
From the Planet to the Skies,
Hymn of loyal, free acclaim,
Worthy the Creator's name !

Thus grows the Child to Man's array ;
Thus ever Night precedeth Day,
 Humblest seed the fairest flower.
But flower and daylight fade away ;
But failing Age, in sure relay,
 Follows Manhood's fairest hour.
Must Growth still predicate Decay ?
Must the fair Future pass away ?
And must the Race the law obey
That rounds the cycle of our breath
Thro' birth, increase, decline, and death ?
Or is there yet some other way ?
We know not ;—but God's wisdom may ;—
 And we must trust His love and power.

“AND GOD MADE TWO GREAT
LIGHTS; HE MADE THE
STARS ALSO.”



SUN ! with thy generous ray
 Blessing the day,
And through the shining hours
 Quick'ning the joyous life of hearts and flowers,
Show us, O glorious model ! that, if we
Would reach the brightness of prosperity,
We must be radiant, bountiful, like thee !

Moon ! with reflected light,
 To gloomy night
Giving sure prophecy
 Of a returning day and smiling sky,
Through our dark hours of doubt and error be
Of Aspiration eloquent, that views, like thee
A coming Dawn the Present cannot see.

Stars! that from earliest time,
Silent, sublime,
Have watch'd the fleeting birth
And death of the frail children of the earth,
Tell us that souls and stars are kin; that ye,
O beauteous Orbs! our loving hosts shall be
Through the wide marches of Eternity.

ILLUSIONS.



WE sat together on the shore,
An ancient friend and I ;
The hills behind, the sea before,
Above, the summer-sky.

The distant ships the offing near'd,
But round our rocky seat
The cringing wavelets scarcely stirr'd
The azure at our feet.

And there we talk'd of times and tides,
Of Grief that passes, Hope that bides ;
Of Love, the lord of human things ;
Of lessons that Experience brings.

Said I, "With all that Fortune lends,
Those lessons you may borrow;—
Adored by husband, children, friends,
What can you know of Sorrow?"

"I've lived," she said, "a happy life,
I would not change with many;
And yet I've had my share of strife,
And sorrow'd sore as any.

"The heart that, loving, lives to see
Its idol overthrown,
The sternest, deadliest agony
Its cords can wring, has known,—

"Yet one that cannot last, for who
Would mourn, whate'er the cost,
A fallen Falsehood, or would rue
A worthless thing when lost?"

“ And Grief, unsullied by remorse,
 Must spend itself ere long ;
 I think, indeed, it must be worse
 To do, than suffer, wrong.

“ Endurance is for Love alone.
 I need not speak to you
 (My happy later life who 've known,)
 Of Love, the Tried and True ;

•

“ Of Love that, based on Truth, yet owns
 In Truth a dearer grace ;
 O'erpays the painful Past, and crowns
 The life with nobleness !”

And then she paused, and silence, bred
 Of musing, held us long ;
 And pondering the words she 'd said,
 I shaped them to a song :

P

What is the Fiend sends hearts adrift
To hearts unworthy of the gift?
That mates the Angel with the Clay,
And binds the Living to Decay?

A Lie, that, hid in Form of Light,
To cheat the ear, and fool the sight,
In slumb'rous charms the spirit steeps,
While Fancy wakes, and Judgment sleeps.

The Tyrant-spell at length dissolved,—
From false allegiance Truth-absolved,—
We spurn the dream of Error born,
And, waking, pity while we scorn!

When, presently, aloud I spoke
My verses, and her reverie broke,
(Though almost fearing lest my song
Should rouse regretful sense of wrong.)

She said, " I thought not to forget
That heavy ancient grief,—and yet
Its faded memories only seem
The dim remembrance of a dream.

" So let me add this brief refrain,
A fitting ending for your strain ;—
' Illusions pass, with all their pain,
And Love and Truth alone remain ! ' "

A PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN.

'T is sad enough to see the harden'd throng,
From wisdom, honour, beauty, goodness, bent
By long career of ignorance and wrong,
To whom Life's chances have been vainly lent ;

Sad, because hopeless ; much though we may
mourn,
No wealth of ours may pay, the vast arrear ;
We can but hope, beyond Death's shadowy bourne,
Kind Heav'n may grant the aids denied them
here.

But sadder still it is to see the Young,
The children of the way-side and the street,
Life's solemn song within them all unsung,
Life's path untrodden by their tender feet,

Confided by their Maker to our hand

In Childhood's helplessness, untutor'd, frail,
Doom'd by our apathy to curse the land,
To flesh the gibbet, and to fill the jail.

For they are still the yielding, plastic clay,

To which our care might give the form we
would ;

It were an insult to High Heaven to say

We could not mould these infant souls to good !

If present methods cannot meet their needs,

For broader means let earnest search begin ;
There must be something wrong in social creeds
That cannot keep " these little ones " from sin.

O Ye who guide the State, and shape the time,

Due culture to this virgin soil accord !
So shall the seed-plot of increasing Crime
Become the fruitful garden of the Lord.

“WHO ART THOU?”



GLORIOUS Stranger! whose persuasive preach-
ing

Hush'd the list'ning crowds on Olive's brow,
As of old outspeaks thy voice, far-reaching,
As of old we ponder thy high teaching,
As of old we ask thee, "Who art thou?"

Comest thou from some far-distant region,
Incarnation of a lordlier life?
Girt about by flaming angel-legion,
And the awful splendours of Religion,
Shining star-like thro' our night of strife?

Dazzled by the halo round thee glowing,
 Thee, the Friendly, Gentle, Brave, and Good,
 Loving zeal thy simple words outgrowing,
 All-forgetful of thy modest showing,
 Of thy mortal grace and lowlihood,

We have raised thee to a mystic station,
 On a gorgeous pedestal, too high
 For our Manhood's daily imitation ;
 Paying thee a barren adoration
 For the heart's obedient loyalty !

It may be, thy wintry advent needing
 To be wrapt about with sterner claim,
 (Prouder sanctions, for thy mission pleading,
 Reverence in grosser natures breeding
 Who had else despised an humbler name,)

That the legendary doctrines, holding
 Thy true worthiness from common sight,
 Were the rough, protecting husk enfolding
 The young forest-bud, till Spring's rich moulding
 Rounds its swelling leaflets to the light.

But the Winter of our fate is blushing
With the radiant promise of the Spring ;
Sparkling streams from founts long frore are
gushing,
Sunny valleys and fair meadows flushing
With the beauty the young seasons bring ;

And I think a kindlier day is nearing,
Day of joy and triumph for our race,
When, ennobled, and no longer fearing
By the claim of brotherhood endearing
To defraud thee of thy rightful place,

We shall see thee, as of old, a brother,
Teacher, model, friend, companion, guide ;
Thee, the offspring of the Sinless Mother,
Thee, a prophecy for every other
Growing to thy likeness at thy side.

Like the light, divinest yet most common,
Like the unpriced, priceless air, thou art ;
Not less worshipful that thou art human,
Made in mortal mould, and born of woman,
Germane to our inmost, homeliest heart !

Ever fresh when Ages have grown hoary,—
 Widening still with their unfolding plan,—
This the crowning lesson of thy story,
This thy noble life's enduring glory,
 Thou hast lived and died a godlike Man.

L I F E.



A BARK that ploughs the wave for evermore,
While still the land recedes that lay before,
And Voices twain that sound from either shore
Still sigh, "Not yet! Not yet!"—"No more! No
more!"

PREPARATION.



THERE is a Temple loving hearts shall build,
And loving hands shall carve, and gem, and gild.
We may not press its threshold with our feet,
Gazing enraptured on its pomp complete ;
Mix with the worshippers in joyous throng
That fill its courts with their exulting song ;
Tread the long vistas of its sounding halls,
And count the shining trophies on its walls—
We may not see its mighty dome arise
On polish'd shafts upspringing to the skies—
Profaned by strife, by selfish doubt and moil,
And judged unworthy of the glorious toil,
We may not even in our little day
Its broad foundations be allow'd to lay—

But we may gather, in our several place,
Materials its future scope to grace,
The gold, the wood, the stone which must be sent
That it may thus the whole Earth represent,—
No gifts so humble but shall nobler show
When into portions of that Fane they grow,
And none so rich but they shall seem more fair
Among the priceless treasures gather'd there,—
All shall be welcome, whether great or small;
The Wise Man cometh who will use them all.

NATURE.



WITH a world-wide Affirmation
From the structure of our Thought—
Older than all demonstration
By the rules of Logic wrought—

We assert one glorious Being
Who the Universe doth fill ;
Worlds of Loving, Thinking, Seeing,
Bodying His Power and Will ;

Of the Present, Past, and Future,
Good and Evil, Woe and Bliss,
Every mode, and form, and creature,
Substance, Source, and Synthesis ;

No beginning and no ending
 Bounding His Infinity ;
Around, above, our comprehending—
 A Divine Necessity.

Spirit from the Soul Eternal,
 Offspring of His Love and Thought,
From His Godhead's Form Supernal
 Matter's wondrous realm outwrought,—

Fitly fashion'd for each other,
 Springing from the Central Roots,
Corresponding, and together
 Shadowing forth His attributes,—

In the Life around us lying
 Both must testify of Him ;
Spirit still through Form supplying
 Picture, lesson, promise, hymn.

Matter born, not less than Spirit,
Of His sole Vitality,
Both alike from Him inherit
Worth and Immortality.

While instinctive Aspiration
Tells of Spirit's deathless Course,
Science shows Continuation,
Endless, of Material Force ;

While the Spirit, still existing,
Lives beyond its earthly range,
Matter still endures, subsisting
Through all accidents of Change ;

While the Spirit-world, unfolding,
Opens to Infinity,
Matter, passing our beholding,
Widens to Immensity ;

While, surmounting all Derangement,
Tow'rd its Type the Spirit tends,
Matter still through new Arrangement
Takes the shape of nobler Ends ;

Spirit, grosser forms material
Quitting through Eternity,
Matter ever more ethereal
Clothes with Actuality ;

Evil, Sorrow, Effort showing
(Through Transition) to its goal,
While the dual life is growing !
Tow'rd the pre-determined Whole.

Form and Substance ! who shall sever
Kinship that no parting knows ?
One in God, and one for ever
In the Life that from Him flows.—

In indissoluble union.

Destined ever to progress ;
Nearing still, in close communion,
Purity and Blessedness ;

Both our love and reverence claiming
In their several degree,
Unto soul and sense proclaiming
Ever-present Deity—

Both, with glory of His giving,
Witnessing His fulness, shine :
Nature is not dead, but living ;
And all Life alike Divine.

SYMBOLS.



FAIN would our thought, as on our way we fare,
Allured by gleams of Life's mysterious Powers,
In meet Expression, or in Image fair,
Enshrine the Infinite, and make it ours.

Enraptured with the brightness of the Sign,
We bow before it with our praise and prayer ;
Vain homage ! while we worship at its shrine,
The Life that fill'd it is no longer there.

The shifting Force, that to the Symbol lent
Its meaning, gone, the empty Form decays ;
A newer, nobler Type must represent
The Fact that grows for ever with our days.

For our Belief still borrows shape and tone
From our attainment, circumstance, and mien ;
And, magnifying features of our own,
Reflects our likeness on the Great Unseen.

The fiendish deities of yore, abhorr'd,
Distorted, reflex of Earth's earlier ills—
The stern, capricious, and vindictive Lord
Whose shadow darken'd o'er Judea's hills—

The fairer Forms Olympian heights reveal'd,
Growth of a kindlier land and clearer skies—
The brooding Presence Eastern dreams conceal'd
In mazes of obscure philosophies—

The stagnant Fate that with the Destined shares
An idle and voluptuous Paradise—
The world-condemning Judge the Church declares,
Pronouncing Doom, demanding Sacrifice—

All witness to the lasting Thought sublime
Deform'd in human periods evil-starr'd ;
Eternal Being dimly seen through Time,
Immortal Truth by mortal Error marr'd.

The purest, loftiest Faith our Reason knows,—
That to THE FATHER reverent homage pays,—
Itself but as a partial symbol shows,
And narrow'd to a passing social phase,

While Heart to Head subordinate remains ;—
The Mother-Sex in bondage to her sons ;—
To change when life a higher point attains,
As upward still the long Progression runs.

For Progress reaches last the noblest things,
And Joy becomes the slow reward of Power ;
With patient toil the Stem from Darkness springs,
Before in upper air unfolds the Flower.

When the keen Intellect and vigorous Arm
Have hewn the path for Love's approaching
feet,—
And Earth, redeem'd from grosser modes of harm,
Has donn'd her festal robes her Queen to
greet,—

Truth shall be seen a Means whose End is Good ;
Upon the Primal Heart our hearts shall call ;
And the broad Love that holds Infinitude
Shall as THE MOTHER be adored of all.

Then,—noble Mothers of a noble Race,—
Born into symmetry of soul and sense,—
Filling the world with forms of Strength and
Grace,
Of Wisdom, Beauty, Love, and Innocence,—

The mystic Twain shall with one glory shine,
Co-equal aspects of one glorious Whole ;
And a new Symbol in that Age divine,
Shall speak the DUAL-PARENT of the Soul.

WORSHIP.



WHATEVER seems most precious in our eyes,
What, for its cost or pleasure, most we prize,—
Moved by an Instinct ancient as the Heart,—

We set apart,
And as an Offering
To God we bring.

Our gentler sires, ere Eden's sunny bowers
Droop'd from the freshness of Life's morning-hours,

Grains, fruits, and flowers,
Gifts for the Unseen Powers,
'Neath odorous shade
On rural altars laid.

The wandering tribes who roam
The boundless plain—whose compass is the sky,
Around whose nomad home
The flocks and herds grow sleek and multiply—

Offer the fatted ram, the goat, the steer,
In sacrifice to Him who rules the Year.
The stern Barbarians, who most delight
 In pomp and war, bring tribute of their spoils,—
Gold, gems, and prisoners taken in the fight—
 The trophies of their prowess and their toils.
More polish'd times, in luxury immersed,
In all the arts of graceful culture versed,
In stately fanes their mythic gods adore,
With costly gifts as various as their store,
And dance and song, and rites unknown before,
And fragrant wine in bright libations pour :
While nations sunk in grossest depths of vice,
Whom basest sensual pleasures most entice,
With shameless orgies would propitiate
The dreaded Arbiter of human fate.
Others, to whose ignoble, coward souls,
 The love of life and safety most appeals,
As on its Car the monstrous Image rolls,
 Gash their own flesh, or fall beneath its wheels.
The Cannibal, with horrid glee
 Battening on a brother's corse,
 Who knows nor pity nor remorse,

Of his obscene repast
A portion offers to his idol;—last
Perverted consciousness of Deity;
Last dim, expiring glimmer of the LIGHT
Before which Angels and Archangels veil their
sight!

In periods of Transition—when the life,
With struggling germs of a new Epoch rife,
Calls for our sternest effort; and the Old
Pales ere the Coming Era we behold;
When Ease were treason, Pleasure were a flaw,
And Abnegation is the highest law—
The scorn of this fair Earth—with bounteous
store

Of blessings wooing us for evermore,—
And of ourselves—so cunningly design'd
In her rich gifts our happiness to find,—
We offer on our Maker's shrine to be
The hard-won proof of our fidelity.
While Labour fills the outcast Paria's place,
Sever'd from Learning, Luxury, and Grace;
And all that's noble, beautiful, and high
Shrinks from his contact as he passes by;—

While each who can afford it others buys
To do the needed tasks that all despise,
And those who can live idle stand confest
Objects of longing envy to the rest,—
While what was meant to be our joy remains
The source of weariness, disgusts, and pains,—
The world will Work a profanation deem,
Will Idleness as highest Good esteem,
And Rest, Repose, will fittest worship seem.
But when, divining our Creator's aim,

Life's hardest, easiest lesson we have learn'd,—
Accounting as our most illustrious name,

Our richest treasures, those ourselves have
earn'd ;—

When Joy with Duty, Use with Beauty, blends,
And they who once were foes have met as
friends ;—

When, sordid cares of mere subsistence past,
Head, Heart, and Hand live their true life at last ;
And Science, Art, as Heaven's exponents shine,
Making our brief earth-sojourn so divine
That we shall find the space to mortals lent
Too scant for our full harvest of content ;

And swift and bright th' electric currents run
As tides that wait upon an inner sun,
And every pulse that beats, each hour that flies,
Sends its own song of gladness to the skies,—
A noble life shall our true worship be ;
And rounded Health, and best Activity,
And purest Beauty, widest Wisdom prove
The measure of the gratitude and love
We render to the Glorious Friend above,
Whose Power in all things round us we perceive,
Whose Love in all the happiness they give.
Best sign of Union, of Religion, here ;
Best preparation for a nobler sphere.

A VISION.



I stood at eve upon a mountain's brow ;
The level sunlight, like a golden veil,
Lay upon field, and lake, and flower, and bough.

Flitted athwart the sky clouds many-hued ;
The whirring plover, and the mourning quail
Scarce marr'd the stillness of the solitude.

The distant city lay in soft repose ;
No voice, no murmur, from the busy mart
Upon the quiet of the hour arose.

I thought of all the conscious tides of life
 Heaving and surging thro' its restless heart,
Of all their hopes, and joys, and fears, and strife ;

The very grace and beauty of the hour
 Waking a sense of contrast in my breast
That from the glorious eve drew darker power.

I thought of Trade, conning, at close of day,
 Within the shelter of his well-plumed nest,
The balance of the ledger's trim array ;

I mark'd the smile upon his lip that play'd,
 The heavy twinkle in his selfish eye,
That told of lucky bargains safely made :

And crowding onward tow'rd that silent room
 I saw the careworn forms that hurried by,
With eager, outstretch'd hand, and brow of gloom,

Seeking the pittance for their week of toil ;
A few poor coins from out the glittering pile
Won by their sinews, weariness, and moil.

I watch'd them homeward to their squalid den,
Where vile conditions make existence vile.
I saw the beggar, abject among men,

Unheeded in the whirl that fill'd the street,
As, hasting forward to the festive throng,
Or quiet home, they press'd with eager feet ;

The proud magnificence of Church and State
Mocking the mass of Misery and Wrong
With splendid contrast of a fairer fate.

But in the shadow of each brighter scene
I saw the glare of fierce and hollow eyes ;
Wretches bent down by want, forlorn and lean,

A ghastly crew ! I watch'd the sempstress pale,
Plying her weary task, 'neath midnight skies,
Till strength, and hope, and waning courage fail.

Neglected, hunger-bitten childhood's tones
Echo'd, profane, unlovely, in mine ear,
Growing to clank of chains, and convicts' groans ;

For Misery can but darken into Crime :
And all my spirit shrank with shuddering fear
As still I watch'd the phantoms of the time ;

The loathsome trades of rapine and of sin
That thrive beneath the covert of the night,
Where human worms from fell Corruption win

The putrid sustenance of their putrid life ;
The treacherous Cunning that abhors the light ;
The hand of Violence ; the murderer's knife ;

Disease, that breathes, impartial, poisonous breath
Alike upon the evil and the good,
Blind minister of Sorrow and of Death ;

And Protean Servitude that drags the Heart
From its self-centering, by Need subdued
To others' will, and lost its nobler part.

Amid the blood-stain'd splendours of the field
I saw the Conqueror ; around him lay,
Lost in one ruin, soldier, steed, and shield ;

And, as I gazed, I heard upon the gale
The plaint of orphans, maidens, far away,
And widows' wild despair, and mothers' wail.

O God ! what horrors crowded on my brain !
I heard the shrieks with which the maniac raves ;
I saw the strong man bow'd in grief and pain ;

I felt the wearying lassitude that weighs
On rich and poor, (the life that Nature craves
Denied to all,) and tarnishes our days.

I saw the soaring Will by care weigh'd down ;
Wrong, Sorrow, and Disorder, everywhere,
Within the borders of that distant town,

And thro' the sin-sick earth ; and then I wept
With a dull, gloomy, questioning despair,
Until, o'er-wearied by sad thoughts, I slept.

* * * * *

In sleep I stood upon that mountain's height
Again, and gazed upon that same fair scene ;
And near me was an Angel, robed in light,

And radiant with Truth and Charity,
Who, looking on me, said, with voice serene,
“ Behold the happiness that yet shall be ! ”

She led me forth, and lo! the fertile earth
Show'd with new beauty 'neath the sunset light;
Fragrance was on the air, and sound of mirth.

A palace rose before me, vast and fair,
With rounded domes, and spires of airy height,
And pillar'd colonnades, and arches rare.

Long lines of windows glitter'd in the sun;
Innumerable groups in bright array
Moved joyful to and fro, their labours done,

Thro' shining porticoes, and stately halls,
Thro' shaded alleys, and thro' gardens gay.
From every quarter, tow'rd the palace-walls,

With banners and with music came the bands
Of busy labourers, who proudly bore
Rich tribute homeward in their willing hands.

R

And little children, reverend sires and dames,
Who scarce could labour yet, or labour more,
Display'd their trophies, and preferr'd their claim ;

Brave men, and noble women, fair and free,
Self-poised, and equal friends, as God design'd ;
And boys and girls in joyous company ;

And each fulfill'd the task that pleased him best,
Jealous to honour that to him assign'd,
And emulous to rival all the rest.

For Toil was Pastime ; Earth a playground fair
Where every age its chosen joy could find,
In field, in forest, or in gay parterre ;

In vast conservatories ; in the care
Of fishes, beasts, or birds, no more confined,
But ranging free thro' water, earth, and air ;

In noble granaries, where treasured stores
Of richest products fill'd each lofty room ;
In glorious workshops, thro' whose ample doors

(But out of hearing of their stately home)
The ringing anvil and the buzzing loom
Made merry music, while the fiery gnome

Who lights the sunbeam, turn'd the busy wheel,
And drove the shaft, and labour'd day and night,
And work'd for lordly Man with arms of steel ;

In gorgeous halls, where every latent shape
Of Use and Beauty that, for Man's delight,
God hides in Matter, (that our skill may drape

Our life in nobleness to speak His praise !)
Was patiently and lovingly outwrought ;
Till, like the sunlight, whose all-generous rays

Flow out on every side and wrap the earth
In splendour, so the force of each was brought
To bless the life of all of mortal birth.

And graceful chariots tow'rd the palace drew
Their fragrant heaps of grains, and fruits, and
flowers ;
And shining air-ships swiftly clove the blue,

Laden with welcome guests from every clime.
Art, Science, Poesy adorn'd the hours
With all the triumphs of recorded Time.

Earth wore a richer green ; and thro' the sky,
Of brighter azure, floated softer gales ;
And strains of sweetest music wander'd by.

I look'd abroad, and saw, o'er deserts waste,
And barren mountain-steeps, and marshy vales,
Resplendent armies, full of ardour, haste,

Before whose peaceful warfare rivers roll
 Refreshing tides, and highways spread their
 arms,
And health and wealth spring up from pole to pole.

And Industry, and Beauty, and Content
 Had banish'd Sloth, and Squalor, and Alarms ;
For all the powers of life to Good were bent.

But now the sun the low horizon near'd,
 And all the joyful people, old and young,
In shining column, line, and square appear'd

With glittering banners, and with music brave ;
 And when he sank, as with one voice, they sung
Their grateful evening hymn, that rose and gave

The glowing heaven with ringing silver sound ;
 The loving hymn each palace-home must raise
At rise and set of sun, thro' earth's wide bound,

That so the list'ning Spheres might hear for aye
From our small planet, to its Maker's praise,
A double song ascend eternally ;

A living chain of harmony and love
To link the earth, thro' nobler life beyond,
To the bright purlieus of the Throne above.

And Earth, the new-born Earth, and Heaven were
one ;
For Life was worship ; and Love's golden bond
Encircled all that lived beneath the sun.

And they, when ceased their swelling orison,
In marshall'd groups with waving flags unfurl'd,
Or friendly gatherings, moved gaily on,

And enter'd now their hospitable home,
Where all the treasures of the bounteous world
Were shared by all who dwelt beneath its dome.

And Night came down, the silent, peaceful Night !

'Mid softest airs, and gentle, fragrant dew,
With unknown stellar glories all alight ;

And quiet Sleep, renewing hearts and eyes

For duties and for pleasures, ever new,
That with the morrow's happy dawn should rise.

Then, smiling, turn'd to me mine Angel-guide ;

“Behold,” she said, “the reign of Love and
Truth,

Of Justice, Order, Liberty, allied.

“Humanity is one ; one heart, one soul ;

And a courageous and all-generous youth
Hath fill'd it with new life, as thro' it roll

“Convictions of its glorious Destiny.

The Present, rich in faith, the Past resolves,
With all its discords, into harmony.

“Be glory,” said the radiant Seraph then,
“Glory to God who thus all doubtings solves,
Peace upon all the earth, goodwill to men!”

I waken'd; and the splendour of that dream
Faded away, as fades eve's purple light
To dawn, more glorious, in the morning's gleam.

For hopes are kindled that can never die;
And the great Future, with triumphant might,
Shall more than fill the boldest Prophecy!

THE END.

Woodfall and Kinder, Printers, Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.

2

solve

"

m

ca

ht

*



