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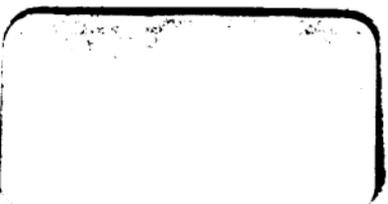
NEDL TRANSFER



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THE
COLLEGE
BEAUTIFUL

C 763.



Light in Park

Kana ball.

Dec. 26. 1887.

Ann.

J. S. E. }

J. P. E. }

c

THE COLLEGE BEAUTIFUL
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

KATHARINE LEE BATES

PRINTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE NORUMBEGA FUND

1887

Kc 763

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THE COLLEGE BEAUTIFUL.

I.

BLUE are the skies, but for flake and
feather
Of floating cloudlet as white as wool ;
Blue they bend in the winsome weather
Over the College Beautiful.

II.

Fair she stands in her fresh apparel
Of scented blossoms and silken leaves
That June, to the tune of the robin's carol,
From the golden threads of the sunshine
weaves.

III.

Dance the daisies a blithe cotillion ;
The oriole, flaunting his orange coat,
Trills and trolls in a green pavilion
Lays of love from a mellow throat.

IV.

Till from rustic doorway the squirrel peeping
Drops his acorn to chide and rail,
Jealous court in the oak-tree keeping,
Canopied under his royal tail.

V.

In and out of the honeyed clover
Sailleth the moth on resplendent wings,
Dusky purples all damasked over
With gold and ruby emblazonings.

VI.

The whispering wind, as it swiftly passes
From elm to hickory, lightly bends
The plummy tops of the dewy grasses,
Making the ferns and the mosses friends,

VII.

And dimples Waban, to mirth beguiling
Those waves where the violets, early missed
By their bluebird poets, dwell sainted, smiling
Up thro' the tremulous amethyst.

VIII.

While over the brink, like a soul that searches
For love divine in a human guise,

Droop the boughs of the silver birches,
Reaching after the mirrored skies.

IX.

But above the blooms and the tufted mosses,
Azure lakelet and dipping spray,
Lifts the College her steadfast crosses,
Pointing ever the heavenward way.

X.

Foster Mother, our hearts confess thee
By love's election their rightful Queen.
Long, oh long may the sweet stars bless thee
With dews baptismal and solemn sheen.

XI.

Long thro' thy silent casements slanted
May the silvery shafts of moonlight fall
On sculptor's dream in the stone enchanted,
Stately pillar and pictured wall.

XII.

Long may the orient sunbeams glisten
On thy laureled busts that, with tranquil
looks,
From their ordered thrones seem still to listen
To the voices sealed in their faded books.

XIII.

Long may the twilight rose and amber,
While the stealthy shadows of night increase,
Flush the walls of thine upper chamber,
The hallowed chamber whose name is Peace.

XIV.

Yet O ye halls and ye arching spaces,
Echoing tones to memory sweet,
Waves reflecting familiar faces,
Wood-paths worn by belovèd feet,

XV.

Pageant of fretted roofs that cluster
On hill and knoll in the branches green,
Ye are but shadow, and not the lustre,
Garment ye of a grace unseen.

XVI.

All our life is confused with fable,
Ever the fact as the phantasy seems :
Yet the world of spirit lies sure and stable,
Under the shows of the world of dreams.

XVII.

Not an idle and false derision
The rocks that crumble, the stars that fail ;
Meaning masketh within the vision,
Shaping the folds of the woven veil.

XVIII.

Regal mountains in purple vested,
Foaming torrents that seaward leap,
Coral isles with their palm-trees crested,
Fleecy clouds where the lightnings sleep,

XIX.

Suns that flame in their crystal dwelling,
Still concealing, must still declare
Glories their splendid pomp excelling,
Truth too pure for our souls to bear.

XX.

Thus where the angels' songs are blending
With the silver sound of the builder's tool,
Year by year are the walls ascending
Of the mystic College, the Beautiful.

XXI.

Ah, light too keen for our wistful glances !
Darkens the vision and words wax cold.
Faintly flash on the spirit's trances
Those marble turrets and fanes of gold,

XXII.

Where far in the fair, ethereal spaces
Of the realm ideal, celestial lands,
The College reared of womanly graces,
Honor and mercy and wisdom stands.

XXIII.

There hoar Learning, forgetful warden,
Leans on his staff and smiling sees
Maidens pillage his thornset garden,
Dreaming of new Hesperides.

XXIV.

And Hope looks forth from her eastern tower
For these, who have fed on the fruits divine,
To return to the radiant gates, with dower
Of fragrant deeds to enwreath the shrine.

XXV.

Not Indian gems nor Sabæan spices,
Silken wefts nor ivories rare
Frosted over with quaint devices,
Are the tribute due at that altar-stair.

XXVI.

Richer the treasure our crypt inherits,
Prayers for lilies, and words of ruth
For odorous balms ; for diamonds, spirits
Iridescent with central truth.

XXVII.

Such gifts were theirs, whose names are spoken
With filial praise in our palace gate,
Their gold and silver but chrismal token
Of lives anointed and consecrate.

XXVIII.

Call them blessèd, whose pure endeavor
Wrought in the world like redeeming leaven.
Blessing shall follow their steps forever,
All the pathway from earth to heaven.

XXIX.

His that already the light hath gilded,
Hers in the shadow that fare alone ;
For well we know on what Rock they builded,
Even on Christ the Corner-Stone.

XXX.

And we, whom the gracious shade embraces
Of the groves they planted, fain would take
On the rising bulwarks our loyal places,
Speeding the labor for love's dear sake.

XXXI.

With soaring arches and gleaming spires
Of aspiration, with cloistered aisles
Where Patience muses her meek desires
And Faith sheds light from her lifted smiles,

XXXII.

On truth's white columns of alabaster,
Meting the walls by the Golden Rule,
After the plan of the All-Wise Master
Building the College Beautiful.

COLLEGE SONG.



ALL hail to the College Beautiful !
 All hail to the Wellesley blue !
 All hail to the girls who are gathering
 pearls
 From the shells that open to few !
 From the shells upcast by the ebbing Past
 On the shores where, faithful and true,
 An earnest band, with the groping hand,
 Are seeking the jewels from under the sand,
 And spreading abroad through the breadth of
 the land
 The name of the Wellesley blue.

CHORUS.

All hail to the College Beautiful !
 All hail to the royal throne,
 Whence, her heart within her burning,
 Silver voiced, far-eyed Learning
 Looks upon her own !

All hail to the College Beautiful !
 All hail to the sacred walls,
 Where, sinking away in shadowy gray,
 Still the sun's last radiance falls !
 Where first on the lake the day-beams
 awake,
 And the Spring's white manacles break.

But flushed in waking or pale in rest,
 With leaves on her hair or with snows on her
 breast,
 Forever the fairest and noblest and best,
 All hail to her sacred walls !

CHORUS.

All hail to the College Beautiful !
 All hail to the royal throne,
 Whence, her heart within her burning,
 Silver-voicèd, far-eyed Learning
 Looks upon her own !

SLEEP.



LAY me down before the rustic gate
 That opens on the shadowed land of
 sleep.

I famish for its fruits and may not wait
 To quaff the drowsy waters cool and deep.
 I knock, O Sleep the Comforter ! Again
 My weakness faints unto thy great caress.
 The circling thought beats blindly through the
 brain
 With dull persistency of barren pain,
 And draws uncertain doubting and distress
 To prove that man unto himself is utter weariness.

Upon these withered grasses is no rest.
Thy crimson-dotted mosses are denied.
In dewy vines I see thy portal dressed,
But know that only on the further side
The purple grapes droop over. Take me in!
I do not fear to trust myself to thee.
Waking and danger are of closer kin,
But what hast thou to do with grief or sin?
Imprisoned from myself, I wander free,
And no resplendent sun of noon grants such
security.

I would not lie to-night so near the bars,
If to thy realm fair entrance I may find,
That through them I might view our mortal
stars
Or hear the passing of our pilgrim wind.
Not even would I wish some gentle friend
To lean against them with a loving face,
For rest and life were never willed to blend,
And as I watched the day unto its end,
So would I sleep the night without a trace
Not only of day's grievousness, but even of its
grace.

Nor spread my couch within thy garden-beds,
Where fairy forms from out the blossoms glance,
And catch the yellow moonlight on their heads
To shift it swiftly in the swaying dance.

Nor wrap my limbs in thine enchanted cloak
Beneath the tree whose hollow shadows teem
With changing faces of fantastic folk
And dim, dissolving shapes, — thy wizard oak
Whose every leaf conceals a fabled dream,
Whose dipping boughs disturb thy hushed and
 holy stream.

But take me to thy kingdom's very heart,
O solemn Sleep, with thee alone to dwell.
In deepest grotto hide me, far apart
From tone or touch, and guard mine eyelids
 well.

Yea, charm the weary senses deaf and blind,
And let me there lie face to face with thee.
So shall the morning cleave the clouds to find
Thy fragrance clinging to my waking mind,
But what thy lips did whisper unto me
I'll bear too fine for consciousness, too deep
 for memory.

Then call my footsteps in, O silent warden,
For even as I plead, night waxes late.
Call thou my feet to rest within the garden
And lift the latches of the rustic gate.
There grant me shelter till the blushing east
Proclaim another sun, whose golden gaze
Shall view me passing, from thy trance released,
With glad heart forth to share the generous
 feast

Of life, to run in God's appointed ways,
 The songs of weariness all hushed in sweeter
 psalms of praise.

CLARA.



SOUL of music and wind,
 So pure from the gates of birth,
 That how could we hope to bind
 The rare and beautiful mind
 To a perishing form of earth ?

She quivered within its hold,
 Yet we loved her, ah, so well,
 That we thought our love might fold
 Her spirit against the cold
 Of this land wherein we dwell.

But still through our tenderest word,
 Through the sea's mysterious tone,
 Through the song of our sweetest bird,
 She listened and ever heard
 An echo beyond our own.

The shadow troubled her sore
 That holdeth our mortal eyes ;
 We weep, for forevermore
 The vision of that dim shore
 In beauty before her lies.

For the voice grew clear in her ears,
While she gladdened our daily sight ;
The shadow slipt from the years,
Till she vanished between our tears
And fled out into the light.

A soul of music and wind,
A spirit of radiant mirth,
A heart that thrilled to its kind,
A life with our lives entwined,
An ecstasy fled from earth.

We meet our loss as we may ;
We turn to our toils again ;
But a glory has passed from the day,
And all that we think or say
Bears a hidden sense of pain.

Yet we look on time's swift stream
No more with a faithless eye,
Nor of life and death can deem
That the sleep forgets the dream,
Who have seen our dear one die.

From the cloud-land whither she passed,
Where her passing left a rift,
A glimmer of light is cast
On our paths, and we hold it fast,
As we treasure her latest gift.

LINES FOR LONGFELLOW'S BIRTH-
DAY.



O the land of granite and ice,
 In the month of frost and snow,
A strain of music from Paradise
 Came seeking a home below.
It entered a child's white heart,
 And the little human tent
Grew to a shrine for its guest divine, —
 The poem the gods had sent.

Now the rocky hills are crossed
 By snatches of happy tune.
The month of darkness and frost
 We honor above the June.
For thou, O poet we love,
 Art the bloom of our northern clime,
And we know that song, through the ages long,
 Is the sweetest fruit of time.

LONGFELLOW: IN MEMORIAM.



LAS, our harp of harps! the instru-
 ment
On whose fine strings the nymph
 Parnassus-bred

Played ever most melodiously is rent,
And all the music fled.

Alas, our torch of truth ! the lofty light
That yet a tender household radiance cast,
And made the cottage as the palace bright,
Is blotted out at last.

Alas, the sweet pure life, that ripened still
To holier thought and more benignant grace,
Hath spread its wings, and who is left to fill
The dear and empty place ?

How poor thou art, O bleak Atlantic coast !
How barren all thy hills, my mother-land !
Where now amid the nations is thy boast,
And where thy Delphic band ?

Of that bright group who sang among thy wheat,
And cheered thy reapers lest their brown arms
tire,
Whom ermined Europe raised a hand to greet,
As princes of the lyre,

The first have fallen, and the others wait,
The snow of years on each beloved head,
With weary feet before the sunset gate
That opens toward the Dead.

And who abides to sing away our pain,
As these our bards we carry to their rest?
We need thy comfort for the tears that rain,
 O poet, on thy breast.

It is our earth, where prophet steps grow few,
For which we weep, and not, O harper gray,
For thee, who caroled from the morning dew
 To noontide of the day,

Nor left thy task when twilight down the wall
Stole silently in shadowy flakes and bars,
And whose clear tones, while night enfolded all,
 Sang on beneath the stars.

The knights and dames had bent their heads to
 list,
The serving-maids were hearkening from the
 stair,
And little childish faces, mother-kissed,
 Had flocked about thy chair,

When ceased thy fingers in the strings to weave,
O'er thine anointed sight the eyelids fell ;
And thou wert sleeping, who from dawn to eve
 Hadst wrought so wondrous well.

O gentle minstrel, may thy rest be deep
And tranquil, as thy working-tide was long,

Our lonely hearts will grudge thee not thy
 sleep,
 Who grudged us not thy song.

TO SHELLEY.

Born near Horsham, Sussex, August 4, 1792. Drowned
 in the Bay of Spezzia, July 8, 1822.

I.



WHENE'ER I hear the wind, I think
 of thee,
 O Shelley, bird of most aerial note,
 Who pouredst kindred songs from thy
 clear throat,
 As passion wild, impetuous, and free,
 As shrill with sudden ecstacies of glee
 And hoarse with human agonies which smote
 Thy gentlest heart till it would fain devote
 Its music unto man's captivity.
 For thou wouldst have all chains of pride and
 fear,
 Which rust the willing spirit where they bind,
 Dissolved in love, as shadows disappear
 Before the sun ; to evil unresigned,
 Urging the nobler discontent we hear
 In all the restless voices of the wind.

Those sable-vested harbingers
Of melancholy guest.

We smiled on him for love of these,
With eyes that swift grew dim to scan
Beneath the veil of courteous ease
The faith-forsaken man.

To his sad gaze the weary shows
And fashions of our vain estate,
Our shallow pain and false repose,
Our barren love and hate,

Are shadows in a land of graves,
Where creeds, the bubbles of a dream,
Flash each and fade, like melting waves
Upon a moonlight stream.

Yet loyal to his own despair,
Erect beneath a darkened sky,
He deems the thorniest truth more fair
Than any gilded lie ;

And stands, the spectre of his age,
With hopeless hands that bind the sheaf,
Claiming God's work without His wage,
The bard of unbelief.

MUSARUM SACERDOS.



HO called himself your priest, Immortal Choir?

Not Dante, though in ruddiest altar-flame

He plunged his torch, and bore it through the shame

Of deepening hell to domes of starry fire,
 In steadfast temple-service. Not that sire
 Of glorious chant, our Milton, he who came
 With solemn tread and vestments purged from
 blame

To swing the censer of divine desire.
 But Horace, sipping at your crystal spring
 As lightly as he quaffed his Sabine wine,
 Caught up that lute, about whose golden string
 The rose and myrtle he was deft to twine,
 And sweetly sang, in pauses of the feast,
 "The poet is the gods' anointed priest."

MR. EDWARD OLNEY, SIR.



R. Edward Olney, Sir,
 Of me you shall not win renown;
 You thought to write an Algebra
 For pastime ere your sun went down.

You 're not the child to draw it mild.
The very Sphinx your pen inspired ;
The father of an hundred woes,
You are not one to be admired.

Mr. Edward Olney, Sir,
I know you proud to evolve your surds ;
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to count myself three-thirds.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that bounds to truer glee ;
A single line of Thomas Hood
Is worth a dozen formulæ.

Mr. Edward Olney, Sir,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For could I mete the Milky Way,
I would not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could cube,
And my disdain is my reply ;
Your stovepipe hat upon the nail
Is not more stiff to you than I.

Mr. Edward Olney, Sir,
You bring strange sights before my eye :
Not thrice your birthday cakes have baked,
Since I beheld young Phœbe cry.
Oh, your curved lines ! your minus signs !
A great professor you may be,

But there was that upon her cheek
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Mr. Edward Olney, Sir,
When thus she met her mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you ;
Indeed, I heard one bitter word
That scarce could justly be defined.
Her sentence lacked the accurate terms,
That stamp a mathematic mind.

Mr. Edward Olney, Sir,
A spectre haunts your college-walk,
The guilt of tears is at your door,
You changed a wholesome heart to chalk.
You fixed the course without remorse,
Regardless of her sore lament,
And when the day of trial came,
You slew her with an eight per cent.

Trust me, Edward Olney, Sir,
Orion and the Pleiades,
From the blue heavens above us bent,
Smile at your minutes and degrees.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'T is only fair ourselves to please ;
Dry eyes are more than decimals,
And happy hearts than indices.

I know you, Edward Olney, Sir,
 You pine among your roots and powers ;
 The rolling light of your red eyes
 Is weary of the languid hours.
 'Mid wondering trains, with boundless brains,
 But sickening of a vague disease,
 You know so ill to factor time,
 You needs must play such pranks as these.

Edward, Edward Olney, Sir,
 If time hangs heavy on your hands,
 Are there no hinges off your gate,
 Nor any weeds upon your lands ?
 Oh, teach your little girl to bake,
 Or teach your little boy to hoe !
 Pray heaven for a human heart,
 And let the foolish freshmen go.

GEOLOGY MADE EASY.

“ Write me then
 As one who loves his fellowmen.”



TELL a tale which makes me pale
 For its dismal recollections,
 That coming classes may avail
 Themselves of its inflections.

I coned the rocks with an anxious eye,
A student meek and docile,
When a distant whisper floated by,
"Oh, come and be a fossil!"

Farewell the Cenozoic Age,
With all its toiling daughters!
Wise Time turned back his yellow page;
I swam in ancient waters.

And first I met in the aching void
The solemn Eozoon,
And only the stem of the salt Crinoid
Vibrated to my moan.

"I'm lonely in the world," I cried,
And shouted o'er and o'er,
But not a Rhizopod replied
From the silent Protozoa.

The Graptolite and the Trilobite
To a gladder temper won me,
But oh, for the Orthoceretite,
And the smile he smiled upon me!

"Thou Brachiopod, art mollusk or worm?"
I asked with a mixed sensation,
But I fled from the frivolous Placoderm,
Nor lingered for conversation.

I blushed to hear the Ganoid wail ;
He sobbed, " I 'm not a stoic,
And I 've lost my vertebrated tail
In the early Mesozoic."

But I scoffed and longed for a Teliost,
With the most intense of wishes ;
For my sympathies had all been lost
On those queer Devonian fishes.

The Belemnite and the Polyp weird
Exceedingly did act ill,
And from the Lepidodendron jeered
The bitter Pterodactyl.

I sought to rest on the marshy shore,
Where the Labyrinthodonts amble,
But I heard the hoarse Batrachian roar
'Neath a cryptogamic bramble.

Yet the sedimentary fear I name
And my igneous indignation,
By a metamorphic move, became
A quite distinct formation.

The beast I saw was shy and small,
No elephant or camel,
'T was only a marsupial,
But oh ! it was a mammal !

I leapt for joy, but hope deceives ;
With heat he seemed to swelter,
The Cycad 'neath her fronded leaves
In vain proposed a shelter.

He scorned that generous Gymnosperm ;
No Conifer revived him ;
He vanished, never to return ;
His jaw alone survived him.

The sombre Sigillaria sighed ;
He would not linger for us,
And only to our calls replied
The winsome Ichthyosaurus.

“Too bad !” the Saurian murmured, “but
He'll surely come to-morrow ;”
While down the drear Connecticut
The Dinosaur marched in sorrow.

But soon Herbivores arose,
Nor far behind the Lemur ;
And some that had too many toes,
Which gave a proud demeanor.

But now I mourned my task begun,
The country grew so hilly ;
I did n't like the Mastodon,
And found the glaciers chilly.

My gentle temper had been wrecked,
That used to be so placid.
I had a headache, the effect
Of much carbonic acid.

“ My bones,” I said, “ from toil you can
Find only one vacation ;
Before the coming Age of Man,
Try solidification.

“ A modest shale or argillyte
Would make a pleasing closet,
Or in a sober syenite
Your relics I ’ll deposit.”

“ Not so,” says Fate ; “ you ’ll have to wait ;
I can’t accept your datum.
Geology prepares her late
And most distressing stratum.

“ A future race shall seek your place,
Your geologic station,
And find your last imbedded trace
In the examination.”

CONSIDER THE LILIES.



N dewy hedge and thicket dim
The birds have trilled their matin
hymn.

The sun hath journeyed on his way
Far from the ruby gates of day.

Then lift your lovely looks. Awake,
O dreaming buds of Waban Lake!
The only missing grace supply
To dipping boughs and mirrored sky.

No bee enticed from honeyed wood,
No golden-belted Robin Hood
Shall, turning pirate, do offence
To your unveiled innocence.

Hush! one by one and two by two,
They sparkle on the waters blue,
A sweet and stainless sisterhood,
Surpassing all similitude.

So may my heart in waking praise
The Giver of benignant days,
With morning blossoms fresh and fair,
The pure resolve, the fragrant prayer.

THE ORGANIST.



LOWLY I circle the dim, dizzy stair,
 Wrapt in my cloak's gray fold,
 Holding my heart lest it throb to the
 air

Its radiant secret, for though I be old,
 Though I totter and rock like a ship in the
 wind,
 And the sunbeams come unto me broken and
 blind,
 Yet my spirit drinks youth from the treasure we
 hold,
 Richer than gold.

Princes below me, lips wet from the wine
 Hush at my organ's swell;
 Ladies applaud me with clappings as fine
 As showers that splash in a musical well.
 But their ears only hear mighty melodies ringing,
 And their souls never know 't is my angel there
 singing,
 That the grand organ-angel awakes in his cell
 Under my spell.

There in the midst of the wandering pipes,
 Far from the gleaming keys,

And the organ-front with its gilded stripes,
My glorious angel lies sleeping at ease.
And the hand of a stranger may beat at his
gate,
And the ear of a stranger may listen and wait,
But he only cries in his pain for these,
Witless to please.

Angel, my angel, the old man's hand
Knoweth thy silver way ;
I loose thy lips from their silence-band
And over thy heart-strings my fingers play,
While the song peals forth from thy mellow-
throat,
And my spirit climbs on the climbing note,
Till I mingle thy tone with the tones away,
Over the day.

So I look up as I follow the tone,
Up with my dim old eyes,
And I wonder if organs have angels alone,
Or if, as my fancy might almost surmise,
Each man in his heart folds an angel with
wings,
An angel that slumbers, but wakens and sings,
When thrilled by the touch that is sympathy-
wise,
Bidding it rise.

WATCHING THE WEDDING.



WHO can tell me where I'm going,
 Tell a little maid like me,
 With her fingers worn for sewing,
 But her soul as full of glee
 As of scented, blushing blossoms yonder twisted
 apple-tree.

For perchance my life is twisted
 Out of shape in so much thread ;
 I was never firmly-wristed,
 With a steady back and head,
 And you taste so many stitches in a single loaf
 of bread.

And by eve my arms grow tired,
 Underneath their level stare,
 Shaping folds to be admired
 On these ladies, who are fair.
 Would we look so white, I wonder, if we had
 such silks to wear.

For to serve another's beauty
 All the days when you are young,
 And to do a mirror's duty,
 With the ever-praising tongue ;
 — Would you rather sing, red robin, or like
 sometimes to be sung ?

I forget — to stain with sorrow
This clear-colored holiday.
Yesterday and the to-morrow
Have no robin on their spray.
Can you tell me where I'm going, winding
down the woodland way ?

No, Sir Squirrel, you've no notion,
With your bushy tail a-swell.
You may make a fine commotion
In the branches where you dwell.
You may chatter till the nuts fall. I can keep
my secret well.

Holding back these saplings pliant,
I can catch a perfume sweet ;
I can see my rock, the giant,
Crouching in the noonday heat,
With the last pale Mayflowers dying clustered
round his shaggy feet.

And above there is the highway,
And beyond there is the church.
They will not be looking my way,
Even if this friendly birch
Did not shield me as completely as a bird upon
her perch.

Little dreameth she who lingers
Here, and thou — thou dreamest less,

Bonny bridegroom, what small fingers
Wrought thy lady's wedding-dress,
Who the mysteries might whisper of that bridal
loveliness ?

I may laugh, — 't is close and shady, —
Workmanship will have its pride,
And I fashioned yon fair lady,
Sewing stitches in my side.
Youth is good and love is better, but the satin
makes the bride.

Now they come. I hear the voices,
And the merry church-bells ring,
While the very wood rejoices,
For the birds fly up to sing.
Hush! to weep upon their coming were a
wicked welcoming.

I will shape my lips to kindness,
Smiling on them, ere they go.
It were sudden cure for blindness
To behold them pacing so,
She with modest, drooping lashes, he with eager
looks aglow.

Bonny bridegroom, art thou idle
In my craft, when all is said ?
Dost thou weave no raiment bridal
For the lady thou shalt wed ?

34 *WATCHING THE WEDDING.*

Dost thou shape her true-love vesture, sewing
with a golden thread ?

Prithee, brother artist, speed me
With a little of thy skill.
For I fear thou dost exceed me,
And my labor shows but ill.
Yet— oh, shame if thy seam parteth, while my
dull thread holdeth still !

So I praise a shining treasure,
If no nearer than a star.
So I steal a bitter pleasure,
Watching weddings from afar.
But before the little seamstress long and dim
the pathways are.

Nay ! my robin is turned raven,
And his wings were feathered wrong.
Certes, he is but a craven,
Who would sing me such a song.
I will run again and seek him. I will search
the lane along.

I may find my fate's redressing ;
I may meet a crooked witch,
Or a statue, white with blessing,
Wandered from its Roman niche,
Or a folded bud to blossom even while I sit and
stitch.

MEMORIAL DAY.



STREW blossoms on their graves, for
this is well —

Pale roses and the sweet-lipped violet ;
The pansy, still with tears of memory
wet ;

And lilies of the valley, wont to knell
The fairies' requiem in the wooded dell ;
Sad heliotrope and tender mignonette,
Frail tokens that our land doth not forget
The hero sons who for her honor fell.
But O my brothers ! even while ye stoop
These flowers to scatter, be it yours to pay
A better homage. Quit your greed and shame ;
Purge our high places, lest our banner droop,
Soiled by the touch of men less pure than they
Whose loyal blood once cleansed our nation's
name.

MINE OWN COUNTRY.



MANY the lands that the true-hearted
honor ;

Many the banners that blow on the
sea ;

Ah, but one country, — God's blessing upon
her! —

Ah, but one only is precious to me ;
Dear for her mountains, rock-based, cloudy-
crested,

Hooded with snow 'mid the ardors of June,
— Haunts where the bald-headed eagle has
nested,

Staring full hard on his neighbor, the moon ;
Dear for her vineyards and jessamine gardens,

Forests of fir-trees and sugar-cane brakes ;

Dear for her oceans, her twin gray wardens,

Dear for her girdle of sapphire lakes ;

Dear for her southwind the prairie that crosses,

Rippling the wheat like a sunshiny sea ;

Nay, I could kiss but the least of her mosses,

All for the love of mine own countrie.

Veins of fine gold and ribs of strong iron,

Coal-hoards of centuries, fair-fruited trees,

Jewels that gleam like the bulwarks of Zion, —

Least of her wealth may be counted in these.

Richer she deemeth the hearts she inherits

Strung by those valorous pilgrims of God,

Who wrested their bread from the rock, till
their spirits

Hardened to mate with the granite they trod.

Peace to the homespun, the heroes who wore it,

Whose patriot passion in stormy career

Swept back the redcoats seaward before it,
Like wind-driven leaves in the wane of the
year.

Peace be to each who embellished her story,
Struck with the sabre or prayed on the knee,
Sat in her council or sung of her glory,
All for the love of mine own countrie.

Tell me not now of the blots that bestain
her

Beautiful vestments, that sully the white.

If by my tears she were aught the gainer,
Fain would I weep for her day and night ;
If by my blood I could purge her forever
From shame of the Indian, shame of the
slave,

Would I shower it forth in as ruddy a river
As ever crusader for Holy Land gave.

Fair is the star, though the mists may dim her ;
Mists are fleeting, but stars endure ;
Soon, full soon, shall the golden glimmer
Wax to a splendor superb and pure.

Fling to the breezes the star-spangled banner,
Greet it with cheers to the three times three.
Smiles chase tears in the good old manner,
All for the love of mine own countrie.

Land of Promise ! By one hearth kneeling,
Long for thy peace may thy sons agree !

May dews of health and shadows of healing
 Fall from the leaves of thy Liberty Tree !
 Dare to be noble, my nation. Go fashion
 Deeds that thine angel record not with ruth.
 Wear on thy heart the white rose of compas-
 sion,
 Conquer thy foes by forbearance and truth.
 Still by the need of thy sires storm-driven,
 Glad in strange waters their vessels to moor
 Open thy gates, O thou favored of Heaven,
 Open them wide to the homeless and poor.
 So shall the peoples, from ocean to ocean,
 Bring precious tribute of blessing to thee.
 So shall thy children yield loyal devotion,
 All for the love of mine own countrie.

THE SONGS OF THE FUTURE.



AMERICA, my mother and my queen,
 Thou living Presence that art some-
 thing more
 Than cloud-enfolded hills or foam-lit shore,
 Or steepled towns, yet silent and unseen,
 Save as thou lendest to this garment sheen
 The impress of that grace for which men pour
 Dear blood in battle, toward the Delphic door
 Of the closed centuries I feel thee lean,
 Young, eager, beautiful, to know thy fates.

One fate is told. This money-maddened throng
 Moves to the twilight of its troubled day,
 And high souls stand without yon shadowy
 gates,
 Thy flame-crowned bards, no echo-voices they,
 Whose lips shall flood the waiting world with
 song.

A SONG OF WAKING.



THE maple buds are red, are red,
 The robin's call is sweet ;
 The blue sky floats above thy head,
 The violets kiss thy feet.
 The sun paints emeralds on the spray,
 And sapphires on the lake ;
 A million wings unfold to-day,
 A million flowers awake.

Their starry cups the cowslips lift
 To catch the golden light,
 And like a spirit fresh from shrift
 The cherry-tree is white.
 The innocent looks up with eyes
 That know no deeper shade
 Than falls from wings of butterflies,
 Too fair to make afraid.

With long, green raiment blown and wet,
The willows, hand in hand,
Lean low to teach the rivulet
What trees may understand
Of murmurous tune and idle dance,
With broken rhymes whose flow
A poet's ear shall catch, perchance,
A score of miles below.

Across the sky to fairy-realm
There sails a cloud-born ship,
A wind-sprite standeth at the helm
With laughter on his lip.
The melting masts are tipped with gold ;
The broidered pennons stream.
The vessel beareth in her hold
The lading of a dream.

It is the hour to rend thy chains,
The blossom-time of souls.
Yield all the rest to cares and pains ;
To-day delight controls.
Gird on thy glory and thy pride,
For growth is of the sun ;
Expand thy wings, whate'er betide,
The summer is begun.

THE PRAISE OF NATURE.

I.



MOTHER Nature, look upon thine
own !

From men and cities and the thronging
ways

We come to fall before thy gracious throne,

In this deep solitude, where thou wilt raise
Our burdened hearts, bewildered with the bliss
And changing anguish of tumultuous days,

To thy pure heights of peace. Ah, mother,
kiss

The fever from our lips that lost their song
When they forgot thy touch, as seabirds miss

The passion of their wings when human wrong
Hath borne them inland from their natal spray.
Calm goddess, speak thy word that maketh
strong,

While o'er our wearied brows light shadows
play,
Dropt from the leaves that fleck the azure day.

II.

Lo, the delight of Nature! Ye who feel
Yourselves but slaves beneath the blind control
Of Circumstance, and bear his insolent heel

On your submissive necks, who yield the soul
To the despondent hour that wasteth it,
Forgetting how on rude and paltry scroll

Fair signs and sacred words may yet be writ,
Come to our joyous mother! Where she leads
Her fleecy streamlets down the hillsides, sit

And let the dawning wind that wakes the reeds
Refresh your heavy lids, whilst ye behold
How sunshine revels in the lowliest weeds,

And only human growths refuse to fold,
In narrow cups their heritage of gold.

III.

And ye who bow before the Commonplace, —
A generous peasant but a clownish king, —
Return to Nature, till the oldtime grace

Flow once again from that sequestered spring,
Deep in the dim recesses of the heart,
Where each man hides a poet. Would ye
bring

Food to his famished lips, forsake the mart,
And through the forest guide your haunted feet.
No curious nymph may thrust the boughs apart

With dewy arm ; the Dryads grow discreet,
And scarcely is there found a modern breeze
So swift that it may catch the echoes sweet

Of laughter delicate within the trees.
Yet spirits fill the wood for him who sees.

IV.

Yea, for the souls in pain our goddess waits
With healing symbols. See her ocean beat
On barren sands and foam in rocky straits

With unavailing flow and vain retreat.
A restless breast that hoary pilgrim hath ;
Dead faces touch it coldly, and his feet

Rage round the frozen shores with fruitless
wrath,
To escape his bondage. But yon moon, as chill
As some relentless conscience, points the path,

And, moaning, he obeys. Look higher still.
Within those circling spheres are fiery wars,
And yet their beauteous orbits they fulfill.

So teach us, mother, o'er our throbbing scars,
The silence and the glory of the stars.

NON NOBIS SOLUM.



NOT for ourselves alone !
The universal tone
Of Nature thus our poor self-seeking
chideth.

There lives no bloom that in sweet chalice
hideth

Her scent, no star but his wan gleam divideth
With leaf and wayside stone.
Not for ourselves alone !

Not for ourselves alone !
Beneath God's burning throne
The ethereal soul was clothed with form and
feeling

To work some earthly task of cheer or healing,
Strike out some spark of noble deeds, revealing
The flame whence all are blown.
Not for ourselves alone !

Not for ourselves alone !
The seeds our hands have sown
Shall yield their harvest to a younger reaper.
We battle, heirs of many a church-yard sleeper.

For scions to come, whose sworded thoughts
 strike deeper
 Than any we have known.
 Not for ourselves alone !

Not for ourselves alone !
 O spirit, overgrown
 With tangled wrongs and strange confusions,
 bruising
 The wings of thy first faith, take courage, losing
 Thyself to find thyself, in patience choosing
 This watchword as thine own, —
 Not for ourselves alone !

ONCE AND AGAIN.

 O a lonely lake 'mid the high hills hid-
 den,
 In the golden hush of the afternoon,
 A poet came, as a guest long bidden,
 With dust-dimmed raiment and wayworn
 shoon.

Sly Time had stolen his cheeks' first flushes ;
 As the early dawning his brow was wan ;
 And his sudden steps from the silent rushes
 Scared the swan.

For when before had the wild swan hearkened
 The falling foot of a human guest ?

When had man's wavering shadow darkened
The bending rushes above her nest ?
Once and again are her calm years numbered,
Since the poet knelt by the lake's blue brink,
And his red lips, kissing the lilies that slumbered,
Laughed to drink.

Then was his spirit with song upwelling,
As a silver brook in the sunny time.
His fancies flew to their native dwelling
In shapes of beauty and sounds of rhyme.
A thousand thoughts grew green in the hedges,
And rippled for him on the wind-blown mere,
And the dewdrop left on the daisy's edges
Held a sphere.

When the wine o'erfloweth, hasten to drink it,
Lest thy thirst shall find but the bitter lees.
Ere the deep waves whelm and the dark storms
sink it,
Sail thy ship for the purple seas.
Few are the mortals who wrest the story
From the tight-shut fingers of Fame, the
strong ;
Fewest of few for whose coming, glory
Waiteth long.

Alas for the poet ! his feet are whitened
With the trodden dust of the hard high road.

Alas for men ! whom he might have lightened
 By mirth and music of half their load.
 Will he sit him down in the long-lost places,
 And with sad eyes dazed by the shine of gold,
 Read Nature's soul in her stranger faces
 Known of old ?

Will his wistful heart weave aforetime visions
 From floating drifts in the dreamy sky ?
 Or, wrapt in the web of the world's derisions,
 Is the bold hope bowed that has soared so
 high ?
 It is fled as the foam that the brief wave crested.
 There is nothing left in the poet's view
 Save the circling swan which glides, white-
 breasted,
 On the blue.

RAINY DAYS.



THE Spring Day rose from her sleeping
 In the deep, dim caverns of mist,
 With the waiting world to be keeping
 Her brief and beautiful tryst.
 But her sweet eyes opened weeping,
 As the sunshine their pale lids kissed,
 And thus she arose from her sleeping
 In the caverns of eastern mist.

The World had dreamed of the meeting
 From the first of the farthest years,
 But her hand was cold to his greeting,
 And her cheeks were bitter with tears.
 Her voice was the wind, repeating
 The pain of the heart that hears,
 But the World was glad of the meeting
 To the last of the lingering years.

For forth from her tears came flowers,
 And out of her grief delight ;
 The buds swelled under the showers,
 The blossoms, with sandals white,
 Climbed up to their greenwood bowers
 From the broken seeds and night.
 But who could foretell the flowers,
 Or see in the grief delight ?

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.



H, the golden sunshine crept through
 the autumn trees and slept
 On her shining head bowed meekly
 coming from the house of God,
 And along the woodland road, wending to her
 new abode,
 Where the April wind had sowed, laughed
 the nodding golden-rod.

Thus my grandsire led his bride, lily-robed and
gentian-eyed,

Past the brook that sang unceasing her new
name in silver tone,

Underneath the maple grove, where the leaves
such carpet wove,

As their jealous blushes strove to surpass the
lady's own,

To a cottage, woodbine-thatched, whose rude
door his hand unlatched,

While above the drooping eyelids with their
dreamy smile below,

Close he bent his comely head, — so the gossip
squirrels said,

Peeping through the oak-leaves red, fifty
happy years ago.

For their love white plumage lent to the days
of their content,

And so swift the singing seasons flew before
their wedded feet,

That themselves might scarcely know where the
sunbeams met the snow,

And the blossoms ceased to blow in the
shadow of the wheat.

Thus their youth ran into age, and albeit their
pilgrimage

Knew full many a thorn-set passage where
they fainted as they trod,
When the brooding sunset light flooded every
vale and height,
All the way seemed golden bright, in the con-
stant smile of God.

And my grandsire, looking back o'er the long,
illumined track,
Counting fifty years like jewels in his mar-
riage diadem,
Stooped anew to kiss the brows of his worn
and withered spouse,
Calling all his scattered house to return and
feast with them.

Straight we flocked from east and west back to
the forsaken nest,
Some with storm-beat crests; and others
graced by gentle, dove-like ways;
Eagle hearts and pinions strong; twilight voices
sweet of song,
And the twittering broods that throng on the
leafy summer sprays.

From the north and south we came, all the
children of his name,
Blown like autumn leaves together homeward
to the parent tree,

And he blest us one and each in his quaint, un-
lettered speech,
Praying all our feet might reach mansions by
the crystal sea.

Then with smiles and tender tears, honoring the
garnered years,
We in turn our costly tokens did with loving
hands unfold,
But the old man turned him where little faces
pressed his chair,
For the gifts he counted fair were those
clustering heads of gold.

Yet with pitying eyes and dim looked the wed-
ding-guests on him,
Stepping softly like sojourners in a conse-
crated place,
For the weary, white-haired bride lay in pain
till eventide,
And before the dawn she died, smiling in her
husband's face.

Noiselessly on plumes of flame to their sister
angels came,
All the starlight flushed with angels, lifting
her beyond the stars,
Where the golden harp she bears echoes down
the jasper stairs,

And the golden crown she wears glimmers
through the pearly bars.

Oh, once more the sunshine crept through the
Autumn trees and slept

On her faded hands crossed meekly borne
from out the house of God,

And beside the woodland road wending to her
last abode,

Where the April wind had sowed, wept the
dewy golden-rod.

OUR BABY.



WHAT is most like her, our baby sweet,
Strayed from the skies on yester-even,
So newly come that her dimpled feet
Still are missed in the gate of Heaven,
Where the angels kissed them and bade them
go.

What is most like her? Don't you know?

The bud of a rose, — of a moss-rose, fair,
Flushed and dainty, a folded flower,
The blossom a woman is fain to wear
Over the heart. May sun and shower
Brim her cup to the overflow
With dewy perfumes, if this be so.

Or call her rather a nestling dove
That fluttered down through the moonlight
 amber,

To be brooded under the wings of love
Here in a hushed and happy chamber.
May never a stain of our earth below
Dim her plumage, if this be so.

Or else I deem her a spell-bound lute,
Unconscious yet of her songful mission,
The silver melodies sealed and mute,
Waiting the breath of the sweet musician,
Even of Life. May Grief and Woe
Melt in her music, if this be so.

I liken her unto a pearl, — a pearl
From seas of trouble. But whist, my numbers !
What strains are these for our baby-girl,
Shut like a star in a mist of slumbers ?
They vex her dreams with their tuneless flow.
She heard the angels a night ago.

SLEEPING BESSIE.



IGHTLY tread who come to peep
At the little maiden's sleep.
Let your steps the carpet cross,
Soft as sunshine over moss,
Lest her dream should suffer loss.

Hushed the baby lies, so late
Entered through the crystal gate
That a calm and holy grace,
Borrowed from some blessed place,
Shineth still within her face.

Lashes, laid in slumber meek,
Fringe with gold a tender cheek,
Tinted like the dewy sprays
Of the blossomed peach, whose praise
Floods the robin's roundelays.

And as if a white-rose tree
Dropped its daintiest petal, se
How the dimpled hand gleams fair
Through the ripples of her hair,
Clasped by angels unaware.

Who shall sing her cradle-song?
Silver streams would do her wrong;
Whispering leaves are over rude,
And the twitter in the wood
From the linnet's nestling brood.

Flowers we shed, in lieu of speech,
With a blessing shut in each,
Culled at dawn from emerald dells,
Where the wild bee longest dwells,
Cradled deep in honey bells.

Strew the sweets above her rest,
Only hearts-ease on the breast,
By our potent sylvan art
Charming thus the budding heart
From all thorny sting and smart.

On the blue eyes, curtained fast,
Blue forget-me-nots we cast.
Mayflowers pink we scatter free
O'er the feet. On hill and lea
Fragrant may their treading be !

Last of all are lilies given,
That the maiden soul to Heaven
May uplift its chalice white,
Where the teardrops of the night
Turn to pearls with dawning light.

Nay ; but here there bendeth one
Doth out-bless our benison.
Deepest love is purest prayer,
Mounting high the starry stair
To the Love beyond compare.

See ! she stirs. The dimple dips
All about the drowsy lips.
Bonny dreams blue eyes beguile
Not so well but mother's smile
Shall to waking reconcile.

UNFORGIVEN.

HAST thou brought the kiss that for-
 giveth wrong
 To his lips too cold to ask it?
 Didst thou deem the buds he missed so long
 Would blossom upon his casket?
 In the heaven-gate he may scarcely wait
 To look on thy last love-token,
 Now that the silver cord is loosed
 And the golden bowl is broken.

The silver cord, the shining cord,
 With all thine heart-strings woven
 Is rent away, and by fiery sword
 Thy mail of pride is cloven.
 No tears so salt can cleanse thy fault,
 And the bitter words once spoken,
 Long ere the silver cord was loosed,
 Or the golden bowl was broken.

The bowl that stood with thirsty brim
 From off its shattered edges
 Lets slip thy wine of love, too dim
 With old forgotten pledges.
 Too late, too late for love or hate.
 Be our words of pardon spoken,
 Or ever the silver cord is loosed,
 Or the golden bowl is broken.

SEEKING THE SPRING.



TWO shepherds sate in a cavern gate
 And plained for the frozen rills,
 The pale clouds low with the heavy
 snow,
 And the flock-forsaken hills.
 Their empty pipes on their silent lips
 Lay chill as the icy spears
 That grow where the snow from the tree-bough
 drips
 Like a wood-nymph's falling tears,
 A nymph hid dark in the rugged bark
 From the unbelieving years.

"I will go," saith one, "to seek the Sun,
 And his daughter, the Spring, to spy,
 In the windy east where they lie and feast
 In a nook of the misted sky."
 So he clasped his pipe to his songless breast,
 The shepherd who sought the Spring,
 And left his fellow to scorn the quest
 And wait for her steps to bring
 The music gift that his heart should lift
 To the level where high hearts sing.

'Neath the morning star, by the ocean far,
 The seeker the Spring did find.

With a timid grace she had hid her face
In a veil of inwoven wind,
Where shining raindrops, and calls of birds,
And odors of buds awake,
Touched the shepherd's lips with a sense of
words,
And he sang, for the Spring's sweet sake,
Till the snow-bound woods and the frosted
floods
The chains of their bondage brake.

Then the Spring danced on till her white feet
shone
On the slope of the western wave,
And the shepherd rose from his dim repose,
Who had slumbered within the cave ;
But every blossom had seen the Spring
And was brimmed with her scent and hue,
And every thrush in his leafy swing
Knew all that the shepherd knew.
Who would care to hear, though he carolled
clear,
When the soft spring breezes blew ?

OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND.

I.



E are at sea, at sea, at sea,
Still floating onward dreamily.
The isles and capes fall far behind,
Blown backward by the salty wind.
The sky her sapphire chalice turns
Upon the deep, which gleams and burns
With sunlight ; in the midst we ride,
A fleck upon the sheeny tide.
Millions of sparkles leap and dance,
Above the blinding, blue expanse ;
And on the round horizon-rim
The ghosts of vessels dawn and dim.
Beneath our bended glances break
The splendors of the restless wake.
We watch the iris-shedding wheel ;
We hear the swift melodious keel,
And wonder, when with placid eye
Some strange sea-monarch plunges by
Between his waves in marshaled file
That doff their white-plumed caps the while.

II.

We are at sea, at sea, at sea,
Still floating onward dreamily.

What is this marvel that is wrought
 Within our silent haunts of thought?
 We hail no ships of roseate shells;
 We catch no mermaid's bridal bells;
 No siren's song with yearning stirs
 The souls of drifting mariners.
 The world, alas! hath waxed too wise
 To trust her cradle lullabies.
 And nevermore her feet may stand
 In moonlight glades of fairyland.
 Yet on the main whose gray heart beat
 Beneath the westward-sailing fleet
 That bore Columbus, 'neath the sun
 That shone on builded Babylon,
 Ourselves unto ourselves grow strange,
 Made conscious of our mortal change.
 We are the dream, and only we,
 'Twixt the enduring sky and sea.

UNDER THE SNOWS.



UNDER the drifted snows, with weeping
 and holy rite,
 For a little maid's repose let the
 lonely bed be dight.
 Cold is the cradle cover our pitiful hands fold
 over
 The heart that had won repose or ever it knew
 delight.

High are the heavens and steep to us who
 would enter in
 By the fasts that our faint hearts keep and the
 thorn-set crowns we win.
 Sweetly the child awaketh, brightly the day-
 dawn breaketh
 On the eyes that fell asleep or ever they looked
 on sin.

FLIGHT.



RAY shadows roughen all the sea,
 The birds are met on rock and tree,
 But no debate of love or hate
 Doth sway this busy company.

Ah, what impatient pulses beat
 In those poised wings, what sudden heat
 To quit the isle whose April smile
 The blithe nest-builders found so sweet !

The silent, dark, unswerving line,
 Obedient to the impulse fine,
 Begins its flight at shut of night
 Across the leagues of bitter brine.

Before them lie the gardens fair
 With balm and bloom and purple air.

They leave behind the boding wind,
The frosted fields, the branches bare.

Frail lovers of the languid rose,
A nobler joy yon raven knows,
That dares abide the wintry tide
And revel in the blinding snows.

Thou, too, O soul, disdain to flee
Where siren ease would beckon thee.
In stress and strain and battle-pain,
Win thou thy peace by victory.

THE CHAMBER OF PEACE.

“Windows that looked toward the Sun-Rising, and the name of that chamber was Peace.”



N that volume penned in prison
For the faith of Christ arisen,
On that web of golden fancies
Spun in holy Bunyan's trances,
Long I mused a Sabbath even,
Weary with the march toward heaven.

Even as Christian, once benighted,
Sloth-betrayed and sore affrighted
For the roaring of the lion,
Darkling trod the path to Zion.

But for him, though long belated,
Still the wide-swung portals waited ;

Still the gracious, white-robed maiden
Welcomed in the heavy-laden.
And in slumber-haunted chamber,
Facing orient skies of amber,
From his grief he found release,
For that chamber's name was Peace.

Lord of Pilgrims, be entreated
Still to succor souls defeated !
Wash our stains more white than wool
In thy Palace Beautiful,
That our tears awhile may cease,
Resting in thy perfect peace.

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.



HE sun hath returned to the land
And the breath of his coming is
sweet.

The wood-trees eagerly stand,
Their brown arms reaching for heat.
The white lights quiver and shiver
And flash and leap on the river,
And the snow-strips wax fainter and fair,
Till I fain would lie silent, forever and aye,

Held close to the breast of the radiant day
And fed with her odorous air.

But the sun demandeth his song
And the waters are wooing a praise,
And methinks that my heart groweth strong
In the promise and pride of the days.
And my mouth that has gnawed on the vines
Winter-beaten and faded and cold,
Is athirst for the harvested wines
And the fair-fashioned vessels of gold,
Which the goddess of life shall hold to the lips,
Ere the changing earth in the shadow dips,
And the hours of light are told.

The sunshine strikes down to my soul,
And my soul reaches up to the sun.
Farewell to the days of thy dole,
For the days of thy triumph are won,
O Faith, and thy wings are alight
With the morning that follows the night.
Forgotten are winter and death,
In the power and presence of God,
For the murmuring winds are his breath,
And in blossoms He treadeth the sod.

But the sun demandeth his song
And the waters are wooing a praise,
And methinks that my heart groweth strong
In the promise and pride of the days.

And my mouth that has gnawed on the vines
 Winter-beaten and faded and cold,
 Is athirst for the harvested wines
 And the fair-fashioned vessels of gold,
 Which the goddess of truth shall hold to the
 lips
 Ere the passing soul in the shadow dips
 And the hours of life are told.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.



WHEN the birds have hushed their
 choirs,
 Through the sunset's rifted fires,
 Like a queenly diadem
 Gleam afar the golden spires
 Of the New Jerusalem.

Thorny be our path and sterile,
 There is rest from pain and peril,
 Where with many a flashing gem,
 Jasper, chrysolite, and beryl,
 Shines the New Jerusalem.

Not for these my heart beats faster,
 But for her ascended Master.
 Oh, to touch his garment's hem
 In the courts of alabaster,
 In the New Jerusalem!

AZRAEL.



F all the angels whose melodious breath
The Sapphire Throne with praise en-
compasseth,

Amid that rainbow-plumed, ecstatic choir
Most beautiful art thou, benignant Death.

For we who dwell beneath this cloudy tent
Some changing years, are all too early spent
By covert griefs that fret the heart like fire,
Our staffs soon broken and our sandals
rent.

Though sweet the grace of moon-enchanted
night
And day serene in amethystine light,
Matched with the joys of sense, our souls rise
higher,
And human tears may shut the stars from
sight.

But, awful Friend, the touch of thy chill palm
Falls on the fevered heart like healing balm,
Till fitful bliss, keen pain and wild desire
Lie hushed together in most holy calm.

What though thy cup, with dark devices chased,
 Strike pallor down the lip, to mortal taste
 So passing bitter with the Stygian mire
 And nightshade plucked on sad Cimmerian
 waste ?

Yet when the mystic veil about thee rolled
 Shifts for a fleeting space its sable fold,
 Blown by the flame of the funereal pyre,
 Thy vesture gleams of bright, celestial gold.

Gloom-mantled herald of the light to be,
 Thy dusky wings that spread from sea to sea
 Hide us from evil, and thy sword, though
 dire
 The sweeping blade, sets sorrow's captives free.

Of all the angels whose melodious breath
 The Sapphire Throne with praise encompasseth,
 Amid that rainbow-plumed, ecstatic choir
 Most beautiful art thou, benignant Death.

THE REMONSTRANCE.



EARLY of life? But what if death
 To new confusion bids ?
 Who knows if labor ends with breath,
 Or tears with folded lids ?

The spirit still may miss of rest,
Though oft the daisies blow
Above the hushed and darkened breast
Shut close from sun and snow.

Those halls, all curiously planned,
Lie void, but whither thence
Hath fled the tenant? Shall the wand
Of peace her dews dispense

In equal share to hearts that beat
Undaunted till the even,
And rebels whose unbidden feet
Would storm the heights of heaven?

Perchance no soul shall taste of sleep
Until its task be sped.
The charge the living failed to keep
Goes over to the dead.

One perfect and mysterious Will
Threads all this mortal maze,
And calls each human voice to fill
Some silent note of praise.

The shadowy, as the sunlit hours,
That holy Will confess.
Death holds no secret slumber-bowers
For our unfaithfulness.

Then while the morning still is fair,
The earth-winds o'er thee play,
Speed on the Master's work, and bear
The burden of thy day.

Ay, welcome each new toil and pain,
The fiery angels sent
To teach our harps their golden strain,
While yet in banishment ;

Lest e'en for thee, whose steps may roam
Far in some tangled glade,
When all the sons of God flock home,
The feast should be delayed.

For, oh ! too long, too long we fare
Without our Father's gate.
"Thy kingdom come !" is all our prayer,
And still it cometh late.

Not wrath, dear Lord, thy mercy seals.
Our own unrighteous hands
Hold back thy shining chariot-wheels,
And rob the wistful lands.

For none shall walk in perfect white
Till every soul be clean ;
So close for sorrow and delight
These human spirits lean.

But thou go forth and do thy deed,
 In forest and in town,
 Nor sigh for ease, while pain and need
 Are plucking at thy gown.

And thus, when bitter turneth sweet,
 And every heart is blest,
 Perchance to thee God's hand shall mete
 His unimagined rest.

THE NEW YEAR.



LONG foretold by those prophets old,
 The sun, the moon, and the stars,
 The New Year waits at Time's high
 gates

And clashes the golden bars.
 And the soul of the world awakens and gropes
 In a twilight glimmer of fears and hopes,
 As a new wave breaks on the beaten shores,
 As a new foot falls on the trodden floors,
 And a New Year stands with uplifted hands
 In the light of the opened doors.

All uncrowned, with his hair unbound,
 His white hair loose on the wind,
 The Old Year goes to his long repose,
 But he casts his gifts behind.

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And he bears our curses, he carries our thanks, 9
 As he takes his place in the pilgrim ranks 9
 Of the dim-eyed years who journey along, 8
 Shrilling us back a discordant song, 6
 That mingles and blends with the distance, and 9
 ends
 In a harmony soft and strong. 6

Long foretold, in the morning cold, 6
 With pain and music and mirth, 6
 The New Year gleams on the broken dreams 8
 Of the fast-revolving earth. 5
 A secret, a change, and a mystery, 7
 What hath not been and what is to be, 9
 Nourished and cherished and hidden away, 6
 Saved by Time for this ripening day, 7
 To work a deed forever decreed 6
 And a mission it must obey. 6

All unknown, it is thou alone 6
 Who canst tell thine errand aright, 6
 A whispered thought when the world was not 8
 And a sign made in the night. 7
 Far from the touch of our vain surmise, 8
 In thy folded hours thy meaning lies, 7
 To some for blessing, to some for curse, 8
 Yet none would thy destined dawn disperse, 7
 For it works in the plan that is more than man 11
 And is well for the universe. 6

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