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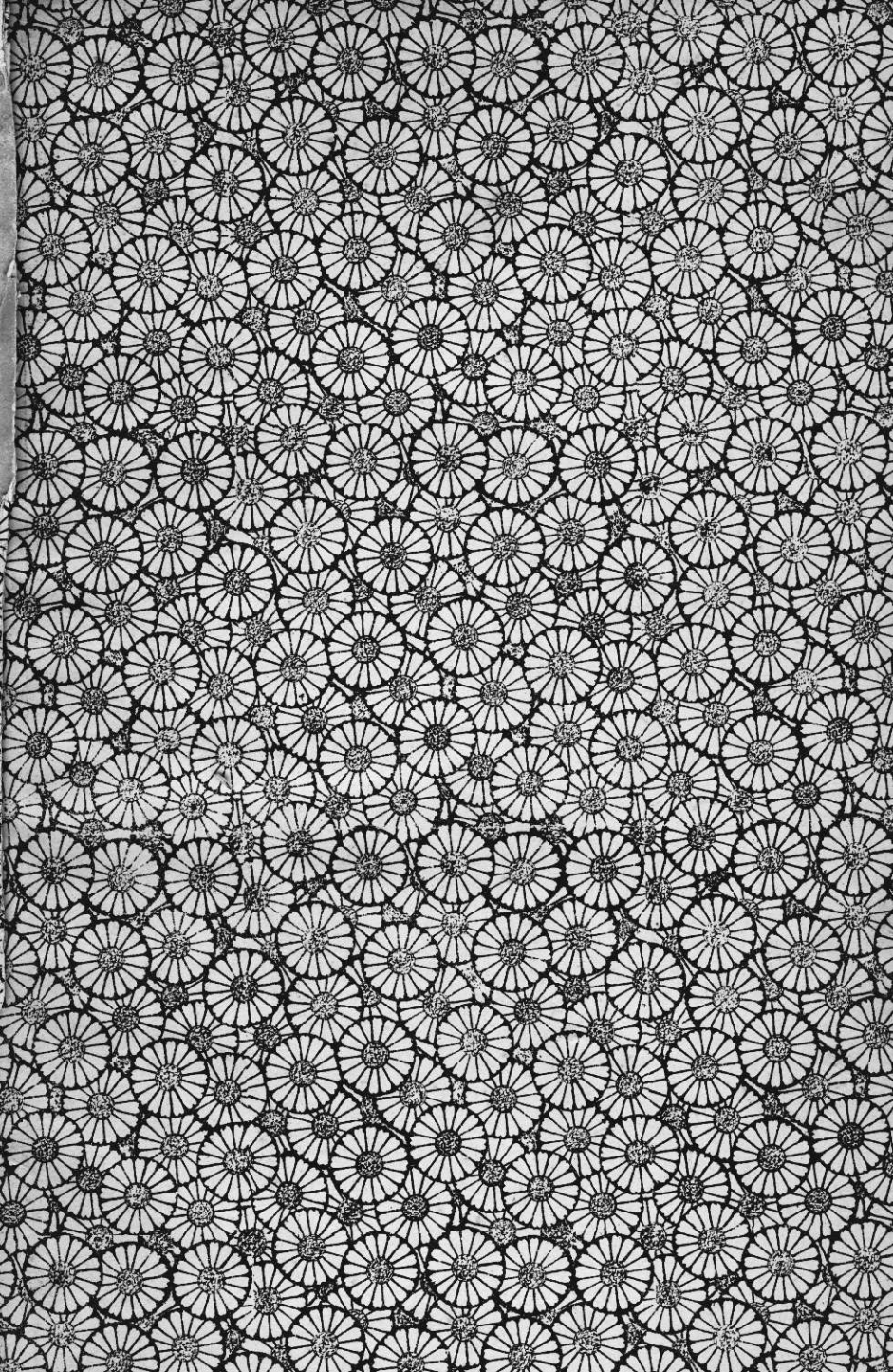
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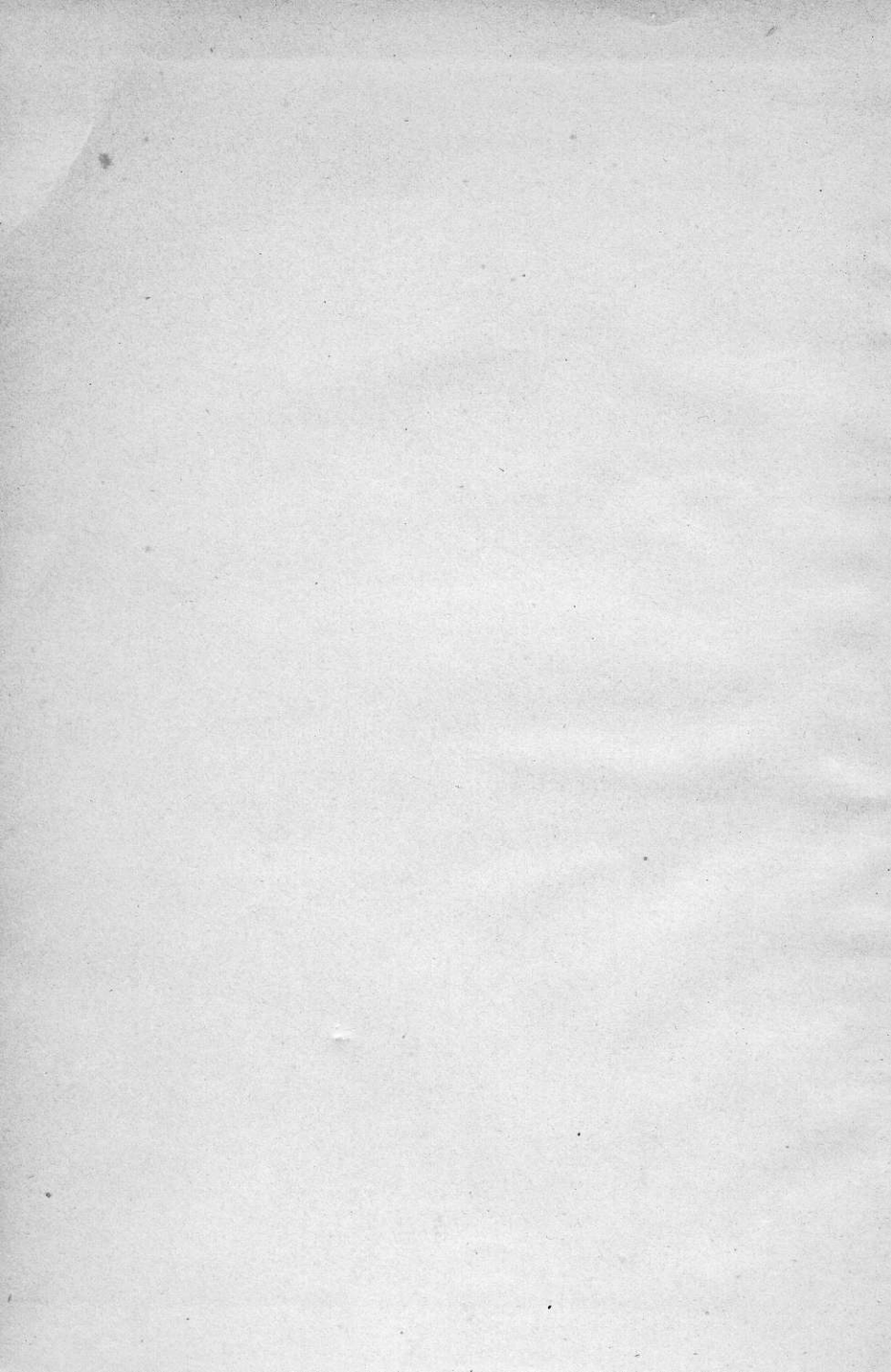
My dear Sir:

I send, to you care
as Librarian, a small
package of books, which
I beg to present to the
Indiana Ministry, -
some of them, I think, are
presented before, but
I suppose were destroyed
by the last destruction
fire.

Yours truly

Horace P. Biddle





LAST POEMS.



Painted by Latta Tullin

Eng. by E. C. Williams & Bro. N.Y.

Truly yours
Norae P. Biddle

LAST POEMS.

BY
eters
HORACE P. BIDDLE.
"

Bold as the eagle dare; true as the turtle sing!

CINCINNATI:
ROBERT CLARKE & CO.

1882.
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16 May 1871

PREFATORY NOTE.

The poems in this volume were principally written since the year 1872. A few of them were written before that time, and two or three about fifty years ago. None of the author's poems included in the volumes heretofore published are reprinted in this. With the exception of a few that appeared in periodicals and magazines, or got into the newspapers, all the poems in this volume are now published for the first time.

TO THE MUSES.

Ye Beautiful, ye Nine, where do ye dwell?

And can your haunts only be seen afar?

May we approach ye not? O, who can tell

Me on what rock or laureled mount, or where,
On flowery plain, in woods, or shady dell,

On the green earth, or in the bluey air,

My eyes may see your beauty; for they long

For one sweet glimpse to aid my laboring song.

Where—in blue ether, or the burning star,

In sky, or cloud, or earth, or in the sea;

Above, below, here, there, or near, or far;

In cave, on mountain peak, or flowery lea;
On rock or wave, in waste or rich parterre;

In darkness, light, in time, eternity—

Dost dwell the True, the Good, the Beautiful?

Tell me, sweet Spirit, breathe it to my soul!

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PART I.

OBJECTIVE.

I.

Objective.

The West.

AWAY to the boundless West, away ;
Over the prairies wide,
And far in the forest, lovely Mae,
Come, be your Willie's bride—
Away, away in the West !

Where the oceans nurse a continent,
And wash its golden shores ;
Where mountains with the clouds are blent,
And many a torrent pours—
Away, away in the West !

Where rivers sweep round half the world
And wind through fertile plains,
O'er which the silvery clouds are curled
That sprinkle their genial rains—
Away, away in the West !

Where lakes repose and fountains spring,
And flowers bloom o'er the lea ;
Where forests grow and tendrils cling
And flourish so wild and free—
Away, away in the West !

Where the cooling brook in summer flows
To refresh the panting herds,
And in autumn leaves fly from the boughs,
Like bevvies of golden birds—
Away, away in the West !

And where, in winter, the mountain snow
Gives back its glittering sheen
To the sun that warms the vale below,
And gilds the enchanting scene—
Away, away in the West !

Where nature in luxuriant growth,
Untouched by defacing hand,
Shows us her beauty and her youth
So gracefully and grand—
Away, away in the West !

Bland is the air that wraps the scene ;
And skies, cerulean blue,

Bend down at morn and eve serene,
Tinged with a golden hue—
Away, away in the West!

The day that makes all nature glad,
In triumph marches on,
And night in soberer mantle clad
Presides in her starry crown—
Away, away in the West!

There thou shalt be a reigning queen,
And hold thy scepter true
O'er golden fields and meadows green
That glitter in sun and dew—
Away, away in the West!

Rubies thy bosom shall bedeck,
Bright pendants shall hang down,
Diamonds shall light thy snowy neck
And glitter upon thy crown—
Away, away in the West!

There thou shalt ride a charger fleet,
And guide him brave and bold;
His teeth shall champ a silver bit,
His hoofs shall tread on gold—
Away, away, in the West!

The deer, the elk, and the buffalo
Shall lay at thy feet a prize,
The panther shall fall beneath thy blow
Never again to rise—

Away, away in the West !

The beaver and bear shall yield their fur,
The wolf shall lose his hate,
The mountain-cat shall gently pur,
And, harmless, play at thy feet—

Away, away in the West !

The mild-eyed antelope shall come,
And herds shall yield their milk ;
The wild goats' fleece shall fill thy loom,
And the worms shall spin thee silk—

Away, away in the West !

Over the plains thy flocks shall roam,
And birds sing in the bowers,
And bees shall build thee honey-comb
Gathered from native flowers—

Away, away in the West !

Wild game shall give thee a dainty dish,
And nests shall yield their hoard ;

And waters shall give thee delicious fish
To furnish thy plenteous board—
Away, away in the West !

The tree shall bend to the autumn's blast,
And shed its nuts so brown ;
And thy sweet lips rich juice shall taste
Where purple grapes hang down—
Away, away in the West !

The native chiefs shall worship thee
As coming from the sun,
And to the savage thou shalt be
A pure and holy one—
Away, away in the West !

There thou shalt tame the snowy swan,
By love so sweetly led ;
And thou shalt have the cygnet's down
To make thee a bridal bed—
Away, away in the West !

There we will hear the eagle scream,
And listen to the dove,
And there we will live the halcyon dream
Of courage, honor, and love—
Away, away in the West !

She flew to the boundless West away,
Over the prairie wide,
And far in the forest, lovely Mae,
Was her own Willie's bride—
Away, away in the West !

Song of the Pioneer.

O, FLY to the wildwood, as free as the swallow,
Where Nature is seen in her primitive birth,
As made by the Hand that holds in its hollow
The seas and the mountains, the heavens and earth !

What though the brown hill is not whitened with flocks,
Or the pipe of the shepherd plays not to the morn ?
Yet the wild deer is bounding o'er moss-covered rocks,
And the strong, merry huntsman is winding his horn.

What though the rich shock of the field is not seen,
Or the corn of the vale rustles not in the breeze ?
Yet the prairie unfolds its wide carpet of green,
And the nut that is sweeter grows wild on the trees !

What though the proud bird that regales on the sheaf,
At Aurora's bright coming blows not his shrill horn ?

Yet the bird of the tree shakes the drop from the leaf,
As he mounts on his pinions and sings to the morn !

Here the grand forest oak spreads his branches in pride,
While the sweet sugar-maple waves near his strong
arm ;

He stands, like a lover protecting his bride,
As she smiles on him sweetly, thus shielded from harm !

At eve comes the moon, and her chaste, silver light
Softly sleeps on the flowers that deck the gray lawn,
Till roused, as the sun comes to banish the night,
When his kiss makes them blush like a bride at the
dawn !

Come, fly to the wild-wood, as free as the swallow,
Where Nature is seen in her primitive birth,
As made by the Hand that holds in its hollow
The seas and the mountains, the heavens and earth !



Spring Time.

WHEN spring-flowers blossom the song-birds will come—
The roses are silent, the blue-bells are dumb ;
But the plumage of birds and the beauty of flowers,
With fragrance and song, will enliven the bowers.

The earth will be green and the sky will be blue,
All nature will waken and burst forth anew,
All beings created will lift up their voice,
The mountains will echo and streams will rejoice.

The sun, on his journey, will cherish the fields,
And kiss the bright waves that glitter like shields ;
Fresh showers will fall when the clouds spread their
wings,
And fountains, pellucid, will leap from their springs.

When low sink the sunbeams the moonlight will shine,
And starlight will twinkle like gems from the mine,
The dew-drops will answer the rays from above,
And hearts will respond to the hearts that they love!

The First Violet.

A LITTLE blue flower has opened its eye,
Awakened all fresh in its bed ;
It has no perfume, nor sweets for the bee,
And modestly bows down its head !

Unkissed by the light or the warmth of the sun,
A chilly and pale little thing,
Just peeping to see if winter is gone,
And catch the soft breath of the spring !

And there, in its nook, quite out of the way,
It springs where no rival is nigh ;
Though hid in the shade from the glow of the day,
It wins its soft tint from the sky !

Neglected among the gay bowers of earth,
And often denied even room,
Uncultured by man, who sees not its worth—
'Tis God who invites it to bloom !

Ungathered Flowers.

How beautiful ungathered flowers
That deck the field and lawn,
How sweetly in the wildwood bowers,
They light the rosy dawn !

Here nature twines the vine and bush
With her life-giving hand,
And grants the flowers her own sweet blush
To beautify the land ;

But, pluck them from their living stems
And bear them to the shade,
No more you see their native gems—
For soon they wilt and fade.

'Tis so with beauty in its home,
Though humble it may be ;
Transplant it to the lofty dome,
No more the charm you see !

Flower and Fruit.

SEE the tender blossom springing,
Earnest of the promise bringing;
Opening in the summer flower,
Blushing in the vale and bower;
Waiting, as one bound in duty,
Till the zephyr seeks its beauty.
Deep within her teeming bosom
Nature loves in bud and blossom.

See the flower of summer fading
As the autumn sun is shading—
With its tints of marvelous power—
Forest, meadow, shrub, and bower.
Soon behold the laden branches
Yield their fruits ere winter blanches.
Guided by unconscious reasons,
Nature's passions are the seasons!

The Loves of the Flowers.

WHY has Love wings, if not to fly?
Why are the flowers so beautiful,
If not to show their sweetest dye?
Are they for bees alone to cull?

The flowers are generous with their love;
They never hoard, but yield their sweets;
The fairest in the field or grove
Bend to Love's kisses as he greets.

They do not leave their bowery home;
By this their constancy is proved;
They languish till the zephyrs come,
And only ask to be beloved.

From tiniest stem to towering tree
The flowers are blest by Love's sweet kiss;
Love does not rob them as the bee,
But leaves them richer for the bliss!

Where the Water-cresses Grow.

WHERE the water-cresses grow,
There I saw—as white as snow,
All begemmed with dew—a hand
Waving such a sweet command
That the tender water-cresses
Seemed to love its soft caresses.

Not a jewel on its fingers,
Yet the flashing light that lingers
Round a diamond is not sweeter
Than their beauty, although fleeter;
Bright as sunlight on the mountain,
Shining on the dimpled fountain.

Timidly, alone I wandered
Where the cresses grow, and pondered
O'er that hand and its fair owner—
Could the sun not make it browner?
Would she come again, or no,
Where the water-cresses grow?

In a cottage not afar,
By the path across the bar,

There I sought that gentle hand—
Winning it at Love's command.
Now, no more alone I go
Where the water-cresses grow !

Home.

I WATCH the waters running by,
And hear the zephyrs in the trees ;
I trace the fleecy clouds on high
That float upon the fragrant breeze.

Beyond the hills and far away,
It seems that skies are ever blue—
That Love there breathes his sweetest lay
To hearts most tender, brave, and true.

But, when to distant scenes I'm led,
The skies do not appear so fair ;
Yet, see ! their loveliness has fled
To my own hills, and settled there.

Ah, give me still my cherished home,
Whatever troubles there befall ;
Though dark and stormy clouds may come,
It is the dearest spot of all !

Creation.

WHEN I go forth to meet the dawn,
And find the squirrel on the tree,
Or rabbit limping o'er the lawn—
So tame and gentle, yet so free;
While yet the dew is on the flower,
Before the sun calls out the bee—
While birds are singing in the bower—
How grand Creation is to me!

The morning comes, and cheerful day
Breaks o'er the mountain and the lea
Nature awakes her murmuring lay,
And whispers to the flower and tree.
And while the sun rolls on in state—
Fulfilling his grand embassy,
At early dawn or evening late,
How grand Creation is to me!

And when the heat is on the glade,
That quivers like a rippling sea,
And I, reclining in the shade
Of my own green umbrageous tree;

And when I feel the zephyr's wing,
Or hear a gentle voice of glee,
Or look upon some lovely thing—
How grand Creation is to me!

I listen to the harp's sweet sound,
And to the viol's melody,
Whose chords of harmony, unbound,
Awake the soul to ecstasy;
I hear the organ's louder peal
Blend with a softer minstrelsy,
And as upon my ear they steal—
How grand Creation is to me!

All things of beauty are akin,
In earth or sky, on land or sea;
They are but links of one vast chain
That binds us to eternity;
And when I hear their soft accords,
And know how sweetly they agree,
And feel my thoughts too deep for words,
How grand Creation is to me!

The universe is beautiful,
For truth and goodness there agree;
It fills my yearning heart and soul,
And brings pure joy and peace to me.

I watch the twilight's fading gleam,
And night steal softly o'er the lea,
Then lay me on my couch and dream—
How grand Creation is to me!

When I awake, to gaze on night,
That shrouds the stars and shades the sea,
To watch the moon, with softened light
That gilds the ocean, land, and tree;
While orbs untold, with silent force,
Directed by the Deity,
In harmony obey their course—
How grand Creation is to me!

When mind thus teaches me to know
That earth is like the star we see,
That suns afar forever glow,
That darkness must forever flee;
When boundless space and endless time—
Infinity, eternity—
Exalt my soul to the sublime,
How grand Creation is to me!

The Lamcless One.

As fresh as the dew in the morning,
As light as the bird on the wing,
As sweet as the flowers adorning
The hills and the valleys in spring.
The maples seem bright with her presence,
She adds a new light to their shade ;
The birds warble out acquiescence,
And stay—for they seem not afraid.

Her form is as lithe as the willow
That plays with the breeze on the lawn ;
As wavy and soft as the billow,
And neat as the limbs of a fawn.
She trips o'er the meadow so lightly
The posies forget where she treads ;
She reigns in the bower so brightly
The roses hang down their sweet heads.

Her voice o'er the landscape is ringing,
The winds bear its music along,
As sweet as the nightingale singing
Her love-taught, melodious song.

She loosens her rich, raven tresses,
That spread out like wings to the air;
They fall on her shoulders in masses,
And lodge on her bosom so fair.

Her locks cast a shade o'er her forehead
As softly as cloud-shadows fly;
Her cheeks blush as though they had borrowed
Their tints from the light of the sky.
Her brow is all bright with reflection,
Her bosom as warm as the nest
That nurses young swallows; affection
And purity dwell in her breast.

Her lips, like the dew-laden flower,
Sweets richer than nectar disclose;
And when her bright smile lights the bower
They ope like the bud of the rose.
Her dark eyes can sparkle or languish,
O'ershaded with lashes so long;
They weep o'er a story of anguish,
And flash at the mention of wrong.

How many rich, delicate graces,
That language can never reveal,
Her countenance sweetly expresses,
Unconscious of telling a tale.

Her innocence—genial and sunny,
All turbulent wishes reprove;
As bees out of poison make honey,
She turns all our passions to love.

The truest and best that is human
Their light to her beauty impart,
The purest and sweetest in woman
Are guides to her mind and her heart.
So beautiful, gentle, and blameless,
So pleasing, so artless, and true;
Such worth must forever be nameless,
Such loveliness ever be new!



Ada.

Ah ! she is nature's own sweet child,
So pure in mind and heart,
Still unsuspecting, unbeguiled,
And all unspoiled by art !

Health beats within her rounded zone
And glows in every vein ;
Her bosom is a living throne,
Where sweet affections reign !

Her golden hair, in rippling waves
Flows softly o'er her brow ;
Her snowy shoulders, where it laves,
Peer just a little through !

Cheeks that outblush the morning rose,
A brow that rivals snow,
Lips that the ruby's tints disclose—
These need no penciled glow !

A gentle breast that knows no sin,
In faith and virtue strong ;

It keeps its modesty within,
And never dreams of wrong!

There is no sin or wrong in truth,
Whate'er the form it takes;
Her sparkling eyes and rosy mouth
Reveal it ere she speaks!

Her virgin heart and mind of light,
Her soft, sweet, winning tone,
With many a nameless charm unite,
And blend them all in one.

She needs not fashion's narrow rule
To guide her feet secure;
Her wildest ways are beautiful,
Her freest thoughts are pure!

There is a cadence in her step,
Her very motions rhyme;
And there is music in her lip,
Her language is a chime!

Such beauty needs no artful wile
Its dignity to prove;
It needs no taught or practiced smile
To win and keep our love!

She brings us confidence and joy,
And leaves sweet memories—
A pleasure that can never cloy,
A charm that never dies!

And only nature can impart
A grace so beautiful;
It springs from purity of heart,
And dwells within the soul!

Eva.

God whispers to the little bird
The mode to use its wing,
And by His voice, though all unheard,
Instructs it how to sing!

- He paints the leaflets and the flowers,
And bids them cheer the grove;
He gives to Nature all her powers,
And binds them fast in love!

Then will He from our presence hide,
And leave the heart untaught,

And in His care forget to guide
The grandest work He wrought?

The songs of birds from yonder tree,
The flowers that cheer the wood,
And hearts of innocence and glee,
All praise the living God !

And if ye know our Father's words,
Fear not the sparrow's fall.
Let Eva play midst flowers and birds,
The loveliest of them all!

The Untutored Maiden.

HER form grew up uncorseted,
Her limbs unbound and free,
And, yet, she never forfeited
A lady's modesty.

No silly etiquette directs her,
And no fastidious art ;
No false security protects her—
'T is her own woman's heart.

'T is honest blood that rushes
 Around her heart and cheek ;
'T is health that paints her blushes,
 And truth that bids her speak.

Though all untaught by fashion,
 How well she acts her part ;
She knows no grov'ling passion—
 How delicate her heart !

Lovely, Merry, Laughing Girl.

MOLD of beauty, warm and chaste,
Naught but duty rules her breast.

Auburn ringlets, laughing love,
Soft as winglets of the dove.

Eyes, whose flashes clear and bright,
Through their lashes show their light.

Ideas ponder o'er her brow,
Veinlets wander 'neath its snow.

Thoughts that fit each gentle word,
Voice as sweet as song of bird.

Love's sweet glories light her cheeks,
Telling stories ere she speaks.

Bosom chary lest it sins,
Love must tarry ere he wins.

Lips of cherry, hiding pearl—
Lovely, merry, laughing girl.

The Vestal.

FORM of grace, and robed so neatly,
Winning face that dimples sweetly!

Hands and arms like alabaster,
Virgin charms could not be chaster!

Pearly fingers twining posies,
Fragrance lingers round the roses!

Sweet foreboders of her breathing
Are the odors she is wreathing!

Honeyed lip, no flower is sweeter;
Bees might sip, mistaking nature!

Sweet her voice as viols ringing,
Birds rejoice to hear her singing!

Ringlets drop if she unloose them,
But they stop upon her bosom!

There they play on that white pillow
As the spray upon a billow;

And they cover brows of beauty
Where a lover learns his duty.

Beaming eyes and fair complexion,
Breast that sighs with fond affection;

Eyes as bright as stars of Heaven,
Whence the light of love is given;

Soft and clear, and true and winning
As the tear in love's beginning!

Bosom swelling with emotion,
Half concealing her devotion!

She would hide her modest blushes
When the tide of feeling gushes;

But, too full and deep the torrent
For the soul to check the current.

If her beauty could not tame us
Love and duty would reclaim us!

Is this being true and real
Or but seeing the ideal?

She is real, and as pure as
The ideal of the houris!

Innocent as lamb or dove is,
Reverent as saintly love is!

Mortals know her as a vestal,
Angels woo her as celestial!

The One I Love.

O, WHAT is as fair as the coming morn
On rosy sandals walking the lea,
And what is as sweet as the blooming thorn,
Where birds are singing their matin glee?
Fairer than the coming morn,
Brighter than its sandals worn,
Sweeter than the blooming thorn,
Is the one I love!

O, what is as sweet as the blushing rose,
And what as pure as the lily white;
Or what as fair as the flower that grows
Along life's pathway to keep it bright?

Sweeter than the blushing rose,
Purer than white lily blows,
Fairer than the flower that grows,
Is the one I love!

O, what is as bright as the hero's wreath,
When bravely from death the laurel is won,
And what in life is as dear as the breath
That whispers abroad the sweet renown?
Brighter than the hero's wreath,
Braver than the conqueror death,
Dearer far than life or breath,
Is the one I love!

O, what is as warm as the noonday bright,
And what as dear as the evening ray;
Or what is as true as the star at night
Which lights and guides us along our way?
Warmer than the noonday bright,
Dearer than the evening light,
Truer than the star at night,
Is the one I love!

O, what is as free as the ocean tides,
And yet how true is the flowing wave;
Or what as true as the friend that guides
And follows in danger our life to save?

Freer than the ocean tides,
Truer than the friend who guides,
Dearer than the world besides,
Is the one I love!

O, what is as beautiful as the sky,
The sun by day and the moon by night,
Its myriad orbs as they rolls on high
And bask forever in heavenly light?
Ah, more beautiful than sky,
Brighter than the orbs on high,
Dearer than the light to eye,
Is the one I love!

I See Thee.

I SEE thee in the morning light
With bright Aurora rise,
I see thee at the noontide's height,
And in the evening skies.
I see thee in the fleecy clouds
Pictured by love's sweet skill,
And when the midnight darkness shrouds
The sky, I see thee still.

I hear thee in the gentle breeze
 When zephyr woos the flower,
And when the tempest bends the trees
 I hear thee in the bower.
Thy whisper comes unto my ear,
 No sound can hush thy voice ;
I know that thou art ever near
 To bid my heart rejoice.

I feel thy presence in my dreams,
 I touch thee in my sleep,
I kiss thee till the daylight beams
 And then awake to weep.
Though mountains rise and billows roll
 Between us, I am thine ;
No barrier e'er can bind the soul,
 Nor space nor time confine.

Where'er I am, there thou art too,
 And with thee happiness—
So perfect, beautiful, and true—
 My heart and soul to bless.
Ah, love can never fly from love,
 Nor heart be torn from heart,
And souls once joined by Him above
 No power on earth can part !

A Glimpse.

I PASSED her at the cottage door,
Training the tendrils of a flower—
Sitting upon the lowly sill,
In careless ease, yet graceful still!

The roses did not blush alone;
There was a blush—and all its own—
That flashed upon her modest cheek,
And threw its tints upon her neck!

Her bosom was so neatly drest,
Fair as the lily still unprest;
I did not see it, but I know
It must be just as white as snow!

Up and away, so free and blithe,
With graceful form, so neat and lithe,
Just like a fairy did she flit,
I scarcely heard her little feet!

Clustered Beauties.

EYES telling sweet stories
Of ties that are blest ;
Sighs swelling the glories
That rise on the breast !

Lips gushing with kisses
That greet you with smiles ;
Cheeks blushing with blisses
And sweet little wiles !

Locks hiding like wimples,
Arraying the head,
Seem chiding the dimples
That play in their shade !

Brows stealing their azure
And wreath from the snows,
Concealing their treasure
Beneath their repose !

Heart swelling with sobbing,
So tender and warm,

Blood welling and throbbing—
So slender the form !

Not glowing with beauty,
To err, if with love,
But bowing to duty
As seraph above !

Who is She.

HER eye is bright, her brow is fair,
Soft azure tints are playing there ;
As these her raven locks enshroud,
You see the sky, a star, and cloud !

Her lips are like the budding rose,
Just as the leaves its tints disclose ;
Her cheeks more like a flower full blown,
Their modest blushes all their own !

Her eyes can tell you what they will,
Her lips can speak while they are still ;
And then her smile—so warm and bright—
You feel it like a flash of light !

And thoughts so play around her face,
Their shades of meaning you can trace,
As though they were expressed in full,
And told the secret of her soul!

And when she speaks, her low, soft words
Are sweeter than the songs of birds;
And then her mild and sweet discourse
Is musical as warbled verse!

To an Angel.

I ASK you not to love *me*,
But let me love *you*;
The sky stoops not to the sea,
Yet gives it its blue!

The tide may follow the moon,
But never can rise
To reach night's silvery noon
On high in the skies!

The pebble may shine 'neath the star,
And even look bright;

The orb comes not from afar
To bring it its light !

The sun may shine on the flower
And banish its gloom ;
It comes not down to the bower,
Yet bids it to bloom !

The sky, moon, star, and the sun,
So bright in their glow,
From where their high orbits run,
Come never below.

The flower, tide, pebble, and sea,
Lie low 'neath the blue ;
I ask you not to love me,
But let me love you !



The Sun and the Flower.

THE sun upon the daisy shone,
It smiled to meet his light;
With drooping stem, when he was gone,
It wept throughout the night!

Were I the sun to my sweet flower
I'd ne'er withhold a ray,
But smile unto the latest hour,
To chase the tear away!

No drop should ever fill her eye,
Her cheek should know no blight;
No cloud should be upon our sky,
Our day should have no night!

The Little Vine.

SHE grew up by my side—a little vine,
Fresh in her beauty, innocence, and truth,
Needing support around which to entwine,
And rear in loveliness her tender youth!

She took my hand and held it as a guide,
To me the growing tendrils gently clung;
Ah, well I knew what the sweet promise hid—
For buds and blossoms in rich clusters hung!

The ripened fruit has still a richer worth—
Richer in beauty than the budding charm;
Though skies may lower and chilling winds come
forth,
I will protect the flower amidst the storm!

Now, in maturity, she is my pride,
Her arms are clinging round me like a wreath;
No adverse power shall tear her from my side,
No fate shall part us but the hand of death!

The Day of Life.

THE morning comes like a beautiful bride,
Adorned in her bright array;
But sweeter far is the evening tide
To those who have borne the day.
So life begins with it radiant skies,
When all is so fair and bright;
Our sun goes down, but the stars arise
To show us a sweeter light!

The body is built up out of the earth,
And molded in beauty and love;
The soul that in heaven must have its birth,
Comes down to us from above.
Thus through this world 'twixt a smile and tear,
We wander, hope, and despond;
But when life closes the clouds disappear,
To show us the world beyond!

Woman.

OH woman, woman, lovely woman!
To estimate thy worth
Would be to count all India's shores,
Or weigh the mighty earth.

To paint thy beauty? It would be
To paint the lily fair,
Or give the rose a finer tint—
And that no pencil dare.

To speak thy charms? But, ah, how vain!
For that no tongue can do;
'T would need a language yet unknown,
Or one I never knew!

Why.

WHY should the clouds their shadows throw
When only sky should shine—
And why should sorrows shade a brow
As beautiful as thine?

Why should the summer roses fade,
Or lilies cease to blow—
And why should cheeks in both arrayed
E'er lose their mingled glow?

Say, why should care o'ercast a face
And half its sweetness hide—
Or, why should trouble leave a trace
Where only joy should bide?

Why, why should time such beauty steal,
And print his signet there;
Oh, why should death e'er set his seal
On one so good and fair?

My Bird.

Go, go, my sweet bird,
Thy wings are full-fledged;
Thy voice shall be heard,
Thou shalt not be caged—
Go, go, my sweet bird!

Sing, sing, my sweet bird,
Thy marvelous songs;
Thy voice shall be heard
By wondering throngs—
Sing, sing, my sweet bird!

Fly, fly, my sweet bird,
To fair, sunny climes;
Thy voice shall be heard
In far-distant times—
Fly, fly, my sweet bird!

Soar, soar, my sweet bird,
O'er mountain and vale;
Thy voice shall be heard
In poesy's tale—
Soar, soar, my sweet bird!

Come, come, my sweet bird,
When weary, and rest ;
Thy voice shall be heard
At home in thy nest—
Come come, my sweet bird !

Sonnet.

TO EMILY THORNTON CHARLES.

THOU tender bird, that now dost sweetly sing,
Though thy rich song was voiceless in the past,
Replume thy drooping wing to meet the blast,
And guard thy breast from wrong's envenomed sting
Dangers beset thy path, and sorrows fling
Their shadows round thee, and thy life o'ercast.
Thy tears shall leave their fount, yet, falling fast,
Relieve thy laden heart, as showers of spring
Unload the heavy mists that soon take wing
And clear the sky, where stars forever last.
Rebuild thy nest, fear not the storm ; thou hast,
High o'er the clouds, a sunshine that shall bring
Thee happy days, and heal thy sorrowing ;
Then thou shalt soar in peace along the bluey vast !

The Nest and Tomb.

A BIRD had built a nest
Within a shaded flower,
For love was in his breast
As beauty in the bower.

But sad, indeed, the fate—
The flowers no longer bloom
The bower is desolate,
The nest is but a tomb!

What Taught Thee Cruelty so Young.

SUCH grace of manner, yet so stern;
It chills and keeps aloof the throng,
But makes thy faithful lover burn—
What taught thee cruelty so young?

A tender heart and heaving breast,
With brow so calm and purpose strong,

Denying that they would be blest—
What taught thee cruelty so young?

Such melting eyes and chilling speech,
With such sweet lips and bitter tongue;
While they deny they yet beseech—
What taught thee cruelty so young?

A voice that all the world would charm,
If but it warbled into song,
Kept guarded lest it bring thee harm—
What taught thee cruelty so young?

With such a form—so beautiful!
A demon could not do thee wrong;
So cold a smile, so warm a soul—
What taught thee cruelty so young?

Ah, would'st thou not be blest, nor bless?
Nor love's soft dalliance prolong—
Inviting to the sweet caress—
What taught thee cruelty so young?

The Burning Ship.

A SHIP sailed o'er the waves
With steady prow,
Above the nameless graves
That lie below !

A storm burst with a crash ;
The waves rolled high ;
The lightning's piercing flash
Rent the dark sky !

The flame and billow kissed ;
The ship went down ;
God saved thee as one blessed—
My precious one !

Thy spirit on that ship
Claimed me as thine,
And now my heart and lip
Claim thee as mine !

The Wail of the Lightning.

O, I was once as free as the wind,
And wandered throughout the air ;
I then commanded the fiery fiend,
Striking him out of his lair !

I rent the earth, the clouds, and the sky,
I shattered the trees and rocks ;
I smote the temples of man so high,
And they fell beneath my shocks !

I traversed the earth from pole to pole
In the twinkling of an eye,
Nothing below could my flash control
As I danced o'er the clouds and sky !

I pierced the darkness around the earth,
And seamed it with flaring light ;
I scorched the fertile plain to a dearth,
And left it as black as night !

I leaped the welkin from cloud to cloud,
And blazed through the heavens on high ;

I roused the thunder so deep and loud,
And startled the earth and sky !

I frightened the nations of all the world,
They trembled before my flash,
And when from the clouds my bolts were hurled
They cowered beneath the crash !

Man never could know my quick approach,
But fell like a withered vine ;
I melted his steel at a single touch,
Exploding the pent-up mine !

Ah, then I could dart all over the blue,
And across the sea and land,
Whatever direction I took—I flew,
Defying the strongest band !

But now they conquer me with myself,
By balancing all my powers ;
No more can I play the fiendish elf,
And shatter the rocks and towers !

They make me flit across and around,
Or bury me 'neath the sod ;
They guard themselves from my unseen bound
And make me obey the rod !

They wire me down, and I harmless lie,
 They play with my hottest spark;
They bid me go, and away I fly,
 They point, and I strike the mark!

And thus they send me about the world,
 And tell me to chatter and write;
Nor storms, nor waves wherever they're whirled,
 Can arrest my onward flight!

But let them hold with a stalwart hand;
 If I break their puny yoke,
Nor rivet, nor chain, nor iron band
 Can stay my terrible stroke!

Ah, then I would quickly and madly strike,
 Destroying the fetters I wore,
And wreak my resistless vengeance, like
 The fiends on Plutonia's shore!

The Poet.

What is it that on earth survives
Of him who now no longer lives?
Who are the wise, the good, the great?
Who bears on high our human state
Above its mold of soddened clay?
Come, ye! and listen to my lay.

An ancient king a poet met:
"You," said his majesty, "forget
In whose high presence you intrude;
Away, away, sir; you are rude;
Away, I will the guards alarm—
Stone walls thy poetry may charm."

The poet sought an ancient sage
While pondering o'er his heavy page.
The things that claimed his mighty mind
Engaged his time—but he was kind.
He listened to the poet's lay
And whiled a happy hour away—

Then said: "Your songs of joy and love
Are pleasing, but they nothing prove."

The poet met a hero, too:

"Sir," said the hero, "who are you?"

"I am a poet." "Humph! A trifler—

A mistletoe, a cunning rifler

Of woman's breast. Go, win your laurels

On bloody fields in Mar's dread quarrels;

Till then to thee I've naught to say—

Away, you pretty boy, away!"

He found a tender-hearted lover,

As poor and airy as a plover;

But when he spoke of war or love—

An eagle now, and now a dove.

Their meeting was a happy chance—

They knew each other at a glance,

And were each other's warm approvers—

For love makes poets, poets lovers.

Admitted to a statesman next,

With cares of policy perplexed,

Who thought he bore the world on high,

Like Atlas, and upheld the sky.

"What want you, sir? Come, speak it quickly.

"I am a poet." (Yes, rather sickly.)

"I have no time to read your verse;

Go, teach my parrot to rehearse

It to me, and your tale to tell—

Go—that will answer just as well."

An austere judge the poet saw—

"Sir, tell me what you know of law;

Methinks your fitful, airy flights

Would soon unsettle human rights.

I do not wish to hear your twaddle"—

The poet smiled to see him waddle.

At length he met a merchant-prince,

But he no interest would evince

For aught on earth or in the skies

Except his ships and merchandise.

He listened—as the poet read—

A moment, and then quickly said:

"Your verses may be very well,

But, my dear sir, they will not sell."

Hard by a miser boarded pelf,

A man of cunning, coin, and self;

Half-starved, penurious, and stingy,
Still grasping for the wealth of India.
"What sum, thou needy one," said he,
"And who is your security?"
"I am a poet." Pooh, an idler;
Go, with the mountebank and fiddler—
Go to the fools and get your pence,
But never trouble men of sense."

The poet sought the multitude,
So honest, yet sometimes so rude,
Untaught in learning's tangled maze,
And yet so wise in nature's ways.
He found the native heart and mind,
Although unpolished, ever kind.
They listened to his silver tongue,
And oft the hills and valleys rung
With plaudits bursting from the heart
That knew no guile and played no part.
He hopes inspired and banished fears,
And bade their smiles outdo their tears.
He taught them, through each changing mood,
The true, the beautiful, the good!
His songs into their bosoms stole
And touched the chords that thrill the soul.

He came and went his way alone,
They grieved and wept when he was gone;
But they knew not, while he remained,
Whom, unawares, they entertained.

* * * * *

A thousand years had passed away:
His subjects and the king were clay,
Buried together, low and deep—
One cold and undistinguished heap;
The dust that once had worn a crown,
Unknown from dust of knave or clown.

The sage who truth so long had sought,
And wisdom to his race had taught,
By fools, and knaves, and priests environed,
Was gagged, and manacled, and ironed,
And thrown in prison during life—
Or killed by poison, fire, or knife.

The statesman and his state were gone,
Its ancient name and his unknown.
His pride and power have left no trace,
Or mark upon the human race.

His potent voice, his parrots, too,
Had perished like a kitten's mew,
And all the noisy mart is still—
No echo comes from vale or hill.

The judge, so learned and wise, lay buried
With those whom he had quickly hurried
To horrid deaths. Of those who gained
Or lost their suits not one remained;
Of those who spoke and those who heard,
No record has preserved a word.

The merchant had his little day,
And bustled through life's busy play.
The seas are there, his ships are gone,
His name and lineage unknown.

The miser with his ore and rust
Alike lie hidden in the dust.

All these are dead. The poet lives:
His voice o'er all the past survives.
Although within his time unknown,
All times are his except his own;
And he who would to time belong
Must live within the poet's song.

But for the poet's undimmed page,
The fate of the forgotten sage,
The hero's courage and his glory,
The lover and his tender story ;
The objects that were beautiful,
The thoughts and deeds that moved the soul—
All would have perished in the past,
Like sounds that die upon the blast.

All that is noble, great, and wise—
That lifts us nearer to the skies,
The human race, its fame and glory—
Live only in the poet's story.
The world preserves the poet's wreath,
Still fragrant as the blossom's breath ;
Woven of virtue, beauty, love,
Unfading as the stars above,
Undying as eternal truth,
And blooming as perennial youth !

The Poet's Genius.

GENIUS was with him at his birth,
And guides him on his way ;
It marks him, 'midst the Sons of Earth,
With aureolean ray.

The Muses seek him and disclose
Their beauties to his soul,
Inspiring thought until it glows
As the seraphic coal.

Then poetry bursts from his lips
As blossom from the bud,
As sweet as bee on Hybla sips
High o'er Deucalion flood.

His chaplet gathers round his brow
While years his honors bring,
As leaves upon the laurel grow
And bloom in endless spring!

The Poet's Need.

SWEET lips to give him smile for smile,
Bright eyes to answer tear for tear,
A loving heart to care beguile,
And true, to keep his own sincere;
White arms to cling around his neck,
A breast to give him sigh for sigh,
A courage that will not forsake,
And love that could not, would not die!
Ah, give him these and he will build
A monument to reach the sky;
The brightest star its spire shall gild,
Its stately columns, towering high,
Shall bask beneath the light of heaven,
And throughout ages stand unriven!

The Poet's Work.

WITH glowing thoughts within his brain,
And deep emotions in his heart,
He builds the sweet and lofty strain
In words that all his soul impart!

His heart feels sweet humanities,
His mind can all the earth illumine,
His genius, past and present, sees,
His soul scans worlds beyond the tomb!

He grasps the lowly and sublime,
He weighs the earth and counts the sky;
His spirit soaring throughout time
Reposes in eternity!

The Crown of the Poets.

THOUGH poor in wealth the poets be,
They are full rich in royalty;
Richer in heart and soul and mind
Than all the world of sense combined.
To laureled mount and stream they hold
A title never bought nor sold,
And take from Nature's heraldry
Their true nobility.

They wear a crown begemmed with stars,
That ne'er was won nor lost in wars;
And, unconfined to realm or birth,
It rules unsceptered o'er the earth;
More royal than a regal crown,
Grander in beauty and renown—
A crown of genius from the sky
Conferred by Deity!

Byron.

BYRON, 'twas thou couldst seize the heart,
As minstrel does the lyre,
And fling thy fingers o'er its chords,
Kindling seraphic fire ;
Or lead it to as dark a fault
As ever stained a page,
Or rouse its hate to fiendish deeds,
Bursting with passion's rage !

Thou swept it with a master's touch—
Now molding it at will,
Now melting it with pity's gush
Till every chord would thrill ;
Or stabbed it with satiric point,
As knight would gash his steed,
Till, recking in his blood, he falls,
And there is left to bleed !

Thou led'st it captive at thy will
Through Fancy's dazzling bower,
Like fairy on her magic wing
Dancing from flower to flower ;

Or wrung it with the deepest woe,
And sunk it in despair,
Its strained cords rending, one by one,
Till none are left to tear !

The Fame of Byron.

PAINT him on canvas, or hew him in marble,
Cast him in bronze, or mold him in clay,
Bury him lowly—no more can he warble—
'T is all one to him—his soul is away !

Place him in Westminster, leave him to Hellas,
Inscribe him a tomb, or grudge him a stone,
Banish him, England, and dark stories tell us,
'T is all one to him—the world is his own !

The canvas may molder, the marble may crumble,
The bronze may corrode—not these can survive;
His body may rest and decay with the humble,
'T is all one to him—his spirit will live !

Burns.

BURNS! Burns! the poet of mankind—
A peasant, prince, and king;
Compact with passion, soul, and mind—
The whole world heard him sing.

Disciplined by severest rod
'Neath penury's cold ban,
He yet stood up before his God
And all the world a MAN!

In God's own image there he stands,
Impressed upon his age,
And, crowned by Heaven, he still commands—
A ruler and a sage.

O'er all the world he holds his sway
While kings lie in the dust—
For sweet the pleasure to obey
The great, the good, the just.

He moved amidst the human race,
They followed where he led;

He met the haughty face to face
And did not bow his head ;

But owned his brother, man to man,
Highest or lowliest one ;
Nor granted more, in God's great plan,
To king upon his throne.

To him art opened not her school,
But Nature bade him sing,
While inspiration touched his soul,
And gave his Muse her wing.

His genius soared on high, afar
In heaven's bright blue unfurled ;
He kissed the flower and touched the star,
And lighted all the world.

While flowers shall spring on earth's green sod,
While suns and stars are bright,
While man is man and God is God
Burns still shall shine a light.

While minds can think and hearts will love,
While souls must feel and yearn,
On earth below, in Heaven above,
Undimmed that light shall burn !

Shelley.

HAIL! most ethereal poet,
Whose song was chanted to the world ;
The many did forego it—
So high thy Muse's wing unfurled.

Dull senses could not hear thee—
For thou did'st sing so near the sky ;
Eternal spirits near thee
Are listening to thy voice on high.

The world is far below it—
It is so heavy and so gross ;
Only pure souls can know it,
Refined from all material dross.

Mankind will never cheer thee—
For but to few the key is given ;
The fit will aye revere thee
While souls aspire and hope for heaven !

Bryant.

WHAT though around his lofty brow
The snows of eighty winters cling,
Beneath its shade the roses grow
As fresh as if it yet were spring!

His form still stands in manly grace,
Warm blood still courses o'er his cheeks,
Bright smiles still light his genial face,
His voice still wins us as he speaks!

Great thoughts are springing in his brain,
Pure sentiments their glow impart,
While truth and beauty guide his pen—
All blending in the poet's art!

His head and heart in wise control,
Unchanging truth and love obey,
High aspirations move his soul,
And fill his life's grand harmony!

The Old Poet.

He wanders lonely, far along
The rugged shores of time ;
No more he chants the genial song,
Nor builds the lofty rhyme.
His feet are sinking 'neath the wave
That washes out their trace ;
He walks like one who seeks a grave—
The last of all his race !

Though he has gained a noble name—
A name that will not die,
No more he heeds his wreath of fame,
Nor aught below the sky ;
For time has bowed his aged head,
And buried all his love ;
His memories now are with the dead,
His hopes are fixed above !

The roll of long departed years,
Which o'er his bosom stole,
Is dying on his listening ears,
And fading from his soul.

His eyes, though once so bright, are dim,
But yet his mind descries—
Through vistas of advancing time—
A passage to the skies!

Longfellow.

YES; Longfellow (just between us,)
Is a poet—not of genius,
Not of power nor of passion,
Not inventive in his fashion—
But of scholarship and culture;
Not an eagle nor a vulture,
But a gentle, cooing turtle,
Weaving verses in the myrtle
Nicely trimmed within the corral—
Never reaching to the laurel;
Full of tender delicacy,
Not original nor racy;
Never touching passion's vigor;
Nor transgressing safest rigor;
Never rising into greatness,
Soaring on, in calm sedateness,
O'er the heights by critics stated,

Which by god's and men are hated ;
O'er the mob that " write with ease,"
Yet below great geniuses.
Every verse is full of sweetness,
And composed with taste and neatness :
But the poet who is regal
Joins the turtle with the eagle,
Twines the myrtle of the fountain
With the laurel of the mountain ;
Stoops to raise the drooping flower,
Mounts on wings of royal power
To the Muse's high dominion,
And sustains his daring pinion !



Goethe.TO HIS PORTRAIT, BY A. E. SINKS.

DIVINE, indeed, is art, to thus inform
The conscious canvas with a living mind,
And bring before us such a presence, warm
With breath, and all its attributes combined.

Art is eternal, ages can not dim
Its luster, nor can death its life destroy ;
It is creative power, the light of time,
The smile of nature, earth's enduring joy.

It shows us here the wisdom of the sage
United with the beauty of the youth,
So blended that 't is neither youth nor age,
But life's full semblance in its highest truth.

He is not seen as poet, sage, nor seer ;
No one of these can name him on the scroll
Of fame, nor time's broad pages show his peer—
For neither can embrace his mind and soul.

He seems the all of which these are but part,
Humanity's embodiment in one;
The fount of intellect, the flow of heart—
A grand fulfillment in himself alone.

He is not dead, he lives, and can not die;
Though what he was is all that we can see,
Yet what he is now fills the earth and sky—
For having been, he must forever be !

Plato.

A POET and a sage,
Ripened by thought and age,
With highest genius gifted,
To highest wisdom lifted.
A man of will and action,
For man's grand benefaction,
And with a hero's heart
He well performed his part.
His life had no great facts—
'T was filled with gentle acts,
His fame no single deed
That bade the million bleed.

Fit fellow of the great
In college, field, or state.
And yet beloved by youth—
So simple was his truth.

Young babes would gaze upon him,
And would not strive to shun him,
Nor even seem alarmed,
But linger as if charmed.
The little ones would share his
Impartial lap like fairies,
And clamber there for rest,
Like birdlings in a nest.
Fair maidens kissed his brow,
And smoothed his locks of snow,
While none would disapprove,
Nor chide them for their love;
And aged ones would listen,
Until their eyes would glisten—
Their trembling lips revealing
A deep and cherished feeling.

Philosophy and art
Were native to his heart,
And science, knowledge, learning,
Filled his great soul with yearning.

It was the field of thought
That he most loved and sought—
The beautiful ideal—
And yet he loved the real.
He left grand thoughts embalmed,
That have for ages calmed
The passions of the race,
And purified the base.
He knew and did rehearse
All things—the universe,
Its unity—the whole,
God, spirit, man, the soul.

He drank all mind can drink,
He thought all mind can think,
He felt all soul can feel—
Or spirit can reveal.
He loved all sentient nature—
The works of the creator,
And owned a brotherhood
With all the true and good.
He was in sympathy
With all beneath the sky—
With all that breathes God's breath—
That lives and suffers death.

His years were jewels worn,
Not weary burdens borne,
Time only made them lighter—
The jewels shining brighter.

He stood alone—The Only,
And yet he was not lonely ;
He dwelt in mind and soul
Amidst the beautiful.
The deep, sublime—The Broad—
The image of his God—
He was, indeed, divine,
His home was made a shrine.
He cared not for the creeds,
Yet well he knew man's needs,
And whether crown or rod,
He rested in his God.
His form returned to dust ;
He rose above in trust
To Heaven's inviting portal—
The home of The Immortal !

The Poet's Grave.

Low buried here, inclosed in earth,
A poet's body lies ;
The soul, in its immortal birth,
Has risen to the skies !

Although he felt misfortune's dart,
The Muses bade him sing ;
And, taught by nature's simple art,
He touched the tuneful string.

Though passion swept across his soul,
In every changing mood,
He loved the true and beautiful,
And bowed before the good !

Stir not his ashes in the grave,
Nor blame what he has done,
For in his kindness he forgave
All errors save his own !

But drop one tear, and breathe one sigh,
Upon his place of rest,

For many a tear has filled his eye,
And many a sigh his breast!

And lay the harp upon his tomb;
Although his hand is still,
Perchance, some wandering breeze may come
And wake once more its thrill!

My Grave.

WHEN the spring awakes new joys,
And the early roses bloom,
I would have young girls and boys,
Plant a flower upon my tomb;
And the poor, each passing year,
Drop the tribute of a tear.

In the summer's fervent heat,
I would have, at evening's glow,
Maidens and their lovers meet
Where my dust is resting low,
And, amidst the leafy grove
Breathe their gentle vows of love.

When the autumn yields its fruit,
After all the flowers are gone,
And the singing birds are mute,
I would have the sage—alone,
Come and ponder where I sleep,
To be wiser—not to weep.

In the winter, bleak and cold,
When the howling tempests rave,
I would have the weak and old
Think upon my peaceful grave,
On the distant, snowy hill,
Where I rest—alone, and still !



My Monument.

For me erect no obeliscal stone,
If adamantine it can not remain ;
The years pass on, it crumbles and is gone,
And ere it goes time marks it with a stain.
The grass and flowers are ever newly sown,
And though they die yet they will live again ;
The years return them ; thus they aye endure,
And they are stainless, beautiful, and pure.

Let my memento be the grass and flowers,
Or simple rose-bush, with a little vine
Twining its tendrils fondly round it ; showers
Will fall and freshen it ; the sun will shine
And cherish it ; the clouds in the meek hours
Of night will drop their tears upon the shrine ;
And it will bloom long after brazen bust
Or massive monument has sunk in dust !

Forever.

THE sun will shine,
The grass will grow,
The boughs will twine,
The buds will blow
Forever.

The trees will wave,
The leaves will spring,
The brook will lave,
The birds will sing
Forever.

The sky will gleam,
The flowers will bloom,
The stars will beam
Beneath the dome
Forever.

The heavens will stand,
The azure scroll,

Objective.

The sea and land
From pole to pole,
Forever.

The day and night
Will never cease,
And time's swift flight
Will bring us peace
Forever.

The good, the true
Shall fill the soul—
The old, the new,
The beautiful,
Forever.

Bright minds will learn,
True hearts will love,
Pure souls will yearn
To rise above
Forever.

The life that dies
Shall live again,
Up in the skies,
And God will reign
Forever.

The All-Love.

THE light of the sun,
The blush of the flower,
Its fragrance when blown,
The fruits of the bower—
All, all are love!

The opening bud,
The sweets of the blossom,
The throb of the blood,
The thrill of the bosom—
All spring from love!

The tremulous boughs,
The blossoming trees,
The tempest that blows,
The whispering breeze—
All thrill with love!

The blue of the mountain,
The echo of skies,

The gush of the fountain
Where streamlets arise—
Are filled with love!

The forest, the meadow,
The garden and grove,
The light and the shadow,
That over them move—
Awaken love!

The clear beaming day,
The dark brooding night,
The cloud and the ray,
The rainbow so bright—
Are pledged in love!

The coo at the dawn,
The pipe of the thrush,
The song of the swan,
The murmur and hush—
Are joys of love!

All life in the air,
All life in the sea,
All things that are fair,
All things that are free—
Exist in love!

The azure on high,
The stars of the even,
The orbs of the sky,
The universe—Heaven—
Were made in Love!

The sense of a pain,
The heart's sweet troll,
The thoughts of the brain,
The hopes of the soul—
All teach us love!

Right, beauty, and truth,
The child and the sage,
The longings of youth,
The quiet of age—
Fulfill our love!

Life, consciousness, motion,
The spirit—our breath,
Affection, devotion,
Pain, sorrow, and death—
Are given in love!

In strength or in weakness,
In hope or in dread,

Objective.

In pride or in meekness,
Or living or dead—
We're held in love!

Our God, the Creator,
His throne, and creation,
The secrets of nature,
And man's destination—
Are wrapt in love!



PART II.

SUBJECTIVE.

II.

Subjective.

A Soul.

It was a morn on earth all beautiful,
The sun in wonted splendor rose, but eve
Came not; the skies were clear from pole to pole—
For all the murky clouds had taken leave,
And earth no longer was a place to grieve!

The hours by man's slow count flew on, and on;
Time was no more, eternity had come;
The sun descended not, but shone, still shone,
Filling with light the heaven's unbounded dome,
And fitting earth for man's eternal home!

Darkness had disappeared, and all was light;
The there was here, the then was now, the low
Was lifted to the high, the wrong made right—
For error, sin, and pain, were bid to go,
And earth was spanned with God's peace-giving bow!

Straightway there came from where heaven was—but
now

'T is every-where—a being pure and bright,
With an all-seeing eye and haloed brow—
Seeming a thing of beauty made of light,
Too pure and radiant for a mortal's sight !

The fairest form of man and woman blended,
With wings of azure, and as ether clear ;
It stooped at will, at will anon ascended
Into the infinite eternal sphere,
Now soaring there, and now descending here !

Sexless and sinless, loving without passion ,
It knew no wish nor want, and felt no pain ;
Fleshless, yet molded in the sweetest fashion ;
Unborn of matter, it could have no stain,
So fair that death abandoned it unslain !

Created by the Uncreated One,
Arrayed in the invisible, unseen
By mortal eye, to mortal sense unknown ;
Fed on ambrosia in the deep serene,
And shadowless as heaven's unclouded sheen.

All flesh is weighted with mortality,
The fairest form is molded out of clay,

The sweetest blush, the kindest, brightest eye,
And purest, wisest brow must pass away—
For, touched by death, e'en beauty must decay !

But that which gives the body power and life,
Breathes in its nostrils evanescent breath,
And puts it with the elements at strife
To win or lose the immortal wreath,
Soars high o'er mortal scenes, and fears not death !

'Tis now amidst the skies, and now on earth,
Now animating heroes for the right,
Now giving life to little babes at birth,
Now guiding sages o'er the fields of light,
And holding prophets to their loftiest flight !

Ideal, real ; known, unknown, pure thought ;
A semblance which alone the mind can see,
But teaching more than mind yet ever taught
Of time, infinity, eternity—
It makes us conscious what it is—to *be* !

'T was made for heaven, and heaven was made for it,
And wheresoe'er it is, that place is heaven ;
In prisons, dungeons, graves, where vampires sit,
Or round sad caskets when our hearts are riven,
Resting in God, where angels are forgiven !

Deathless, materialless, imperishable,

Yet all it animates must change or die ;

Itself most fitful, wayward, and unstable—

Emotion, mind, a thought, a tear, a sigh—

And yet more fixed than mountains, earth, or sky !

Unswerving and unanswerable truth,

Infinite goodness and eternal love,

Omniscient justice, power, and tenderest ruth,

Spirit and matter, time and space—all prove

It is divine, and came from God above !

It seems alone, and yet 't is not alone,

Of kindred beings boundless space is full,

In numbers infinite, with God but one,

In parts innumerable, yet a whole—

The mystery of mysteries—A SOUL !

The Spirit of Song.

SWEET spirit of the earth and sky,
That tunes all things to harmony;
Before thee stubborn discord bends,
And with sweet concord softly blends;
All sounds that to the earth belong
By thee are tutored into song.

The myriad spheres that roll on high
Obey thy voice in harmony;
Fixed stars and unfixed nebula
Are ruled by thy primeval sway;
All orbs that in the ether swing,
As on creation's morn, still sing.

The sullen thunder's bellowing roar,
The cataract's dull, deafening pour,
The raging tempest's howling moan,
The earthquake's and volcano's groan,
The clangs that startle earth and sky,
All yield to thy sweet melody.

All nature murmurs in thy voice,
All beings listen and rejoice ;
The woods and meadows sweetly sing
Until the skies above us ring,
Now softly low, and now so loud
The sky-lark hears it in the cloud.

The trees upon the distant steep
Are bending low, as if to weep,
The flowers are waving on the plain,
As zephyr comes to join the strain,
And, with the echo's softened lay,
Returns subdued, and dies away.

Within the grove, beneath the sky,
The singing birds around thee fly ;
The swan descends, on silent wing,
To meet the wave and hear thee sing ;
Thou charm'st the eagle and the dove—
The bird of valor and of love.

The robin listens from his nest,
The thrush forgets to plume her breast,
The mocking-bird and nightingale,
That sing along the blooming vale,

Are silent, wondering at thy strain,
Ere they resume their songs again.

E'en birds with talons round thee flock,
The condor listens from the rock ;
The whirring hawk forgets his prey—
Arrested by thy tender lay,
And falcons soften into love,
As gentle as the cooing dove.

Hyenas that will rob a grave,
And through the lonely midnight rave ;
Tigers that roam the desert land,
Dolphins upon the rocky strand—
The very monsters of the deep
Beneath the charm of song will sleep.

Within the hall, beneath the dome,
The listening multitudes will come
To hear thy soft, persuasive lay
That fiercest passion can allay ;
Where hate and anger are disarmed,
And sweet amenities are charmed.

The sage, who knows all that is known,
Will listen to thy pleasing tone ;

The stoic, that has never loved,
Is often by thy warbling moved,
For thy sweet strains can touch the tear
And soften e'en the cynic's sneer.

Thy voice can make the hero dare,
And foeman strike or foeman spare;
Or bid the timid lover woo
With lofty passion, pure and true,
And charm the world with songs of love
That all the soul's deep yearnings move!

Thou speakest when thou art not heard,
Thy inarticulated word
Steals in the soul, and deeds are done
At thy sweet whispering, all unknown.
Thou comest in thy misty shroud
To bless the sunshine and the cloud.

The universe is ruled by thee,
Above, below, o'er land and sea;
All things on earth or in the sky,
All beings that must live or die,
All order, harmony, and tone,
But prove that Truth and Thee are one.

Unbounded as infinity,
Truth, Beauty, Love—thy Trinity
That warms the universal heart,
Inspiring all and every part;
Eternal spirit of the whole
That comes to teach and bless the soul!

I Love Thee.

In the deep silence of my soul
I love thee!
For thou art good and beautiful.
I love thee!

Before thy beauty I am dumb.
I love thee!
Yet where thou art I may not come.
I love thee!

Yet not for love's fulfillment here
I love thee!
Though I would be forever near;
I love thee!

But with a love too pure for earth

I love thee!

For in my soul it has its birth.

I love thee!

Thou art my bliss and yet my woe.

I love thee!

I must not stay and can not go.

I love thee!

Though thou hast chain'd my soul and heart,

I love thee!

And kiss the chain that gives the smart.

I love thee!

Yet words can not my pain express.

I love thee!

No tongue would dare my joy confess.

I love thee!

My heart still would, yet may not speak,

I love thee!

In lonely silence let it break.

I love thee!

And with a love that can not die

I love thee!

My soul shall bear it to the sky.

I love thee!

Music.

Music's tone no thought expresses,
Nor articulates its words,
But its sounds, like soft caresses,
Move us with their sweet accords.

More than all the Arts and Graces
Music's winning voice can teach,
Touching hearts in secret places
Where no other charm can reach !

Teaching, through the soul's emotion,
More than language ever taught,
Truth and courage and devotion—
Dearer than the brightest thought !

Purifying mirth and pleasure,
Melting gentle words in song,
Guiding on the graceful measure,
Keeping us away from wrong !

Building high the heart in gladness,
Cheering all our toil and care,

Soothing us in pain and sadness,
Making all the world so fair!

Pointing hope to consolation
By inspiring faith and love,
Lifting joy to consecration,
Bearing high the soul above!

Genius.

THE poet strikes the harp in vain,
Whate'er may be his skill or art,
Unless his genius lights the brain
And sends its warmth along the heart.
He may be learned, he may be wise,
And volumes of his lore display,
But only genius from the skies
Can teach the poet's moving lay!

Though he may drink at classic fount,
And bask where Romance tells her tale,
Genius must shine upon the mount
Ere it can light the lowly vale.

Though he may dream of altars bright
He can not touch the burning coal,
Nor can he bear the flame of light
That genius flashes through the soul!

No knowledge can invoke the glow
Of genius, nor impart the thrill;
No science, art, or scheme can show
The cunning of the poet's skill—
For genius is eternal thought
Impressed upon the brain and soul,
An essence through which God has wrought
And bodied forth the beautiful!

And genius never can be taught
By lecture, precept, plan, or rule;
It must be from the spirit caught,
And burn within the living soul;
Yet, some untutored bard will fling
His careless hand across the lyre,
And wake the ever-thrilling string
With genius like a seraph's fire!

Poetry and Genius.

TRUE poetry springs like the fount
That gushes from Parnassus' mount;
Not from a reservoir or lake,
Where swans alike with reptiles slake
Their thirst, but where perennial flow
A thousand rills with sparkling glow,
And where undying laurels bloom,
To deck the poet's honored tomb!

Genius is ever flashing bright,
As sun or star, with its own light,
And like the rainbow's arch on high,
It rests on earth yet spans the sky.
'Tis not the cold reflective ray,
Mastered by learning's plodding way,
But shines within itself, and sheds
Its light beyond where learning treads!

Whisperings.

WHAT does the streamlet's murmuring lave
Say to the distant sea?

What does the ocean's troubled wave
Say to the rock and lea?

What does the zephyr tell the flower,
When kissing its blushing cheek?

What does the rose that rules the bower
Say to the violet meek?

What says the blossom to the bee,
As o'er the field he roves?

What does the robin, blithe and free,
Say to the mate he loves?

What does the gaudy butterfly—
The lovely and fragile thing—
Say to the sunlight from the sky,
That paints her beauteous wing?

What does the tiny insect say
While ticking beneath the leaf;

As passes his life, so brief, away ;
Has he, too, his pain and grief?

What says the forest, strong and high,
When the storms are rushing through ?
What does the thunder tell the sky
When pealing across the blue ?

What say the planets as they move
In order along the sky ?
What do the countless orbs above
Tell us of Him on high ?

What do the good and beautiful
Say to the heart unblest ?
What does the spirit tell the soul
In its sad and deep unrest ?

What does the yearning heart declare
When passions within it plead ?
What tells the soul that heaven is *there*
When seeking immortal need ?

Eternal spirit pervades the whole,
Inspiring the living breast,
And says to the weary troubled soul
In God thou shalt find thy rest !

The Star and Soul.

BEHOLD the star within the sky,
Then watch its shadow in the wave;
How calm and bright it is on high,
How troubled where the waters lave!

Methinks 't is like the human soul
While wandering where the shadows lie—
Uneasy where the billows roll,
But happy in its native sky!

Torture.

'Tis hard for human limbs to wear—
Deep in the flesh—a chain,
And drag it on, compelled to bear
The slow corroding pain.

'Tis hard to hold the nerve to steel
And patiently endure,

But harder when the heart must feel
A wrong that has no cure.

Or in sad silence bear the blame
Of deeds which others do,
And, innocent, to feel the shame
That wrings the heart with woe!

Meditation.

WHEN the sun of the evening is leaving the sky,
And the gray of the twilight is stealing its blue,
When the stars, peeping out, seem to smile from on high,
As the crescent is bidding the heavens adieu!

By the side of the streamlet that pours o'er the rocks,
While the birds twitter love on the bough where they
rest—

While the breezes ambrosial are fanning your locks,
And cooling the brow that with care is opprest!

How sweet to recline there, and muse o'er the past,
To call back the loved ones that clung to the heart,
Who now, like the evening, have gone to their rest,
And left you in twilight soon, too, to depart!

To think of the present, that flies like the wind,
And, too, like the day, quickly loses its light;
While, going, it leaves but the twilight behind,
That lingers a moment, then sinks in the night!

To ponder the future, and hope while we fear it,
To rise o'er the world and its sad heavy care,
Which weighs down the soul like the clay on the spirit
That looks up to Heaven and fain would be there!

Cureless Griefs.

FRIENDSHIP may heal a gentle grief,
And time the heart restore;
So love—sweet balm—may bring relief,
And bid us hope once more.

But there are griefs we must endure—
Whate'er may be our worth,
Which love and friendship can not cure,
Nor all the charms of earth!

And there are griefs which will not rest—
Which dumb must ever lie;

They choke and struggle in the breast,
And yet they will not die!

And there are griefs we must conceal—
Sad griefs, too deep for tears,
Which tortures never can reveal
Whate'er our hopes or fears!

Yes, there are griefs that scar the eyes
Till tears refuse to start;
A raging fire the fountain dries
And burns the martyred heart!

The Future.

Ах! who can draw aside the curtain
That hides the future from our eyes,
And make the soul's sweet longings certain,
Fixing its hope beyond the skies!

Six thousand years have hovered o'er us,
And now lie buried in the tomb,
And yet we can not see before us
One instant, whatsoe'er our doom!

My Heart and Bird.

WHEN I was a little boy,
Living in my father's home,
Feeling all the pain and joy
That to little hearts will come,
Oft I heard a little bird
Singing on a tree!

When I was a larger boy,
Living in my father's home,
Feeling all the pain and joy
That to boyish hearts will come,
Still I heard the little bird
Singing on the tree!

When I was no longer boy,
Then I left my father's home,
Feeling all the pain and joy
That to older hearts will come
Yet I heard the little bird
Singing on the tree!

Eighty years, now, man and boy—
Sixty since I left my home—
Feeling all the pain and joy
That to human hearts will come,
I have heard that little bird
Singing on the tree!

Sad.

THERE is a want in every breast
That all the world can never fill,
For wheresoe'er we seek for rest
We find there wrong and trouble still.

How many pangs brave hearts must feel,
What floods of tears fond eyes must shed,
And woes that truest hearts conceal
Would stir the bosoms of the dead!

Mortal and Immortal.

THE human form is but a husk,
It festers till its day is dusk
 And then returns to naught;
The laboring, patient, weary brain,
Suffers, in travail and in pain,
 For every noble thought;
The faithful, struggling, bleeding heart
Quivers with agonizing smart—
 And thus its joys are bought;
The restless, longing soul, while here,
Is crucified by hope and fear,
 Through which its peace is sought.
When body, brain, and heart must die,
The soul will seek its home on high—
 When the good fight is fought,
And there, through love in God's great breast,
Shall find a sure, eternal rest!

The Dead Heart.

My heart is dead! The somber pall
Has covered its last aching throb;
My mind was staggered by its fall,
My soul wept o'er its dying sob.

No light can drive away the gloom,
No warmth can reach its cold deep rest,
Nor resurrection change its doom—
Its sepulcher is in my breast!

A Word may Wound.

A WORD may wound the tender breast—
A careless look or air,
And though no plaint may be expressed
Yet still the pain is there.

E'en silence to expecting ears
May all our hopes destroy;
Though love may live through wrong and tears
It can not bring us joy!

Estrangement.

To look into a loved one's eye
And find no recognition there—
To speak and hear no kind reply,
Is harder than a stab to bear.

But, ah ; when love has turned to hate,
And sweetest joys are steeped in gall—
When wrong has wrought and sealed our fate,
Then comes the bitterest pang of all !

Past Sorrows.

ALL the past sorrows of a life,
Where dim dark shadows roll—
With all their sadness, grief, and strife—
Oft press upon the soul.
Though all around them shines a light
As beautiful as day—
And all the future seems so bright—
They will not go away !

They keep our resolution strong,
And purify the heart,
Yet why should they remain so long?
And joys so soon depart?
But still, before the eyes of men
The spirit must not bow;
The courage that sustained us then
Will not forsake us now!

L'Ennuyer.

THE world is bright and beautiful,
And yet to me 't is dreary;
The skies are desolate and dull,
My soul is sad and weary.

So empty is my useless life
That I am tired of living;
Far better in ignoble strife
To win, or die in striving.

I've tasted pleasure till it can
No longer give me pleasure;
A cup of dregs is sweeter than
The thirst without the measure.

Is happiness unhappiness?
Or is it toil and trouble;
Is Eden's curse all that can bless?
Or is the world a bubble!

What shall I do, where shall I fly?
Has earth no happy region?
I would not live, I can not die—
Has Heaven no true religion?

I have no hopes, I have no fears,
I breathe not—I am sighing;
I have no smiles—I have no tears,
I live not—I am dying.

Instead of calm let tempests rave,
And mountains fill the ocean;
Let war's inhuman banners wave,
And peace sink in commotion.

Let loose the lightning's scathing fire
That all things may be riven;
Ignite Creation's funeral pyre
That hell may startle heaven.

Oh, for some agony or sting
To rouse life's grand endeavor,

And give the soul its wonted wing,
Or kill the thing forever.

Far better call the falling rocks
And thunderbolts upon me,
Or writhe beneath the lightning's shocks
And suffer hell, than—*ennui*!

Imagination.

IMAGINATION! Heavenly power
That builds the castle high,
And weaves the verse, or lifts the tower
Until it sweeps the sky;

For thou canst hew the stubborn rock,
Untouched by human hand,
And the unquarried marble block
Is shaped at thy command.

Thy pictures fill the boundless sky,
Above the artist's reach,
Where light and shadow, tint and dye,
Excel what man can teach.

The fleecy clouds, in sculptured forms,
 Unnumbered figures show ;
And thou dost shine amidst the storms
 Encircled by the bow.

The poet hears the throbbing rhymes
 That move the universe,
And writes the poems, songs, and chimes
 That human souls rehearse,

The air is filled with pleasing sounds
 By thy unspoken words,
The starry dome of heaven resounds
 With music's sweet accords.

The architecture of the skies—
 Not built by human hands,
With spires that by thy touch arise—
 As one grand temple stands.

Without thy power all minds are dull,
 And life is cold and bare,
Thou Spirit of the Beautiful
 That maketh all things fair!

Love's Melancholy.

O, WOMAN! must thou still beguile
Our age, and cheat our youth?
I see thy beauty and thy smile,
But can not find thy truth.
O, love! art thou the pleasing boy
Pictured with dart and wing?
Say, say! where is thy charm—thy joy?
I only feel thy sting.

Philosophy's great book did ope
Its volumes—wide and vast,
And they are mine, in all their scope—
The riches of the past.
I've sounded learning's deepest page,
And soared along its height;
I've mastered science with the sage,
And wielded all its might.

I grasped the poet's lofty bays,
My name became renowned;

I rang out music's richest lays—

She heeded not the sound.

Where bayonets and cannon think,

I won a hero's wreath,

And snatched upon the battle's brink

The victory from death.

Yes, I have courage, youth, and health,

And all that power commands ;

And I have honors, friends, and wealth,

And castles, mines, and lands.

I laid these things all at her feet,

And offered her my heart,

And I did manfully entreat

With love's true, gentle art.

Now, fields and woods may change their dyes,

The mountains may look grim,

The clouds may gather in the skies,

The azure may grow dim ;

The deer may roam the open woods,

And birds feel no alarm ;

The fish, unscared, may swim the floods,

Petrels may dare the storm.

The fox may rove, the hare may play

And burrow in his mound ;

The wolf may prowl and flee away,
Unhunted by the hound.
My charger paws and neighs in vain,
No more he bears me on,
No more he feels the spur and rein—
He waits and starves alone.

My flocks and herds untended range
Across the open fields;
The swine run lawless through the grange,
No more the furrow yields.
Now naught can clear my gloomy mind,
Nor raise my heavy heart;
Fain would I ride the stormy wind,
Without a helm or chart.

I've traveled where the almond blows,
And where the olives hang,
And where the golden orange grows,
Yet still I feel the pang.
I've clambered where the antelope
Feeds on the rocky steep,
Where bears essay the icy slope,
Where screaming panthers leap.

Along the streams, by every strand,
'Neath every clime and star,

O'er every sea, through every land,
I've been a wanderer.
I've wandered here, and wandered there,
And dragged the lengthening chain;
I've wandered many a weary year,
Yet ceaseless is the pain.

There is no place in all this world
Where I would wish to be;
If here I stay, or thence am whirled,
'Tis one—the rock or sea.
Now, I've returned unto the land
That gave me birth and fame,
And to my friends—a noble band—
With nothing but a name.

The once-loved groves through which I strayed,
So happy and so free—
The little nooks wherein I played,
Are dark and sad to me.
I feel as one who has no home
On mountain, plain, or sea;
My dearest friends may go or come,
They give no joy to me.

The paintings on my walls look dead,
The marbles sadly gaze;

My books lie on the shelves unread,
Or feed the greedy blaze.
No voice now rings along the halls,
No more the tale is told ;
My home is desolate—the walls
Are damp, the hearth is cold.

The storms may whirl the dome aloof,
And beat away my door ;
The rains may pour without a roof,
And dash along the floor.
There is an arrow in my heart,
Too deep to pluck away ;
Sad the distress, and keen the smart—
It wounds, yet will not slay.

I never knew a coward's fears,
Yet tremble when she speaks ;
I sigh, I weep, my flowing tears
Grow hot upon my cheeks.
Though in the pride of manhood's years,
I've lost all manhood's grace ;
I sit in silence and in tears,
With sad, averted face.

Have lambkins lost their innocence ?
Are doves untrue in love ?

Is there on earth no confidence?
Are angels false above?
No more the ringing laugh of girls,
Or little children's glee—
No more their cheeks or silken curls
Can bring a charm to me.

The songs of birds no longer please,
The dewdrops fall in vain—
The sweets of flowers upon the breeze
Remind me of my pain;
The morning sun and evening shade,
The twilight and the skies,
No more can cheer or make me glad,
Or please my sleepless eyes.

I care not for the spring's soft glow,
Nor mark the summer's heat;
No more I feel the winter's snow,
Nor heed the driving sleet.
The sun may blaze upon my head,
Or cold may ride the blast;
My sense is numb, my soul is dead—
No more it warms my breast.

I heed not when the morning comes,
Nor when the day departs;

At night I wander 'mongst the tombs,
And envy moldering hearts.
And shall I never know the charms,
Nor taste love's joys that bless,
But wander through the world's cold storms,
Alone and shelterless?

And must they all unworthy prove?
But what is that to me?
I pine not for another's love—
True love can not be free.
O, would that my sad life were past,
And all its troubles o'er!
I long to lay me down to rest,
And feel these pangs no more.

Floods, lightnings, pestilence, may come—
Let them upon me burst;
I neither shun nor court the doom,
But fate may do its worst.
Crush me to dust that feels no sting,
Destroy my flesh—my name;
Let me be naught or any thing—
Consume me in a flame!

The Hermit.

NOBODY watches for him at home,
Nor waits when he is away,
For nobody knows when he will come,
Nor whither his footsteps stray.

Nobody kisses him when he goes,
Nor meets him when he returns;
They know not whether he seeks the snows,
Or strays where the desert burns.

And when he comes home, no genial ray
Sheds light on the window pane;
No tremulous voice, by night or day,
Implores that he will remain.

He opens the door—the halls are cold
And sad as a sepulchre;
The walls are damp, and covered with mold,
Where bats in the darkness whirr.

The floor is damp as the sunless earth,
Where often patters the rain;

The fire is dead on the silent hearth,
And never will burn again.

The taper he lights but serves to show
A deeper and sadder gloom ;
It casts weird shadows that come and go
Like ghosts flitting round a tomb.

The lonely house is a dismal cave,
Where vapors stifle the breath ;
His couch stands there as cold as a grave,
Awaiting the sleep of death.

* * * * *

Years vanished. A stranger found him dead,
Where long he had slept alone ;
A skeleton lay upon his bed—
His name and his grief unknown.

I Am Not Alone.

I AM not alone!
Here around me are old volumes,
Folding up the past,
Wisdom speaking from their pages,
Truth well-tried and fast.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
Science, with her lamps of learning,
Steps along the sky,
Bringing all her lights before me;
Like a galaxy.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
Knowledge opes her ample folios,
Showing all her store;
Genius, like the Pleiades shining,
Beautifies the lore.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
Art brings forth her forms of beauty,
Poetry her scroll;
Music breaths her voice upon me,
Whispering to my soul.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
Nature spreads her beauties round me,
Blessing every sense,
Training mind up to its Author—
Filling the Immense.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
See the canopy above us—
Earth a lovely bower,
Full of bright and happy beings,
Like the bird and flower.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
Though the world that lies around us
Is to sense confined,
Yet there is a world within us
Infinite as mind.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
All the buried dead are with me,
 Wisest, noblest, best;
And the cord that binds the living,
 Runs along my breast.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
Flocks of thoughts, forever flying,
 Hover round my brain,
Tides of feeling swell my bosom,
 Soothing all its pain.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
Minds reach minds through time and distance,
 Over land and sea;
Hearts touch hearts, and love in silence,
 Clinging tenderly.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
There is one whose heart is tender,
 And it met my own;
Now they both remain together,
 And the two are one.
I am not alone!

Subjective.

I am not alone!
Hopes are ever coming to me,
Bright as rosy bowers;
Memories cluster all around me,
Fragrant as the flowers.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
Voices come and softly tell me
Of a happy past;
Spirits call me to the future,
Where the joy shall last.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
From the earth a love is rising
Upward to the skies,
And from heaven a love's descending—
Love that never dies.
I am not alone!

I am not alone!
Look on earth, or up to heaven,
God is always near;
And I know, this very moment,
He is with me here.
I am not alone!

PART III.

AFFECTIONAL.

III.

Affectional.

The First Thrill of Love.

Ah, well I remember the first thrill of love—
The sweet, sacred ecstasy startled my heart;
It lifted my nature and spirit above,
And left a deep impress that would not depart.

It gave my mind thoughts embellished with beauty,
Enkindled my heart with Promethean fire,
Awakened my being, aroused me to duty,
And filled my rapt soul with a seraph's desire.

A gentle hand timidly strayed through my hair,
So light was the touch it could scarcely be felt;
Nor could I be certain, indeed, that 't was there,
Until in my own it half willingly dwelt.

Love joined them ; they only by death could be parted,
But time has since stolen my joy and my youth ;
Though now I am aged, alone, broken-hearted,
Yet still that love glows as eternal as truth !

The Wife.

LET me love you for your beauty,
Make your virtue teach me duty ;
Keep you nature as a temple,
Pure and holy, sweet and simple ;
Let your soul be as a mirror,
Showing truth unswerved by error ;
Keep me friend as well as lover,
Teach me not to be a rover.

Love me truly, yet not blindly,
Look upon me sweetly, kindly ;
With emotion's fond confession
Yield your love unsoiled by passion ;
Let it be as neither meant it,
Seeming as if God had sent it ;
Thus we'll have life's richest treasures—
Love and wisdom, joys and pleasures !

Years shall bring me wisdom rarer,
You a beauty, dearer, fairer ;
Both, below, a love still purer,
And above, a faith still surer ;
And when Death shall throw his arrow,
Even he shall bring no terror ;
For we'll then—our sins forgiven—
Sleep on earth to wake in heaven !

The Sweetest Fear and Fondest Hope.

Two hearts are beating 'neath her bosom—
One trembling with a strange, new hope ;
One growing like a hidden blossom
Waiting until its leaves shall ope !

She feels a sweet and thrilling pleasure,
Then startles, thinking of a pain ;
But, for the dear, expected treasure,
Would bear it o'er and o'er again !

How anxiously her thoughts are pondering,
With now a smile and now a tear,
And watching, hoping, wishing, wondering,
She fears and dreads what is so dear !

Hence, in her joy or in her sorrow,
She can no longer be alone.
God bless her in her coming morrow—
For now she is a holy one!

Dearer than Life.

BRIGHTER to me than the sun of morning,
Fairer than flowers;
Fresher than the dews of evening,
Or summer showers;
Sweeter than the breath of zephyrs
Sighing in bowers,
Dearer than life!

More welcome than the whispers of genius,
Or throbs of health;
Tenderer than the touch of angels
Coming by stealth;
Richer than chaplets of laurel
Or the world's wealth,
Dearer than life!

Lovelier than the stars of midnight
 Lighting the sky ;
Kinder than hearts of young maidens
 Who love—and die ;
Pure as the souls of the sinless
 Looking on high,
 Dearer than life!

Till the sun pales and stars are fading,
 Or cease to be ;
Till dews, and zephyrs, and the showers
 Come not to me ;
Till my heart and soul cease their hoping
 I will love thee
 Dearer than life!



Come and Love Me.

Come and love me!

If in the distance thou canst hear me,
O, come. I love to have thee near me.
Come, come, and let thy presence cheer me—
Come and love me!

Come and love me!

Come, let me see thine eyes' deep meaning,
And hear thy voice, so sweet and winning,
The workings of thy soul divining.
Come and love me!

Come and love me!

I love to feel thy hand caressing
My scanty locks, and gently pressing
My weary brow as with a blessing.
Come and love me!

Come and love me!

Thy kiss would once have been more thrilling,

But now my languid blood is chilling,
Yet still my heart is rich in feeling.
Come and love me !

Come and love me !
I am too old to think of folly,
Thou art too pure to be unholy ;
Then come and soothe my melancholy.
Come and love me !

The Lament.

WHEN life's last tie is severed,
And earthly hope is gone,
Thy dry, hot lips, so fevered,
I'll moisten with my own.

I'll clasp thee while thou'rt dying,
Beg thee away from death,
And o'er thy bosom sighing,
Receive thy latest breath.

Then kiss thy brow so noble,
And touch the faithful breast

That bore thy soul through trouble
To heaven's exalted rest.

I'll close those eyes of beauty
In their eternal sleep;
Perform my last sad duty,
Then live for thee and weep.

The Homeless Heart.

MY heart is now a weary thing,
Though it seems as light and free
As the bird that mounts on its airy wing,
And flies to the cloud or tree.

The bird can soar, yet loves to rest
On the lowly bough to sing,
Or seek its mate and downy nest,
Which are dearer than the wing.

But my poor heart, as it tries to fly,
Still flutters on alone;
It finds no rest in earth or sky,
No home that it calls its own.

Alone.

Oh, where is now the drooping head
That pillowed on my breast?
Where is the brow that *here* was laid,
And sought no other rest?

Where are those delicate white arms
That clung around my neck?
And where those innocent, sweet charms
That played around her cheek?

Where beam those bright, expressive eyes,
Through which her soul could see?
They gained their color from the skies,
And gave their rays to me.

Where blushes now her blooming cheek?
Where breathes her lips' sweet breath?
In vain, with mourning heart I seek
To call her back from death.

I gaze upon her resting-place;
The mold is o'er her breast,

And hides from me her loving face,
So placid in its rest.

Her lovely form is now but clay,
And dim her soul-lit eye ;
The living soul has gone away—
For that can never die.

And still I hear her soft, low voice,
Still feel her kisses' greet,
And fancy that I clasp the joys
I fondly held so sweet.

The past thus whispers of my bliss,
The present yields me none ;
The future can not bring me peace—
I am alone, alone !

Since Thou art Gone Away from Me.

THE sun that gilds the sky and cloud
Has rolled away his car,
And now beneath night's sable shroud
Low sinks the fading star.
Since thou art gone away from me,
I'll breathe my life away to thee!

The fleecy cloud that sailed on high—
So beautiful and bright,
Has floated to another sky,
And now my day is night.
Since thou art gone away from me,
I'll breathe my life away to thee!

The bird that sang within the grove
Has sought another bough,
To listen to another love—
The grove is silent now.
Since thou art gone away from me,
I'll breathe my life away to thee!

I'll sail across the troubled sea
To some wild distant land,
And lonely there will die for thee
Upon the barren strand.
Since thou art gone away from me,
I'll breathe my soul away to thee!

Love and Song.

COME, awake the sleeping string;
Come, and let me hear thee sing;
Softened by the power of sound,
Love can live without a wound;
Baser passions lose their sway,
Hatred hides or flies away!

Touch, O touch, the heavenly lyre,
Warm me with celestial fire;
Wisdom, beauty, pleasure, love,
All are blessings from above;
Beauty graces wisdom's bower
Led by love's enchanting power!

Hark the pleasing lute complain,
Joining in the gentle strain;

.

Love in slumber seals his eyes,
Breathing out his tender sighs,
And, by ecstacies oppressed,
Nestles on a willing breast!

Once again awake the song,
Still the pleasing strain prolong;
Gentle wishes, chaste desires,
Kindle Love's undying fires;
Come sweet nights and happy days,
Love and song have joined their lays!

O, let Me Sing of Thy Sweet Name.

O, let me sing of thy sweet name,
And lay my heart before thee;
My muse does not aspire to fame,
But let my soul adore thee!

To climb Fame's temple, O, how hard,
Or cross oblivion's river;
But let me be thy humble bard,
And sing of thee forever!

I do not ask a poet's wreath
My humble brow to cover,
But while I have a voice or breath
O, let me be thy lover;

And write thy name on mountain peaks,
Where all the world can read it;
And sing it where the echo speaks,
Till all the world shall heed it!

But let me leave behind no trace
To mar one moment's pleasure,
But go, as birds through ether pass,
And leave unmarked the azure!

Yes, living, I would sing my lay
Of thee, earth's sweetest daughter;
And, dying, I would pass away
As drops sink in the water!

Language, Love, and Flowers.

If flowers alone can speak of love,
It only blooms in spring;
Then, like the bird that longs to rove,
To other climes takes wing.
If words alone our love can prove—
As birds in summer sing,
Then hush when winter chills the grove—
It is a worthless thing!

Since love can never thus be told,
In silence let it live;
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
If true it will survive;
For winter is the test of love,
When summer quits the dale,
And flowers lie withered in the grove,
He tells his sweetest tale.

There is no language that can speak
One half what love can feel;

'T is vain in flowers or words to seek
What love can not reveal.
Its truest joy and sweetest bliss
Can never be expressed,
A sigh, a blush, a tear, a kiss—
The heart must feel the rest!

The Water-Lily.

SEE the fair water-lily, how it opes to the dawn,
Unfolds its white blossom, and floats on the wave;
But when the warm rays of the sun are withdrawn,
It closes its beauty and sinks to its grave!

So thy smiles, dearest one, can open my heart,
And awaken the tenderest love with their power;
But thy frowns to my bosom a sadness impart,
That seals up my heart as the night shuts the flower!

Sweet, Sweeter, Sweetest.

SWEET is the joy of power and wealth
That we o'er famous lands may rove,
Sweeter the joy of strength and health—
Sweetest the joy of love!

Sweet is the joy of worth and truth
Which age and wisdom aye approve,
Sweeter the joy of buoyant youth—
Sweetest the joy of love!

Sweet is the joy of voice and song,
So Orpheus made the forests move;
Sweeter the joy that harps prolong—
Sweetest the joy of love!

Sweet is the joy of dance that whirls
Us on where happy smiles approve,
Sweeter the joy of laughing girls—
Sweetest the joy of love!

Sweet is the joy that genius gives—
As daring as the Boy of Jove,

Sweeter the joy of work that lives—
Sweetest the joy of love!

Sweet is the joy of victory
Where armies with their banners move,
Sweeter the joy of liberty—
Sweetest the joy of love!

Sweet is the joy of honored name,
Won by the deeds that men approve,
Sweeter the joy of laureled fame—
Sweetest the joy of love!

Sweet is the joy when troubles cease,
And hearts oppressed may look above;
Sweeter the joy of souls at peace—
Sweetest the joy of love!

The Choice of Eyes.

GIVE me eyes that win the heart,
Not the eyes that send the dart;
Eyes that own a sweet return,
Not the eyes that flash and burn;
Eyes that fondly meet my glance,
Not the eyes that look askance;
Eyes that are most bright and pure,
Not the eyes that most allure.

Though as hazel or as gray
As the morn's or evening's ray,
Black as clouds or blue as skies—
Choose the mildest, kindest eyes;
Eyes that ever are sincere,
Eyes that shed compassion's tear,
Eyes that smile when joy is felt,
And in love's sweet languor melt!

Thou Art; I Am.

THOU art to me
Sweeter than a new love to lover,
Or to the bee than bending clover;
Sweeter than dewdrops to spring blossoms,
Or soft emotions to young bosoms!

I am to thee
Truer than needle that never varies,
Choosing amidst heaven's luminaries;
Truer than sunlight to the hours,
Or stars to the all-ruling powers!

The Old is Sweeter than the New.

“THERE’S nothing half so sweet in life
As love’s young dream”—the poet sung;
But, ah! it is so full of strife,
The old is sweeter than the young.
Then passion can no more disturb,
Nor sting the bosom with its smart;
And love no longer needs a curb,
But, unforbidden, charms the heart.

No longer driven by the blood,
Nor moved by visions that allure,
The soul perceives the true and good,
And loves the beautiful and pure.
These dwell above within the skies,
And, like the stars, give earth their light;
Their worth, like beauty, never dies,
But with the years grows still more bright.

Young love, in spite of sighs and tears,
Will often startle innocence

That gives to love of riper years
 Its fondest, sweetest confidence ;
For safer is the old and tried,
 Than is the new, which may mislead—
The wisest is the safest guide,
 As o'er the flowery path we tread.

And sweeter is the full-blown flower,
 Than is the new, unopened bud
That never yet has graced the bower,
 Nor met the sunlight, storm, and flood.
Young was the poet when he sung
 Of love's young dream that flies so fast ;
"The old is sweeter than the young,"
 The aged poet sings at last !



My Lips.

My lips are no longer sweet, my love,
They are parched and feverish now,
Unfit for thine own to greet, my love,
But kiss me upon my brow.

And lay your hand on my heart, my love,
For that is aye warm and true;
And still its quick throbs will start, my love,
Whenever I think of you.

A passion may die in its flame, my love,
Consumed by its own fierce heat,
While love is ever the same, my love,
Still glowing more tender and sweet.

But thoughts that dwell in the brain, my love,
Will live when feeling is o'er,
And love in the heart remain, my love,
When passion can burn no more.

Though years may cool the warm blood, my love,
They never shall chill my heart;

And while I'm above the sod, my love,
My love shall never depart.

And when I leave the green earth, my love,
And give thee my latest sigh,
My soul shall find a new birth, my love,
And bear my love to the sky!

I win na Be His Death.

I ha' no heart for ony thing but love;
I can na bid my Robbie gang awa',
And gin he stays, the folk will na approve,
But, ah! I can na tell him na, ava'!

The gloamin' 's gaen, the night has brought the twal,
The cots are shut, the gudemen a' asleep,
The ewes are penned, the beast is in the stall,
And houseless anes maun wander on and weep.

There is na bleeze in shielin' nor in ha',
Their ingles a' are buried on the hearth,
The air is thick, the snow begins to fa'—
The lad maun dee upon the cauld, cauld earth!

The mirken cloud is low upon the brae,
The dingin' winds are howlin' o'er the lea;
He can na ga awa', and maun na stay—
Oh, God! what sall I do? Wae's me, wae's me!

Ah, gin I bid him gang the nicht, poor lad,
He maun be lost—na mortal e'e can see;
But gin I let him sleep upon his plaid,
He can na—win na—do a wrang to me!

I can na put him out in sic a storm;
The very brutes maun perish on the heath.
Na, he sall stay—I can na see the harm—
Gin love be wrang, I win na be his death!



The Pilgrim of Love.FROM THE ARABIC OF RUSSIAN.

NEVER, O! never shall I forget
The fair one who came to my tent;
Heavy hung sleep on her sweet eyelids,
And her heart on love was bent.

Well she had managed the sentinels,
And past them swiftly sped;
She had laid aside her ankle rings
Lest their sound should bring her dread!

She deplored the darkness of the night
Which shrouded the morning star—
A night when the moon's eyelashes bright
Were tinged with the gloomy air!

A night when you might have seen the clouds
Like camels grazing on high,
While the eyes of heaven were weeping tears
That dropped from the bordering sky!

The lightning displayed its cutting flash
To the wondering firmament,
And the thunder rolled along the sky
Till the deafened rocks were rent!

Although she desired to love me well,
Her modesty naught betrayed;
Her tears bedewed her beauteous cheeks;
Like waters on roses shed!

And when she spake her tremulous sighs
Blew flames in my panting heart;
She continued still to expostulate
Against my wish to depart!

"Thou hast melted my heart," the maiden said,
It feels inexpressible grief;
And thou art perverse to the loving one
While yielding another belief!

To countries afar thou goest around,
Not pleased with the fairest land;
One while thou art rolling upon the seas,
Then roaming along the strand!

O, tell me what fruit but sad fatigue
From rambling thus ever came;

Hast thou sought in vain the wild antelope
And forgotten the deer that are tame?

And art thou weary of this sweet home?
Woe unto him who flies from the fair;
Have pity at length on the breaking heart
That, seeking relief, hath brought me here!

The Question.

Do you love me?
You need not tell me so,
But make some little sweet mistake
That I may think you do;
Or whatsoe'er your lips my speak,
Let not your heart say—no!

Do you love me?
Turn not away your ear,
But listen to one gentle word,
(And let me come up near)
And should you speak though all unheard,
Still let me think I hear.

Do you love me?

I do not ask a vow,
But let the half denial prove
What I would wish to know;
Or in the way you hide your love
Let it a little show!

Do you love me?

Give me a little sign
To show your bosom is not cold;
A sudden throb within—
A sign a murmur when I fold
It closely up to mine!

Do you love me?

Love need not be expressed,
But then you might some feeling show;
Come, lean upon my breast—
There! now I think I partly know,
And I will hope the rest!

The Answer.

YES, you love me!

Your love will ever prove

Faithful and earnest, fond and true
To me where'er I rove,

Yet 'tis not like my love for you—
'Tis not a lover's love!

Yes, you love me!

I'm sure you ever will,

Your heart is warm and kind, and your
Affection feels the thrill,

And though my love is very pure,
Yet yours is purer still!

Yes, you love me!

You almost worship me,

You think me something more than man,
At least all man can be,

And yet your love, do all I can,
Is not like mine for thee.

Yes, you love me !
And yet to love's caress
You are as passionless as sleep ;
And when I take my kiss
I taste no heart upon your lip,
I feel no pulse of bliss !

Yes, you love me !
No angel from above
Could bring a love of purer worth,
Heaven could not disapprove ;
It is the purest love of earth,
Yet not a lover's love !



Ever or Never.

LOVE me not or love me ever,
Be mine own or love me never.
When the heart has learned to love,
And its tendrils are inwove
With its idol, like a vine
That around the tree doth twine,
If rude hands rend them in twain,
It can never love again ;
For it soon would broken lie,
Like the vine, to droop and die.
Love me not or love me ever,
Be mine own or love me never!

My Darling Mae.

THE angels are divine,
And fly up in the sky ;
Yet darling Mae is mine,
And does not wish to fly.

The angels soar above
Affections that are human,
But my own Mae can love—
She is a dear, sweet woman !

The angels dwell in heaven,
So high and far away,
But one to me is given,
And she is my sweet Mae !

Love and Riches.

THEY promise me jewels and gold,
An equipage, slaves, and a palace,
Yet 'midst all these riches—so cold—
The sweet lips of love have no chalice.

But love his own treasures can prove,
So sweetly I never can doubt him ;
O, rather one moment with love,
Than riches forever without him !

My Treasure.

I'M searching for riches,
On mountain, in mine,
O'er plain and in valley,
And they shall be thine ;
For sweet is the pleasure
To give unto thee,
And rich is the treasure,
When love holds the key.

I'll find thee red rubies,
 With diamonds inlaid,
The only bright jewels
 That never will fade.
Ah, sweet is the pleasure
 To give unto thee,
And rich is the treasure,
 When love holds the key.

I'll get thee white silver,
 And bright, yellow gold,
And pearls that are precious,
 Till millions are told ;
For sweet is the pleasure
 To give unto thee,
And rich is the treasure,
 When love holds the key.

I'll reap thee ripe harvests,
 And gather them in ;
I'll shear thee soft fleeces,
 All ready to spin.
How sweet is the pleasure
 To give unto thee,
And rich is the treasure,
 When love holds the key.

I'll press purple clusters,
The wine shall be sweet ;
The trees' laden branches
Shall bend to thy feet.
Sweet, sweet is the pleasure
To give unto thee,
And rich is the treasure,
When love holds the key.

I'll cull the sweet flowers,
Wherever they grow,
And bring thee bright laurels
To place on thy brow ;
For sweet is the pleasure
To give unto thee,
And rich is the treasure,
When love holds the key.

I'll teach thee true knowledge,
And thou shalt be wise ;
I'll clothe thee in beauty
As bright as the skies.
How sweet is the pleasure
To give unto thee,
And rich is the treasure
When love holds the key.

I'll give thee my fortune,
I'll give thee my love,
And pray till God gives thee
Good gifts from above ;
For sweet is the pleasure
To give unto thee,
And rich is the treasure,
When love holds the key !

The Dead Child.

THE rose has left the little cheek,
The lily stays there now ;
White lids are folded, like a flake,
Upon blue eyes which can not wake,
But yet a little show,
Like violets beneath the snow.
Sweet cherry lips that once could speak,
And breathe their little talk, so low,
With warmth no longer glow.
Soft ringlets flow around the neck,
While curly locks the forehead fleck,

And cluster round the brow.
The little cherub form, so weak,
Is left with us below ;
The precious soul, so pure and meek,
Has gone where angels go.
O, God! although our hearts must break,
To Thee we humbly bow!

Rosa to Marepa.

GONE in thy blooming prime—
Ascended to the sky,
To join the choral chime,
In choirs on high.

While resting in thy sleep,
Beyond this troubled bourne,
Millions will pause to weep—
But I shall mourn.

Though thou hast gone above,
The world still hears thy name :
But thou didst prize thy love
Dearer than fame.

'T was not where waters greet
And kiss the pebbled shore,
Where last we fondly met
To meet no more ;

Nor by the hawthorn's seat,
Where warbling birds rejoice—
It was my heart that beat
To thy sweet voice.

We met where souls in prayer,
And hearts in love, embrace—
Made, by thy spirit there,
A holy place.

It was a precious love
That knew no wrong nor blame,
For earth to disapprove
Or heaven condemn.

To me it is not given
Thy voice on high to hear ;
But I can gaze on heaven,
And see thee there !

'T is not for me to sing—
My muse can never rise

And soar upon the wing
Into the skies;

But hearts that can not win
The poet's wreath may love,
And thus I breathe my strain
To thee above.

Thou art my "lingering star,"
That no dark cloud shall hide—
While near, my joy; now far,
My hope and guide.

Thou hast no "lessening ray,"
But like the clustered seven—
Though all unseen by day—
Thou shinest in the heaven.

No shade shall dim the worth
Of thy pure soul on high;
The clouds are round the earth—
Not in the sky.

And up to thee still turns
My weary heart, all riven,
And still my bosom yearns
To thee in heaven.

Love and Ambition.

AMBITION seeks for fame and glory,
A million voices shout—away ;
Love gently tells a tender story,
And one sweet voice invites to stay !

Ambition calls to fields all gory,
The trumpet's clang awakes the fray ;
Love softly whispers, *con amore*.
Where peace and beauty bear their sway !

Ambition flaunts his laurels hoary,
Adorning massive columns gray ;
Love offers but the myrtle's flora,
And weaves a crown of one sweet spray !

Ambition first leads on to glory,
The hero bears the wreath away ;
Then soon returns to love's sweet story,
And thus at last love win's the day !

The Lowly Maid.

FAIR maid, my bosom beats for thee,
And this right arm shall be thy guide;
If both my hand and heart were free,
Then, dearest, thou shouldst be my bride!

They taunt me oft that I should sing
Of one as lowly as thou art;
They never knew so sweet a thing
As this pure love that warms my heart!

For wealth can never buy the charm
That gives the troubled bosom rest;
And without love there's naught to warm,
Or satisfy the yearning breast!

And wealth can never banish care,
Where hands instead of hearts are wooed;
Nor beauty make a maiden fair,
Unless love first has made her good!

For hate will often follow beauty,
And beauty oft invite the sneer;

While love from choice will follow duty,
And duty love and truth revere!

The ringless hand that thou wouldst give,
Is better than if bound in gold;
For love upon itself must live,
No coffer can its treasures hold!

The poor and meek are true and fond,
Untaught in treachery and art;
And thou—obeying love's sweet bond—
Wouldst keep all sorrow from the heart!

But sorrows that I long have borne,
No love can soothe, no heart can share;
That thou art fair and I forlorn,
Must now be aye my pain and care!

Listen.

LISTEN, my love with golden curls,
That fall around thy brow
And hide thine eyes—
Soft as a fleecy cloud unfurls
And hides the stars' sweet glow
That lights the skies;
Listen! There once was one like thee,
She was what thou art now—
Sweet as the flower
Whose fragrance most attracts the bee;
But, in the long ago,
Death robbed the bower!

The Chosen Home.

As the bird upon the tree
Startles at the trembling leaf,
Happiness has fled from me,
Leaving me in grief.

Must the robin leave his nest,
Banished to a leafless tree?
Can the heart ne'er find its rest
Where it loves to be?

Can the tendril never cling
But it must be torn away?
Must we pinion love's soft wing
Lest he go astray?

Can the heart ne'er build its home
In the bosom that it loves,
But some wrong or grief must come,
Goading till it roves?

If there be a place on earth
Where fond love is true and free,

Let us there lay down our hearth,
Be it mount or lea !

There to live in solitude,
Save our own society ;
Happy in our lone abode
Wheresoe'er it be !

Rambling through the mountain air,
Gathering poses in the vale,
Searching for the bright and fair
O'er the hill and dale ;

Choosing, as the wise and true,
From the good and beautiful,
Thus, with nature ever new,
Pleasing mind and soul !

Free and happy as the birds,
Sweetly singing in the grove ;
Speaking only gentle words,
Full of truth and love !

Living without bond or fetter,
Where no law of God forbids,
Loving one another better
Than the world besides !

Fearing neither fate nor death,
Hoping, when beneath the sod,
That our souls through simple faith
Shall ascend to God!

Come and be my only love,
And my heart shall never roam ;
Faithful I will ever prove,
In our chosen home!

The Harp of Love.

WHEN woman's heart is tuned to notes of love,
By some skilled hand, more tender than the rest,
'T is like the well-tuned harp—its breathings move
The hardest heart, and warms the coldest breast ;
And he who tunes this harp, how richly blest !

Then touch its strings with soft and gentle skill,
And let its chords and sweet, melodious tone,
That fill the bosom with a tender thrill,
Awake a sweet response within thine own ;
Then thou wilt feel that thou art not alone.

But if some hand should o'er it rudely sweep,
Or it should feel neglect or cold disdain,
The cords will break, and ever silent sleep,
No more to breathe the soft and melting strain—
For then no skill can tune that harp again!

You Say You Love Me.

You say you love me, but you bow
To others as to me;
And do they hear the same soft vow
That I have heard from thee?

You say you love me, but your love
Seems passionless and tame;
I never see your bosom move—
You neither praise nor blame!

You say you love me, but you speak
With such a careless voice;
You act as though your love was weak,
And scarcely knew its choice.

You say you love me, but you seem
Indifferent in your mien;

Your heart is placid as a dream,
While mine is racked with pain.

You say you love me, but your heart
Comes not to me alone;
It seems that others share a part—
Oh, give me all or none!

Yes, give me all or let me die,
Take all or all renounce.
Oh, kill me not so tenderly,
But break my heart at once.

Once.

ONCE, and only once, we met,
Yet she touched love's gentle thrill,
And awoke a sweet regret;
Half-suppressed, it soon was still,
As, unwittingly, the finger
O'er a silent harp may hie,
And awake sweet tones that linger
But a moment ere they die.

Soft and tremulous, a sigh
Can a sympathy impart,
That as swift as light may fly,
Yet, in passing, touch the heart;
As the zephyr woos the flower
That a moment bows its head.
Then awakes within the bower
But to learn its love has fled.

Though so soon, yet one sweet smile
Lights with softest tints the brow,
And love's pencil, for the while,
Gives the cheek its sweetest glow.
As the sun, unconscious lighter
Of the planets and the skies,
Making all the welkin brighter,
So her beauty blest my eyes.

Though it flies, one gentle look—
Messenger of silent thought—
Opes the page of love's fond book,
Where the sweetest joys are taught;
As the modest blooming flower
Knows not that 't is beautiful,
So, unconscious of her power,
She has won my heart and soul.

The Fond Belief.

Oh, let me still believe in love,
As told in tale and sung by poet !
Deceive me, if thy heart will rove,
But never, never let me know it !

Oh, let me, till my latest breath,
Believe you truly, fondly love me ;
Leave me this faith until my death,
Then let the cypress wave above me.

So Kind and yet so Cold.

So kind and yet so cold, my love !
Although unkind to me,
If I had never known thy love,
I could be all to thee.
But more than kindness once, my love,
You fondly gave to me ;
Now give me once again thy love,
Or cast me far from thee.

So kind and yet so cold, my love !
Such kindness now from thee,
Since it must come without thy love,
Is cruelty to me.
Then be unkind to me, my love !
Sweeter were death from thee
Than life can be without thy love—
Be all or naught to me !

My Only One.

How many lovely ones I see,
Sweet, blushing flowers of womanhood,
So bright, so innocent, so free,
So true, so beautiful, so good.
Yet thou shalt be
Of all I see
My only one !

If I could choose from all I see
The one that rules upon a throne,

And win her heart and crown to me,
Thou wouldst be dearer still—my own !
So thou shalt be
Of all I see
My only one !

The Touch.

I took her hand in mine—'t was fair—
It lingered just a moment there ;
A strange, sweet touch, as it withdrew,
Aroused my heart and thrilled me through.

Though all my peace and joy are gone,
And weary years of hope have flown
Since thus I held that hand so fair,
Yet still that strange, sweet touch is there.

Young Robbie.

YOUNG Robbie lives ayont Loch Lomond,
And gangs to college a' the year;
He herds na beastie on the common—
I can na tell what brings him here.

But aft he tarries at the shielin',
Until the gloamin' dims the lea,
And cracks to mither wie sic feelin'
It brings the moisture to her e'e.

And cracks wi' father 'bout the lamies,
The tender things to bear the storm;
And how they bleat to ca' their mammas,
Sa timid when there is na harm.

But cracks sa wise to me of sternies
That bleeze aboon, and flowers sa bright
That bloom alang the bens and burnies—
I can na understan' him right.

I din na care for muckle learnin'
'Bout sternies high nor flowers sa sweet;

Gin he would speak of love's sweet yearnin',
I ken my foolish e'en would greet.

But mither says, " Beware of laddies
That gang to college far awa ;
Ye ken na o' their hames nor daddies "—
I din na wish to ken at a'.

My Unplucked Flower.

Thou shalt be my unplucked flower,
Cherished in my heart's own bower ;
Raging storms shall pass thee by,
Not a cloud shall dim thy sky ;
Heaven's fresh dews shall cheer thy morn,
Sunshine shall thy blush adorn,
And thy beauty, bright and fair,
Yield its fragrance to the air.

I will guard thee from all harm,
Watch and shield each opening charm,
Safe from every peeping eye,
Wanton bee, or butterfly ;

Blooming thus a lovely gem,
All untouched thy tender stem,
Thou shalt be my unplucked flower,
Cherished in my heart's own bower.

Her Death.

THE hot destroyer's fatal breath
Swept o'er her couch ;
I watched her fade away till death
Gave the last touch.

I gazed upon her as she lay—
Well did I mark ;
'T was my last look : I turned away,
The world was dark.

They bore her to her resting-place,
Cold—on a bier ;
Hopeless and sad, with wavering pace,
I followed there.

Her pure remains to earth they gave—
We did not part ;
The clods that fell upon her grave
Buried my heart!

Her Burial.

AH, see! Her eyes are dim and closed,
I can not hear the faintest breath,
And all her body lies composed,
As if it were asleep in death.
I can not feel her heart's fond throb
In answer to my faithful love;
No more that gentle breast will sob,
The immortal soul has gone above.

Now that her soft, white hands are still,
Come, make her toilet for the tomb,
And put her in the grave so chill,
Where light and warmth can never come.
There lay her on her bed so cold,
And fold her arms upon her breast;
Cover her lovely form with mold,
And let it there forever rest.

With her my joys and hopes are gone,
I can not see her face again ;
Now let me dwell and weep alone—
For all the things of earth are vain.
No more for me the flowers will bloom,
No more for me the trees will wave,
No more for me the morn will come—
For I am living in a grave.

Her Grave.

THY soul, with wings unfurled,
Hath softly flown,
For thou art gone
To the still world.

This is thy earthly rest ;
Through hope and fear,
Thou comest here
To be God's guest.

The seasons will return,
The flowers will bloom
Around thy tomb—
Still we shall mourn.

We laid thee 'neath this sod.
And lowly here,
With many a tear,
Left thee with God.

This is but heaven's portal ;
Thy dust, not thou,
Liest here, for now
Thou art immortal !

By Her Grave.

I'M standing by thy grave alone ;
The twilight—closing round me—
Is beckoning on the cold, pale moon,
And here the stars have found me.

The dew is gathering from the spheres,
And trembling on the blossom—
In silence—as the deepest tears
Come welling from the bosom.

Alone? Nay, nay ; I'm not alone :
The things of earth beneath me,

And beings from the starry throne,
Hallowed above, are with me.

My soul can trace thee by the tree,
And flitting through the bowers ;
And glances of thy face I see
Pictured among the flowers.

In the soft zephyr's murmuring song
I hear thy spirit's vesper ;
The fragrant air that floats along
Brings me thy lips' sweet whisper.

And fondly to this place I cling,
Where lingers still that essence
Which dwells above—a holy thing—
In God's eternal presence !

The Bereaved Heart.

HAST thou seen the young vine when torn from the limb
That its arms clasped so fondly around?
How it wanders in search of something to climb,
Then falls and entwines with itself on the ground.

So the heart when bereaved will search for relief—
For something on which it may lean;
And then, like the vine, will entwine with its grief,
And nothing can heal it or raise it again.

I am not Parted from Thee.

I AM not parted from thee, no;
Although thy dust sleeps in the urn—
For wheresoe'er my thoughts may go,
To thee they ever will return.

I walk the earth and act my part,
And must while here below I dwell;
But none may see my mind and heart,
Nor know what I must think and feel.

Perchance, on others I may smile,
Or grant them even passing love—
'T were but a feeling for a while
To point my soul to thee above.

O, if there lived beneath the sun,
One single being who could make
Me thee forget, her would I shun,
And all her fondest love forsake.

Vines,

ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER, MRS. SPENCER.

SHE is a golden sheaf
Gathered and saved in Heaven;
I am a withered leaf
Upon a stalk all riven!

When autumn's breezes blow,
Soon comes the wintry blast.
The frost is on my brow;
I am alone—the last!

My Last Farewell.

I CAME to tread my native ground,
And be a boy again;
To feel my youthful spirits bound
As if they ne'er felt pain.

Ah, once I knew a father here—
A mother's tenderness;
His strong arm still can banish fear,
Her bosom still can bless.

Sisters and brothers, playmates, too—
It seems they must be near,
So tender, generous, brave, and true:
One tie was still more dear!

But memory will assert its sway
And touch the lengthened chain
Of three score years, now fled away,
Reviving all their pain.

I tread upon a stranger's soil,
My father is not here,

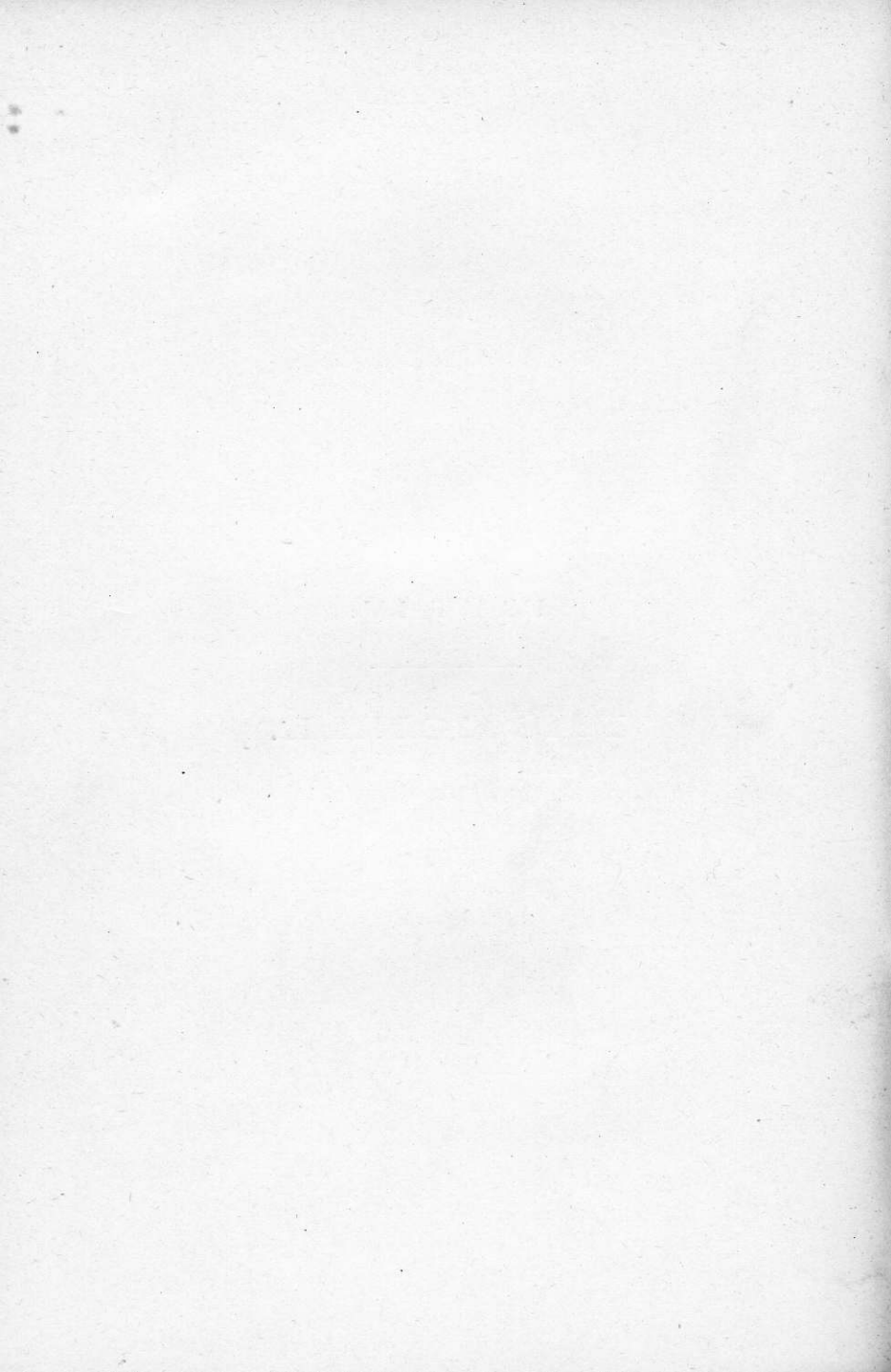
My mother long has left her toil,
No voice now greets my ear.

I am surrounded by the dead,
Again I hear the knell;
Most reverently I bow my head—
It is my last farewell!



PART IV.

PASSIONAL.



IV.

Passional.

Invocation.

O, LOVE! by thee we breathe and live—
All mystery revealing ;
Without thee life could not survive,
Nor soul, nor heart, nor feeling,
Nor passion, nor emotion, thought,
Nor joy, nor consolation ;
Without thy spirit these were naught,
Thou parent of creation !

Love Is Life.

LOVE is life, existence, being ;
Love is feeling, hearing, seeing ;
Love is all the senses glowing,
Giving mind its precious knowing,
And to genius all its showing.

Love is spirit—life's sweet leaven ;
Love is all of earth and heaven ;
Love is life death can not sever.
Loving not is living never ;
Loving once is life forever !

The Great Love.

ONLY those who know a great, great love ;
Only those who feel God in their veins ;
Only those who see below, above,
Throughout all, can tell where Eros reigns.

Who shall bear the ever-quenchless fire ?
Who shall feel the burning flesh consume ?
Who shall live in flames of pure desire,
Which alone can mind and soul illumine ?

O, ye grovelings ! ye can only know
Phrenzied moments, love-destroying heats,
Gross, dull fires, which neither flash nor glow,
Hot, charred flesh—not love's sustaining sweets !

Swept by passion's storms, forever moved,
Upheaved forests, or the troubled main—
Gulfs—more quiet are than hearts unloved,
Bound to unblest souls which writhe in pain.

Clouds may hide the sky, darkness the sea,
Night obscure the day—light will return ;
Love shall pierce the clouds, darkness shall flee—
Lo, the sun and love forever burn !

In the presence of a grand, grand love,
All the petty passions sink away ;
Love arises to a height above,
Where the night becomes eternal day.

Only love knows beauty, goodness, truth—
Units which with universals blend ;
Only love can bring an endless youth,
Tracing wisdom through design and end.

Love is power, and only love creates—
Bodies, souls, men, angels, seraphs, gods ;
Love alone can ope the golden gates,
Bearing welcome to their bright abodes !

Who shall mount love's wings and soar away
Where the Deity invites the soul ?

Who shall dare his high behests obey,
Yielding homage to his sweet control?

Only love can lead us up to bliss ;
Love can all our joys and pains atone.
Time, eternity, all things, teach this—
Love and Beauty, God and Truth, are one !

The Grandeur of Love.

How we love and how we long for rest ;
How we ponder o'er the tender truth ;
How we nurse it in the yearning breast,
Loving with the faith of trusting youth.
In the far forever flies our hope ;
To the near we fondly cling and trust ;
Thought's broad pinions give too little scope
To a full heart that loves because it must.

O, the meaning of this deep, deep love !
Who can fathom it, or find its shore ?
Giving all—here, there, below, above—
All receiving, and yet asking more.

Worlds on worlds fail to embrace it all ;
Skies, so infinite, would still expand ;
Heaven itself, so vast and grand, seems small
To a great soul fulfilling love's command !

Destiny.

I know I love you when I should not ;
I would be far yet near ;
I would you loved me, yet I would not,
If it must cost one tear—
But should I know you could not,
The pang would be severe !

Adieu, adieu ! It is our destiny
To meet, to love, to part ;
Yet let my memory fondly rest in thee,
Believing what thou art.
'T's not my fortune to be blest in thee,
Sweet charmer of my heart !

Our Fate.

FONDLY in mind and heart entwined,
And bound in love which can not sever,
Though to another's fate consigned—
The mistress of my soul forever.
To meet, to love, to kiss, to part—
A sigh, a tear, a broken heart!

My Light, My Life, My Love.

THOU art light to my eyes,
Thou art life to my veins,
Thou art love to my sighs,
Thou art thought to my brains—
My light, my life, my love!

Thou art joy to my breast,
Thou art voice to my tongue,
Thou art music expressed,
Thou art soul to my song—
My light, my life, my love!

One Look.

GIVE me one look ; I ask no more—

One look from that deep, lustrous eye ;
And with its lashes shade it o'er,
Lest from its rays I can not fly.

One passing look—but one—no more ;

To gaze on that bewitching eye !
'T would ope the book of love's sweet lore,
Where all his dearest secrets lie.

Only one look—one look—no more ;

It can not be that you 'll deny
That pittance from so rich a store—
'T were as one ray from all the sky !

Give me one look ; I ask no more—

One look, but not a smile nor sigh,
Lest I should linger and adore—
One look, one look, then let me fly !

Thou Art Woman.

Not thy mistress nor thy wife,
 Yet I love thee more than either;
Sad misfortune of my life
 That allows me to be neither;
For thy wife I can not be,
 And thy mistress, must not, will not,
Yet, like storms o'er land and sea,
 Earth and heaven my wishes still not.
With the passion of a mistress,
 The devotion of a wife,
And a love too, too resistless,
 Quenchless fires consume my life.
Naught on earth can give me quiet,
 Naught in heaven can bring me calm,
But my soul must not defy it—
 Tell me, tell me what I am!
Chaste as virgin at her vespers,
 Struggling with the superhuman;
Yet my being ever whispers—
 Thou art woman, woman, woman!

Those Beaming Eyes.

O, TURN away those beaming eyes,
I can not bear their light.
Why should the stars forsake the skies,
And shine on me so bright?
Conceal the heaving of thy breast,
As though it sought release;
Nor let it seem as 't would be prest—
It robs my heart of peace!

Smile not, lest those soft dimples wake;
Let not thy blushes glow,
Nor let me hear those sweet lips speak—
They thrill my bosom through.
And do not hold thy happy dove
So fondly to thy breast;
'Tis hard to look on so much love
When I am all unblest!

Let Me Love Thee.

Let me love thee—let me love thee;
I will ne'er thy peace annoy;
Hopelessly to love thy image—
This shall be my life-long joy!

Can not love me? Well I know it;
Stars can never stoop to earth,
But fond eyes can gaze up to them—
Even from the lowliest birth!

Love another? Never, never;
No, this heart—though wrong and woe
One by one its cords may sever—
Thee, and only thee shall know!

Happiness? I do not ask it,
Only let me weep for thee;
Pain, if suffered for thy sake, is
Sweetest happiness to me!

Let me love thee—let me love thee,
Sever not the only tie
That unites my soul to being;
Let me love thee—or I die!

Love's Martyr.

I WEEP, and yet my tears are sweet,
I grieve, but, oh! how dear my grief;
Pangs rend my heart at every beat—
But yet I would not have relief!

I'm fettered, yet I kiss the chain,
A slave, and yet would not be free;
I suffer, yet I love the pain—
The fond ecstatic agony!

I burn on love's funereal pyre,
And bless the bed whereon I lie;
I perish in the pleasing fire,
Exulting as I sweetly die!

The Rack and Pyre.

THOU art happy when I'm sad,
When I'm weeping thou art glad;
If love touched thee thou wouldst know
That such cruelty is woe.

Why the torture thus prolong?
Why delight in pain and wrong?
See me prostrate at thy feet—
Is thy triumph not complete?

Never trifle with a wretch:
On the rack his body stretch,
And at once let him expire;
Or consume him in the fire.

Here I lie upon the pile,
Touch the torch, exult and smile;
To escape this agony
It were mercy thus to die!

So Kind, yet Cruel.

THOU art so kind, and yet so cruel—
So loving, yet so stern;
Thou wilt not let me touch the jewel
That makes my bosom burn.

Thou keep'st it in a triple casket,
Of bright, untarnished steel,
Forbidding even hope to ask it,
Whate'er the pain I feel.

Although so close thou would'st conceal it,
'Tis yet a little shown;
Still fearing if thou should'st reveal it,
To lose what love has won.

O, let me clasp the precious treasure,
And feel love's ecstasy,
Or grant me that last, sad, sweet pleasure—
In love's fond pangs to die!

Do not let Me Love You.

Do not let me love you !

Turn from me away,
Banish me forever—

Do not let me stay !

Do not let me love you !

Never heed my sighs,
Let me not behold you—
Blind my longing eyes.

Do not let me love you !

Let me weep and grieve ;
Close your breast to pity,
Though I can not live !

Do not let me love you !

Speak the killing word ;
Frown upon me, spurn me—
Let me be abhorred !

Do not let me love you !

Yet I know I must ;

Loathe me, cast me from you—
Crush me in the dust!

Do not let me love you!
Save me or I'm lost;
Let love's fires consume me—
Thy poor holocaust!

Thou Must not Love Me.

THOU must not love me!
Death seeks out those who bear my love,
And drags them to the tomb.
Wouldst thou be one, my gentle dove,
To dare the fatal doom?
Thou must not love me!

Thou must not love me!
Wouldst thou devote thy priceless charms
To love's unsanctioned bliss,
And wildly lay within my arms,
The crowning sacrifice?
Thou must not love me!

Thou must not love me!
Would one so pure and beautiful
Grant all that earth has given?
Wouldst thou resign thy heart and soul,
And risk the wrath of heaven?
Thou must not love me!

Thou must not love me!
Nay, nay! thou must not tempt a fate
That heaven would disapprove;
Better that I should gain thy hate,
Than thus to win thy love.
Thou must not love me!

Innocence.

O, how dainty, sweet, and pretty;
Eyes like stars and cheeks like roses;
Hair so plenty, soft, and jetty,
That young Cupid there reposes.

Eyelids thin, with heavy lashes;
Dimpled chin and mouth so merry,
Where her smile like sunlight flashes,
When it falls upon a cherry.

Swan-like neck, all molded sweetly,
Proudly rising o'er the billow
On her breast, where, folded neatly,
Swells the damask like a pillow.

Rounded arms and tapered fingers,
Having only one sweet duty—
To secure, where Cupid lingers,
All the vestments of her beauty.

Waist bewitching, bosom tender,
Throbbing as it rises o'er it;
Form so graceful, lithe, and slender,
Anchorites must needs adore it.

Feet that would not bruise a blossom,
Even where she stands and ponders—
Stepping as to scarcely cross them,
While adown the lawn she wanders!

And a limb so roundly molded
That her robes can scarcely hide it.
Yet so modestly enfolded,
That no lover yet has spied it.

Not the knave would dare to sue her ;
Naught knows she of love unruly ;
But the hero that would woo her
Must be brave and noble truly.

The Knight's Love.

THE day has gone to the cave,
The night is over the lea ;
All sleep but the streamlet's wave,
And now I am off to thee.

I come on my charger fleet,
That bounds like a dashing sea ;
Though thick be the dangers I meet,
I come for a moment with thee.

The moon, with her silvery light,
Hangs high o'er the eastern tree,
And the stars are laughing bright,
To show me the way to thee.

Though the stars have eyes so bright,
And gaze, yet they can not see ;
Though the moon looks down from her height,
She is fair and as true as thee.

And the wind can tell no tale,
Though it whispers to the tree ;
And the curs that bark in the vale
Know not that I fly to thee.

I have come, I have come from afar ;
O, prithee, look down on me,
And burst the forbidding bar
That keeps me from love and thee.

I have come as fleet as the wind,
And true as the homeward bee ;
O, hasten the door to unbind,
That shuts me from joy and thee.

Now, close in thy folding arms,
Where no tell-tale eye can see,
And safe from all rude alarms,
A life is this moment with thee !

* * * * *

List, list! to the cock's clear horn!
My charger paws by the tree;
I must go—one kiss—it is morn!
At eve, I'll return to thee!

Norwilda.

I AM the knight, so brave and bold,
That never battles for silver or gold—
I fight for love and my lady.
Norwilda, Norwilda, I fly to thee;
Then open thy castle gate to me!

Sir Lancewood, the knight, is my true name,
And I am ready, with sword of flame,
To fight for love and my lady.
Norwilda, Norwilda, I come to thee;
Then open thy mansion door to me!

I am the defender of honor and love,
As bold as the eagle, as true as the dove—
I fight for love and my lady.
Norwilda, Norwilda, I bow to thee;
Then open thy faithful heart to me!

I'll stand thy knight, as true as my steel,
And pledge my blood and the passion I feel,
 To fight for love and my lady.
Norwilda, Norwilda, I kneel to thee;
Then open thy lovely arms to me!

Passion and Purity.

GIVE me love's pure, precious treasure,
 In the fond exchanging kiss;
Leave me in soft dallying leisure,
 Win me to the brink of bliss;
Feeling most exquisite pleasure—
 Thinking not a thought amiss—
Stealing on with gentle seizure—
 Linking all life's joys to this.
Sleep and sigh, let silence praise your
 Beauty, as it lies submiss;
Keep me from the fullest measure,
 Duty guarding the abyss!

Wedded Love.

THE lattice opened to the sky,
The gentle moon, with soft approach,
Stole from a fleecy cloud on high,
And shone upon the bridal couch.

His virgin wife slept by his side,
Encircled fondly in his arms;
He gazed upon the lovely bride,
And counted o'er and o'er her charms.

Her head his glowing bosom prest,
Her neck was hid in streaming tresses;
The vesture half disclosed a breast
That all a woman's charms confesses.

The moonlight softly kissed her brow
So clear it seemed to pierce it through,
As white and pure as unprest snow,
Save little traces tinged with blue.

His hand just touched her swelling breast,
A treasury of virgin love,

And as she breathed it gently prest
Against it, like a nestling dove.

Her eyes, whose bright soul-beaming flashes
Their lids so soft could scarcely shroud,
A little shone betwixt their lashes,
Like stars that twinkle through a cloud.

At dreams of love's delicious blisses
Her modest cheek in sleep e'en blushed;
Her tempting mouth, the home of kisses,
Told tales of love, although 't was hushed.

Her blushing cheek was turned away
As if at some sweet fear she started,
And those ripe lips where raptures play,
So full of sweets, were slightly parted.

Unbroken was the sacred seal
That virtue as her signet place,
To guard what love may not reveal
Till locked in hymen's sweet embraces.

Formed in the sweetest mold of love,
Chaste as a rose just washed with dew,
Pure as a spirit from above,
Fair as an angel and as true.

While gazing thus with thrilling pleasure,
His kindling heart burst in a flame,
Unconsciously he clasped his treasure,
She, waking, softly lisped his name.

The cheek that fain would hide its blushes,
And lip that fled to shun his kiss,
The gentle sigh that broke in gushes,
Awoke sweet ecstasies of bliss!



PART V.

SATIRICAL.

V.
Satirical.

Thou Man of Priestly Power.

Go, wander in the forest shade,
And watch the waving trees ;
Go, weigh the shadows on the glade,
Articulate the breeze,
And listen to the woodland song
Resounding through the bower.
Say, to what creed shall these belong—
Thou man of priestly power ?

Go, where the ocean billows roll ;
Whisper the tides to rest ;
Forbid the yearnings of the soul
To swell within the breast ;
Arrest the flight of time, and call
Eternity an hour ;
Say this shall rise and that shall fall—
Thou man of priestly power.

Go, count the worlds on high, and span
 Infinitude of space ;
Enslave the mind and soul of man,
 And chain the human race ;
Declare where heaven's bright sun shall shine,
 And hell's dark clouds shall lower ;
Say this is human, that divine—
 Thou man of priestly power.

Go, in the panoply of Heaven,
 And desolate the land ;
For has not God insignia given
 To thee to sear and brand ?
Pursue thy brother man, and call
 Him infidel or giaour ;
Bid him before thee prostrate fall—
 Thou man of priestly power.

Go, curse the infant in the womb,
 By God created there ;
Condemn from cradle to the tomb,
 And thy fierce wrath declare ;
Imprison all mankind in hell,
 Secure the brazen door,
And bid them there forever dwell—
 Thou man of priestly power.

Go, flourish high St. Peter's key,
And shut the gates of Heaven
'Gainst all, unless they bow to thee,
And beg to be forgiven;
Then with another key—of gold—
The wretches all restore;
Lift high thy saints from hell's deep hold—
Thou man of priestly power.

Go, with thy poison, rack, and flame,
Murder the innocent;
Go, torture in God's holy name,
Command His armament;
Denounce eternal death in sin
Outside thy Babel-Tower;
Promise eternal life within—
Thou man of priestly power.

Yes, go, thou favored one of God,
Put on thy holy stole,
And save with sacerdotal nod,
Or damn with frown, the soul;
With stake and torch, with sack and flood,
Go, put the wretch in stour,
Tear flesh, rend joints, break bones, coin blood—
Thou man of priestly power.

Go, and repeat thy holy wars,
To make mankind believe ;
With graves on earth outcount the stars,
And leave the world to grieve ;
The Inquisition and its jeers,
Bartholomew's dread hour,
Revel again in blood and tears—
Thou man of priestly power.

Go, look upon thy brother's face—
The image God has made ;
Seest there the serpent, or its trace ?
Was God by *it* betrayed ?
God made the soul therein to dwell,
That soul to Heaven doth tower ;
Darest thou condemn that soul to hell—
Thou man of priestly power ?

Go, crucify the Holy One,
That He may bear thy sins ;
Let angels roll away the stone
Where ghastly horror grins ;
All this to please Almighty God,
And make mankind adore ;
Bid all believe, or feel thy rod—
Thou man of priestly power.

Go, break His very flesh, and eat
Like savage canibals ;
Drink of His blood, and call it sweet—
Lap it like animals ;
Like tigers, when the lamb must die,
Besmire God's throne with gore—
A smoking incense to the sky—
Thou man of priestly power.

Go, in thy puny power, thou worm,
Usurping God's great throne,
Bid man to thy decrees conform,
Or scourge him to the bone ;
Encompass him, secure his pelf,
Beneath death's awful glower,
To build a temple for thyself—
Thou man of priestly power.

Then go, and view God's universe,
His works and spirit scan ;
Hear earth and Heaven His praise rehearse,
And love thy brother man ;
Wield not the rod that is not thine,
Strike not with lightest flower ;
Obey the law that is divine—
Thou man of priestly power.

Shall man forget that he is man,
And teach, beyond the dead,
God's infinite, eternal plan—
That knowledge deep and dread?
Trust thou thy God, when called to go,
And humbly him adore;
Teach not that which thou canst not know—
Thou man of priestly power.

Say not in blindness thou canst see,
And can the future show;
Say not in ignorance what shall be,
When only God can know;
Say not in weakness thou art strong.
God rules the sun and shower;
Commit in His great name no wrong—
Thou man of priestly power.

Why, creature, thy Creator fear?
Is He not goodness—all?
He guides the distant star and sphere;
A teardrop doth not fall
Without His knowledge and his care;
The higher and the lower—
The All—are in His hands: Beware—
Thou man of priestly power.

Go, save the human race by love,
Unstained by murdered blood ;
Teach only truth, justice approve,
To all mankind do good ;
Plead mercy for the erring one.
And heal the sick and sore ;
Prostrate thyself before the throne—
Thou man of priestly power.

We Know Him.

A TYRANT o'er the weak, a slave to power,
Who had no friend on whom he did not prey,
And had no foe to whom he did not cower,
Nor held a trust that he did not betray.
A double tyrant and a double slave,
A double coward and a double knave!

A Character.

FOUR o'clock ; she rises, bathes,
And her flaccid body swathes ;
Scents her hair with fragrant oils,
Braids it in entangled coils ;
Whites her face and blacks her brows,
Tints her cheeks and apes the blowze ;
Sips her coffee or her wine,
Till, at six, she's called to dine.
Dined—disguised—her toilet done—
She, as disappears the sun,
When the evening air is cool—
Sallies forth to meet a—fool !

Behold.

BEHOLD the loud, pretentious fool
Inviting Deity to school,
To teach Him what is good and evil,
And how to circumvent the Devil !
Adjudging harmless souls to dwell
Forever in a quenchless hell.

Behold the sacerdotal knave,
Pretending he hath power to save !
Extorting money for his work,
Through fear—as frogs obey the stork ;
Leaving poor wretches in the lurch,
Unless they serve or pay the church !

Behold the vain, fastidious prude,
Ashamed that God has made her nude,
Hiding herself from crown to toe
In cap and mask and furbelow—
Despising loveliness and beauty,
And nursing hatred as a duty !

Behold the belle, approved a saint,
Still not forgetting chalk and paint ;
Dethroned by fashion's sceptered rod,
She condescends to worship God,
And prays, as lowly droops her head,
Still to be beautiful when dead !

How Little.

How little man can know
Of time, eternity—
Of suns and stars that glow,
Of space, the orbs, the sky.
And how much less of mind,
That rules and guides the whole,
Before which man is blind ;
Still less of spirit—soul ;
And naught of that great cause ;
For nothing can be known
Of Him—His essence, laws—
Who binds the All in One !

Man knows no more of self
Than does the fly, or bee,

Or brute, or bird, or elf,
Or monster in the sea.
His mind can never reach
Beyond its consciousness,
Yet he presumes to teach
God's will to curse or bless.
Thou insect, serpent, worm !
To seize the avenging rod
And damn thy race ! Go, squirm
Beneath the wrath of God !

The Second Coming.

If Christ on earth again should come,
In these corrupt, degenerate times,
To judge the world at final doom,
He'd pity and weep o'er its crimes ;

And wonder how man could oppress
His brother man, and shed his blood,
And hope that heaven his work would bless,
Still calling on the name of God !

How they perverted what He taught—
The tyrants, hypocrites, and knaves!
And crushed the liberty He brought
For all the race, to make them slaves!

How they sought vengeance in His name,
And stained their robes with noblest blood;
And murdered with the faggot's flame—
With poison, dagger, sack, and flood!

How they could kneel before the throne
Of Him who rules the earth and Heaven,
Still reeking with the work they 'd done,
And ask or hope to be forgiven!

Astonished at the church—so named—
His sentence soon would end their reign:
“Depart, ye cursed, with the damned,
And never see my face again!”

The Impenitent.

IF tears could ease his heart,
Or words relieve his brain,
If sighs could cure the smart—
His sorrows were not vain.

If pangs that rend the breast
Could make his trouble less,
Then would he be at rest,
And all his sorrows cease.

He lives, yet can not live,
For day by day he dies ;
With all that earth can give,
He wants what Heaven denies.

He will not do the will
Of Him upon the throne,
But does that which must kill,
And sinks—all hope is gone !

He spurns the Sacred Host ;
In heaven he can not dwell ;
He dies—his soul is lost—
It burns and writhes in hell !

The Agony.

Oh, God! Oh, God! forgive a wretch;
 Forgive, and let him die!
The tearing rack's extremest stretch
 Gives no such agony!

On earth Thou hast denied him bliss;
 He feels the avenging rod.
Hell hath no agony like this;
 Forgive a wretch, Oh, God!

What is Love?

LOVE is the fleeting smile of spring,
 Its fitful tears,
The hasty kiss of zephyr's wing
 That but appears,
Then droops in summer's fervent heat;
 And, yet, how sweet!

Love is the blush and breath of flowers
That flit away,
The gems and jewels of the bowers,
Where beauties play,
Then wither at the summer's greet;
Yet, O, how sweet!

Man and Woman.

Man:

THE sport of schemes,
Ambition's dreams,
And treachery!

Woman:

A thing of smiles,
Enticing wiles,
And witchery!

Man:

A being great,
Of high estate,
And dutiful!

Woman:

An angel sweet,
Perfect, complete,
And beautiful!

Both:

Of dust and spirit,
Of faults and merit,
 Of soul and mind;
Of good and bad,
Now glad, now sad,
 Base and refined;
Of hopes and fears,
And smiles and tears;
 Now wise, now blind;
Of loves and hates—
And therefore mates,
 As God designed!

Retribution.

YE may not think of distant storms,
Nor hear the tempest's dash;
The lightnings may not pierce your forms,
Nor even show their flash;
Ye may not hear the thunder's crash
Nor see the sky o'ercast,
Yet thou shalt feel the mighty clash
And perish in the blast!

The Fatal Dart.

AH! when thou seest my conquered heart
Lie at thy feet so low,
Thou dost not see the fatal dart
There buried by thy blow!

Yes, thine own hand the shaft unbound,
My heart could not endure;
And thine own hand hath left the wound
Thy heart can never cure!

One Pang, and All Was Over.

ONE pang, and all was over,
She broke the sacred ban;
Till then he was a lover,
But now he is a man.

She wove her toils around him,
He was an abject slave,
But truth's strong hand unbound him—
Now he is free and brave!

Sordid Love.

Al, yes; she left me for a Spaniard,
With hairy lip and villian eye,
The hero of the dirk and poignard,
And master of the courtly lie.

She said I was a worthless beggar,
But one she knew had endless gold;
If she had pierced with a dagger,
It had not seemed to me so cold.

She bartered truth in heartless dealing—
A jewel dearer than a throne;
She sold a heart's true, fervent feeling—
A gem that gold yet never won.

But go, and take the faithless token—
I give it back without a sigh;
I would not give a heart, though broken,
For all that wrong and gold can buy.

Fair and False.

HER breast would shame the snowy flake
That drifts upon the mountain's brow ;
'T was placid as the crystal lake,
Unruffled by the storm or prow.

But, ah ! 't was colder than the snow,
And deep and subtle as the lake,
Where poisonous reptiles crawl below—
The covert of the wily snake.

Yet once that breast was dear to me ;
But now I only mark the shrine
To wonder how a thing could be
So fair without, so false within !

The Betrayer.

HE won her love and wronged her fame,
With cold and practiced art,
Then whispered tales to stain her name,
And wring her bleeding heart.

How base the lips and black the tongue
That such foul language spoke ;
How false the heart that did the wrong,
How true the heart that broke !

The wolf the harmless lamb will slay,
The hawk will tear the dove ;
Between these creatures and their prey
Nature implants no love.

And even wild, bloodthirsty beasts,
Or vultures, to their kind,
More pity show than human breasts,
When passion sways the mind.

And victims to their claws and fangs
Soon low in death are laid ;
Their fate is mercy to the pangs
Of trusting love betrayed !

The Two Friends.

RIZZIO.

Ab, none I hold above you, John ;
But—think not that I am uncivil,
For if I did not love you, John,
Gods! I should hate you like the Devil!

CALVIN.

David Rizzio! I spurn you!
Give thy mouth quietus ;
If you do not, I will burn you,
As I did Servetus!

Perfect People.

Of perfect people aye beware,
They are too nice to love their dinners ;
They keep their Sundays to a hair,
And think all other people sinners.

They always know all that is known,
And all that e'er will be worth knowing;
Whate'er they do is duty done,
Whoever suffers by the doing.

They hate the brotherhood of man,
Who (save themselves) are born in evil,
And help their Maker all they can
To chain and subjugate the devil.

From all their sins, which are concealed,
They are so good they have exemption;
For other's faults, which are revealed,
There's no forgiveness nor redemption.

They think their creed the *only* one,
And, outward, keep it to the letter;
Then, when their holy work is done,
They hold that God is much their debtor.

All not like they are must be bad;
To them a special grace is given;
God's chosen ones—they are so glad
That others can not go to heaven.

I pity him who can not laugh,
And is not cheered by mirth and song;

Who knows not inspiration's quaff,
And is too perfect to do wrong.

I mourn o'er him who can not love
The true, the good, the beautiful ;
He may know all that mind can prove,
Yet nothing of the heart and soul.

I love the man who owns how hard
It is to always do his duty ;
Who gives his friends his warm regard,
And does no wrong to love nor beauty ;

Who meets his Maker face to face,
And nobly treads the earth's green sod ;
Who loves and serves the human race,
And stands the image of his God !



PART VI.

HUMOROUS.

VI.

Humorous.

The First Poem.

I've published my poem—'tis out;
See Helicon's Register—yonder.
The scribblers are all in a rout,
The world is preparing to wonder.

The publishers—up and agog,
Are seeking a copy to plunder;
The news-boys are waiting their jog,
To carry the wonderful wonder.

The people will learn it by heart,
The crusty old critics will ponder,
And even the dolts of the mart
Will turn from their chattels and wonder.

* * * * *

A day, even thirty, soon flit :
No notice, no critique, no thunder?
They're jealous of genius—that 's it;
But why don't the world stop and wonder!

The Sweetest Poets.

THE sweetest poets most are blamed,
Yet most within our hearts are loved;
The grand old bards, though often named,
Are only by the lips approved.

They're read and studied by the few
To please the mind with classic art,
While simpler poets—far more true—
Engage the universal heart.

The long didactic tale, so prosy,
The lumbering epic of The Flood,
Are thrown aside for something rosy—
Something to warm and stir the blood!

We blame and read, and read and blame,
And, still enchanted with the song,

We weep o'er what we may not name—
A love so sweet and yet so wrong!

The old and young, the grave and gay,
Are warned against these rhyming snares,
And yet, for some half wicked lay
They half forget their hymns and prayers!

Cupid's Complaint.

Alas, me! when I shot at Minerva
I took my best aim—but I missed her;
She tossed me about, topsy-turvy,
And scourged my poor flesh to a blister.

I never was handled so roughly—
Not ugly old Vulcan, as black as
Erebus, received me so bluffly,
Nor even, when drunken, did Bacchus.

I've often shot Mars till he wondered
What 't was that was piercing his liver;
On Jupiter—e'en while he thundered—
I also have emptied my quiver.

I've wounded the faces of Janus
In spite of his locks, keys, and catches,
And boldly defied such a plan as
His gates and their triple-bound latches!

I've even enlivened dull Saturn
Until his slow vision could see a
New beauty in Ops, though a slattern,
Because she was younger than Rhea.

Old Neptune I've shot in deep ocean,
And Mercury high in the azure;
Olympus I've set in commotion.
Whenever it suited my pleasure.

And even hard Plutus, whose riches
Are not in his blood nor his marrow,
Has winced and shown sensitive twitches
Beneath the keen point of my arrow.

Of gods, I am master of many,
(Of course I rule all that is human),
Apollo, the wisest of any,
Obeys me as gently as woman!

Minerva may go down to Hades,
Alone, without passion or pity;

The Graces and Muses are ladies
More beautiful, loving, and witty.

My arrow the conqueror's rod is,
And governs from earth to the portal
Where enters each god with his goddess
To infinite regions immortal!

Wisdom, Love, and Mirth.

WISDOM for the head will do—
She is solid, safe, and true;
But the heart must have its love
Although wisdom disapprove;
And our nature needs its mirth
As it partly is of earth.

Wisdom, in her melancholy,
Ever looks on love as folly,
Yet love thinks that he is wise—
Even though he has no eyes;
And, as wisdom stands upon sense,
Mirth, she thinks, is merely nonsense.

Now, as love takes nothing coolly,
And as wisdom ne'er is jolly,
Mirth at love laughs when he's cheated,
And at wisdom, when defeated;
First at one and then the other,
Then all laugh at one another.

Thus they live and have their wrangles,
Triumphs, and defeats, and tangles,
But philosophy, with tether,
Gently joins the three together;
Then their little quarrels cease,
And the trio dwell in peace!

Poor Tom.

Ah! what can make you melancholy,
Come, tell me what it is, Tom;
Know human wisdom oft is folly,
And folly often wisdom!

The night must ever have a morn,
While God rules o'er the azure,

And though your heart with wrong is torn,
The pain will turn to pleasure!

Come swallow down your sobs, my boy,
All will be well to-morrow;
The keenest pang is oft a joy
Concealed beneath a sorrow.

If she is false do n't breathe it, Tom,
But quickly break the fetter;
And should your heart break with it, Tom,
'T will heal up all the better!

And do not lose your faith in woman,
But find another fairer;
For if the false ones are so common
Then true ones are the rarer!

How Foolish.

How foolish we are in our loves—

But then we love not with the brain;
'Tis only the heart that aye moves,
And brings us our pleasure and pain.

The brain is aye busy with thought

How best to accumulate pelf,
And knows only what it is taught—
The heart learns it all by itself.

No wonder the heart makes us fools—

For nothing can hold the thing still;
Though freezing, its ardor ne'er cools,
But always controls our sweet will.

The brain must be prudent and wise,

As over our planet it plods;
The heart wings its way to the skies
And guzzles bright wine with the gods!

Nora McLee.

Och! Nora McLee, how purty you be,
And, Nora, I'm loving you dearly—
Wid your nice little feet, so clean and so neat,
As you trip o'er the bogs late and early:
Och! Nora, sweet Nora, dear Nora McLee!

Och! Nora McLee, you came from the sea,
Your mouth is all coral and pearly;
Your eyes are so bright they daze with their light,
Like the will-o'-the wisp in the barley:
Och! Nora, sweet Nora, dear Nora McLee!

Och! Nora McLee, when your beauty I see,
All through me I feel very queerly;
Your bosom so fair, and your raven-black hair,
Have caught and bediveled fairly:
Och! Nora, sweet Nora, dear Nora McLee!

Och! Nora McLee, your sweet witchery
Has kinked up my heart-strings all curly,

Befuddled my brains, and so hetted my veins
That my sinses run all hurly-burly:
Och! Nora, sweet Nora, dear Nora McLee!

Och! Nora McLee, you're as swate as the bee,
And you're stinging my bosom severely;
But I'll bear all the pain if I only can gain
The heart of sweet Nora sincerely:
Och! Nora, sweet Nora, dear Nora McLee!

Och! Nora McLee, look kindly on me,
And treat me no more so austerely;
A kiss or a smile my care would beguile—
For the likes of me get them but rarely:
Och! Nora, sweet Nora, dear Nora McLee!

Och! Nora McLee, I'm dying for thee,
I'm kilt now, indade I am—surely;
If you'll not be my wife just murther my life,
And screw down the coffin securely:
Och! Nora, sweet Nora, dear Nora McLee!

Och! Nora McLee, now listen to me,
Come wid me to Father O'Birely;
The calf and the cow, and pig and the sow,
And myself shall be yours all entirely:
Och! Nora, sweet Nora, dear Nora McLee!

Oh, Oh, It Is Love!

THEY tell me that love is so queer;
I do not know what he is like;
But something is fluttering here,
Like a clock that is ready to strike.
Oh, oh, it is love!

I'm restless and troubled all night,
And wander about through the day;
Now ready to weep, now to fight,
I laugh and I swear and I pray.
Oh, oh, it is love!

I seldom can sleep—if I do,
I see her in dreams by my couch;
I reach out to clasp her, but, oh!
She vanishes ere I can touch.
Oh, oh, it is love!

I start for the sweet, shady nook,
Where often alone we have been,

But I can not get over the brook ;
I always forget and fall in.
Oh, oh, it is love!

Her eyes are so sunny and bright,
And shed such a dazzling ray,
I'm caught like a moth in their light,
And can't for my life get away.
Oh, oh, it is love!

I never can look in her eye,
But I see there the point of a dart;
I hang down my head and look shy,
For it pierces me through to the heart.
Oh, oh, it is love!

Whenever I take her soft hand,
My blood rushes on like a tide;
My blushes flash up like a brand,
Exposing what most I would hide.
Oh, oh, it is love!

I never can breathe but a sigh
Bursts out of my breast with a start;
I can not declare—if I try,
The language sticks fast in my heart.
Oh, oh, it is love!

I'm sick, though I seem to be well ;
I'm foolish, I'm crazy, I'm sad ;
No doctor my ailment can tell,
But, oh, it is terribly bad.
Oh, oh, it is love!

'T is more than my heart can endure ;
I've forty five pangs to a bliss ;
DELIRIUM TREMENS, I'm sure,
Was never so painful as this.
Oh, oh, it is love!

The Voice of Love.

Love's sweet voice came to my ears,
Soon his song drew happy tears ;
Next a thrill ran through my heart,
I was sure it was his dart ;
For I felt a pleasing sting,
And I saw his downy wing.

Soon I felt a strange desire,
Warmed as by a gentle fire ;

Love himself then quickly came
With his sighs to fan the flame ;
But he overheard me say—
“ He has wings, he will not stay.”

Then he answered, with a tear—
“ Wings were made to bring me here ;
In thy bosom let me stay,
I will never fly away.”
Safely bound in silken chains,
Here the urchin still remains !

Love Me.

Love me not for beauty,
Beauty will decay ;
Love me not for riches,
Riches fly away.

Love me not for genius,
Genius often roves ;
Love me not for wisdom,
Wisdom seldom loves.

Love me not for greatness,
It is high and bleak ;
Love me not for goodness,
Goodness oft is weak.

Love me not for passion,
Passion is a gale ;
Love me not for friendship,
Friendship, too, may fail.

Love me not for knowledge,
Knowledge is but cold ;
Love me not for youth, for
Youth will soon grow old.

Love me not for graces,
Mine may be surpassed ;
Love me not for sweetness,
Sweetness will not last.

Love me, if you could not
Gain one smile from me ;
Love me, if you would not—
Love me hopelessly !

Love me from no motive ;
Love me right or wrong ;

Love me for my loving,
Then you'll love me long.

Love me thus and ever;
Love but me alone;
Love me till death sever;
Love me all thine own.

Love me for no reason,
With no wish nor thought;
Then you'll always love me
For—you know not what!

Beauty, Love, and Wine.

TIME may have the yesterdays,
But to-day is mine;
While 't is passing, I will praise
Beauty, love, and wine.

Till my numbered years have flown,
These will I adore;
When my present joys are gone,
I will seek for more.

Fill the goblet, warm the soul,
Love shall banish strife ;
Join them with the beautiful—
Sweetest joys of life !

Yesterday is in its tomb,
Buried deep and low ;
And to-morrow, should it come,
Soon must also go.

In the flight of time, the *now*
Only can be mine ;
Give me, then, for weal or woe,
Beauty, love, and wine !

You Never can Make a Young Lover of Me.

My locks, once so raven, are mingled with gray ;
My brows now no longer from wrinkles are free ;
My cheeks, like the roses, have faded away ;
My eyes are deep-sunken and dull : do n't you see,
You never can make a young lover of me.

My lips, once so dewy, are purple and dry—
Their smiles are but wrinkles, their laugh is not glee ;

My teeth are but seven, and straggle awry ;
My breath is not fragrant : then plainly you see,
You never can make a young lover of me.

My form, once erect, is now bent like a bow,
No longer I tread on the mountain and lea ;
My steps are unsteady, my movement is slow ;
My limbs are all shrunken and weak : so, you see,
You never can make a young lover of me.

My pulse struggles faintly, my bosom is cold,
And passion no longer can whisper its plea ;
But wisdom speaks plainly : " Dear sir, you are old ;
Be done with your folly ! " There, can you not see,
You never can make a young lover of me ?

In vain all your sighs, your caresses and tears,
The bough will not spring on an old withered tree ;
No warmth of young passion can bring back the years,
Nor waken love's joy : 't is a pity, but, see,
You never can make a young lover of me.

If half-tied, thy love-knot is safe from my hand—
The casket secure, since so useless the key ;
Thy cestus, though silken, unloosed, could withstand
My fiercest attack : O, the pity ! but, see,
You never can make a young lover of me !

Love-Sickness.

OF all the kinds of heart-sick evil,
Love-sickness is the bluest devil ;
Yet wisest sages sometimes have it,
And boldest heroes can not brave it :
As David, Sampson, Solomon—
Best, strongest, wisest of God's own.

It agitates the heart and liver,
And makes the muscles writhe and quiver ;
Delirium, and chill, and fever
The bosom rack, and heart-strings sever ;
And when the patient grows more cool,
He feels as if he 'd been a fool.

Indeed, the wisest, for the nonce, is
No brighter than a very dunce is ;
His mind seems dimmed, as light by snuffers,
Although he twice but seldom suffers ;
But let him once fulfill the ban—
He soon becomes a wiser man !

The Cup of Love.

MUST there be in love's sweet cup
 Something to embitter it?
May we never fill it up
 With pure wine, so exquisite—
Brimming ever to the top—
And leave out the bitter drop?

Can we never touch the lip,
 And not taste the gall?
Can we never take a sip,
 And not drink it all?
As our joys all have their plagues,
Every cup must have its dregs!

Happy Wedlock.

FOR loving duties joined together,
The husband true and fond the wife;
While neither feels the silken tether,
We meet the cares and joys of life.

Around us cluster sons and daughters,
Renewing us in girls and boys;
And while we view life's ebbing waters,
Each one redoubles all our joys!

Cupid.

DEAR Cupid, sweet erratic boy,
So little, poor, and blind;
He brings us pain, he brings us joy—
So cruel, yet so kind.

So pleasing, yet as sad as death,
He makes us smile and grieve;

We laugh or sigh at every breath—
He kills, yet bids us live.

So quiet, yet so full of strife,
So right, and yet so wrong ;
A touch can kill or give him life—
So weak, and yet so strong.

He hears us when we do not speak,
And blinds our longing eyes ;
He makes us strong or makes us weak,
And comes in sweet disguise.

He lights, and yet is on the wing,
So restless, yet so still ;
The humblest servant, yet a king
With proud, imperious will.

A tyrant now, and now a slave,
Now joyful, and now sad ;
So merry now, and now so grave,
Now sorry, and now glad.

As fixed as mountains, rocks, or fate,
Yet changeful as the air ;
So kind in love, so fell in hate,
So knavish, yet so fair.

So constant, yet his constancy
Has most inconstant ways ;
So faithful, yet fidelity
He faithlessly betrays.

So busy, yet undutiful,
So timid, yet so bold ;
So ugly, yet so beautiful,
So young, and yet so old.

For him the breast will love in spite
Of all the head can do ;
And oft he takes a wandering flight,
E'en when the heart is true !



Cupid in the Kitchen.

Al! Cupid's flames will never kindle
The faggots in the kitchen;
His tears, although they fill a rindle,
You can not boil a flitch in;
Nor will his arrow, like a spindle,
Twist threads to put a stitch in,
Nor spin a web to round him windle
And keep the little witch in.

For he will never wear his clothing
If he the bands can sunder,
And, as to food, he lives on nothing
But love's delicious plunder;
On this he often feeds to loathing
And sickens for his blunder,
And then he needs much care and soothing,
Or quickly he will wander.

The little, naked mischief-maker
Stays not for goods nor money,

And never cares for cook or baker
If you but give him honey.
He is an arrant promise-breaker,
And cheats the trusting many;
A sad deceiver and forsaker,
And never true to any!

The Life of Love.

Love lives but for the present,
As blooms the fading flower,
Or like the waning crescent
That shines its little hour.

And though his light, while shining,
No darkness can enshroud;
Soon fades the silver lining
And leaves us but the cloud.

Love ever thus is flitting—
A bird upon his wings,
On waving branches sitting
A moment while he sings.

Aye thoughtless of the morrow
If he is pleased to-day ;
Forgetful of the sorrow
That is an hour away.

His thousand sweet caprices
But give his wooing zest ;
Yet soon his fondness ceases
When he is fully blest.

No one his kiss refuses,
Unbound by creeds and schools ;
And when the Urchin chooses
He makes the wisest fools !



The Puzzle.

WHEN true is our love,
Like cowards we tremble ;
Our follies soon prove
We can not dissemble.

When love is a sham,
We're bold as a lion ;
But, playing the lamb,
We still weep and sigh on.

When love is a truant,
He always is boldest,
And when the most fluent,
Is always the coldest.

When gentle and humble,
He's truest and best ;
But too apt to stumble
And wound his own breast.

When tenderest and newest,
He stammers and halts ;

And when he's the truest
He shows the most faults.

When hot, he's a blister,
When cold, an icicle ;
When happy, a jester,
Unhappy, he's fickle.

When dull, he is lazy,
When busy, too willing ;
He sometimes is crazy—
But always a villain.

Since none can enslave him,
Nor yet keep him true,
And since we must have him,
Pray, what shall we do?

Speech and Silence.

Speech is silver—
Say you love me well ;
Silence golden—
Let your kisses tell !
Yes, dear little mouth of silver,
Making winning speeches,
Let me, there, sweet kisses pilfer,
As my heart beseeches.
Then, sweet little mouth, be golden,
Give no sign or token,
And, to prove the adage olden,
Leave the bliss unspoken.
Love is dearest told to one ;
Kisses sweetest told to none !

My Little Pauline.

My little Pauline, my little Pauline !
As pretty a maiden—now just fourteen—
As ever was born in a regal dome,
Or dwelt in a palace or cottage home ;
The opening bud of the rarest flower
That ever was cherished in garden or bower.
In one more year she will be fifteen—
My little Pauline, my little Pauline !

My little Pauline, my little Pauline !
The gentle lady, with graceful mien ;
She flies with the robin from bower to bower,
Improving in beauty from hour to hour.
While chasing the bird, till away it flew,
She caught my heart, and she keeps it, too.
In two more years she will be sixteen—
My little Pauline, my little Pauline !

My little Pauline, my little Pauline !
As bright as the sun in his morning sheen,

With her lily forehead and cherry lips,
As sweet as the clover the young bee sips;
With her rosy cheeks and her hazel eyes,
A being a lover might idolize,
In three more years she will be seventeen—
My little Pauline, my little Pauline!

My little Pauline, my little Pauline!
As coy as a nun that will not be seen;
She wanders away where the flow'ret grows,
And carries my heart wherever she goes.
As now she is quite too young to woo,
So I must wait for a year or two.
In four more years she will be eighteen—
My little Pauline, my little Pauline!

My little Pauline, my little Pauline!
As wise as a Sibyl, as fair as a queen,
She loves the good and the beautiful,
The true and the pure, with all her soul.
Now I must go, but I never will roam;
In five more years—O, then I will come,
For she will be mine when she's nineteen—
My little Pauline, my little Pauline!

PART VII.

EPIGRAMMATIC.

VII.

Epigrammatic.

On a Dull Poet.

TOM says that while he is composing
His verse he rises to the skies.
Strange that his readers should be dozing
O'er what lifts Tom to ecstasies!

On a Rich Poet.

His wine gurgles brightly,
His viands have savor,
His talk follows sprightly—
For both give it flavor.
His verse, without genius,
Is dull, coarse, and stupid;

His love all for Venus,
And nothing for Cupid.
Endeavoring to strike a
Most apropos hit, he
Abuses sweet Psyche,
And thinks he is witty!

Poetry.

POETRY is beauty's flower,
Gathered from its native bower,
Springing in a genial soil,
Blooming without care or toil.

Genius is the wayward child,
Bringing it from field and wild—
Training it to grace the bower
By its own God-given power!

Shakespeare.

THE world has had but one Shakespeare,
And Goethe stands alone;
Two such at once could not appear—
The world would hold but one.
Nor could one century fill the sphere
That each claimed as his own;
So two held each—without a peer—
And all the rest had none!

The Nine.

MILTON paints a Heaven;
HOMER clangs the fight;
POPE sings sweet and even;
SCOTT portrays the knight;
BURNS dissolves the heart;
MOORE enchants the soul;
BYRON makes us start;
SWIFT sends home the dart—
SHAKESPEARE sweeps the whole!

The QuarrelBETWEEN VOLTAIRE AND FREDERICK THE GREAT.

'T was very easy to foresee
That genius and a dull
Old tyrant never could agree ;
For genius ever must be free—
The brain is not the skull !

A Beauty.

HER cheek is beauteous as the bow ;
Her brow is like the azure sky ;
Her full-orbed breast would shame the snow ;
No star could match her sparkling eye !

I Dream.

I DREAM of thee at night,
And sigh for thee by day;
Tears blind my longing sight,
As on my couch I lay !

Virtue and Venus.

VIRTUE and Venus, as you see,
Together will not live;
Virtue and Venus must agree,
Or neither can survive.
Whatever Venus may purloin,
Minerva may restore;
And thus our love and wisdom join,
To make existence sure !

The Best Gift.

WHAT is given us by Venus
Never brings us gain ;
And her pleasures (just between us)
Often leave us pain.
What is given by Minerva
Ever will remain ;
She ne'er turns us topsy-turvy,
And ne'er leaves us pain !

The Three in One.

NONE Minerva can excel—
I have loved her long and well ;
And I own I also like a
Little being they call Psyche ;
And I've looked askance at Venus
(This is whispered just between us) ;
But no more I seek the three—
For I find them all in thee !

Insincerity.

AH! how much love she would desire,
But none would she return ;
She sets her lovers' hearts on fire,
Then, smiling, lets them burn.
She shows love's counterfeit without,
But has no love within ;
Her lovers all believe, then doubt,
And end where they begin!

First Love.

THERE is no earthly happiness,
Nor hope of bliss above,
That can the heart so thrill and bless,
As youth's first fond, pure love!

Love and Friendship.

Love its treasures aye will hide,
Not showing them to any ;
Friendship will its gifts divide,
Bestowing them on many.

Friendship claims a thousand friends,
Thus making each a brother ;
Love but one to one commends,
Partaking with no other !

Soul Love.

A SWEET, unconsummated joy,
When souls alone are blending,
A pleasure that can never cloy—
An ecstasy unending !

The Silent Vow.

I LOVE thee! 'Tis my silent vow;
Too late; 't were vain to speak it now;
Yet true the heart, that, like the urn,
With love's sweet incense still can burn.
To love thee is a joy to me
Which ne'er shall bring a pang to thee,
Nor cause thee one sad, fond regret;
Forgive me, then, my love forget!

Beauty, Love, and Ire.

A WOMAN'S beauty is so sweet,
Ah, pity that it is so fleet;
A woman's love is sweeter still,
Yet fleeter than a passing thrill;
But burning passion's hottest fire
Is love and beauty turned to ire!

The Proof of Love.

I ASK but one, not many loves;
One only love my true love proves;
Yet while I prove my love to thee
Thou only lov'st my love—not me!

Conquer and Govern.

YE who would conquer love,
Go quell the storm;
Ye who would govern love,
Go keep him warm!

The Suicide.

YOUNG Love, when at his wanton play,
Is but a crazy elf;
Like one deranged; but give him sway,
He soon destroys himself!

The Jewel.

LOVE, as a jewel worn,
Is precious
And most beautiful;
Love, as a shackle borne,
Is vicious
And undutiful!

Beauty.

HER ringlets float around her brow,
Like fleecy clouds upon the sky,
Obscuring half its azure glow
That show the clearer as they fly.
Her eyes are like the stars on high
That 'midst the clouds but brighter show,
And those soft cheeks will far outvie
The tints upon the Heavenly Bow!

Come.

COME where the purling streams are flowing,
Where the flowers are springing,
Where the breeze is blowing
And the birds are singing.

Come, your lover longs to meet you
In the shady bower;
Vows of love shall greet you
As the sweetest flower !

The Birth and Life of Love.

Love must be born of truth and beauty,
And reared on tender food;
Love must be taught by worth and duty,
And must obey the good.

Love must be ever fresh and new,
If he desires to thrive;
Love must be ever fond and true,
Or he will not survive!

Unquiet Love.

Too much thou sayest I would ask,
So nothing thou wilt give;
Quiet my heart? Too hard the task—
Ah! tell me not to live!

All or None.

LOVE me all or love me none,
One true heart loves only one.

Hate is better than half-love—
For it shows the heart can move;
Cold indifference is worse
Than the lover's burning curse.

Love me all or love me none,
One true heart loves only one!

Love's Threat.

THY breast shall be my throne,
Thy heart shall yet be mine—

Yea, all my own;
Thy tears shall be my wine,
Thou haughty one!

The End of Love.

'T IS said the end of love is marriage,
And wisely ordered thus above:
My dear, with us there's some miscarriage;
Our marriage is the end of love!

Epigrammatics.

THE poet plucks the flowers of life,
The cynic gets the thorn;
The moralist sees thistles rife,
Philosophers the corn;
Savans, with book, a lens, and knife,
Read, peep, and hack to learn;
The artist views the sky and cliff,
And steals the tints of morn;
Composers rise to alto F,
And sound the string and horn;
And warriors follow drum and fife,
And make the people mourn;

The priest abjures the noise and strife,
And preaches creeds forlorn,
Yet promises, with right belief,
New life beyond the bourne!

The Search.

My mind is ever seeking knowledge,
Abroad in forest, mart, and college;
My heart is ever seeking love,
On earth below, in skies above.
I sought for pleasure oft in folly—
For mirth that turned to melancholy;
I sought for wisdom with the sages—
For beauty in the poet's pages;
I sought for happiness in youth—
Always and every-where for truth.
Though once I dreamed of the ideal,
I never thought it could be real;
Yet now, in thy supremacy,
I find my dream fulfilled in thee!

Joys and Griets.

OUR pleasures ever come on wings,
And scarcely light ere they are sped ;
But sorrows are such heavy things,
They stay when all our joys are fled.
We do our work, or have our play,
Then one by one we drop away !

The Bright Side.

THROUGH the earth, our old bark, as she sails through
the air,
Seems wrecked when she sinks 'neath the wave of
the night ;
Yet remember, whilst all is so dark when we 're there,
There 's always one side that is sunny and bright !

On an English Curate Dining out.

HE comes unto the board half-starved,
Asks blessings on the food ;
But by the time the beef is carved,
He thinks no more of God !

Broken.

THE golden bowl is broken,
That once was pure and bright ;
The fragments of the token
No skill can now unite.

The silver chain is severed,
That bound his heart to pain ;
His spirit is delivered,
And he is free again !

The Tarnished Gem.

THE gem within the casket,
When tarnished, may not shine,
For then no art can mask it,
Or hide the worthless shrine.

On a Miser.

HE made his god of gold ;
Exposed his limbs to cold,
Prostrating nerve and loin ;
Wore out his bones in pain ;
Exchanged his soul for gain,
And spent his heart and brain
Accumulating coin !

A slave to toil and strife,
Throughout a cheerless life,
At last he had to die,

And leave his hungry heirs,
Like tigers, dogs, and bears,
To wrangle o'er their shares
Before his grave was dry!

Ye Wealthy Slaves.

YE wealthy slaves, who claim so much,
I envy not your store;
I have my raiment, food, and couch—
Ye can enjoy no more!

Wisdom, Worth, and Courage.

THE throne of wisdom on his brow,
A smile of kindness o'er his face,
With courage that no force can bow,
All blended with a gentle grace!

Truth and Duty.

TRUTH and duty—
The brightest gems of worth ;
Youth and beauty—
The sweetest joys of earth.
Youth and beauty soon must fly ;
Truth and duty never die !

Misanthropy.

LOVE is but an empty tale,
Friendship is but cant ;
One dies in passion's gale,
The other lives in want.
Who are ruled by love ?
Those by passion led.
Who would friendship prove ?
Those who 'd be betrayed.

The Unfortunate.

THOUGH she was wronged—unhappy fate!—
Her sex would not forgive the sin;
Yet, when she knocked at Heaven's gate,
The angels let her in!

Woes and Pleasures.

OUR pleasures fly and leave our woes;
We smile and then we mourn.
Alas! the frost that blights the rose
But serves to show the thorn!

Lines Written under a Portrait.

A SAPPHO and Madonna thou—
The sacred and the beautiful;
In purity Madonna's brow,
In passion Sappho's burning soul!

The Trio.

TRUTH is nude,
Art is veiled in beauty,
While the good
Joins them both to duty!

The History of Man.

MAN is of dust,
The earth his place,
Enwrapped in skies;
With hope and trust,
He looks on space,
Wonders and—dies!

Past, Present, and Future.

ENJOY what'er will suit your
Pleasure now ;
Never let the future
Cloud your brow.

Remember what is pleasant
In the past ;
Thus the happy present
Aye will last !

Not Always.

THE eagle can not always soar,
Nor can the dove forever coo ;
The lion can not always roar—
All things must have a time to woo.

The sage can not be always grave,
Although his wisdom he may prove ;
The hero is not always brave—
He faces death, then yields to love !

The Disagreement.

My old gray head is busy
Guarding my foolish heart,
And half the time is dizzy—
Confused by Cupid's art.
My head advises duty,
My heart hears not a word,
But flutters after beauty,
Like an enchanted bird!

My Angel.

ANGEL, bright, of mine,
Azure-eyed, divine,
Looking down on me;
Sitting at thy feet—
How my heart doth beat—
Looking up to thee!

PART VIII.

MORAL.

VIII.

Moral.

Man.

How wise are nature's works, though oft the use
Is hidden from the finite mind ;
Subject not e'en the insect to abuse—
The Deity in all is shrined !

This earthly body is the soul's abode,
Preserve it for the tenant's sake,
And keep it pure—it is the work of God ;
He breathed upon it and it spake !

Study the maker's skill, the frame, the dome
Where thought's bright banner is unfurled ;
The temple's lofty pinnacle, the home
Of mind, whence it illumines the world

The dust, flesh, life, and beauty, mind and soul,
In marriage joined without a ban;
The heart that throbs within to warm the whole
Completes in God's own image—Man!

The Vital Flame.

LIFE glows in youth,
And kindles to a flame,
Shining with beauty, love, and truth,
Inviting onwards like the star of fame.

The flame burns down
Into a beaming coal;
Yet still unwon the dazzling crown,
And still pursued the far receding goal.

It cools to embers,
Yet still the fire is warm;
The longing spirit now remembers,
Yet hope, though dimmed, still sees the
distant charm.

Low burns the fuel,
 Bursting in fitful flashes,
Until the flame finds no renewal;
 Then flickering, dies, and all that's left
 is ashes !

Infinite, Eternal Love.

On the mount or in the cave,
Hardest rock or softest wave,
Struck by lightning, kissed by dew,
Living, dead, or old or new—
All on earth, in sky above,
Things or acts, are ruled by love;
Even elemental strife
Is but love renewing life.

Love is the creative power—
From the bud and blooming flower,
Leaf and bough, and hidden root—
Bringing forth the new-born fruit.
Flowers are wooing constantly—
Lowliest weed and loftiest tree;
Zephyr—courier of love,
Bears the message through the grove.

Light brings love from distant spheres,
Dew descends like happy tears ;
Clouds and night but change the scene—
Now in darkness, now in sheen,
Myriads in the sunlight dance—
Kissed by morning's tender glance.
Living, loving, all the day,
Kissed again by evening's ray.

Sentient life—that lives on breath,
And must be transformed by death,
Follows instinct, sense, or mind,
Moves in light, or wanders blind,
Feels its pleasures, suffers pains,
And obeys the power that reigns,
Great or small, or high or low—
Springs from love, to love must bow.

Matter, spirit, mind, and soul,
Yield to love's supreme control ;
Action, passion, consciousness,
Love alone can guide and bless.
All, the unit, universe,
Where phenomena rehearse,
God, his works and ways, but prove
Infinite eternal love !

The Years.

THE years, the sad years that are passing—

How heavy and weary they are—

The mind and the spirit harassing,

And loading the bosom with care.

They come like the surging of billows—

A shoreless and bottomless stream ;

They go as the sleep from our pillows,

And leave with the soul but a dream.

They roll in eternity's ocean,

Unchecked and unbounded by shore ;

They pause not, nor rest from commotion,

But flow evermore, evermore.

Thus wave after wave is still rolling,

As countless and ceaseless as time ;

Death requiems ever are tolling,

And life ever ringing a chime.

The years never had a beginning,

They end not although they are gone ;

The skies may be clouded or shining,

They haste not, they pause not, but—on.

Time over their passage is flying,
He makes of the future the past,
But heeds not the living nor dying—
For never the present can last.

But let the years roll on forever,
And tempests sweep over the sky ;
Let time on his pinions rest never,
And death bid the living to die ;
On high over these there is reigning
The ALL and the ONE DEITY,
The ONLY, the EVER-REMAINING,
The IS, and the WAS, and MUST BE!



Liberty.

THE world's unconquered giant!
Humanity has fought
'Gainst tyranny, defiant,
Beginning with the thought
In noble minds, which led
Through many a battle-field,
Where heroes fell; where bled
Brave hearts that would not yield
To mighty deeds renowned;
Nor shall the battle cease
Till victory is crowned
With Liberty and peace.
The flag of Truth shall lead the van;
The battle-cry shall be—The Rights of Man!

Justice.

JUSTICE, thou art the great reward :

Devotion to our duty
Is sweeter than the fond regard
We pay to love and beauty !

Thou art, indeed, more beautiful
Than fairest of the Muses ;
Dearer thy reign than Love's sweet rule,
With all he wins or loses !

To rich or poor, to great or small,
To strong or weak, unswerving ;
The calm Protectress over all,
Our sweetest joys preserving !

Thy queenly crown, though all unwreathed,
In Right is deeply anchored ;
Thy bloodless sword, though ne'er unsheathed,
By wrong was never conquered !

Though silent in the midst of arms
Where swords and cannons rattle,

Thy clear calm words soon quell alarms,
And still the clang of battle!

Above thou hadst thy sacred birth,
And with the world hath striven;
Thus, while thou rulest upon the earth
Thy sanction is in Heaven!

And yet they say that thou art blind,
But so is Love—thy rival,
Whose ways thou canst not always bind
By laws divine nor civil!

While still the Muses charms I prove,
In truth my only trust is;
And, safe from all attacks of Love,
I rest at last in Justice!

The Motto.

“UPWARD and onward,” though out of sight,
Rest not your wing in the Heavenward flight;
Soar till you reach the starry sky,
Live up there though on earth you die;
Bury the dust on time’s dark shore,
Spirit will live forever more.
Happy on earth, away from home,
Happier still in the world to come;
Here but a day, in a clouded scene,
There forever in skies serene!

Life and Death.

WHAT is life? To bear a load
O’er a rough and weary road,
Still with care and toil opprest,
Where the traveler finds no rest!

What is death? It is to lay
Down the burden of this clay,
Rest in peace, and feel like one
When his weary journey's done!

The Sting and the Balm.

Oh! memory, memory, the page of the past
To the present thou quickly dost bring;
From our dreams we awake, and thou comest in haste
To bring us a balm or a sting!

If a sting should be mine, I'll blot out the page,
And teach my wrung heart to be calm;
Nor ever despair, but act like the sage,
And heal up the sting with the balm!

Endeavor.

THOUGH fortune may not always smile,
We still should court her favor;
And though sometimes in vain we toil,
We should not cease endeavor!

Throw not the joys of life away
Because we feel its sorrow;
Shun not the flower that blooms to-day
Because it fades to-morrow.

The meteor in its rapid flight,
And bright electric spark,
Is fleeting, yet its brightest light
Is seen amidst the dark!

Past Joys.

THE years rest lightly on the brow,
If but we make the then the now ;
Our pleasures we can ne'er forget—
E'en pains oft leave a fond regret.
Our present joys are ever sweet,
Although they fly so soon and fleet—
Not only that they 're pleasing now,
But that they ever will be so.
The future always has its fear
That wrong or trouble may be near ;
And, as the present can not last,
Our truest joys are in the past,
Which future time can not destroy—
A joy to-day is aye a joy !

The Human Heart.

WOULDST thou bind the human heart—
Hold it as a thing apart?
Mark its hate, prescribe its bliss—
Bid it love not that but this?
Go, blot out the azure sky;
Tell the winds whence they may fly;
Fix the light that shines above—
Then compel the heart to love.

Wouldst thou quell the lightning's flash?
Hush the thunder's startling crash?
Stop the ocean's tide at will—
Bid its ebb and flow be still?
Go, and bid the storm be calm;
Check the tempest with thy palm;
Tame the eagle as the dove—
Then forbid the heart to love.

Wouldst thou crush the tender bloom,
And destroy the flower's perfume?

Rob the bird of liberty,
Ere his wing had pierced the sky ?
Go, forbid the sun to shine ;
Bound the universe by line ;
Guide the elements above—
Teach the heart how it must love.

Wouldst thou pluck the sun away,
That it may not bring the day ?
And forbid the night's return,
That the stars may never burn ?
Go, exert thy puny might,
And restrict the infinite ;
Bid the planets not to move—
Then deny the heart its love!

The Wolf and the Lamb.

I KNEW a lone cottage that stood by the hill ;
'T was humble, but lovely and neat,
And a streamlet ran by that turned the old mill
Near the grove where the flowers are sweet.
Hard by this neat cot, on a beautiful lawn,
A lambkin, with fleece like the snow,

Skipped o'er the green blades, as light as a fawn,
And drank from the streamlet's flow.

A wolf lived over the distant vale,
Deep, deep in a darksome cave,
And his den oft heard the alarming tale
Of the wandering lambkin's grave.
And he came along by the streamlet's side,
Where he saw the lambkin play,
Talked of his pastures green, and tried
To lead the young lamb astray.

The pretty young lambkin heard the tale
Of pastures and lawns and flowers,
And wandered away to the distant vale
In search of the grassy bowers.
The pastures, alas! were strewn with bones,
The bower was but a tomb;
The lambkin—caught where the cavern frowns—
Was dragged to the victim's doom!

Friendship, Love, and Flowers.

OUR sweetest pleasures soon must end,
And leave us pains harassing ;
Be happy, then, enjoy your friend,
While yet the hour is passing.

Embrace young love while he will stay,
And give him hearty greeting ;
Enjoy him fondly while you may,
For all his charms are fleeting.

Gather the roses while they bloom,
And bring their fragrance hither ;
The sweetest flowers await their doom,
And leaf by leaf must wither.

Unless we seek our friend to-day,
And claim our love ere morrow,
And pluck the flowers while yet they stay,
Our lives will all be sorrow.

Yet blame not love nor friends that fly,
For we are also flying ;
And mourn not for the flowers that die,
For we are also dying !

Love and the Seasons.

LIKE spring comes budding love,
So full of hopes and fears,
When clouds and skies above
Bring smiles and tears.

The summer opes its flowers,
Ere anxious care annoys,
To bless the rosy bowers
With love's sweet joys.

Soon autumn brings its fruit,
Ripening 'neath cooler skies,
Clothed in a soberer suit ;
Then love is wise.

At last the fruit is stored,
 Against the wintry snows ;
Then love, still more adored,
 Finds sweet repose !

The Ruined Flower.

ALAS! the flower is shaded,
 No more it bears the light ;
Its leaves are soiled and faded,
 And withered in their blight.

No moré, within its bower,
 The ruined rose may bloom ;
For now no earthly power
 Can save it from its doom !

The Tulip and the Violet.

A TULIP gazed with gaudy flush
Upon a violet meek,
And, boasting, said, "Behold the blush
That mantles o'er my cheek!"

The modest violet hung its heed,
And made this soft reply:
"Tis true your cheek is gay with red;
My tints are from the sky!"

Joys and Flowers.

IF joys are like the flowers,
Just blooming as they die,
Improve the rosy hours,
And seize them ere they fly.

Secure them in the blossom,
Before the bloom is lost,

And clasp them to your bosom,
Ere comes the killing frost.

Enjoy the charm while passing,
E'en fleeting joys can bless ;
For, while we are possessing,
We love them none the less.

Though flowers are ever dying,
They 're ever blooming, too ;
So joys, though ever flying,
Are ever coming new !

Under the Shadows.

The sun, with his radiant beams,
Forever is bright ;
Though darkness wraps earth in her dreams,
The heavens are light.

The planets that shine from above,
Illumine the blue,
And, like the fond eyes that we love,
Forever are true.

The morn, though the mists may enshroud,
 We dimly descry ;
And oft, through a rift in the cloud,
 We see the blue sky.

So hopes, even shaded, will glow,
 When brightened by love ;
And joys that are darkened below
 Are cloudless above.

But here the fond moments of joy
 Are brief, and but few ;
The frost will the blossom destroy,
 Though bright with the dew.

'T is only the sun that gives light,
 And makes the earth shine ;
Though precious, a gem is not bright
 While sunk in the mine.

Thus love—only love—warms the heart,
 And touches the soul,
As light from the sun can impart
 Its warmth to the pole.

The sun, when he comes from the east,
 The morning unbars,

And when he sinks down in the west,
He leaves us the stars.

Our pleasures, like waves, are soon gone,
And come not again ;
Our pains seem engraven on stone,
And ever remain.

Yet never, oh, never despair !
Still strive for the right ;
Below or above, or somewhere,
There always is light.

The lark builds his nest on the ground,
And mounts on his wings ;
Though soaring through clouds, round and round,
Yet sweetly he sings.

Let hope spread her wings, like the lark,
And ever arise ;
Though earth wrapt in night, may be dark,
There's light in the skies !

Fleeting Things.

SEE the bud that blooms an hour,
 Bursting from the tender stem,
'Midst the leaves that hide the flower—
 'T is, indeed, a lovely gem ;
But the flower that blooms a day
 Far a richer beauty shows,
Blushing in the noontide ray,
 Ere at eve its life must close.

Marvel not it fades away,
 Nor complain of fleeting things ;
What beneath the sky shall stay ?
 Time himself folds not his wings,
And with him all things must fly ;
 If for aye they here remained,
We should never reach the sky,
 Nor could Heaven above be gained !

May I not Smile.

MAY I not smile to-day,
Lest I must weep to-morrow?
Shall mirth's bright, genial ray
Be darkened by my sorrow?

Must tears forever flow,
Because they once were shed
For those I loved, who now
Sleep sweetly with the dead?

And must my heart aye bleed
For grief's sad, bitter wound?
Must it forego its meed,
And stay beneath the ground?

Shall I, from abject fear,
Not breathe to-day, lest death
To-morrow, or next year,
Should rob me of my breath?

I can not see beyond
This dim and finite scope;

•

Yet, must the soul despond,
And never dare to hope?

Nay, let me now enjoy
All that the earth has given,
And all my thoughts employ
To thank my God in Heaven!

The Pearl of Fortune.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFIZ.

A HAIL-DROP trembled in the cloud,
And fell into the ocean's spray,
Which wrapt it closely as a shroud,
And fast was melting it away!

While sinking low beneath the wave,
In sad soliloquy it said :
Alas! my fate; I see the grave
Where millions like me have been laid!

And, ah! how small a drop am I
Compared with this vast, countless sea,

Now least of all, and when I die
A nothing I must ever be!

A shellfish sought a cooling sip,
And, as the melting hail-drop fell,
He caught it on his pouting lip,
And closed it safely in his shell!

And there it lay, in dreamless sleep,
Till, grown into a pearly gem,
The diver brought it from the deep,
And now it crowns a diadem!

An Ode on Spring.

FROM THE TURKISH POET, MESHIHI.

THOU hearest the tale of the nightingale,
The vernal season has come;
The flowers are spread o'er the bowers and mead,
And the almond sheds its bloom.
Be cheerful and gay,
The spring that comes soon passes away!

The valleys and hills are adorned, and the rills
Are washing pavilions of roses;
Who knows which of us will be the first loss—
Who'll die ere the season closes!
Be cheerful and gay,
The spring that comes soon passes away!

The edges of bowers are filled with the flowers,
The light of the tulip is there;
O! come then and reason, for this is the season
Of all that is lovely and fair.
Be cheerful and gay,
The spring that comes soon passes away!

Come then and listen, the dew-drops glisten
As bright as a cimeter;
If pleased you would be, then listen to me,
As the dew descends in the air.
Be cheerful and gay,
The spring that comes soon passes away!

How sweet are the roses, and the tulip discloses
A blush like the cheek of a maid;
But think not they last, for soon they are past,
And low in the earth are laid.
Be cheerful and gay,
The spring that comes soon passes away!

The garden and flowers, the sunbeams and showers
 In many bright colors blend;
Then heed what I say, and listen to-day,
 And love and enjoy thy friend.
 Be cheerful and gay,
The spring that comes soon passes away!

The time now has sped when the flowers were dead,
 And the thoughtful rose hung down;
The season has come when the mountain's dome
 Is warm with the gleaming sun.
 Be cheerful and gay,
The spring that comes soon passes away!

The cloud of the morn on the gale is born,
 The rain is sweet with its breath;
Though all is beauty forget not thy duty,
 To soften the bed of death.
 Be cheerful and gay,
The spring that comes soon passes away!

Whatever thou art, thou, too, must depart,
 As leaves of the autumn fall;
The kings of the world away are hurled,
 And justice is done to all.
 Be cheerful and gay,
The spring that comes soon passes away!

And now may my strain forever remain,
And joy and happiness bring,
As sweet as the tale of the nightingale,
And fresh as the blooming spring.
Be cheerful and gay,
The spring that comes soon passes away!

A Morning Song.

I'LL bear the burden of the day,
And win the chaplet of the strong;
Although it seems so far away,
To this poor brow it shall belong.

The road is rugged now, indeed,
Beset with thorns and toils so hard,
But on my weary feet shall tread
To fields that yield the rich reward!

I strain my eyes and dimly see
The bluey hill, far, far away;
But, ah! it blossoms like the lea,
As I press onward, day by day!

The beaming star now just descried—
 Arising far beyond the sun,
No somber cloud shall ever hide,
 Nor shade the crown my brow has won!

Fame.

WHAT is this noise that some call fame,
 Which follows after death?
'Tis nothing but an empty name
 Made of a little breath!

Far rather would I have a sigh
 Breathed o'er me by the brave,
Or tear-drop from a loving eye.
 Dropped on my lonely grave!

Reflections at a Grave.

ALAS, our lives, how sad how brief!

We sigh with every fleeting breath,
That all our love must turn to grief,
And all our grief end but in death!

Ambition, learning—oh, how vain!

How poor our wealth, how weak our power!
Yet how we struggle on to gain
These baubles of a fretful hour!

There is no smile without a tear

To blind the poor, deluded eye;
There is no hope without a fear
To cloud the sweet, inviting sky.

Whatever path in life we tread,

The grave must be the earthly goal;
No power can keep us from the dead—
The dust to earth, to God the soul!

Where is the balm to heal our wounds?
When shall our restless troubles cease?
Through woe and change, in all these rounds,
Somewhere—sometime—there must be peace!

Light and Gladness.

Our pains and pleasures ever spring
Like fountains from their sources,
And trouble or enjoyment bring,
As false or true their courses.

The clearest waters may be roiled,
As onward they meander;
So purest pleasures may be spoiled,
If from their course they wander.

The sweetest flowers and keenest thorns
Are often found together;
And darkest nights have brightest morns,
As storms bring fairest weather.

Our joys are like the meteor's flight—
The brightest flies the fleetest;

And though our woes are dark as night,
The stars are then the sweetest.

As out of darkness comes the morn,
So gladness follows sorrow ;
And pleasures oft from pains are born,
As night brings forth the morrow.

Though every day must have its night,
And every joy its sadness,
Yet somewhere there is always light,
And somewhere always gladness !

Never will the Heart be Still.

ONCE I saw my fond ideal—
She was lovely, true, and real ;
Form and feature beautiful,
Beaming with a radiant soul ;
Lithe and graceful as the willow,
Moving like a gentle billow.
Seized with love's ecstatic thrill,
Now my heart will not be still.

If a moment so impresses
Us with love that ever blesses—
If we can forever see a
Fonder love in the idea—
Should we not forego the real,
Loving aye the sweet ideal.
But, forsooth, love as we will,
Never will the heart be still.

Then, abandon the ideal ;
Seize upon the solid real—
Bone and muscle, flesh and blood—
And call these the greatest good.
Though the real more may tempt ye,
You will find it just as empty.
As there's naught the heart can fill,
Never will the heart be still.

Must we choose between the two—
May we not them both forego ?
If we love, we never rest,
And, if not, we're never blest.
Thus, we ever are perplexed,
Fretted, soothed—now pleased, now vexed.
So, alas ! do what we will,
Never will the heart be still !

Free.

AURORA, of the morning,
That lights this ball—
The hills and dales adorning—
Shines upon all.

Water, that softly whispers,
No chain can bind ;
The waves are sweetest lispers
When unconfined.

The air God made for breathing
To all is free ;
The blossoms need no wreathing
Upon the tree.

So love finds many a bower
With joy complete ;
For every woodland flower
To him is sweet !

'Tis not Enough.

'Tis not enough to pay the earnings
Of thy brother in his hand ;
His spirit has a thousand yearnings,
Which your own should understand.

'Tis not enough, in all our dealing,
To be just ; we should be kind,
And by our friendship, will, and feeling,
Pay the hand, the heart, and mind.

'Tis not enough to do our duty
Coldly, as with grudging dole ;
But do it with a grace and beauty
That will cheer the weary soul !

The School of Life.

THE soil that is not broken
 Produces not the grain ;
The thought that is not spoken
 Lies useless in the brain.

The arm shows not its valor,
 Till dangers thickly come,
When cheeks put on their pallor,
 And tongues are stricken dumb.

The mind that never studied
 In lonely, weary hours,
With brow and cheek pale-blooded,
 Knows not its lofty powers.

The heart that ne'er was troubled,
 And never bled nor strove,
Nor felt its pangs redoubled,
 Knows not the joys of love.

The soul that had no teaching
In sorrow's bitter school,
Nor sought with sad beseeching,
Knows not the beautiful.

Learning and Genius.

LEARNING is a mountain,
Rising o'er the plain;
Genius is a fountain,
Sprinkling it with rain.

On the mount, the bower
Finds its strength and root;
Genius is the flower
That produces fruit.

Though the mount must furnish
Ore within its mine,
Genius, with its burnish,
Makes the jewel shine.

Mountains go not whither,
With their bloom and dust,
Yet the flower may wither,
And the jewel rust!

The Flower and Fruit.

How sweet is the opening flower,
Its beauty how fragile and fleet;
How fearful, yet hopeful, its power—
Its fruit may be bitter or sweet.

How sweet is the coming of love,
What sorrows may follow its joys;
Life-giving its ecstasies prove,
Its agonies death that destroys!

The Beauty of Adversity.

THERE is a beauty in adversity ;

It presses out the heart's true qualities ;

It was a sight for gods of erst to see,

And smile on struggling life's realities.

It is the night that shows the firmament ;

So adverse skies alone can prove us true—

As lightning shows us, in the storm, a rent

Through which we still see Heaven above the blue !

Touch Tenderly.

TOUCH not the rose within its bower

So rudely as to harm the gem ;

The thorn will never pierce the flower,

Although it grows so near the stem.

Wound not thy friend with careless sword,
To thee he wears no coat of steel ;
Nor those who love thee, by a word—
The truest hearts most keenly feel !

The Opening Heart.

THE injured bud can not disclose
Its flower in fullest bloom ;
The thorn that comes too near the rose
But marks it for its doom.

The plant that can not ope its leaves
Has half its beauty lost ;
The harvest can not bring its sheaves
Amidst the snow and frost.

The vine that can not find support
To climb and cling around,
Must wither in the rude wind's sport,
And droop upon the ground.

Then watch with care the opening heart—
 So sensitive and pure ;
A trifle may inflict a smart
 That time can never cure!

The Haven.

HE took her kindly to his breast—
A haven for her deep unrest—
Giving her peace from care and strife,
And shelter from the storms of life.

He felt her heart beat to his own,
Imprisoned in the envied zone
That held her breast, so pure, so fair,
Guarding the precious treasure there.

In the bright visions of her soul,
Her genius found the beautiful,
Which trouble and the world's cold wrong
Forced her, with sighs, to breathe in song.

Her beauty, as a ruling charm,
Protected her fair self from harm ;
Her innocence and purity
Preserved her spirit for the sky !

The Poet and the Hero.

THE deep unrest that stirs the poet's bosom,
And chokes his utterance, till his voice is mute,
Is genius struggling, as the opening blossom
That trembles in the storm, to bear its fruit.

And yet his voice will speak, and tell its story,
Amidst the throes of pain or direst wrong ;
No power can hush his soul, or dim its glory,
For oft in death he sings his sweetest song.

The somber clouds that pass along the azure
But leave the deep and boundless sky more bright ;
And hovering night reveals the starry treasure
That shines forever in its own pure light.

Where perils rise, the hero is no stranger,
But gains no victory till the battle's fought ;

He wins no plaudit where there is no danger,
And wears no wreath that is not dearly bought.

Valor and daring earn the prize of beauty ;
Love and affection keep the jewel bright ;
Genius and poesy, reclaimed by duty,
Give to the world its best and purest light.

Though tenderest bosoms feel the deepest sorrow,
And sweetest pleasure yields the bitterest pain,
The darkest yester' brings the brightest morrow,
And truest souls the highest joys attain !

The Old-New Story.

WHEN I was young, I loved a tender girl,
Albeit then I knew not how to woo ;
My troubled bosom throbbed with love's strange whirl—
The old, old story ; yet forever new !

Though I was young, yet quickly I grew older,
And loved a maiden beautiful to view ;
I was no wiser, but a little bolder—
The old, old story ; yet forever new !

Full manhood came, and then I loved a woman,
She seemed an angel, gentle, fond, and true;
Mysterious blending of divine and human—
The old, old story; yet forever new!

Now I am old, and spared from love's sweet duty,
With passion's burning sigh no more I sue;
Yet still my foolish, fond old heart loves beauty—
The old, old story; yet forever new!

The Dear Long Ago and Sweet By-and-By.

Ah, who but remembers the dear long ago,
And who does not hope for the sweet by-and-by?
The joys that may meet us seem coming so slow,
While those which are past seem so swiftly to fly.

The present, though happy, soon passes away,
The future is distant and ever unknown;
'Twixt hope's beaming sunlight and memory's ray,
Our pleasures are either to come or are gone!

The Sacrifice.

MY love for thee will ever burn
As warm and pure as spirit flame,
Nor ask nor hope the least return—
But do not my devotion blame.

I would not claim thy sweet regard,
Though dear and precious it would be;
My faithful heart asks no reward,
But liberty to die for thee!

Beauty, Goodness, Truth, and Love.

THERE is light in eyes that love,
As in stars that shine above;
THERE is beauty in the rose,
Such as blushing cheeks disclose;
THERE is sweetness in the flower,
Such as is the maiden's dower.

There is goodness in the skies,
As it beams from loving eyes ;
There is brightness on the earth,
Even in the winter's dearth ;
And the rays of truth aye shine,
Like the diamond from the mine.

There is passion in the tide—
In the storm—yet both subside,
Till they murmur nature's psalm,
Ending in a gentle calm ;
So love rules with tender sway,
And the mind and heart obey.

All the universe is one,
Lighted by a changeless sun ;
Spirit shines within the whole,
As it lights and warms the soul.
Beauty, goodness, truth, and love,
Reign throughout, below, above !

Unhappy Beauty.

АH! they say my hair is raven,
And my cheeks as soft as roses;
That my brow is fair as Heaven,
Where the deepest blue reposes.
And they say my eyes are starry,
Twinkling 'neath their clouds of lashes—
That their rays quick dangers carry,
Like the lightning's burning flashes;
That my bosom, like the billow,
Beats against the bounds that fold it;
And my form, lithe as the willow,
Crazes all who once behold it.

Though these gifts may be enchanting,
Yet to me they bring but trouble;
As the envious ones are taunting,
Vigilance I must redouble.
No one cares to make me happy,
None are pleased when I'm contented;
Every-where they would entrap me—
E'en my kindness is resented;

Every step I take they're watching,
All my actions harshly viewing;
At each little error catching,
And like enemies pursuing.

Valueless is beauty's jewel,
Though it seems to be a treasure;
Its attractions—cold and cruel—
Bring us pain instead of pleasure.
Wise ones may pursue it vainly,
Till it can no more enchant them;
Only foolish ones insanely
Rave and die to seize the phantom.
And how many beauty ruins,
With its loveless fascination,
While the worthy, plain, and true ones
Win fond love and admiration!

Ah! if beauty is a power,
It oppresses all who bear it;
Like the sweet but thorny flower—
Wounding all who seek to wear it.
Since so perilous is beauty,
Guide me, God, oh, I implore thee;
Let me do my simple duty,
And be ever true and worthy.

From its jeopardies exempt me,
Take away this cup of Circe,
Never let its magic tempt me,
But preserve me in thy mercy!

Love's Victim.

I'm sick; he does not love me; I am alone.
I will not live without his love. Oh, this pain.
He did not wrong me, no, no; but he is gone;
Nay, say not he wronged me, I will not complain.

I am dying; let me breathe my soul to him;
And let it own its love as I go away;
Let me gaze it from my eyes,—fast growing dim;
But let my lips conceal his name till they're clay

The Flame of Love is Quenched in Tears.

THE morning sun is warm and bright,
And yet at eve he disappears
And leaves the sky to weep at night :
The flame of love is quenched in tears !

The floweret opens to the sky—
See what a lovely blush it wears ;
But pluck the gem and it will die :
The flame of love is quenched in tears !

Ah, who can meet love's ardent gaze ;
His glancing eye an arrow bears,
And sighs will fan him to a blaze :
The flame of love is quenched in tears !

How soft and low is love's sweet voice,
The maiden blushes as she hears,
And how he pleads to win his choice :
The flame of love is quenched in tears !

One gentle touch of love's sweet thrill,
Will startle all a woman's fears—

For his sweet wish will ne'er be still :
The flame of love is quenched in tears !

As all who live and grieve must sleep,—
Their only rest through weary years,
So all who live and love must weep :
The flame of love is quenched in tears !

Love and Death.

“If thou dost love me much,
Thou wilt be mine.
For woman 'neath love's touch
Will all resign !”

“I love thee much ; nay, all !
But spare, or by
This blade—if I must fall—
I die !”

“Ah ! do thou not the deed ;
Thou wilt not dare ;
Thy bosom must not bleed—
It is too fair !”

He sought and won the bliss
In vain denied;
The dagger did not miss—
She died!

The Trinity of Love.

LOVE is three and love is one,
For the three are one alone;
They are three when in communion,
When united one in union—
Love of soul, of heart, of blood,
Each ordained and blest of God.

Love, within the blood alone,
Is to restless passion prone;
Love alone, within the heart,
Is the finer, better part;
Love within the soul is best—
Finding there eternal rest.

Love in blood is satisfied
When by wedlock ratified;

Love within the heart ne'er ceases
Until death from earth releases.
These must end with life's short fever,
In the soul love lives forever!

The First Love and Last.

'Tis thy first love—the first
 Sweet opening of the heart,
As the young bud must burst
 Ere the full flower can start.
It will not be thy last,
 Nor fullest, richest, best;
But after it is past
 It still shall warm thy breast!

'Tis my last love—the last!
 The tenderest and sweetest;
Though life may soon be past,
 It shall not be the fleetest.
It shall remain my last,
 Too true and pure to sever;
Though life is ebbing fast,
 My love shall live forever!

Young Lucy.

UNSOILED by sin, unstained by shame
She sleeps in sweet security;
Virtue to her is not a name—
'Tis Heaven's own seal of purity.
Her untouched being is as pure
As pearl in its unopened shell;
The precious gem, the pleasing lure,
Rests undisturbed within its cell!

Ah! who to ruin would consign
A form so fair and beautiful?
To me it is a holy shrine
Which holds a God-created soul.
On that I would not leave a stain
For all that woman has to give;
Who such a being could profane,
And hope that his own soul could live!

Love and Knowledge.

I do not wish to know too much,
I could not love so well,
For knowledge hardens love's sweet touch,
And breaks the pleasing spell.

The wisest know the least of love,
Its sweets their wisdom cloy;
What strictest logic can not prove
Affords them little joy.

But logic can not please the heart,
Nor teach the yearning soul;
And knowledge can not joy impart,
Nor prove the beautiful.

The learning that weighs down the shelf,
And knowledge of the wise,
Must first be proved; love proves itself,
And beauty is the prize.

Philosophy may guide the sage,
Science may state and prove,

Wisdom may ope her ample page—
Let me be taught to love.

Cynics may spurn love's gentle joys,
And leave them all unsought;
The knowledge that our love destroys
Is far too dearly bought.

Unhappy are the wise and great
With all their minds have proved;
Their hearts are sad and desolate—
They never were beloved.

I know not what is in the skies,
Nor what the sage can prove;
I would not be so learned and wise—
I only wish to love.

For lovers, with their pangs and tears,
Though fortune goes amiss,
Are happy through the weary years
If once they knew the bliss.

Let me not know that love is false
When he would fondly sue;
But let me learn whate'er exalts
And keeps the passion true!

The Human Procession.

PHILOSOPHY was preaching,
And multitudes went by;
Science commenced its teaching,
They paused, but looked awry.
Literature, inviting
Its votaries, was nigh;
And poetry, reciting,
But neither had reply.
Music was gently pealing
Its sweetest harmony;
Painting was there revealing
Beauties that never die.
Gods shone in statuary
Which men might glorify—
But, ah! they did not tarry;
On, on, they still would fly.
And Mercy's voice was pleading
Forgiveness in the sky,
And Justice there lay bleeding—
They would not hear the cry.

Pity, hard by, was weeping;
Their eyelids still were dry;
But where young Love lay sleeping
All stood to weep and sigh!

Cupid Conquers.

A LOVER once a garland wove,
An emblem of rejected love;
He laid it on the loved one's breast—
As pure and white as snow unpressed.

Displeased at this she quickly chid,
But Cupid in the flowers lay hid;
Warmed by her breast he softly stirred,
As gentle as a nestling bird.
Indignantly she broke his dart,
But as it snapped it touched her heart.
Still angry, as she felt the sting,
She seized his bow and rent the string;
The bow, released, in its rebound,
Inflicted still a deeper wound!

Still the sweet urchin would not rest,
For still he fluttered in her breast;
She, with her cestus, tied his wings—
The little, downy, tender things!

Though thus despoiled and pinioned sore,
His little hands could still implore—
For they, unshackled, still were free,
Caressing with a childish glee.
She sought his hands and eyes to bind,
When, lo! he was already blind;
And, being blind, how could he know
Her bosom was as white as snow?
His little hands were soft and weak,
And knew not what their touch would seek;
His feet entangled in the flowers,
He yielded—shorn of all his powers.
Thus, so subdued, she feared no harm,
But felt a strange and pleasing charm.
So sweet and innocent he lay—
She pitied him, and bade him stay!

Innocent Love.

LOVE, when he is innocent,
Warbles like a bird;
When he is on mischief bent,
Not a sound is heard.

Poets sing the most of love
When they least enjoy;
Those whose passions most do rove
Seldom name the boy.

Love that only seeks the heart,
Troubling not the veins,
Chooses far the sweeter part,
And avoids the pains.

And the love that fills the soul
Never stirs the blood;
But enjoys the beautiful,
And secures the good!

Courage, Genius, Love.

As the tree must brave the storm
Ere it proves its stalwart form;
As the knife must wound the vine
Ere it brings us grape or wine;
So the press must crush the bloom
Ere it yields its rich perfume.

Never hero yet was brave
Till he met the field or wave;
Never genius sweetly sung
Till its burdened heart was wrung
Never lover truly wooed
Till in agony he sued.

Courage can not prove its power
Resting in a shady bower;
It must meet the battle strife,
Daring dangers where they're rife,
And must bravely conquer death
Ere it wins the hero's wreath.

Genius must endure its fate,
Struggle with the world and wait;
Robbed of what its works have earned,
Starved while living, dying spurned,
Crowned when dead. How sad the doom—
Laurels can not warm the tomb.

Love must suffer, grieve, and weep,
Strive and bleed, yet never sleep;
Bear its pangs, so keen, so hard,
Give its all without reward;
Bless a cheerless world—then die,
Seeking still a love on high!

Ambition Blusters.

AMBITION blusters in the forum,
Declaims and rants in senate quorum,
Storms in the field to win a battle,
Then sits him down to boast and prattle;
Thinks naught is gained until he shows it,
Or till the world or nation knows it,
And values that which but appears,
As though it cost him blood and tears.

He dreams not of the grand ideal,
And cares not for the true and real;
All he desires is but the seeming,
Although it be the coward's scheming;
And if he can but win the prize,
He heeds not if the million dies;
But when he fails to win his glory
He grieves and mutters of his story.

Love never whispers his achievements,
But weeps in secret o'er bereavements.
How happy in his ardent offers,
But when rejected how he suffers!
Although defeated in his wishes,
None ever hear his poohs and pishes;
And when he wins his highest glory,
He never breathes the sacred story!

O! give me love, with all his haplets!
Ambition, with his crown and chaplets,
Less happy is than boor who ploddest,
While love is sweeter and more modest.
Ambition is self-seeking, pelfish,
While love is noble and unselfish;
Ambition, too, is oft inhuman,
And turns away from gentle woman!

The Ruler of the World.

Love is the ruler of the world ;
His conquering banner is unfurled
On every sea, on every strand,
'Neath every sky, o'er every land,
And every race owns his command !

No mountain, valley, fort, or tower
Can circumscribe or foil his power ;
No breast his arrow can withstand,
No strength resist his gentle hand,
Devotion leads his countless band !

Nor racks nor bars can love environ,
He pierces even walls of iron ;
The bravest knights, though clad in steel,
His softest touch the keenest feel ;
He wounds us, yet he wounds to heal !

He visits all within his reign
Inflicting, first, then healing pain.
None can resist his soft appeal,
Yet all his sweetest joys conceal—
Not one the secret will reveal !

Wiseest, Richest, Happiest.

LET him who is wisest admit
His ignorance, blindness, and doubt—
That learning, and genius, and wit,
Are flashes that soon flicker out.

Let him who is richest behold
That humbleness oft is a gain,
That palaces, servants, and gold
Bring nothing but trouble and pain.

Let him who is happiest say
How many dark days he has seen,
How many sad nights of delay
He hoped for what never has been.

Let him who has loved and still loves,
Believe in the sweet little Boy—
The wisest and richest he proves,
The happiest, holiest joy!

Love's Ecstasy and Agony.

UNCONSCIOUS of love's fond caress
We can but little know
What skill love has to grieve or bless—
What power for weal or woe.

Unloving and unloved ones miss
The pang and ecstasy ;
'T is love that wields the wand of bliss
Or rod of agony !

The Greatest Good.

No great good was ever won
Save by noble deeds well done,
Or by labor—full of pain,
Honored by the heart and brain.
No great good was ever kept
By its owner if he slept.

Far the greatest good is love,
Sent to earth from Heaven above;
Should the lover then complain
That he seeks his love in pain?
Or that when he wins the joy
Something else should still annoy?

Love is often sought in strife,
By great deeds at risk of life;
When the trouble all is done,
And the precious joy is won,
Jealousy—the lover's pest,
Often will disturb his rest.

But we never should complain
Of love's fond attendant pain;
Let us then, through hopes and fears,
Dangers, jealousies, and tears,
Win the blessing, for 't is worth
All the other joys of earth!

Wine, War, and Love.

WINE from reveling was drunken,
Soon bright eyes were dull and sunken ;
Love was there to soothe the pain—
Soon dull eyes were bright again.

War was raging, blood was flowing,
Death, with glass and scythe, was mowing ;
War sank down, then love arose,
Healed his wounds and cured his woes.

Love, the wisest, best physician,
Sees and knows our true condition ;
All our pains he will endure,
And our cares and sorrows cure !

Love is the Charge of Life.

Love is the charge of life
That every one must keep,
The source of peace and strife
O'er which we smile and weep.

Love is the bane of life
That poisons all our peace,
Or antidote to strife
That bids our troubles cease.

Love is the task of life
For all on earth to do,
To guard it well from strife,
And keep it pure and true.

Love is the joy of life
That cures all earthly woes,
And smoothes the path of strife
Till death gives us repose !

The Rose and Laurel.

THE fairest rose is scarcely blown
Until its sweetest blush has flown,
And in its fullest, richest bloom
It sheds its fragrance o'er a tomb.

The hero never wins his wreath
Until his deeds are sealed by death;
The brightest laurels never wave
Until they flourish o'er a grave!

The Old Philosopher.

THE flame of life is burning low,
Yet still his breast is warm;
The coals upon the altar glow
With all the prophet's charm.

The mind that cast its rays so far,
And made the world look bright,

Is shining still—a beaming star—
With undiminished light.

The love that fills his boundless heart,
Unconquered in its will,
Shall never from its home depart
Till life's last pulse is still.

The faith that lifts the soul above
All sublunary things,
Now bears him to an endless love
On Hope's eternal wings!

Memories.

SWEET memories are sad,
Sad memories are sweet,
And all that makes us glad
Is sad that it is fleet.

The future ever comes,
The present ever goes,
The past still deeper glooms—
Our tombs the final close.

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Of what we can or will
Ourselves must make the choice,
But duty should fulfill
The still small hushless voice.

Of what we shall or must
The spirit has control;
Death turns our forms to dust,
But must not touch the soul!

Why should Love still Beckon Me.

AH! why should love still beckon me
To leave these scenes of peace?
And will he never set me free,
Nor grant my heart release?

His glowing embers will not die,
Nor cool within my breast;
Although the flames flash not so high,
They burn with deep unrest.

Have I not here the dearest joy
Within this lone retreat?

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Then why should love my thoughts annoy
With visions still more sweet?

Still my fond thoughts will fly away,
And dreams of love will come;
My mind and heart no more will stay
To dwell with me at home.

Love still appears the highest truth,
The greatest, sweetest good,
And brightest beauty—as in youth,
When in his kindest mood.

Come then, dear love, resume thy reign,
And never more depart;
To thee resistance is in vain—
I give thee all my heart!

My Three=Score and Ten.

THIS wondrous frame built up of dust
Has lived its three-score years and ten ;
Health still its faculties adjust,
And still it acts its part with men.

Mine eyes can see, mine ears can hear,
But with, perchance, diminished power ;
My lungs still freely breathe the air,
And still my heart-throbs count the hour.

Passions are chastened, yet not dead,
And sweet emotions still I feel ;
Hope, onward, upward, takes the lead,
While fear lies crouching at my heel.

My mind is filled with pleasing thoughts,
My soul is rich in memories,
That past and present fondly notes,
This sees its future in the skies.

Ah, who shall say that life is vain,
Though it should end beneath the sod?
With all its trouble, toil, and pain,
It is the will and breath of God!

One Who Lingers.

I feel like one who lingers:
The dead are all around me;
But death's cold, chilling fingers
Not yet have found me!

Though grieved are many bosoms,
And much have I to move me,
On earth I still see blossoms.
And stars above me!

The buds still burst in flowers,
And still green leaves surround them,
To beautify the bowers
Till fruit has crowned them!

The world is full of beauty
To all the true and loving;

The sweet reward of duty
Is still approving!

To me it is not dreary,
Although my life is waning;
For, though my limbs are weary,
Life is remaining!

The fires of youth may smolder,
As on the years are fleeting,
But ne'er the heart grows older
When truly beating!

And though I see but dimly,
As through the world I'm groping,
Death can not come untimely—
My soul is hoping!

I pray that God will know me,
I hope that friends will love me,
I know that earth 's below me,
And Heaven above me!

PART IX.

RELIGIOUS.

IX.

Religious.

The Church of God.

THE children of Humanity
Are baptized in the womb,
By Him who guides us from on high,
From birth unto the tomb!

Why should we join the church of man,
When we belong to God?
No church, or creed, or dogma can
Protect us from the rod!

What need we of an earthly pope,
When God is with us here?
Inspiring us with constant hope
That we shall meet him there!

God is our Father, Saviour, priest,
To guide us during time;
We're born and live within his breast,
And all belong to him!

One God, one Truth, one Church, one Creed,
Time and eternity—
These satisfy our earthly need,
And lead us to the sky!

The loving Fatherhood of God—
His universal plan—
Unites in equal Brotherhood,
The wandering creature—Man!

The All.

HAST thou looked upon the earth
In its flowery mantle drest,
And upon its wintry dearth
On the plain and mountain crest?
Thou hast seen the human frame,
Made of dust, its life a breath;
Ever changing, yet the same,
Now in life and now in death.

Hast thou wandered by the sea,
When its waters gently lave,
Smoother in calm as flowery lea,
Terrible when tempests rave?
Thou hast seen the human breast,
When aroused and when asleep,
Heaving now, and now at rest,
Troubled as the restless deep.

Hast thou gazed upon the sky
As the sun brings night and day,
Watched the light and darkness fly,
Chasing each upon its way?

Thou hast scanned the human mind,
Beautiful and dark and bright;
Seeing now, and now as blind
As the eye in rayless night.

Hast thou felt a spirit move,
Thrilling through thy living form;
Now in hatred, now in love,
Now in calm, and now in storm?
Thou hast felt the human soul
Striving in thy troubled breast,
Struggling for the beautiful,
Longing for its final rest.

Earth and stars, and suns rehearse
Order in their endless range;
Infinite the universe,
Changeless in eternal change.
Never can there be a void,
Sealess shore or shoreless sea;
Never can it be destroyed—
It has been, it is, must be.

God, eternal, imageless,
Uncreated, everywhere,
God the One in singleness,
Yet the God of here and there.

All man sees is what is shown
Imaged as if through a pall;
What it is, to man unknown—
All is God, and God is All!

Hope and Memory.

THE True, the Good, the Beautiful,
Are man's grand Trinity,
Perceived, and kept within the soul
By hope and memory.

Truth is the treasure of the mind,
And goodness of the heart,
While beauty in the soul we find—
Of all each is a part.

We love the beautiful in youth,
Pursue the good through life;
In age, by search we find the truth
'Midst conflict, toil, and strife.

The future shows their genial light,
And hope invites us on;

The past in memory keeps them bright,
And joins them all as one.

How happy they, who, through life's scope,
Till evening of the day,
Keep memory as bright as hope
Was in its morning ray.

Happier still, if, when new birth
Unto the soul is given,
It bears the memory of earth
To join with hope in Heaven!

The Highest Gift.

THE mind may love philosophy,
And all its paths pursue,
Yet they will never reach the sky
Nor take away our woe!

The eye of science—keen and clear—
With all it can descry,
Can never feel affection's tear,
Nor see beyond the sky!

And art—so beautiful in mien—
Is proud and will not pray;
And, when disrobed, may not be seen,
Or seen—to lead astray!

Morals can teach us only what
Is due from man to man,
Though good while here, they have no thought
Beyond life's little span.

Religion turns away the rod,
And bids our sorrows cease;
Tis only faith that reaches God,
And gives the soul its peace!

God and the Soul.

HEAR the orbs rehearse
Time's eternal flight,
Grasp the universe,
Span the infinite;
Measure the immense,
Omnipresence show,
Feel omnipotence
And omniscience know.

See creation, sky,
Worlds on worlds above,
Man, eternity,
Spirit, life, and love;
Fly on boundless thought,
Mark and count the whole,
Then say God is nought,
And deny the soul!

Rest.

OF matter to oblivion hurled,
Or spirit tempest-tost,
Through all the changes of this world
No particle is lost.
The darkest death and deepest grave
Can not annihilate ;
What God created he can save
From fixed, eternal fate.

There is no rest from dust to birth,
From birth to dust again ;
But that sweet sleep of "earth to earth"
Knows no returning pain.
It is that dreamless sleep alone
That takes our pangs away,
And softer than a cygnet's down
Is that cold bed of clay.

The weary long for that sweet rest,
To lay down life and care ;
The greatest, wisest, and the best
In peace and joy go there.

'Tis flesh alone that feels the sting;
Death gently seals our eyes
In sleep that finds its wakening
Above the troubled skies!

The Course of Time.

THE course of time has brought us far
Across the stormy sea of life,
Within the bay where peace and war
Must cease their longing and their strife!

Where love no more must bear its sway,
Nor beauty win the lover's heed,
Nor high ambition lead astray,
Where heroes dare and victims bleed.

The world's great honors, place and wealth,
No more can bring us pride or gain;
We put them by as if by stealth—
They are so full of care and pain.

Vain thoughts, so idle, once so sweet,
Where fly ye when our end draws near?
Ah, happy he who death can meet
Inspired by hope without a fear!

Mind and Soul.

THE living mind stops not its thought
At death, but flies beyond ;
It goes not willingly to naught,
But fain would correspond
With all the things which never die,
Throughout the earth or in the sky.

The living soul knows not of death,
Below, around, on high ;
For if it be indeed God's breath,
He dies if it must die.
As what God gave, that he will give,
While God exists man's soul must live !

Where Goes the Soul.

Where goes the soul?
To shine within the sky—
A part of this eternal whole
Of things and beings that can never die.

'T will live again ;
And enter in at Heaven's portal,
Triumphant over death and pain—
Glorious, exultant, infinite, immortal!

Sorrow's Shadow.

Ah, sorrow's shadow follows mirth,
And steals our joys away,
As night's deep shade flies round the earth
And still pursues the day.

Death watches at the palace door,
And hovers round the cot,

To bear us to the dismal shore,
Whate'er may be our lot.

But darkness flies before the light,
And day shines on till even;
Then lift thine eyes, behold the night
That shows the stars of Heaven!

So, "only sorrow's pathway leads
Where sorrows can not come,"
And only through death's gloomy shades
The spirit finds its home!

Arouse, Thou Stricken Heart.

Arouse, thou stricken heart,
Shake off thy grief;
Act well thy future part;
Thus seek relief!

Though time can never give
What it has taken,
Yet duty bids thee live—
Alone, forsaken!

Be brave, thou spirit—dare ;
Be strong thy hands,
Be firm and true, and bear
What life demands !

Be still, thou longing soul,
Though thou art riven,
For thou shalt find thy goal—
Repose in Heaven !

Heart Gems.

THE mine has gold, the sea has pearls,
But love a joy imparts,
Richer than all the wealth of worlds—
The gold and pearl of hearts.
The earth has many a lovely flower,
And Heaven has stars above,
But in our heart's own sacred bower,
The flower and star is love !

How rich—though gold and pearls we've none—
Are we, with hearts so full
Of precious love—and all our own—
The wealth that fills the soul.

And when that love on earth must fade—
 A fragrant flower at even,—
As night steals on with deepening shade,
 'T will rise a star in Heaven!

The Wealth of Love.

For us no glittering diamonds shine,
 We have no gold in store,
We have no fields nor forest groves,
 Nor mines of precious ore,
But while we love as we do now
 We never can be poor!

The great may dwell in palaces
 With parapets and towers,
But we will keep our cottage home
 Amidst the birds and flowers—
For while we love as we do now
 Life's sweetest joys are ours!

Though raven locks may turn to gray,
 And rosy cheeks may fade,

When youth is past and beauty gone
Our hearts shall still be glad—
For while we love as we do now
We never can be sad !

Though friends and fortune may prove false,
And we may weep and grieve,
Though pain and sorrow pierce our hearts,
We 'll hope and still believe—
For while we love as we do now
We 've all that earth can give !

The winds may rave, the seas may roll,
And lightnings rend the air;
And tempests rage from pole to pole,
We will not doubt or fear,
But still will love as we do now—
For God is reigning there !

Here and There.

THE morning sun arose—'t was bright,
A moment—it was noon,
A moment more, and it was night,
Then came the cold, pale moon.

A rose was blooming in the morn,
It faded with the day,
Near by it grew a hardy thorn
That on its bosom lay.

A bird was singing on a bough,
A flit—it was not there ;
Its waning song grew faint and low,
And died upon the air.

The moon sank down behind the hill,
On earth it left no mark ;
A lingering star was shining still,
A cloud—and all was dark.

So passes life's sad, troubled day,
O'er which we drop a tear ;
Yet hope can see a brighter ray
That lights another sphere !

Tears are Sweet.

To the heart o'ercharged with sorrow,
When keen wrongs the bosom harrow,
And we have no hopeful morrow,
Tears are sweet!

When we feel life's chilling wind,
When our fortune proves unkind,
And true faith no more we find,
Tears are sweet!

When our friends have proved unjust,
When betrayal shakes our trust,
And our hopes are in the dust,
Tears are sweet!

When our love finds no reward,
When death breaks the tender cord,
And we feel that fate is hard,
Tears are sweet!

When the heart is seared with grief,
When our waning time is brief,
And the spirit asks relief,
Tears are sweet!

When the longing soul is riven
For its errors unforgiven,
And God whispers hopes of Heaven,
Tears are sweet!

Happiness.

FAR away from the halls of the great,
We live in our little home,
Untrammelled by cares of church or state,
Where bickerings never come.

We earn our bread in the sweat of the face,
Which makes it sweeter than wealth;
We give our thanks with a silent grace,
And eat it in peace and health.

The sky is above, the earth beneath,
With comfort and joy around,

Where truth and goodness, twined in a wreath,
By beauty's fair hand are bound.

Our minds are free, we search for the best,
Our hearts o'erflowing with love ;
Our souls are hoping for endless rest,
When God shall call us above !

The Mystery.

A CHILD created from the dust
Becomes a living soul ;
Then through life's conflict, full of trust,
Pursues a reachless goal.

What it may be, or ere had been—
It toils in tears and pain ;
An aged one then leaves the scene,
Becoming dust again.

After the flesh has felt the rod,
And borne its weary day,
The soul returns on high to God,
Who gave it to the clay.

How sweet to steal away from strife,
And sleep on nature's breast;
To leave a weary, troubled life,
And go to endless rest!

Of Spirit Born.

OF spirit born, we live on nature's breast;
Our bodies—fashioned of the senseless clod—
At death return to ante-natal rest;
The spirit rises to its source—our God!

This, the Creator's universal plan,
By his omnipotent, omniscient might,
Though ever-changing, makes the soul of man
Eternal, and, in essence, infinite!

Death's Soliloquy.

THEY shrink before my phantom arrow,
My looks, e'en far away, annoy ;
They think I bring them saddest sorrow,
Instead of joys that never cloy.
I am the cure of pain and error ;
I change all things, yet naught destroy ;
On earth they fear me as a terror,
In Heaven they hail me as a joy !

The Sphere of Man.

MAN ! thou wert born of dust, as all are born ;
Of life on earth, dust is the only source ;
Thus life from dust has, since creation's morn—
And life to dust—maintained its ceaseless course.

What thou art now, that others ere have been ;
What they have been, that others aye will be ;

And what the dead have known, and heard, and seen,
The living, too, will know, and hear, and see.

What thy mind thinks, that other minds have thought;
What hearts have felt, that other hearts will feel;
What thy soul seeks, that other souls have sought,
And what it hopes, God only can reveal.

So all were born, so all must live and die;
So all will hope, so all must bear the rod.
Be thou content, O man! beneath the sky,
Nor dare to touch the scepter of thy God!

The Road of Life.

SEE you not the weary road
Winding up the mountain high?
Feel you not the heavy load
That we bear until we die?

See the cold and barren rock,
Where we oft must make our bed.
Where the-lightnings rending shock,
With its scathing blaze has sped.

See the dangers we must meet—
The abysses we must shun,
Resting not our weary feet
Till the height is lost or won.

On—the dangers still will thicken
As the higher we have gone,
And the harder we are stricken
More and more we stand alone.

See the narrow, slippery ledge,
Either side a gulf—how deep!
Where the millions o'er the edge
Fall forgotten, there to sleep.

See the clouds around the mountain
Hiding oft the dim, dark path;
Hear the trembling, raging fountain,
And the tempest in its wrath.

Though the struggle is so hard,
High upon the lofty goal,
Endless peace, with full reward,
Waits to crown the longing soul.

Pierce the dark but rifted clouds
With the spirit God has given;
Where the sky the All enshrouds—
Look you there—for there is Heaven!

The Soul's Voyage.

UPON the sea that reaches
From cradle to the grave,
'Midst rocks and sands and beaches,
I've sailed the troubled wave;
Guiding life's God-built vessel,
Quivering from keel to deck,
As with the storm 'twould wrestle
To 'scape the shattering wreck.

Now safely moored at anchor
We float within the bay—
No more the tempest's rancor
Disturbs our peaceful sway—
Awaiting the Commander
To bid us sail no more,
But trim the ship and land her
Upon the eternal shore!

Earth and Heaven.

In the darkness of the earth
I am wandering still;
Thou art born of that new birth
Death can never kill.

In the presence of thy God
Thou art as a star,
I am here, a crumbling clod,
Gazing from afar.

Since thou 'st gone I would not stay
Where these shadows lie,
Only till I find the way
Leading to the sky.

But I would not have thee come
Back on earth to me;
Yet, above, in thy bright home,
I would go to thee!

Here and Hereafter.

WILL I live again hereafter,
And be conscious of this life?
In my hopes and tears and laughter
I would fain forget this strife.

This is aye the soul's suggestion,
Hoping thus for evermore;
Canst thou answer first the question—
Hast thou ever lived before?

Know'st thou not this fearful power—
Such deep knowledge thus to scan
In life's brief and restless hour—
Never yet was given to man?

Doth the rose—the sweet new-comer—
Know that, on the self-same stem,
One was there and bloomed last summer,
Just the same as this sweet gem?

And because it blooms this season,
Knows it that 't will bloom the next?
Happy flower, it has no reason,
And no soul to be perplexed.

Has the lovely rose less beauty
That it doth not know the past,
Nor the future, nor its duty,
Save to bloom while it may last?

Are ye, then, not both immortal,
In this strange, renewing birth—
Thou to seek the Heavenly portal,
And the rose to bless the earth?

'Neath the eye of God, all-seeing,
In the power that bids thee live,
Be contented with thy being,
Hoping that He will forgive!

Down to Death and Up to Life.

GOING down to death alone!
Though beloved, there is not one
Who can die for us, or save
This sore body from the grave.
Yet the grave is but the door
Opening to the evermore;
For our death upon the earth
Is, above, undying birth.

Going up to seek the throne,
We shall never be alone;
Multitudes, redeemed, arise
With new life above the skies.
Death is but a soothing sleep—
See, the dying never weep—
And the grave the only portal
Through which souls become immortal!

How Beautiful is Death.

How beautiful is death !
The very blossoms even,
 Upon the heath,
Look up from graves to heaven.
How beautiful is death !

How beautiful is death !
Changing what must depend
 Upon a breath
For life, which can not end.
How beautiful is death !

How beautiful is death !
When here our troubles close,
 God will bequeath
A life of sweet repose.
How beautiful is death !

How beautiful is death !
Gaining a life above
 For death beneath—

Securing joy and love.
How beautiful is death!

How beautiful is death!
It ends our pain and strife
 In a sweet Lethe,
And brings eternal life.
How beautiful is death!

How beautiful is death!
Knowing eternal truth,
 Crowned with a wreath
Of everlasting youth.
How beautiful is death!

What is Dying?

WHAT is dying? Ask the flower:
 'Tis but yielding to the fruit,
And departing from the bower
 When the singing birds are mute.

What is dying? Ask the sages:
 Look on man, the oak, the blossom;

'T is returning, with the ages,
To a mother's tender bosom.

What is dying? Ask the living:
Struggling 'twixt a smile and tear,
Fearing, hoping, doubting, striving
To attain another sphere.

What is dying? Ask the dying:
'T is but leaving toil and strife—
Body sinking, spirit flying
To a higher, purer life.

What is dying? Ask the spirit:
Nothing; death is only change;
Life eternal all inherit,
Through infinity to range!

Dying.

THE night is closing round my view,
Hiding the sun's last ray ;
Yet morn is breaking forth anew,
And bringing endless day.
A vista opens to my sight,
Sublime and beautiful—
A scene eternal, infinite,
Inviting on the soul.

Such splendor, since the earth begun,
No mortal eye hath seen ;
The light is shining from a sun
That never hides its sheen.
O, let me leave this troubled earth,
And cease this mortal strife !
For death is but another birth
That gives immortal life.

I hear the distant, murmuring knell
Of long departed years,
And sounds that bind me like a spell
Are stealing on my ears ;

They greet me from another sphere,
And charm away my pain,
Giving the spirit hope and cheer,
Yet dust hears not the strain.

Ah, yes; the years have worn away,
And brought me near the grave;
The sun that lights my final day
Is sinking 'neath the wave.
No other light upon this earth
Will ever meet my eyes,
But, in that new, immortal birth,
Light comes from other skies.

All grief and sorrow now have ceased—
Even the sting of death;
Yet still I breathe, though, when released,
The soul will need no breath.
New senses o'er my spirit steal,
And lift my soul on high;
Of all the joys that mortals feel,
The sweetest is to die!

My Home Above.

Who shall portray my home which is above?

As wide and lofty as the boundless sky;
The house of God, the home of peace and love,
Where I shall live again and never die.

Designed and built by His almighty hand,
On truth's deep-laid and everlasting base,
Throughout eternity unchanged to stand,
Untouched by time, uncircumscribed by space!

The soul there dwells in happiness and joy,
Among the pure and blest, redeemed, forgiven;
There nothing can its new-born life destroy,
For death's cold form can never enter Heaven!

I know that home through faith, which has no words,
And by a knowledge which surpasses mind;
By deep convictions, sharp as two-edged swords,
And by a light that strikes the mortal blind—

A light by which the unfleshed soul can see
What science, logic, thought can never prove ;
By which it knows Time, Space, Eternity,
Infinity, the One, the All, God, Love!



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