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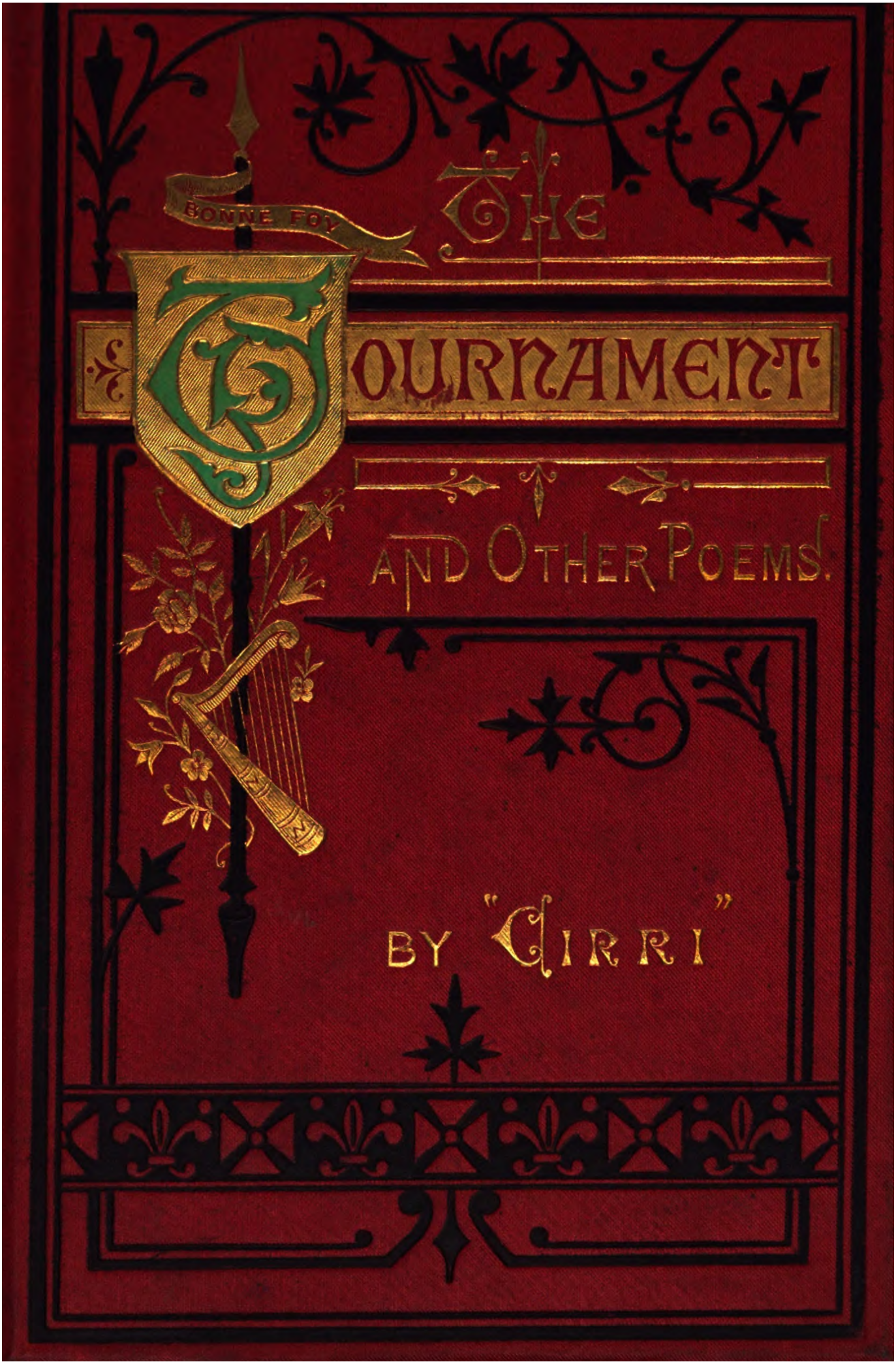
BONNE FOY
THE
TOURNAMENT
AND OTHER POEMS.
BY "CIRRI"

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THE TOURNAMENT,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY "CIRRI."

London:
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THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS,

WITH VERY KIND CHRISTIAN REGARDS,

AND EARNEST DESIRES FOR PROSPERITY,

DEDICATED TO

The Sydenham Young Men's Christian Association,

BY

THE AUTHORESS.

CONTENTS.

3RD PART.

4TH PART.

POEMS.

EXPLANATORY ADDRESS.

A LADY, living in retirement long,
Would in the twilight, (day's subdued prolong,)
On sit and muse 'til burst forth feelings strong,
In gush and rush, or gentler flow of song.—
One beauteous summer's e'en, when slept each bird
Save Philomel in ancient elm-tree heard;
One beauteous summer's e'en, when falling dew
Would leaflet, blade, and floweret all imbue;
One beauteous summer's e'en, when Vesper star
With stellar hosts, illumed those dews from far;

Such beauteous summer e'en, that sprays instir
Seemed soft harmonious sostenuto whir
Of angels' wings,—air odorous fanned above,—
Their breathings to inspire with holiness and love.
This lady, loving, pitying all mankind,
Admiring virtues—to defects not blind—
Exclaimed to self, Oh, that I could—I would
So renovate man's mind, that ne'er withstood
Should be the grand sublime, the gloriously good !
Desire expressed resolved itself to prayer.
Her invocation, Lord, this wish Thy care
I now implore ; and if Thy will my pen
Should aught contribute for our youths and men,
Grant me their favour, with Thy smile on high .
Thy child awaits her Father's hushed reply ;
Thy servant waits her God to glorify.

THE TOURNAMENT;

OR,

RISORGA IL ROMANZA.

PROLOGUE.

FROM where downiest azure sleeping,
Ere e'en's star is peerless peeping,
Ere e'en's shades o'er landscape creeping,
Ere e'en's dews o'er valley weeping,
Now while cirri floating highest,
To cerulean ether nighest,
Now while south wind softest sighing,
To the fairest flowers swift hieing,
Now while Sol in grandest glory,
Sinks behind yon plane-trees hoary,
Come there—rest—and list my story.

THE LADY OF THE CRAG AND HER DOMAIN.

FAR, far away, in foreign lands,
A ruin on a huge rock stands,
Of this a tale I'd tell,
A legendary tale of yore.
Five centuries past, it may be more,
A lady there did dwell.

Oh, she was charming, graceful, young,
Her beauty high and low all sung,
And all her virtues told:
In chateau, round which pines did throw
Dark shadows o'er the river's flow,
As sombre Night's enfold.

In hut where peasants quaffed the cup,
Round log-fire grouped for pleasant sup,
And pleasant tale to tell.
Yes, high and low, the rich, the poor
Recounted oft her good deeds o'er,
For all hearts loved her well.

There, where on rock still ruin stands,
Stretched far beyond rich pasture lands,
With bordering dense of fir,
While nearer cascade rushed o'er rock,
Dashed down past shepherd and his flock,
That then belonged to her;

Sped on its course in rapid flow,
Would spattering spray on wild flower throw,
On rough cragside that grew,
On flower that bloomed no eyes to cheer
Save chamois', cropping herbage near,
'Til o'er crevasse did footfall hear,
Instinctively some harm would fear,
Then 'fore the hunter flew.

Where ränz des väches kind heard at e'en,
The snow-capped mountains on between,
Descending still its flow.
Past olives, citron-groves, past vine,
The sunlit vineyard's tendril-twine,
Past peasant's dwelling low.

Past convent, from which vesper bell,
The time for prayer would all round tell,
Remind of Heaven above,
Then, as eve's shadows swift increase
Vibrating monotones would cease,
The hamlet 'neath slept Heaven's peace,
Its safeguard Heaven's love !

When silent shone the evening star
On castle, rock, cascade that far
Down rockside traversed plain,
As fell its rays on rocky height,
On wayward waters' farthest flight,
They fell on her domain !

Beyond where rises forest darkly dread,
Where thousand pines funereal seem o'er dead,
Descending rugged path amongst them led
To stilly cavern rude, where light of sun
Announced not earth's reviving day begun,
Nor smiled departure as earth's day near done:
No light, save pine-torch throwing fitful glare,
Producing frightful shadows here and there:
No sound, save just at intervals there dropped,
As if to tell earth's pulses nearly stopped,
Earth veins' distil, stalagmite's slow increase,
As monument pyramidal, to other sounds decease.—
Few visited the spot—drear tales were told
Of Forest Black, with cave and brigands bold,
With spectral tales by stooping grandames old;
And still more horrid tales some folks would tell,
That 'neath the Forest Black were demons fell,
That while night's shadows o'er the earth sound slept,
And night's soft dewy tears o'er flowers wept,

Whene'er their orgies led to such delight,
From forest dense each demon took its flight,
To havoc, plunder, to lay waste and blight.
No beauteous maiden durst night's breath inhale,
Lest spirited away—another tale
That made life's current chill and cheeks grow pale.
These rumours had foundations: lawless men,
As beasts of prey, made farther cave their den.
The cave described,—mere vestibule, that led
To revelling court, stores, hostelry; to bed
On which lay gore-stained hand and plotting head.
This deep seclusion sought a villain foiled;
The heart's marauder, of his prey despoiled,—
Yon ruins, with domains and their "ladye,"
Long coveted, but disappointed he:
Revenge then contemplating, heart, head, hand,
Gave he banditti. Captain made of band,
Hid he in cavern, planning vicious guile.
'Neath yon crags' ruins minstrel sang the while.

MINSTREL'S WARNING SONG.

"LADYE of these wide domains,
List a wand'ring minstrel's strains,
'Neath thy casement here to sing,
Monitory words to bring;
Wearied, wayworn, ere dawn's ray
Softly whispered, 'Comes the day;'
Wearied, wayworn, while eve's star
Sweetly whispers, 'Heaven not far;'
Wearied, wayworn, yet no rest
'Til performed my high behest.
Far I've wandered on to thee,
List my humble minstrelsy!

Wolf deserting loathsome lair,
Lamb the tenderest would not spare;
But whate'er that lamb betide,
Watchful shepherd waits beside:
Bids he humblest minstrel tell,
Watching, warns! he warns thee well!"

Ladye, listening there alone,
Placed her hand on silken zone,
From which, pendant, silver chain,
Silver whistle to retain,
Whistle raised, then softly blew.
Well her page that sweet note knew,
Quick apart the arras threw,
Lightly fleet to casement flew.
"Phonso, minstrel here below
I must speak with ere he go:
Hence, into my presence bring;
Bid him hasten, bid him sing!

Stay, he's wearied, wayworn, weak,
Let him rest !—Refreshments seek ;
Let him drink of generous wine !"
Tacit answer, head's incline,
Showed each wish he did divine ;
Still in swift obedience mute,
Went to promptly execute.—
Quickly passed through postern gate.
Scarcely could the minstrel wait,
Scarcely drank, and scarcely ate ;
Though when ladye of yon land
Wish expressed, to him command.
Harp unslung, low bowed his head,
As page on through arras led,
Forward came as page retired,
Head erect, and clear eye fired.
" Ladye, every thank of mine,
Minstrel's prayer and blessing thine :
If prepared thy gentle heart,
Ladye, much I'd quick impart.

Noble thou, of ancient kin,
Noble ancestry did win,
Castle, crag, cascade, ravine,
Hamlets, mountains' intervene:
One as noble, thou his charm;
Thus he watches, warns of harm."
"Said'st thou true? Kind minstrel, say,
Dwells he, or comes he this way?"
"Ladye, I'd not dare presume,—
From oblivion griefs exhume,—
Unless bid by thee to tell
What his ancestry befel:
Yet 'twere wiser ere I say
Where dwells he, whence comes this way."
"Minstrel's music, soul doth greet
Notes and words so plaintly sweet,
That I would thou now should'st tell
What his ancestry befel."

"Ladye, once o'er glade, through glen,
Strode forth troops of valiant men,
Men with youths, all bravely bold,
Crags, old castle, to enfold,—
Conquered castle, crag, domain,
My revered great-grandsire slain.
Start not, ladye,—what is thine,
Had not this been, would be mine.
Blanched thy lip, and paled thy cheek !
Ladye, piteous pardon speak !
Came I to upbraid, alarm?
No, I'd thee preserve from harm.
He who asked thee for his bride,
He whom thou hast well denied,
Caved, in Forest Black, doth hide,
Vengeance threatening, and his ire
Is an all-destroying fire.
Lurks he as prowls wolf for prey,
Vigilant by night and day

I, disguised as minstrel, may
Oft a warning visit pay.
With this covered casque, beard, robe,
I could traverse round the globe;
These removed, in armour bright
Plead I thou would'st dub me knight."

* * * * *

Her knight became he, stayed in ladye's tower,
In love's first raptures till past vesper hour.
When twilight fell, and fell the twilight's dew,
Disguised again, th' accepted lover true
Departing whither,—none but ladye knew.

* * * * *

When knight departed, lady's eye sought scroll,
On which was written, "Detailed here the whole."
These words a curious interest did excite:
More quick than words can tell, or pen can write,
The lady took the silken cord from scroll,
On table swiftly flattening in unroll,
Then drew Venetian perfumed lamp more near,
Read and re-read all I relate now here.

THE KNIGHT'S DETAIL.

BEYOND Italia's moss-clad stones of yore,
That seemed a classic influence to outpour;
Beyond Italia, where luxuriant art
With science, literature, did grace impart,
To elevate the mind, refine the heart;
Beyond Italia, where the crater's throw
Would ruthless rush in lava tide's onflow,
Destructive, desolating plains below;—
Beyond Italia,—waves pelucid blue,
With silvery fringings, would each other woo,
Salute, retire, in ceaseless fond renew,
'Neath skies cerulean, clouds whose changing hue

In forming, forward floating, fleecy flight,
Resembled ever-varying opal's light;
Here semi-sapphire tints, there ruby bright,
Their minglings amethystine glad'ning sight,
While contrast—amber beamings—overpowering quite!
'Neath opal'd azure skies, midst silvered blue,
Pervaded floral redolence, as few,
Half fluttering fannings, passed as wing of bird,
As sigh suppressed, so faintly felt, so heard,
So sweet, so soft the air, so gently stirred!—
Pulsations perfumed, thus waved sunny air
'Mongst scenes so brightly beautiful, so fair,
So grandly gorgeous, and so richly rare,
Description fails and pen could ne'er compare,
Save that the sea, the sky, the land, the air,
Seemed pleasures Paradisean transferred there,
To make Ægean isles exuberantly fair.—
There, when gay plumaged bird placed head 'neath [wing,
When Philomel eve's madrigal would sing,

When Sol his reign resigned and shimmering sheen
Illumed those waters blue, the woodlands green,
Edged all so softly bright in Luna light,
That tho' day fair, still fairer seemed the night,
There, when near noiseless splashed the feathering oar
In time with notes harmonious 'long the shore,
The float of vesper song in rich outpour;
There, when in ripplets played the evening tide,
A lady young would by the waters glide,
(As in the shady grove,) her child at side:
Her sole companion he—thus from rude gaze she'd
hide.
That beauteous widowed one—none to direct.
None now herself and boy to fond protect—
Would seek these solitudes to mourn, reflect
O'er past and present; tho' oft child's voice checked,
That voice her son's, whose birthright proud domain,
The castled crag whereon his sire lay slain.—
'Long dawn's horizon, gliding 'gainst dawn's grey,
Dawn's cloud. half gold, half roseate, doth stray;

Then others glorious rise,—commingling they,
Again we'd gaze on first. Dissolved away!
The buoyant wavelet on the water's breast,
First swells, then rises, curls its snowy crest,
As others form and follow in unrest,
Where gone the first? Fulfilled is its behest!—
The beauteous bud unfolds to Sol's caress,
Displays its maiden blush, its glowing dress,
Breathes forth its redolence—all tenderness;
As other buds appear, the earth to bless,
Shrinks, fades, droops, disappears 'mongst earth's
decayings—yes!—
Thus infancy, then youth, man stalwart, grey,
Each in succession flit their transient stay,
While others rise—man lost to sight for aye:
All yield to conquering Time, whose touch decay,
Whose spiriting command, "Pass on!—Away!'—
Time, in his flight, converts the boy to sire,—
Two generations rose—rose to retire,

He, who with mother fled from foes' dread ire,
Lived on, had grandson grown,—chivalrous fire
That grandson's soul incessant would inspire ;
So was his high impulsive spirit fraught,
To naught else gave he heed, or word, or thought ;
As chafe's the soul in still protracted night,
And yearns for busy day and cheering light,
So longed he sounds and scenes of chivalry's "faire
fight."

THE PASSAGE OF ARMS.

A TOURNAMENT proclaimed! A king's invite
To each surrounding court with ladies bright,
And prince, and nobleman, and valiant knight.
Thus third descendant of domain's slain lord
Would test his prowess now with lance and sword.
Determined he that nought this hope should mar,
'Neath scorching sun, neath mildly beaming star,
On from Ægean isles he travelled far:
Though travel-worn, left but for rest one day,
Ere in succession tournament mêlée

That day sufficed, and with the morrow's sun,
Arose, with buoyant hopes, chivalrous one.
With eye of fire, with very soul on flame,
He neared the lists, as champion gave his name,
While his incognito he strict preserved,
His titles with domains from all reserved.
No squire his lance did hold, his helm did lace,
Present his shield, mere strangers took their place;
While stranger serving-man restrained his horse,
That champed, and neighed, and pawed in haste for
course.
Quick men at arms, and trumpets, clarions, past,
At heralds, pursuivants, scarce glance he cast,
Nought doth attract 'til hears he clarion blast.—
On steed caparisoned, for tourney drest,
In lists, midst mass of mighty challenged prest,
Hears herald tourney's laws rehearse to guest.—
In line the plume, the glittering helmet's crest,
In line the armour scaled on manly breast,

In line the pennoned spear in upright rest,
In line steeds, statue-like, with riders, wait behest :
The herald's " Laissez-aller," and they go,
To seek for conquest,—or for overthrow.

The combat to detail let those essay,
Lords, bright-eyed ladies gazing, as 'twere play,
And waving kerchief scarf from gallery gay,
With tapestry and floral glad display.—
" Fight on, brave knights!" heard from this bright
array,
" Death better than defeat," anon some say,
As with their life their penalty some pay,
While leaving trail of gore, some crawl away
From where, midst dust, confusion, uproar, lay
The victims of that hard contested fray.—
Three days the tournament and joust did last,
Three days (the chroniclers tell) one surpassed,
In joust mêlée did each in shade soon cast :

Skill, horsemanship, dexterity, sans feint,
Some wounded, some unhorsed, some felt th' attainte,
And many lances broken they acquaint.
"These deeds by one, to all around unknown,
Who titles told not, simply name did own,
Sans serviteur, except a page—alone."—
He whom described as giving but his name,
Whom heralds did the victor loud proclaim,
Descendant he of castle's lord long slain.—
Besmeared with gore, his helmet still on head,
The conqueror, by marshal forth there led.
From broken arms, 'mongst battered armour spread,
From prostrate steeds and riders, wounded, dead;
From where the death-groan and the death-prayer said,
From where the slipp'ry turf but gory mud,
From field which seemed as if receded flood,
Whose waters angry Heaven had turned to blood.—
The welcomes eulogistic, waiting brave,
He hears not; sees not scarf and kerchief wave;

Heeds not each fluttering silken banneret gay,
The silent witness of that blood-fraught fray,
Benumbed his spirit, as he on doth stray.—
Passed he where jester's joke raised smile and frown,
In gallery where proud dame in broidered gown,
Sate by her lord of high and long renown.—
Flash jewels, cloth of gold, rich hangings wrought,
Devices floral: all are passed as nought!
Was't innate vision? glimpse of king's throne caught?—
Deficient loyalty let none impute.
He paused, to royalty made "brave salute."
On marshalled conqueror, who did prowess prove,
Past courtiers, ladies beauteous, on he moved,
Midst cheering acclamations which behoved,
'Til opposite the royal throne, above
Where raised "the throne of Beauty and of Love."
He pauses, waits command, steps forward now,
Bareheaded, at the foot of throne doth bow.
With grace that dignity doth well allow,
The queen descends with crown for conqueror's brow,

The golden laurel chaplet to bestow,
On head most deferentially bent low;
Yet could his eyes a glance at queen swift throw.
It was enough! Some who Love's birth doth know,
Deny him baby born, that hath to grow
To man's full stature; and 'tis frequent so,
When doth th' angelic beam, with beauty's glow.—
Then love that's manly, of each self-love shorn,
This noble, truthful love, oft giant born.
The lady of the crag of whom we tell,
"The queen of beauty and of love," saw well,
Her form and features' dazzling grace, his spell:
Thus, as his eyelids raised, her eyelids fell.
She, beauty of most beauteous, thus we ween
Befitting best for love and beauty's queen.
Hers peerless beauty, with angelic soul,
Whose loving simpathy near bursts control.—
Her king, approving, smiled (all feared his frown);
He led her to that throne, her head did crown

With coronet emblematic of love's dart,
The alternating arrow-point and heart.
'Twas thus she, midst her temporary state
Heartsickened, did but in compliance wait.
Now pale, in downiest robes of azure there,
As pitying angel stood ethereal, fair.
There, holding golden laurels o'er his brow,
In tones most musical addressed him now:
"On thee this chaplet I bestow, sir knight,
As meed of valour, Victor thou in fight,—
For wreath of chivalry no worthier place,
To thee assigned this day, thy brow to grace."—
A pure perfume, from distant Araby,
Steals o'er his senses; in Elysium he,
As takes the hand presented for caress,
And sees its beauty, feels its tenderness,
While raising it the rapturous kiss to press.—
As scintillating flash of diamond light,
Appearing, disappearing, on the sight;

As some fine harmony that doth impart,
Ecstatic thrillings hallowing through the heart,
He saw her, heard her, loved her, loved—to part!
The king and court had left, left cavalcade,
Mule-mounted maiden with the matron staid;
Deserted lists, no sounds save galleries near,
Some hurrying serviteurs would quickly clear,
Refreshment tents to gain, where wine and goodly
cheer.
E'en armourers' tents vacated, all seemed gone;
But in one tent, still with his page alone,
Reclined, all sadly happy, the unknown.
In conqueror's pavilion, yet ne'er heeds,
The arms and armours, vanquished sent with steeds,
Although by law of arms these victor's meeds.—
On velvet cushion, side his head doth rest,
One meed: that chaplet fain he'd have caressed.—
No joys triumphant, no past glories seen,
Save temporary throne—on it his queen.

Unrealized tumultuous clang of arms,
Yet sounds of dulcet voice his heart still charms.
Forgotten heaviest blow and pierce of steel,
But fair soft fingers 'neath lips still doth feel.
So realized perfume from ungloved hand,
E'en scented not rich viands near that stand:
Unheeded as unneeded food, when love,
The victor of the victor, strong doth prove.—
Since that eventful day, 'neath castle high,
As peeped forth stellar hosts, in azure sky,
A minstrel came to love, to sing, to sigh,
To fondly sweep o'er lute love's lullaby.
'Twas he who watches o'er thee, watches well:
The rest, dear lady, let thy kind heart tell.

The lady having read the scroll, then placed
It carefully in escritoire that graced
Her rich boudoir, again her whistle blew,
Again Alphonz through arras quickly flew,

"My maid," she said, "and for this night adieu!"
Low bowed he mute, repassed the arras through.—
All seemed as blissful dream,—her hopes too bright
For earthly joys, as thought she of her knight;
Thus moon and stars had paled in heaven, yet still
Attendant maid heard not her lady's will;
The moon and stars had paled,—no couch been prest,
Deliciously absorbed in love's unrest,
The lady heeded nought,—so fondly loved, so blest!

The Interview.

Months rolled away,—the happy evening hour,
That knight and lady spent in castle tower,
Was still more pleasant passed, in cragside bower.—
There, when half-opening buds drank evening dew,
Smiled sweet response to south wind's winning woo,
Which would from gorgeous flowers at base that lay,
Exuberant efflorescence, leave to stray
Far upward, over mountain, mead on play,
Pass moss-beds velvety in crag's cleft grey,—

Pass too auriculas, campanulas unite,
Pass nodding gentian bells in re-invite,
To dance, to play, caress, in half-toned evening
light.—
There, when ceased chirp of bird on trembling spray,
Replying warbling mate the livelong day;
Ceased joyous insect's hum past shrub and tree,
With buzz of ladened honey-gathering bee;
Ceased stir of stunted bush, by chamois' brush,
As in its frolickings 'twould bounding rush;
Ceased all day's sounds as stole resplendent night,
Save cascade's feathering fall in varying light,
As crystal prism's colours rainbowed bright,
There 'till the crescent moon decked distant sea,
Soft silv'ring fringing foam of wild wave free;
While nearer sheened the snow-capped mountains bold,
As erst they years by thousands on had told,
While o'er this grandly gorgeous scene smiled high,
In clustered glitterings spangling evening's sky,
Crags—scintillating jewelled canopy:

Amidst that silent scene so grand, so rare,
As robed with cirri from the upper air,
Ethereal, radiant, exquisitely fair,
The lady of the crag beyond compare,
With knight of noble mien—a stately pair,
Whose breathings fond and plighted vows were given,
Their witnesses those glorious hosts of heaven.—
How when ecstatic joy in heart doth play,
Mourn we th' unfrequent visitant should stray ;
How when earth smiles in vernal beauty bright,
Deplore we mischief's threat—impending blight ;
Midst Eden's joys, midst Eden's scenes so fair,
The serpent's wiles, the serpent's ruin there !
While scene surrounding gorgeous, heavens above
The silent witnesses of purest love.

Another witness ! In concealment there,
The prowling wolf who'd left his loathsome lair
Joy to annihilate—lay waste—his cruel care !—

The cave had echoed as each bandit laughed,
And pledged himself, while wine-cup coarsely quaffed.
Hand joined in hand, as each one swore in name
Their chief to aid, when hour long sought for came;
While knight so soothed by love's enchanting spell,
Lulled into danger, though he once watched well.—
As grandest piled unsullied Alpine snow
Precedes the avalanche's overthrow,
Oft fairest, fondest hopes, the heart may know,
Disturbed in beauty all:—from heights laid low!
How happy they with eye of faith above,
Who trace a Father's hand,—a Father's tender love!

Bright months had passed—surrounding scenes looked
wan—
Festivities of nature long since gone—
Yes, months had passed,—chill breezes rise and swell,
For coming cold intense they augur well,
As mule through mountain-pass shakes tinkling bell,
And riders' voice doth coming marriage tell

While higher, sunset streaking mountains wan,
'Neath canopy each lady marshalled on,
From neighbouring crags and chateaux all around
Climb they each winding path, for castle bound.—
The castle's hall is gained, where, torch in hand,
On either side, in row, men stationed stand;
Where pine-log brightly burns,—doth glad'ning glow,—
Doth on old oaken walls its cheerings throw;
While Saracenic music wildly gay,
In tourney's airs, through arras-hangings stray,
As "goodly companie" there "make their way,"
To join cortège for bridal,—where will wed,
The priest the brilliant bride—to bridegroom led;
The lady of the crag with veiled drooped head,
To whom felicitations fondly felt as said.—

The ceremony o'er.—In pine-lit hall,
Where evergreens wreath ancient portraits all,
And armours 'mind of battles dread appal,
Ancestral scenes of "glorious fight" recal;

While from the polished rafters high descend
Old tattered banners, martial fame to lend;
There where fine arts and battle trophies blend,
Hushed voices from the past seem soft to send
Sad monitory lessons unto all,
Tho' wait musicians lightly footing ball.—
They wait not long—the bridegroom,—beauteous
bride,—
Preceding guests, now enter side by side,
To ope the ball with minuet's graceful glide,
'Tween dance and feast they would the night divide.—
First part of ball and festive feasting o'er,
Returned to dancing hall—continuous pour—
Guests after guests—all joyous as can be,
And bride and bridegroom bright as companie:
Though outside castle hall, with forty men
To aid his project, wilely wolf from den.—
Cotillions gaily danced,—admiring gaze
Fond friends around—'til—oh! Amaze! Amaze!

The bridegroom seized.—The bride, in mute dismay,
A flashing moment stands—ere word may say,
Surrounding ruffians rudely bear away :
As suddenly commenced a blood-fraught fray.—
Bold brigand troops rush now in castle hall,
Axe, falchion, sword, are snatched from arm-decked
wall.
Here wrestling some, there some in overthrow,
While conflict on proceeding blow for blow,
Already 'neath the mails of warriors dead
Droops 'gainst the castle wall, the fainting head,
Life's current pours from limb, from breast, from
side,
A gushing flow of noblest crimson tide.
Not hearing voices sweet, protest, complain ;
Unheeding taunts of those by whom thus ta'en ;
Not feeling poinard pierce, nor blow, nor pain,
Midst slash and crash of arms, by friends upraised in
vain,
Struggling for freedom, bride to quick regain,

His capturers scorns, denouncing deeds of stain,
Denouncing bandits' haunts, falls knight 'mongst
bandits slain !—
From scene of conflict trembling dames stole soft
To seek apartments in the tower aloft,
The tower in which the lady's boudoir bright,
Where first was breathed and rebreathed love's first
plight
By "Queen of Beauty" and the victor knight.
The lady's boudoir sought, each door they found
Locked, barricaded; while within, no sound,
Seemed desolation's awe to reign profound.—
By bandits borne crag's lady to this height,
To keep her captive, to prevent her flight,
While they descended, aided in the fight.—
The lady's maid in first affright had wept,
Then, hearing bandits, 'hind the arras crept,
The bandits gone, no faculties then slept:
With stealthy step, with finger on lip placed,
To lovely bride her way 'cross boudoir traced

And as she skimmed the velvet carpet o'er
Produced the ancient key of panel door,
Which quickly would their liberty restore.—
Removing bridal veil that head still graced,
A hooded mantle on her lady placed ;
Unlocked the door, and down each tower stair
Supported tenderly her lady fair ;
On through the postern gate down cragside passed,
While watchful glance would midst night's darkness
'Til contemplated refuge gained at last. [cast,

Where gentlest purled the wavelet of the lake,
Where shallowest, clearest, cowherd on would take
His charge, their hoofs to cool, their thirst to slake ;
While younger boys, relieved of sock and shoe,
Would gaily paddle in without ado
And draw with glee their mimic vessels through.—
When these withdrawn at e'en, so peaceful, fair,
The village maidens frequent would repair,
Sedately silent sate attentive there,

Enjoying lakelet, shore, and evening air,
And listening nuns, while chanting vesper prayer.
This convent by the lake for centuries stood,
A refuge for the injured, as for good.
Thus lady of the crag, in onward flight
From castle's tumult hurrying in affright,
Paused 'fore Madonna's chapel's welcome light;
And ere her struggling breath she could regain
Quick refuge sought, and sought it not in vain.
Her maid the terrifying tale then told
Of lawless doings by men bad as bold,—
Their sole security in hasty flight
To seek the convent's charity that night:
That charity that makes us wish misled—led right—
As from the towering rock doth eaglet soar
With mounting pinions, t'wards the ether o'er,
Flies upward,—downward,—on in circling sweep,—
Leaves solid rock to skim 'bove waters deep—
And as that eaglet in his fluttering flight
O'er gulf beneath, while midst the ether light

Finds nought conducive to his aim in quest,
No spot on which his wearied wings may rest,
So doth the wandering wayward one who'd learn
Another way than Christ,—doth vainly yearn
By penance, fast, atonement-gift, to earn
His sins' remission,—Christ's full power doth spurn;
As that same eaglet seeks—regains—crag's crest,—
To "Rock of Ages" turns he:—finds Peace—Rest!

THE CONVENT SCENE.

Years now flown by.—A priest to convent came,
From Pius Pope he told, and gave his name.
The lady abbess, simply as a child,
By all his reverend speeches soon beguiled,
While sister nuns, who dared, upon him smiled.—
He bandit-wolf, this convent now his lair,
Where he would work out wrath, and wrath's despair,
When recognized he castle's lady there.—

Long of her bridegroom's death she'd been apprised,
His murderer's hand, correctly had surmised;
Her hopes all blighted, chose she to remain
Secure in cloisters, where no blood could stain
The floor she trod, nor spatter all around,
Where fray's confusion changed for peace profound.
False priest who "ghostly comfort" came to give,
To teach the weak by penance, fast, to live,
Redoubled Aves, Paternosters, there,
To subterranean chapel bade repair,
Alone at midnight, one pale nun most fair,
Who "mourned too much," he said, "o'er things below,
Admonished she must be, for soon he now must go."—
The convent's midnight bell for vigils tolled,
The lady of the castle's crag behold
As nun attired, in sable veil's enfold.
Passed she each lone one's cell, 'long corridor,
Descending chapel stairs, down, down each score.

The dimly lighted chapel enters now,
Makes sign of cross on breast and throbbing brow;
Approaches altar, kneels for blessing, waits
Ere spirit-failings in confession states.—
Exulting moment!—As a wolf's rejoice,
A chuckling growl!—The false priest changes voice,
Throws back his cowl, shakes forth his raven hair,
Derisive laughs,—"I was a man of prayer:
My prayer rejected, thus rejected now
The prayer thou would'st prefer as lowly thou
Before this altar at my feet dost bow!"—
Amazed, so horror stricken doth she feel,
Continues she on chapel floor to kneel,
'Til, roused by pierce and plunge of poinard's steel.—
As reached the heart within her tortured breast,
A shriek, a faint, a fall, doth death attest:—
The lady of the Castle Crag,—in long,—long rest!—
Wolf's cowl replaced, his hair no longer free,
As gleam of taper down the stairs sees he,
While enters abbess, heard "Felo de se."—

The simple abbess hears this base attest,—
Her hand to startled heart a moment prest,
Then love of friend outraging convent law,
A moment more, the cherished bending o'er,—
In scarce coherent words doth loss deplore,
Her virtues as from list doth wild outpour.—
Stern stands the false priest, still with knitted brow:
"Such, lady abbess, Church doth not allow:
This hallowed place must not polluted be,
Good lady abbess, leave the rest to me!"—

The Midnight Burial.

Night's mien majestic softly laid aside,
Not as an empress now, sedate, sad glide,
  Of stellar coronal divested, stealing,
Enrobed in mantle now, that dark as pall,
Deep sombre shadowing convent, ground and wall,
  While as from mourner's veil herself revealing.

So silent all, that flitting Fancy dreams
That convent one vast mausoleum seems,
  Midst Night's breath, redolent with fairest flowers,
Which would by lustrous lamp of Night appear
A floral radiance, 'neath each trembling tear
  Night copious sheds in sympathizing showers.—

So hush'd Night's sigh 'tis e'en as gentle wind
Once wafting Eden o'er, ere fell mankind—
  Lo! now no more on convent precincts falling
Night's mantle shadows. All so grandly fair,
One would imagine guardian spirits there,
  Earth to her first love fondly sweet recalling.—

As booming forth the midnight solemn hour,
Night's lamps, transcendant in their placid power,
  With silvery light the land and lakelet flooding,
Gigantic mountain's sleeping cap of snow,
The châlet on its brow, ravine below,
The feathery cascade in its flashing flow,
  With crag's wild flower beside the wild crag budding.

As booming forth the midnight solemn hour,
When silver lines trace crag and crag's tall tower,
That ruinous-wrought monster crag's old cresting,
Trace tiniest wavelet as doth base low lave,
Trace too in distance loftier rising wave,
Trace there masked rowers o'er a watery grave,
Where maiden's form 'mongst shells and sea-flowers
resting.—

CONCLUSION.

Still as of yore night's stars bestudding sky,
Still glittering dew in cragsides flower's eye,
Still Luna-lit old crag and ruins high,
While voice of moaning winds through casements sigh,
As mournful chant and requiem lullaby;
As seems each living thing from castle fled,
And crag and crag's old castle mourning dead.—
Yet living things are there,—round tower leads
The ivy old, on mouldering mortar feeds,

From which the owls with owlets screech and hoot,
While bats on wing in varying angles shoot,
And eaglets from their eyries closely by,
On lowering crag's projection, 'neath but sky.
And one more living thing—bright beauteous flower,
In rich profusion growing from that hour
When loving plighted ones transplanted there
Its emblematic buddings sweetly fair,
Still bright blue bloomings clustering round the spot.
Reiterating soft " Forget-me-not !"—

Part II.

CHRISTMAS, &c.

INTRODUCTORY VERSES.

THE summer's gone, the autumn's past,
Stern winter's frown on all is cast;
Boreas blows his loudest blast,
His wildest weird-like strain.
Blows o'er the heath, the copse trees through,
Blows round our peaceful homestead too,
In ceaseless, boisterous ado,
With sleet and hail and rain.

Put on the log, and trim the fire,
Stir up the flickering blazes higher ;
Invoke the Muses' bright inspire,
And let the gay prevail.
Draw near your chairs in circle round,
In circle where home's love is found,
And listen to each merry sound
Of song, of joke, of tale.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS—merry Christmas—coming!
Some about the house now humming,
Some now frolicking and frisking,
Some around the others whisking,
Some in kitchen, plums now picking,
Some preserves their fingers sticking,
Some there, too, are suet chopping,—
Youngsters midst all, happy hopping.—
Dainties coming in profusion,
Tradesmen make mistakes—confusion:
Servants breaking, spilling, hurrying;
Cook half cross, 'bout larder worrying;
Heap'd vexations mistress flurrying:

But of these we'll not complain,—
Happy Christmas come again!

Some new clothes now on are trying,
Some show new things they've been buying;
Some admiring pretty dresses,
At their cost are making guesses;
Some the Christmas-tree are decking,
Nought but that of they now recking,
By the dolls and toys surrounded;
Sweets in boxes—trumpets sounded—
Not the trumpet of the battle,
Mingling but with baby's rattle
Left by babe—to coals quick crawling,
Coals in pinafore now hauling,
While the sisters "Just look!" say,
And the brothers cry, "Hurray!"
Little face like darkies gay
Grinning black for Christmas Day.

Two or three round Ma now flock,
Help to fill each young one's sock.
"Tissue-paper pink round so."
"Place that thimble in the toe."
New bright shillings for the boys;
Tight fit for dear baby's toys;
Tiny picture-book in each—
E'en midst merriment we'd teach.
Now supply the things for treat:
Extra paper round each sweet,
These reserve to fill each corner;
Each dear little one "Tom Horner"
Quickly will in thrust fat thumb,
Fumble out the hidden plum.
Self-denial tell, write, "All
Not for eating." "This for ball,
Not to throw, but gently roll—
Try to trace the carpet's scroll."
"When of goodies left but few,
Orange will be ripe for you."

"Apples, nuts, dear boys must save,
Or they'll make dear Ma look grave."
Written that, dears? Nicely, thanks.
Now write "Santa Cleuz" his pranks.
Quick! chicks coming! Knittings gay
Tie around for Christmas Day!

Some one now the children kissing,
Who before has not been missing;
Some one who has not been staying
In the home, but kindly straying
Down the lane, where snow thick lying
In the dell where one is dying,
Feeding her with holy leaven,
Teaching her the path to heaven.
Lifting latch of humblest cottage,
Taking shivering ones the pottage,
Taking garment, shoe, and stocking,
Though all round her feelings shocking.

Pitying, sending bread and fuel,
Kind preserves from cold so cruel.
Hers is not the hoarded pelf,
Loves she neighbour as herself;
Loves her God, thus doth obey,
Making others Christmas Day.

Now some piling logs on fire,
'Cause at Christmas must be higher.
Some are now new games proposing;
Some about charades disclosing.
Some duets with sisters trying;
Some now scampering and flying.
Little ones on table dancing;
Turned down chairs for horses prancing.
While the elder children prating
'Bout the staircase decorating:
Twining ivy, laurel, holly,
Mingling myrtle, now "so jolly."

'Neath the mistletoe now placing
Where they think some won't be tracing—
Every place in green array.
Young ones, be ye good as gay;
Old ones, cast each care away;
"Bless the Lord," let each heart say,
Celebrating Christmas Day.

OVER THE SNOW.

I.

OVER the snow
Blithely we'll go,
Blithely!

Blithely and frisking,
'Neath our feet crisping
The beautiful snow!

II.

Over the snow
Lightly we'll go,
Lightly!

Lightly and merry,
Cheeks and lips cherry,
And all in a glow!

III.

Over the snow
Grateful we'll go,
Grateful!

Gratefully wreathing,
Thanks to God breathing
For beautiful snow!

IV.

Over the snow
Singing we'll go,
Singing!

Singing and loving,
God's smile approving,
Our hearts in love's glow!

Oh come then with me: we by hedgerow will wander,
We'll list birdies' chirpings, on all around ponder;
We'll gaze on blue ethers and fair clouds above us
'Till whispers within, Oh, how much doth God love
us!
And we in response, with our hearts in love's glow,
Our voices will raise
In adoring fond praise
To God for His love in the beautiful snow!

THROUGH THE TREES.

THROUGH the trees, through the trees,
Smile sun rays brightly;
Through the trees, through the trees,
Dance breezes lightly;
Through the trees, through the trees,
Winter birds singing;
Through the trees, through the trees,
Merry peals ringing.

Through the trees, through the trees,
Village sounds coming;
Through the trees, through the trees,
Children's songs humming;

Through the trees, through the trees,
Rustling boughs preaching;
Through the trees, through the trees,
Love to God teaching!

MINIMUM AND MAXIMUM.

Two little neighbours playmates were,
In every kind of weather ;
For other boys they scarce did care—
Such loving " chums " together.

When hoar-frost decked in sparkling white
The trees, you'd hear them prating,
Quick calculating—" One more night,
Pond safe enough for skating."

And when the snow clothed hedge and heath
You'd see them depth soon scanning,
While old thatched barn they'd stand beneath,
A game of snowballs planning.

When robin on the casement's sill,
  Peeped crocus—spring recording—
You'd see them both their pockets fill
  With marbles they'd been hoarding.

These same boys reached same school same day,
  When holidays were ended;
And there in studies and in play
  Their hours were expended.

But with this difference—Latin, sums,
  Geography, and grammar,
Proved great the contrast 'tween these "chums:"
  One learned—one could but stammer.

One had repeatedly attained
  First prize from Latin master,
While other boy might oft been caned,
  But such ne'er his disaster.

No brutal force used in their school,—
  Wise men appeal to reason ;
Obedience their established rule,
  Maintained by "word in season."

When rounder, tops, and prisoners' base,
  Too many games to mention,
Each noontide hour—repeated case,
  His lessons claimed attention.

In schoolroom drear he long remained,
  Each day some trash brain filling ;
His studies all, though well explained,
  To learn he never willing.

His "chum" an interest took profound
  In learning—he ne'er tired ;
His fame for thesis flew around,
  And every boy inspired.

Thus Minimum they named the one
  His lessons never knowing,
And Maximum (in schoolboy fun)
  The one in knowledge growing.

The winter past, advanced the spring;
  Bee, butterfly now crossing
The new-mown grass; glad voices ring,
  While hay from hay-forks tossing.

Vacation came; came home the boys
  To parents, fondly greeting;
Youth's happiness knows few alloys,
  It was a joyous meeting.

The lads, as usual, roamed through fields,
  Up steepest cliffs fast scrambling,
In search for aught that pleasure yields,
  Through woods and glades far rambling.

They bathed and fished, and drove and rode,
Each hope and pleasure beaming;
Nor thought awaiting them life's load,
Of future never dreaming.

At length young Maximum one day,
With father through fields walking,
Admiring crops, as on they'd stray,
Commenced thus, following talking.

"My son, you say my wheat is fine:
I'm thankful—I'm delighted;
Such grateful showers, such glad sunshine—
Not e'en an ear seems blighted.

"Here, while my gratitude is deep,
Your memory reminding,
Whate'er man sows that he shall reap—
This truth you'll oft be finding.

"Best mental seed, best mental soil,
Best watering, best training;
If we would be repaid for toil,
A great reward be gaining.

"Good grain if sown in early spring,—
Like wisdom youth's mind storing;
Grain grown, the staff of life doth bring,—
Like wisdom's grand outpouring.

"Your education's now complete;
You've health, for business ready;
You're not the lad to 'beat retreat'—
Go forward then! Be steady!

"No longer near home, you'll know where
To take each grief and vexing—
The Throne of Grace; there leave each care,
And all you'll find perplexing."

Off went both youths—each far from home,
Each far from other parted ;
Young Maximum through lands to roam,
His friend for London started.

Years, years had flown : each loving "chum"
Long friendship in heart carried ;
But Minimum and Maximum,
Both Benedicts, were married.

The noble Maximum rose high,—
Unsullied reputation ;—
His happy sons, from hustings by,
These words heard in oration :

" The boy 's the father of the man ;"
Constituents in this resting,
On schoolmate Maximum we can
Rely, no need attesting.

To tell of Minimum 'twould fill
  A volume most distressing:
I've little more to say, yet still
  I'd moral be impressing.

Forget not what boys sow they reap.
  Sow not, ill weeds abounding
Oft sluggard's garden smothered keep,
  Malaria its surrounding.

Like Minimum, boys lazy, wrong,
  Too, in example sinning;
Harm doing generations long,
  Instead of souls kind winning.

Oh, make the most of youth's springtime,
  The best of seeds be sowing;
And pray Heaven's shower and sunniest shine
  May help your harvests growing.

THE WIND.

FAR o'er the curl of the blue waves in west;
Far from the south seas to do high behest;
Far rushes onward, in boist'rous unrest,
The voice of the tempest—the wind.

Rocks it proud vessels that stood storms of old;
Plays it with hearts that are brave as they're bold;
Sinks cabin-boy in his early grave cold—
In grave that the eye may ne'er find.

Wraps tighter round him the trav'ller his cloak;
Bows it huge branches of firm elm and oak;
Mother, nurse, babe, in affright have awoke,
Through howling and whistling of wind.

Round the old homestead, so massive and strong,
Seems now its vagaries all to prolong :
Wild, harsh, contrasting with lullaby song
Sung sweet by the young mother kind.

While winds on rushing, o'er monster waves sweep,
Raising salt tears to those eyes that ne'er weep ;
While rocks young mother her infant to sleep ;
While death-knell of earth seems drear wind ;

On through the tempest ; aloft storm-cloud wings ;
Faith instantaneous from heaven peace brings :
Young mother's voice list—a prayer she now sings,
Reminded of love ever kind !

SONG OF PRAYER.

" Father, in tempest as brightest sunshine,
Whisper thy child that she's still fondly Thine,
Ever on thy breast to loving recline—
Ever, midst calm, storm, and wind.

Frailty a moment may trembling disclose
Fear; but ere Doubt her drear shadow round
throws,
Bid Faith bring peace. In Thy love I'd repose
And hear but 'Thy voice in the wind.'"

THE BIRD, THE STREAMLET, THE FLOWER, AND THE RAY OF LIGHT.

ACROSS the heath, just by the glade,
Beneath the noble elm's broad shade,
Four little wearied wanderers rest:
Their tiny feet the sward have prest
Since early dawn to noon's full height,
Such sylph like forms, elastic, light!
Each eye soul-lit, each golden hair,
Sweet sisters all, a group most fair!
Though wearied every little limb,
Each mind's alert—and this their whim:
"I think," said Rosalie, "I should
So like to dwell in yonder wood."

"What would you do?" said gentle Clare,
"When rude and cruel boys came there?"
"I'd be a bird upon a spray,
And when they came I'd fly away.
I'd mount and mount to such a height,
They should not interrupt my flight.
And when rude boys had gone along,
I would return and sing my song."
Said Beatrice, "I think I should
Just be a streamlet in the wood.
I'd ripple on the livelong day,
Through banks of wild flowers fondly play;
And they, refreshed, should smiling look
Upon their loving little brook."
Now little Elsie's heart doth swell
To hear her prattling sisters tell
These fairy flights of fancy, so
She e'en her modicum would throw:
"I want to be—Guess! Shall I tell?—
A darling little pimpernel."

"And why would Elsie be that flower?"
"Because I think it has the power
To make us gay in sunshine warm,
And yet foretell the coming storm."
"Dear sister Clare, and now we three
Have chosen what we each would be,
Do let us all your fancy hear?"
In that young eye there rests a tear.
"Oh, I would be a ray of light
To shine upon you all so bright.
More gay the pimpernel should glow;
Soft tints I'd in the streamlet throw;
The little bird more joyous sing
When from the heavens my light I'd fling."
Those children sweet were not aware,
Behind that elm, there mother there.
"My darlings, I have heard each one;
Each thought can be a work begun:
My Rosalie, as mounting bird,
In grateful rising songs be heard.

At first approach of what's not right
Change song for prayer. To heaven thy flight.
But why, my Beatrice, look sad?
Thou too hast made thy mother glad."
"Because, mamma, I thought I chose
The prettiest far; so soft it flows,
Yet 'twill not as the song-bird rise."
"Look up, my child, to yon noon skies.
That cloud, reflecting brightest beams,
Has gathered drops from earth's small streams:
All sun-illumed will fall in showers,
Refreshing, raising earth's sweet flowers.—
As streamlet ripple duteous on,
Till time with thee shall all be gone.
Thy memory fair as clouds above,
Descending bright, heaven-lit, all love."—
"Mamma, your Elsie's at your knee,
She waits to know what she may be."
"My Elsie, dear! My youngest child
Can, as the tiny floweret wild,

Receive the heavenly ray and dew,
Thus may Christ's love her soul imbue.
And thou, my eldest born, my Clare,
Of all fair emblems, thine most fair!
The bird, the streamlet, floweret bright,
Must 'yield the palm' to glorious light.
As eldest mayst thou ever shed
A ray of light from heart and head.
A ray of light, angelic shine,
An emanation all Divine."
The mother ceased. All hushed, profound
The love, joy, peace, that reigned around,
As little wearied wanderers rest,
All closely clasp'd to mother's breast.
There, o'er the heath, just by the glade,
Beneath that noble elm's deep shade,
Heard midst this scene to angels fair,
Reiterated wishes,—prayer.—

THE BELLS OF THE CAMPANILE.

FROM the towering Campanile,
Ringing now their evening peal,
While each ling'ring rosy ray
Mingles with the distant grey,
Sweet as if from heaven they steal
To the soul from Campanile.

From the towering Campanile,
Ringing now their evening peal,
O'er the landscape's softening hue,
O'er the waters brightly blue,
O'er Italia's city steal,
Sweet those sounds from Campanile.

From the towering Campanile,
Ringing now their evening peal,
Alternating, now they seem
E'en as lovely maiden dream,
Swelling high, then lowly steal
Through the soul from Campanile.

From the towering Campanile,
Ringing now their evening peal,
Telling of departing day,
Bidding all to praise, to pray,
Vesper notes—How sweetly steal,
Tones from towering Campanile !

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE TEXT:

"ALL THINGS ARE YOURS, AND YE ARE CHRIST'S, AND CHRIST IS GOD'S."

WHEN I gaze on sunlit scene:
Vernal beauty, glorious green,
Interspersed with blossoms fair,
New life breathing everywhere;
Watch first flutt'ring butterfly
From the shade to sun-ray hie,
Hear on bud first buzzing bee,
Feel I then, how lov'st Thou me!

When rose-tinted clouds float high
'Neath cerulean summer sky,

When the lily, eglantine,
Jasmine od'rous, all combine
With the brightly blushing rose
Gorgeous beauties to disclose,
While the lark doth carol free,
Feel I then, how lov'st Thou me!

When autumnal winds wild hurl
Leaves all seared, that round me whirl;
When I hear the cawing crow
O'er the stubble-field below;
When the grain in garner stored,
Juice of grape from wine-press poured,
Luscious fruits from laden tree,
Feel I then, how lov'st Thou me!

When fair feathery fleecy snow
Loveliness o'er all doth throw,
Crowning trees and bowing spray,
Glittering in the noontide ray;

While the robin nears my sill,
Of my crumbs to have his fill;
Home, fire, food, and raiment see;
Feel I then, how lov'st Thou me!

Life's bright blossoms quickly stray,
Life's fair flowers soon pass away,
Life's autumnal pleasures past,
Life's fleet falling snows at last!
Joyful then I'll Saviour bless
For His raiment—righteousness.
Joyful—Spirit-fire within
Quick consuming rising sin;
Joyful I then daily fed
With my Father's daily bread;
Joyful home Thy breast will be,
Feeling then, how lov'st Thou me!

"I will rejoice in the Lord who saveth the upright in heart."

A SKETCH.

Oh, she was beauteous, bright and young;
She sweetly smiled, and spake, danced, sung;
Thus those who saw her, gazed, approved,
More, were to admiration moved;
While friends who knew her most, most loved.
Fair halls, broad lands, and river's shine,
With each luxuriant combine
That art or science could diffuse
T' enrich where nature most profuse,
Were hers to bid the heart arise
To heaven from earthly paradise.
But though most amiable, kind,
Accomplished, cultivated mind.

One gift she lacked—that gift was grace.
Not grace of movement, form, or face;
These all possessed. None can impart
The grace of God to human heart.
Her heart--each earthly love burned there:
Warm friendship's love beyond compare;
Love's kindlings kind, with radiant glow
Illumed her way midst high, midst low;
And love that on the cheek soft throws
The blush that dwells in heart of rose,
And makes bright eyes more brightly shine,
She had; but had not Love Divine.
All wondrous! Great the mystery!
Regardless, e'en disdainful, we,
Yet Heaven's love still proffered free!
Parental love, that waits to smile
Forgiveness—though sin's strong beguile
Retains its victims by each wile;
Yes, waits sin's course, waits sorrow's sigh,
The throb of heart, the tear in eye,

The "God be merciful" strong cry,
And says, "Return! Why would'st thou die?"—
'Twas thus with this said lady bright:
She sought for joy in each delight
This life could offer—sought in vain;
She sought for pleasure—found but pain.
Found more than pain, e'en anguish wild
Distracted oft earth's favoured child.
Pride, vanity, ambition, love,
By turns the wisest bosoms move;
By turns their own true value prove,
Their own great nothingness attest.—
Her soul with aspirations blest,
Sought Heaven, and found Heaven's love,
Heaven's peace, Heaven's rest.—
Oh, that each soul, like hers, at love so free
Would melted flow in grateful minstrelsy!—
Oh, that throughout this beauteous land of ours,
Throughout its castellated halls and towers,
Throughout each homestead with its rich embowers,

Throughout each flower-decked cot where humblest
dwell,
Heaven's love were felt, Heaven's love would each
one tell—
Not through this land alone—this earth all o'er—
Heaven's love from heart and life one great outpour!
Oh, that this fallen race would rise, adore!

THE EVENING STAR.

FAIR star of eve, in cloudless spring twilight,
Whose beamings brilliant glad m'admiring sight,
Seem'st thou to breathe a message from afar
To my adoring soul, fair evening star !

Yes, sweet a message cometh from above,
The full assurance of my Father's love :
A love from which nought can my soul debar,
Thy scintillations tell, fair evening star !

As softly sweet ope buds beneath thy ray,
This evening vernal-decking bough and spray,
So peace breathes round—a peace that nought may
mar :
Thy message peace with love, fair evening star !—

As Bethlehem's star of yore, the Wise Men's guide,
Do thou direct my soul this eventide !—
A blest recipient, grateful mounts afar
To Him who spake, and thou shon'st forth, fair star !—

THREE FIRESIDE REVERIES.

ENSCONCED in fauteuil, gazing into the fire,
First seems baby face, by visàge of its sire,
Its arms 'round his neck—background wild woodland
scene,
Where foliage most dense, gnomes and satyrs, I ween.
The sire's face changes, the fire gives way—
The father and pet one are parted for aye !—
Again I feel a child, nought can alloy
Or mar my filial love, my childhood's joy.
Around dear neck my arms—my father's, smiled
All happy, heedless young heart, throbbing wild
With sweet excess of joy—yes, 'gain I feel a child !—

With limbs, though tender, lively, full of speed
I'm bounding now o'er buttercupped gay mead,
Where browsing sheep with bleating lambkins feed,
Or on through wood each wild flower wayward seek,
Anemone and pimpernel so meek.
My rounded cheek soft fanned by downiest breeze,
While halting, list'ning rustlings 'mongst tall trees;
Their sostenuto whir accompanying song
Of birds, whose warblings until eve prolong.—
Through wood, I see from woodman's thatch arise
Each azure tinted curl of smoke to skies.
And now I've gained the rose-decked cottage door,
View quaint old furniture on sanded floor;
Ticks eight-day clock, while purring puss on rug,
And reverenced grandsire snores in arm-chair snug.—
Turn I from cot, to watch huge flags of mill,
Then gaze at pebbles fair in bed of rill,
And try to trace each ripplet's dance away,
Like sunny childhood, in its path of play.

Like sunny childhood, heaven-lit, purely good,—
Oh, that each mind were thus through womanhood:
Its emblem that pelucid flowing rill,
Performing unobtrusively His will
Who bids the streamlet sing—the ocean's storm "Be
still!"—
How sweet while memory has kindly smiled,
Though transiently, yet blissfully beguiled,
To feel again the joyous little child!
How sweet to live our childhood's joys again,
Though they, by pleasure, make more poignant pain!
How sweet rise past surroundings, gladly fair,
How sweet to know no sorrow, danger, care!
How sweet the ignorance of cruel wrong,
How sweet forgetting few hearts faithful strong!
How sweet to turn aside from all that's wild
And riotous and rough, and feel again a child!—

SECOND REVERIE.

Second firelight scene ! A young matron 'side fire,
Ever-var'ing emotions her features inspire.
As she smiles on her children around her—a start !—
Seems to alternate gloom with the joy of her heart.—
I remark to myself—grief kills her joy, I see,
And again I am plunged into deep reverie.—
Night, densely dark and gusty, midst this gloom
Pedestrians hurrying on, pass by one room
Whose warmly curtained casement shuts out cold,
While firelight's ruddy glowings all enfold,
Enfold a matron young in prie-à-Dieu chair,
Surrounding her, sweet babes with flaxen hair,
And pearliest tinted flesh, some eyes of blue,
And some, as loving, of the chesnut's hue,
While every feature exquisitely fair,
The rounded limb, the beauteous form are there.—

These little ones now grouping 'fore the fire,
Await an absent one—that one their sire.—
In robes de nuit, as evening prayers they sing,
Each seems an angel, just deprived of wing.
The mother's heart a gush of joy o'erflows,
As round her babes that now arise she throws
Her fondling arms in long good-night caress,
With all a mother's loving tenderness;
Imprints the mother's kiss with mother's prayer,
That God would make each little one His care.—

(Of varied loves recipients, we below:
The gentle rippling love in constant flow,
Like sunlit rivulet that's seen to glide,
To make more bright the flowers that spring beside;—
Or love ecstatic in its rich outpour,
Like torrent's rush, or cascade's sparkling o'er
Life's rugged rocky path, in feathering spray,
Thus gushing love makes fair life's rougher way.—

But other loves recede as now I see
The fondest, purest, the unselfish, free;
So free, unselfish, while so fond, so pure,
It promises and will for aye endure.
On this sin-sullied earth a holy leaven,
An emanation from the highest heaven:
An emanation tho' like tiniest ray
That smiles the outburst of all glorious day—
No more encomiums needed here to prove,
That heaven-begotten is a mother's love.)

Return we now. Each child to bosom prest,
Reposing calm in innocency's rest.
The mother gazes round deserted room,
No more suppressed, as was her latent gloom;
The mother waited—now the mother weeps:
How little dreams her woe each one that sleeps.
Her children all should share her highest joy,
But for herself alone reserved th' alloy.—

She lists for footsteps through the creaking gate ;
This eve, as many more, prepared she'd wait,
This eve, as many more, no husband she ;
This eve, as many more—inconstancy !—

Eve's tranquil hours all gone, and midnight past,
On prie-à-Dieu she kneels, her young head cast
Upon supporting arms that rest on chair,
In grief's great agony she groans a prayer :
" Great Husband of the lone one, be my Guide !
In life's emergencies Thy grace provide !
Thy grace my strength !—Submission, Lord, now give ;
To Thee, and for my little ones, I'd live.
Oh, satisfy my yearnings from above,
Grant me, O God, Thy pure enduring love !"—

THIRD REVERIE.

One more scene 'midst coal cricking and cracking so
fast ;
One more scene too of beauty, and scene not to last.

Olden castle on mountain,—glen glowing beside,
While in foreground fair form robed and veiled as a bride.
Varied faces seem smiling, as bride they surround,
Quick transform'd into monsters—more hideous none found !—
While tracing forms and their transforming see,
Imagination 'gain is bounding free,
Or rather stealing o'er me reverie.—
A spirit-voice—" Ancestral titles mine,
With castellated roof, and silv'ry shine,
Of fair meandering river at its side ;
Erst mine, when I, felicitated bride.—
I shone amidst the blaze of yule,
In ancient hall and vestibule
Midst music's each transporting sound,
To measured steps of fond friends round,
And I in that all festive scene,
Beloved, admired, pronounced its queen,

Trod I soft velvety low stair,
Midst armours grim and portraits fair,
Beside that one whose voice subdued
Betrayed the love his soul imbued.
Still pacing on o'er rich-clad floor
'Long gilded, perfumed corridor,
Man's love ecstatic, lips confessed
And fondly sealed, and I felt blest.—
I in luxuriant saloon
Reclined in beauty's highest noon,
Redreaming vows of ardent love,
Each manly charm the heart could move,—
Yet disappointment dreading, as the fern
Sans sunshine lives, in shade to live I'd learn,
Although most prized the love I seem'd to spurn ;—
Inconstancy so feared,—for constancy did yearn ;—
'Tis constancy that proves hearts noble, kind ;
'Tis constancy all seek—how few may find !—
Years flown, I bride became, admired, caressed,

To man's wild beating heart was fondly pressed—
My soul's Elysium bridegroom's loving breast.—
As pass some friendships of our gayest scene,
Or change to monsters of most hideous mien,
Earth's evanescent joys dissolving, glide ;—
As if they'd earthly happiness deride,
Thus frequent fade felicities of bride.—
'Gainst this inconstancy must Truth decide—
Tumultuously sweet, yet sad, to be a bride !"—
The spirit voice in reverie near o'er,
Recedes it now in slowly upward soar.
" There is a Love remaineth constant, pure,
That Love will through eternity endure.—
Put on your bridal vestments, jewels, veil,
Your lamp have trimmed, that's odorous inhale
May greet th' advancing of your loving Lord,
Who through eternity will prove His word,
Whose opened arms invite you to His breast,
Whose never-failing Love breathes Peace and Rest."

LET THE PAST DIE IN DISTANCE.

I.

LET the past die in distance,
We're travelling on;
The painful, the pleasant,
With all of the present,
Will soon too be gone;
Let the past die in distance,
We're travelling on.

II.

Die the wrongs we've endured,
With the loves long since perished;
Live the Good we've ensured,
With the Pure Love we've cherished;

III.

Let this past live in distance,
While travelling on;
While painful and pleasant,
With all of the present
Receding,—near gone—;
Let this past live in distance,
While travelling on.—

THE VOICES.

A voice from the ocean,
Perpetual motion ;—
A voice from the sky,
Everchanging clouds nigh ;—
A voice from the earth,
No rest—Spirit dearth.

A voice from within,
The Spirit's dearth—sin ;—
"A soft still voice," "Cease !"
"Seek pardon and peace !"—
A voice from above,
"Christ died," "God is Love !"

THE MARINER'S SONG TO HIS BRIDE ELECT.

JUST beneath the west cliff, where the noontide's sun shining,
I have built thee a cot within sound of the tide;
Fragrant jasmine and rose round its casements are twining,
Sweetest odours forth sending to welcome my bride.

I have chosen the spot where my first boyhood's pleasures
Seemed as bright as were ceaseless, my young heart so gay;
Where I've dived in old ocean and brought up its treasures;
Where I've laughed at its tossings and played with its spray.

Where when wearied I've felt of each rude rough
wave breasting,
I've reclined on the shingle, then climb'd the cliff
high,
While from 'neath sounded cheers, then as 'mongst
brushwood resting,
One sweet child waved her hat, and the proudest
was I.

Where I've watched my toy-skiff bound o'er bright
summer waters,
While beside it brave Neptune would wildest waves
dare,
And same child clapped her hands, danced, laughed,
sang: of Eve's daughters
Then my own future bride seemed to me the most
fair.

Dost remember the day that I climbed for wild flowers,
When a garland I made and I crowned thy fair brow?
'Twas the dawning of love cherished fondly those hours,
In my memory dwelling all vividly now.

I have loved thee since then through each swift passing season;
I have loved thee since then with a love warm as true;
E'en one glance or one thought of another were treason,
For my heart's all thine own, and it is but thy due.

It is true I must leave thee sometimes in dull sorrow,
In a sorrow heart-rending to true love but known;

Tears like rain fall to-day, smiles like sunshine to-
morrow,
Clouds with sunshine must mingle my beautiful own.

When my last voyage o'er, and we're tranquilly
spending
A rose-tinted sunset in cot by the tide,
A loved retrospect sweet, with the present then
blending,
Shall our spirits make glad in our path side by side.

Then come to the cliff where the noontide's sun
shining,
To thine own cottage home within sound of the
tide;
Our heart's pure affections through life fondly twining,
While the "Voice" midst deep waters will bless my
sweet bride.

TO THE STARS.

Ye little night lamps that through casement peep,—
Ye little cheerers, while all soundly sleep,—
Sure heavenly your mission, beaming bright
To make more beauteous this tranquil night.

Oh, I could fain believe each radiant star
A gentle spirit gazing from afar ;
Soft pitying fallen man from realms above,
Performing nightly vigils in their love.

Or purer spirits sent in darkest hour
To tenderly beam forth celestial power,
And whisper faith's full comfort to the soul,
And love's sweet peace thus "make the wounded
whole."

Enthroned in azure, scintillating bright
Seem silent exhortation and invite,
Entreating souls aspire to realms divine,
Where, "as the stars, they purified shall shine."

THE VILLAGE SABBATH.

PERVADED peace, pure peace, profound,
High Heaven's peace o'er earth around,
O'er cottage and o'er hall,
O'er meadowed landscape sloping fair,
O'er rippling brook, on odorous air,
Pure peace pervaded all.

In cottage porch round mother sat
Her budding group, so rosy fat,
And listened to her voice,
That told so tenderly the tale
Of love to death; did sin bewail,
In victory rejoice.

In sabbath garments, sobered air,
Though strangers still to sorrow, care,
The boys with father strayed
Along the lane and past the mill
Towards the church upon the hill,
Where their souls homage paid.

The dear old church, all ivy-clad,
Where many a sorrowing heart made glad
And all were taught "the way,"
In Christ-like spirit spake the man
Who simply told the Gospel plan,
Bade men repent and pray.

And Christ-like, too, his partner strove
To plant, to tend, to cherish Love,
That Love that conquers sin;
The naked clothed, the hungry fed,
Stood 'side the sick and dying bed
And tried all hearts to win.

With mullioned windows, gabled roof,
And entrance bold, each bearing proof
They were by time well-worn;
Not distant far from church, the hall
Would sad and festive times recall,
With generations gone.

Time-worn it was, a reverenced pile,
That seemed on all around to smile
Amidst its broad lands green;
By one its ancient floors were paced,
By one the sire's chair was graced,
(Would more of such were seen!)

By one of long tried sterling worth,
Whose peaceful spirit blest this earth,
Whose household altar stood;
The song of praise, the fervent prayer,
Ascended sweet in concert there,
From hearts harmonious, good.

Expectant villagers would wait
His greetings at the church-yard gate,
Would wait his genial smile;
To worship with him, too, would wait
In simple faith all free from state,
In love all free from guile.

Would wait they, too, his daughter bright,
With gentle air and step so light,
And woman's heart so kind,
Whose beauty each one there admired;
But that which most their love inspired
Was beauty of her mind.

Both far and near, o'er daisied mead,
Where kine would onward stray and feed,
Or 'cross the heath appear,
Or by the stream where breezes play,
Groups, peaceful all, would wend their way,
The village church draw near.

Pervaded thus, peace, pure, profound,
High Heaven's peace on earth around,
On cottage and on hall,
On meadowed landscape sloping fair,
On rippling brook, on odorous air;
Pure peace pervaded all.

Part III.

ALL IS GOOD.

Responsive to "God saw that it was good."—GEN. i.

WHEN I gaze upon the earth
Giving fruits and flowers birth,
Vegetation all around,
Hills with golden grain rich crowned,
Meads where joyous lambkins play,
Heaths where lowing kine on stray,
Valleys where the graceful vine
Tendril'd clust'ring rich combine,
Giant trees that cast soft shade
In the grove and in the glade,
Homesteads dotted here and there,
Midst this earthly scene so fair,

Bubbling brooks that sing their lay,
Flowing in meandering way,
My soul too her lay would sing,
Love and spirit homage bring.
Sings as joyous bird in wood,
Beauteous all! "All, all is good!"

When I gaze on rolling sea,
Bounding billows, mighty free;
When I watch the sunlit spray
While with shells and weeds at play;
When I see the sea-gull white
Skimming o'er the waters bright,
Or I picture reefs arise
'Neath the South seas' brilliant skies;
Picture caves in depths below
Where more stilly waters flow;
Look on vessels man hath made,
Trace man's mind therein displayed

Follow them in onward course :
Up grand rivers whose far source,
'Mongst ravines and mountains steep,
Where wild Indian's coursers sweep ;
Then again, as bird in wood,
Sings my soul, How grand ! How good !

When 'gainst soft cerulean light,
Watch I cloud so pearly white ;
Watch each hill with varying crest
Decked by sinking sun in west ;
Or against the darkened sky,
Lit electric, cumuli ;
Or on fresh and frosty night
Gaze on astral regions bright ;
Or watch Luna cast her rays
On the earth in varied ways,
Lighting cot, and lighting tower,
Ivied ruin, rose-decked bower ;

Lighting hill, and dell, and stream,
With each silv'ry soft'ning gleam,
Seems my soul on angels' wing
With creation's stars I'd sing,
Joyous, grateful, though subdued,
Free as songbird of the wood,
Grand! Sublime! All—all is good!—

A LEGEND OF THE BREEZE AND THE ASPHODEL.

WHERE the coralline isles amidst broad breakers rise
In a sunlight effulgent, 'neath bright azure skies;
Where the hills and the vales so transcendently fair,
We could fancy reposing a Paradise there;
Where the South sea athletic bold launches canoe,
Swift to paddle 'midst rocklets 'neath bright waters
blue;
There amongst scenes all freshness, all tranquilly gay,
In its vagaries varied, a breeze would on stray:
Now caressing the herb, now the young verdant blade
That low bowed to its breath 'neath the plantain's soft
shade;

Then anon it would rise to the crest of the palm,
Kiss its huge leaves that spread in earth's glorious calm;
Now descending 'twould pass by the cannibals' cave,
In pearl'd grotto low murmur an echo to wave;
Then saluting a rivulet silv'ry with light,
Raising ripplets that sang it a song of delight;
Now would glide swift o'er hill, then more gently seek dell
To soft breathe in sad song to the fair Asphodel.*

SONG OF THE BREEZE TO THE ASPHODEL.

To thee, beauteous flower, to hie
Through mid space far travelled I,
Passing crag where Curlews fly,

* The asphodel is a greatly admired flower, especially the asphodelus albus, or white asphodel, which grows abundantly all over the southern provinces of Europe, in the basin of the Mediterranean, and in parts of southern Africa and the South Sea Islands. Some savages, amongst these the "Cave Cannibals" of South Africa, believe that the spirits of the dead live upon Asphodels.

Rocks from which the eaglets soar,
Ocean's billows, ocean's roar,
Ocean's depths and treasures o'er,
Skimmed I land, and skimmed I sea,
Spirit flower, to visit thee.

As I sing thy form above,
I'd inhale thy spirit love,
Waft it far o'er grave as dove,
O'er where lowly lies a bride,
With her newborn by her side,
Distant far, where waters glide,
Not as here, but rushing roam
Furious burst in cataract's foam.

Not as here, where hill and dell
One soft undulating swell :
Of far different land I'd tell ;
Forest dense of pines there seen,

Bordering dark the deep ravine,
Stretching silently between,
Where scarce traveller passes by,
Bride and babe, death-hushed, lone lie.

Lovely flower, fair Asphodel,
Ere I quit this peaceful dell
I'd remaining tale now tell:
I would tell how fond he loved;
How she was to pity moved;
Adverse stars forbade—sad proved
All their course—by brake, by bourne,
O'er sea, o'er land, compelled to mourn.

By the waters of the Clyde
Young laird sought his bonnie bride,—
Nought he craved on earth beside.
Castle his, by dingle deep,

Where deep dews on moss-beds sleep,
Hid like tears he now must weep,
Where the widowed Cushat's wail
Seems to tell his mournful tale.

Lady she of broad lands fair,
Eye cerulean, gold-lit hair,
Features, form, beyond compare.
One there came of noble kin
Who would too the maiden win :
Jealous—clashing swords—a din ;
One on heather lay that night,
Other with his bride took flight.

From all suitors, guardians free,
Bridegroom, bride, united flee ;
Onward speed they far o'er sea,
Far o'er sunniest spots of earth,

Though with cares that stifle mirth,
On to where their infant's birth;
Where the waters wildly roam,
Into cataracts dash and foam.

Like as floweret in the glade
Opes to dawn, at e'en must fade,
Nature's debt that infant paid;
Beauteous mother scarce had smiled
On her boy, her lovely child,
Frantic went, midst storms so wild—
Storm-winds tender tendrils break,
Lady bride, no more may wake.

Heard I then, in earth's parterre,—
Flower whose exhalations rare
Life sent on the balmy air,
Spirit life to sweet sustain.

After passed each mortal pain,
Came I far this to obtain ;—
Then as mourners silent glide,
Bear it, breathe it, o'er the bride.

Descending now in misty light,
With waving pinions downiest white,
One clad in robe as angel's fair,
Who thus reproved the Voice of air :
" Be still ! As grass must withered lie,
This flower itself must fade, must die ;
But One exists whose Word is sure,
Whose Spirit must for aye endure.*
He bade thee move—He made this flower—
He owns the bride—'Twas by His power

" Arose creation, gorgeous, grand,
While spirits in admiring band

* " The grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

Stood awed, and morning stars sweet sang
In pæans which through space long rang:
This Power Creative still the same,
Through all eternity His name,
Jehovah, Christ, the Spirit, One.

"Of others beatific none
Who claim our worship, love, and prayers,
Who souls relieve of sin-sought cares.
This Power adore: He God alone.
Go simple breeze! Be thou earth's zone,
Encircling with God's truth God's own!"—
The breeze, subdued and awed, begun:
"Round earth by me 'His will be done.'—
God's power, God's love, round earth I'd tell"—
"All glory God's," breathed Asphodel;—
Thus, all subdued, the breeze and flower
Acknowledged God in life, love, power.

A PRAYER IN SPIRIT STORM.

FATHER, let me closely nestle
  While the darkness passes by,
While the boisterous billows wrestle,
  While the threatening clouds on high.

'Midst storm's vivid fiery flashings,
  'Midst its voice in rushing roar,
'Midst its quick-increasing crashings,
  Let me hear—Thy love outpour!

Draw me closer! closer hold me!
  While the tempest's raging wild;
In Thine arms, oh fond enfold me,
  Pitying shield Thy shrinking child!

While I'm doubting, trembling, fearing,
  Though I'm shadowed by Thy wing,
Whisper promises endearing,
  Faith's full consolation bring.

That, while storm its voice is raising,
  I but pray "Be done, Thy will;"
Trusting, hoping, loving, praising,
  'Til I hear Thy "Peace, be still."

THE HAREM LILY.

WHERE each pinnacle is rearing
High its gilded head in air,
Proud tiaras pompous peering
From a prison, gorgeous, fair,

Modest as the fair Narcissus,
Shedding faintly sweet perfume,
As the garden peach delicious,
Radiant as the rose in bloom,

Lo! the Harem's Lily, pondering
In the young moon's silvery beam,
'Neath the mango-trees lone wandering,
By the flowing rippling stream.

She to Philomel now listening,
  Warblings rich are on the breeze,
Luna's light on leaves soft glistening,—
  Houri's canopy those trees.

Deep and long are shadows falling
  From that grove on each parterre ;—
Deeds atrocious now recalling,
  Shadow'd face so gentle, fair.

Listen now to sad bemoanings,
  Though subdued, ye still may hear ;
Sobs seem now deep stifled groanings,
  Gem of light each moonlit tear :—

Oh, how torturing wrong's persistence !
  Rather yield I to Death's rest ;
Cruel, cruel this existence—
  Gilded slavery at best !

" Oh, how sad this heart! How weary
Of this world, with all its woes!
In this stranger-land how dreary,
At each eve, my spirit grows!

Ever Hope and Faith sustain me
In this hateful bondage state;
Peace profound, I would regain thee
Would in meek submission wait."

Elephants, with howdahs marching,
Stop. Forth steps the proud sirdar,
Through the marble porches arching;—
Brings he tidings from afar.

All eyes to him now directed,
Eyes so dark, so dazzling bright,—
In those orbs his mood reflected:
He their storm-cloud—he their light.

Thus unseen at postern, waving
High his scimitar around,
Guard who same time lists one craving
Entrance to "the sacred ground."

In the twilight fast receding
Lists he still to that love-tale,
Listens to the lover's pleading
'Til he doth his woes bewail.—

Swarthy guard on duty, watching,
Lover climbs the wall and tree;
Opportunity now catching,
Quick descends—makes entrance free.

Now through citron-grove so stilly,
Through its floating rich perfume,
Near that grove, the lovely Lily
Wand'ring on in vestal bloom

'Long the marble terrace slowly,
  Where the fragrant fountain falls,
He in fakir's robes so holy—
  Voice assumed—soft Lily calls :—

Says, "Those who'd fly many dangers,
  May not wait to-morrow's sun ;
Round these bounds are Arab rangers,
  Every man a trusty one.

"One who shares thy every feeling
  Heads this noble desert band ;
Haste with him who's near thee stealing,
  To convey thee to the strand.

"Wait no further explanation,
  Quickly through the citron-grove ;
One thou'lt meet of thine own nation,
  One whom thy heart owns its love."

As in dreams the maiden gliding,
  Leaves each pinnacle and dome;
In the fakir's words confiding,
  Dreams of loved ones—dreams of home.

Fakir's robes discarded, rushes
  Now her lover to her aid;
As her strong affection gushes,
  Mightily he feels repaid.

Hurried, fervent, fond embracing,
  On through postern swiftly borne;—
(Sentinel no longer pacing,
  From his post by Arab torn).

Now each noble steed is bounding,—
  One with burden, beauteous, fair;
Nought now but their hoofs are sounding
  On the silent midnight air.

See ! a gallant vessel waiting—
'Tis for maiden once trepanned :
List the boatmen joyous stating,
" Homeward bound," for our own land.

" Fresh " the breeze, ere morn is dawning
E'en the coast is lost to view ;
With salaams and traitorous fawning,
Land of tyranny, adieu !

Float they now o'er rippling waters,
Ever-changing in their hue,—
One of England's happiest daughters
With her lover brave as true.

Grief with happiness oft changing,
Manifest in tears and smiles,
As in retrospective ranging,
Each the other sweet beguiles.

As the waters 'neath them bounding,
May this loving pair long be ;
Waves' soft ripplings make one sounding,
And that sound all harmony ;

Be they as these waters dancing
In the high noon's glorious light,
Passed clouds, waves' sheen now enhancing,
Sorrows fled, make joys more bright !

Happy beings, peace attend ye !
Purest peace for evermore :
Angel spirits fair defend ye,
Ever whisp'ring, " Love ! adore !"

DOWN IN THE DELL.

Down in the dell where Spring's south wind soft
blowing,
Down in the dell where the rivulet flowing,
Down in the dell where the violet growing,
Down in the dell.

Down in the dell, where from trees Spring's wind
sweeping
Autumn's leaves left, here and there trembling,
peeping,
Midst willow-branches o'er rivulet weeping,
Down in the dell.

Down in the dell where Spring's south wind caressing,
Half-opened blossoms the nude branches tressing,
Bidding them welcome as Nature's glad dressing,
Down in the dell.

Down in the dell where young birds in nest twitting,
While parent bird to and fro fleetly flitting,
Cheering his mate, with her young ones still sitting,
Down in the dell.

Down in the dell, on the moss bank soft resting,
Sunset's glad gorgeous tints trees' tops now cresting,
All nature round God's great goodness attesting,
Down in the dell.

Down in the dell where the hills above peaking
Upward to heaven, as if they God seeking,
We thus admonished, would list their hush'd speaking,
Down in the dell.

He who regardeth the sparrow in falling,
He who the lily in beauty forth calling,
He in our soul's adoration installing,
Down in the dell.

Down in the dell we'd aye list Nature's story,
Down in the dell 'neath the fine old trees hoary,
Sing "Thine the kingdom, the power, the glory,"
Down in the dell.

IMAGINATION'S TRAVELLINGS.

SEEN we much misery—sought we much sorrow,—
'Tis good to be merry, so wish them good-morrow.—
Now off on railroad of Fancy's swift gliding,
Pleasant each picture, though none long abiding.—
Left is the court where rich silken robes rustle,
Left busy city where most rush and hustle,
Left too the suburbs for country town bustle.
Mingling here high-born with farmer or cotter,
Mingling with grandsire and dame as they totter;
Mingling the schoolboys fresh out for a ramble,
Mingling the youngsters up grassy bank scramble;
Mingling 'neath bare branches, rude rustling, listening,
Mingling where hoar-frost like fairy light glistening.—

On while the pure snow on either side whisking,
On while the winds through the hedgerows are frisking,
On through the woodlands, and on by the river,
More winter's mantles, or soon must we shiver.
Now Fancy's barque braving billows skims ocean,
Now skims her rail continental commotion;
Past Rosa, Rigi, Blanc, Jura, high towering,
Past glaciers' stillness, sublimely o'erpowering.
On past volcano with crater o'erflowing,
Lava in streams; pumice-showers hot throwing.
On to Italia's wild torrent, at gloaming
Watching its cataract's wildly fair foaming;
Watch its reflecting bright Sol's golden lustre,
Contrast harmonious where 'neath dark waves' cluster.
On there 'til Night's gems light up the blue ether,
Forming a diadem with which to wreathe her;—
On now past mosque, where the devotees cluster,
Past where the Algerine, Turk, and Greek muster;
On where the Arab with beauteous steed flying,
On where the spiced gale around softly sighing,

On where the antelope gracefully bounding,
On to far cities where gongs frequent sounding—
Now wend we south midst the tropic's bright flowers,
Equalled by plumage of gay birds in bowers.
Swifter than Nautilus, swifter than fairy,
Take barque for South seas, — and now western prairie;—
Barque now 'mongst icebergs in polar seas sailing,
Aurora Borealis resplendent now hailing.—
Left barque—Siberian waste, gloomy and stilly
Back home o'er Russia's steppes, snow clad and chilly.
Travel still "overland," travel o'er ocean.
Travel through scenes all of peace or commotion.
Travel past chalk cliffs, glide down by Thames river,
Good gifts for aye,—for them praise we the Giver—
Rapid all has passed in view,
Now to travelling scenes adieu!—
Hurry all—confusion—fuss—
Ah! Yes!—'tis our terminus!

Puff—puff—puff! What clumsy clatter!
Fancy's luggage! What a scatter!
Booked," "pro bono pub.?" "No matter!"
All mistakes, dear friends, look o'er,
Begging this—I'll say no more.

THE LOVERS' SONGS.

He.

"Shall I sing of lady's bower
Nestling 'neath the olden tower,
Where, fair Luna's beams soft stealing,
Knight with ladye love revealing;
Or now tell of courtly numbers,
Where each coronet encumbers,
Where sweet smiles hide bitter grievings,
Woes endured, without relievings?

"Fain I'd try a wilder measure,
Would it yield thee greater pleasure:
Tell a tale of fierce marauder,—
None sae bold gae'd o'er the border,—

How he noble youth pursuing
Slew him, jealous of his wooing;
To the convent on the morrow
Fled the ladye—died of sorrow!"

The Reply.

"Tell me not of love and power
In the secret midnight bower,
Tell me not of scenes whose gladness
But a veil o'er sorrow's sadness;
Neither tell the wild love story
Of marauders fierce and gory,
Who with rights have boldly striven,
Tortured maids to cloisters driven.

"Sing of rose-clad cot and bowers,
Sweet perfumed by varied flowers,
There within each joy disclosing
Gentle peace and love reposing;

Tell how each eve one is bounding
To this homestead, bliss surrounding,
Then in sweetly simple measure
Dulcet sing of thine heart's treasure.

"Riches, grandeur, courtly power,
With romance of olden bower,
Or the tale of fierce marauder
Flying swiftly o'er the border,
May not raise the sacred feeling
I would have through our hearts stealing,—
Grateful love, for pure love given,
Sweet foretaste of future Heaven."

AN ADDRESS TO THE STARS.

EVER the same, ye lustrous orbs of night !
Ever the same !
I hail with ecstasy each eve your light,
Recall each name
Taught me in childhood by a mother's voice,
A mother's hand ;
This, this doth make me love ye and rejoice,
Ye glorious band !

But a far greater Power here claims my love,
Of ye—the Source !
My soul mounts higher, yes, far, far above
The onward course

Or scintillations of each astral sphere
That rolls through space,
And 'yond deep distance to her God draws near,
And seeks His face.

(Great Lord of lights, at this, eve's tranquil hour,
Before Thy throne
I'd laud Thy name! I'd magnify Thy power!
Thy servant own;
As I in starry hosts Thy goodness trace,
Thy greatness see,
Devoutly here adore Thy wondrous grace,
Thy majesty!)

Ye mighty, silent teachers, telling love,
Of love with Power,
As in your distant orbits on ye move,
Cause souls to tower!

Continue thus : strong aspirations raise,
On, on through time.
Bid hearts ascribe to God all honour, praise,
Love glorious, sublime !

THE MAIDEN WHO "WOULD NOT BE VICTIMIZED."

DINNA—CANNA—WINNA.

WITH beaming smile, with sparkling eye,
A maiden proud, a maiden shy,
(Such contradictions mingle,
Are taking ever some new form;
E'en 'neath cold aspects—hearts most warm,—
Spray sunlit, plays 'mongst shingle.)

But to the point. This maiden shy,
With roseate smile and sparkling eye,
Had many try to win her.
To all her guardians did approve,
And said, "Do you return that love?"
She quick replied, "I dinna!"

One came who, rich in sense as pelf,
Loved her right fondly for herself,
With loving look would scan her:
His face and form good—good his heart;
But he, like all, had to depart,
For she replied, "I canna!"

The passing host near passed away,
In paths of peace she hoped to stray,
When lo! a new beginner,—
Though new, yet old in every wrong:
She knew him false in heart, in tongue,
So desperate screamed, "I winna!"

There lives a lady wise and good,
Rejoicing still in virginhood,
Though hosts have tried to win her;
"Inconstant" called men—shook her head,
To past proposals these she said,
"I dinna—canna—winna!"

WILT LOVE ME THEN AS NOW?

SONG.

WHEN the eye has lost its lustre,
Golden ringlets no more cluster,
No longer fair my brow;
No more rose with dimple wreathing,
Lips no more as "cherries breathing,"
Wilt love me then as now?

Symmetry of limb departing,
Elasticity too starting,
Fair form doth yielding bow;
These pulsations joyous bounding,
Life's knell slowly, faintly, sounding,
Wilt love then as now?

REPLY TO 'WILT LOVE ME THEN AS NOW?'

SONG.

WHEN soul's radiance lights orbs,—fading,—
When soft silvery tresses shading,
Placid, peaceful, brow;
Paled fair cheeks with lips kind smiling,
Lips whose tender tones beguiling,
I'll love thee then as now!

When requiring fondest caring,
Limb and form,—still gracious bearing,—
Sweet soul sustaining—Thou
So angelic,—soon to sever—
Spirit pure, I'll love thee ever,
Wilt love e'en more than now!

TO THOSE WHO REQUIRE TEACHING.

TRUTH may I speak, sans fiction?
Incessant contradiction
To speaker, spirit's snare
To listener, midst wear, tear,
Of time, how increased care!

Ye who our Lord fond loving,
Would aye His grace be proving,
Oh, can ye? Will ye dare
Yield thus to spirit's snare,
Make huger, heavier care?

God's love within me welling,
My minstrelsy kind telling,
Yield not to spirit's snare,
But drive it hence by prayer.
Of woes each has his share,
Increase not wear and tear:
"Each other's burdens bear,"
"Christ's law fulfilled," your care.

PATERNOSTER.

A FEW VERSES UPON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"DRAW us," we plead: "Draw nigh," we hear
In tenderest tones, while smiles endear,
With "love that casteth out all fear,"
As children simply draw we near
Our Father!

As children group around the knee,
Their Father's loving face to see,
As children, loving children, we,
In spirit fond surrounding Thee,
Our Father!

Our Father, Thou in heaven art,
Yet dwell'st Thou in each humble heart,
All "contrite" trembling, that would part
From each loved sin t'wards Thee to start.
Our Father!

Our Father and our worshipped Lord,
All hallowed be thy name adored!
On earth as e'en in heaven outpoured,
Oh! holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Our Father!

Apollyon's conquests left there none,
Christ's victory o'er sins be won;
"Church militant,"—triumphant,—one,—
"Thy kingdom come," "Thy will be done,"
Our Father!

"Thy will on earth as in heav'n" said
By each,—Let each be Spirit-led;—

"Give us each day our daily bread,"
Oh, let each soul be manna-fed,
Our Father!

And while sustained by Holy leaven,
Through wilderness to Canaan—Heaven,—
Forgive we'd "seventy times seven,"
And plead through One to be forgiven,
Our Father!

Oh, suffer not temptation's power
To grasp us in our weaker hour;
When evil ones would make us cower,
Be Thou our "fortress and our tower,"
Our Father!

In Thee our fortress we'd abide,
"'Neath shadow of Thy wing would hide,"
'Til in Thy kingdom by Thy side
Thy power and glory sings Thy "bride,"
Our Father!

Thy "kingdom, power, glory," strong,
For aye shall last that spirit song,
Reverberate in pæans long,—
One amen shout from myriad throng,
Our Father!

Part IV.

IMPROMPTU.

INDITE !—
Quick write !—
The theme—
A dream !—
This life—
Is rife :
Its woes—
Disclose ;
Then rise—
'Yond skies—
Above,—
Where love—

And peace—
Ne'er cease;
Joy reigns,
And strains
Of praise—
Doth raise,—
This song—
Prolong.

DREAM.

WHERE clust'ring wild rose spreading,
A little maiden threading
Her way amongst the roses,
Seeks garlands gay and posies;
As thus employed, ne'er thinking
From thorns she'll soon be shrinking.—

Near,—sunlit waves are wreathing,
While summer breezes breathing,
And boy on rocklet perching,
For ocean treasures searching;
Unheeding 'neath rock's frowning
Are hollows threatening drowning.

Now maiden grown, in bower
Keeps faith, keeps trysting hour;
For happiness soft-sighing,
Her heart on man relying,—
Fears not of spirit's grieving,—
Of lovers cold deceiving.

While boy to man progressing,
Hopes, fears, to none confessing,
Elate with health and pleasure,
Dreams grasping earthly treasure,—

Dreams too of love and glory,---
Dreams not of lying gory.

Maid,—matron now, in glowing
Of spring's sun's gentle throwing,
Smiles sweet on children grouping:
O'er one, the youngest, stooping,
Sees not the sickness,—sorrow,
That wait it on the morrow.

Boy,—father, manly bearing,—
Few cares his brow yet wearing,
His rising heir admiring
With all fond love's aspiring,
Dreads not each ruder danger,
Nor son in land of stranger.

Now—aged ones, side fire,—
To nought on earth aspire :
Earth's joys and sorrows sharing,
No more for these much caring ;
United prayers they blending
Tell joys all sure—ne'er ending.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

SOFTLY veiled from the vision, Faith sees it afar,
That fair land of the blest 'yond the most distant star :
'Tis the land from which angels on wing take their flight,
'Tis the land that's effulgent with glorious light !—

'Tis the land where the "wearied" may sweetly repose ;
" Heavy laden'd," the pilgrim his burden off throws,

In the arms of his Saviour for ever to rest,
Oh, how sweet to Faith's vision this land of the blest !—

And sweet too on Faith's pinions towards it to soar,
Sing the sweet spirit song in ecstatic outpour,
Grateful love all adoring for mercies free given,
Most intensely for that which procured for us heaven.—

Oh, this land of the blest ! Oh, this heaven of the soul !
"All the tears wiped from eyes," "all the wounded made whole ;"
Where the sigh is sweet hushed—no more spirit distressed ;
Where, unburden'd of sorrows, cares, sins, we may rest.—

Oh, this land of the blest ! still must rhapsodies rise,
As we picture its glories 'yond these nearer skies,
As we picture its beauties forth bursting while time
Closes on us life's wicket, then rising sublime—

On awakening vision each portal'd pearl gate,
Where angelic attendants our entrance fond wait;
Where the walls are of jasper with each precious stone,
Where the city's of gold, lit by His smiles alone

"Who eternally was, is, and shall be, the "Light"
Who is worshipped by elders with crowns and robes white.
We now hear all those elders the "new song" there raise,
Having phials of odours, the risen Lamb praise.—

Votive odours are those, tears of saints pure distilled,
While is waved golden censer with incensed prayers filled;
They are waved 'fore our Father on that "rainbow'd" throne,
While His sweet gracious smile now our entrance doth own.

We now drink of the "river that from that throne
flows,"
We have eaten the fruit of the tree that there grows :
We are crowned, we are robed, voices, harps take
no rest
From ascribing His praise in this land of the blest.—

Adored Spirit, our Father, our Saviour who died
To kind ransom enslav'd ones, to claim them Thy
" Bride,"
Oh, thrice holy — thrice holy — thrice holy — loved
Lord !
Oh, Thou Great—Thou Triune—by all heaven adored!

While on earth teach our spirits in prayer and in praise,
Love's acceptable tributes to Thine ear to raise
Oh, still guard us, still guide us, 'til sinks dust to rest,
'Til mount purified souls to the land of the blest !

BEAUTY'S BLIGHTING.

SONG WRITTEN FOR A MELODY OF MENDELSSOHN'S.

A ROSE and a bud on the same stem grew,
Begemmed with the brilliance of morning dew
So brightly!
A parent bird flew from midst grouping green,
Its young one there closely emerging seen,
So lightly!

At eve tender bud from the stem rude torn,
Left odorous rose there to droop forlorn
In beauty!
Gone birdie so young that by parent flew,
Ceased twittings and flittings: love's ceaseless renew
Of duty!

A maiden soft blushing in loveliness rare,
With azure bright orbs and her golden hair,
Face lighting!
At dawn with her mother, at eve she had fled,
That mother low wailed as for one just dead—
Life's blighting!

THOUGHTS OF SPRING.

EVER mutation ! Whirl'd th' autumnal leaf,
While cumuli's descent seemed gushing grief :—
As child unpacified dreads darkness-sleep,
Thus not long since, fair Nature on would weep.
Now has she risen from her sheets of snow :
Reveillez hers,—Boreas' stentor blow.—
Shakes off her manacles of ice—comes forth
All smiles to meet this despot of the north,
Who to his Arctic home in haste retires,
As plenty promising, she joy inspires.—
All glorious Nature ! Fair pronounced o'er field,
The grove, the glade their duteous homage yield.

The frisking lambkins on the hills that play ;
The valley's violets that hide from day ;
The cuckoo's welcome, issuing from the wood ;
The cattle on the heath attest thee good.—
The gurgling rill from fountain sparkling bright,
The lark, with carol mounting into light ;
The opening leaf, the bursting bud, the bee,
Now dance and laugh and sing in sunny glee—
Responding hearts, adoring, welcome thee !—

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

My cabin's but humble, yet has all that's needed :
To aught that is proud my Kate would not aspire,
And finest of things would by me be unheeded—
I want but my home, with my Kate by the fire.

My plot of ground now is all planted and thriving,
My boat's on the beach, and my tackling there too;
But just after these I'll no longer be diving—
At once, dearest Katey, they all wait for you !

Then come, my own true love, why longer yet tarry?
You doubt not my love that is deep as yon sea;
Say Yes, that my Katey I quickly may marry,—
A fisherman's bride, loved and cherished, to be.

When I'm off on the ocean in grey mist of dawning,
My heart will be sad from my Katey to roam;
But as grey mist is followed by bright rosy morning,
So sadness by joy when returned to my home.

When waves heave their highest and winds whistle loudest,
The thoughts of my dear one will make me more brave;
I know (and of this in my Katey I'm proudest)
She'll go to her Father, and ask Him to save.

While from the far shore home's bright light will be streaming,
Along the dark waters a beacon to guide,
A face lit with smiles, and soft, kindly eyes beaming,
Will welcome me back when my Katey's my bride.

Then come, my own Katey, no longer, dear, tarry,—
A fisherman's bride, loved and cherished, you'll be;
Say Yes—that at once my true love I may marry;
Come home to my cabin—come home, love, to me!

THE AUTUMN GLOAMING.

I DINNA quite ken, but I love to be roaming
In braw snood and silken sheen, far in the gloaming.
When the leaves are sae yellow, my heart is fu' sair;
Yet alone in the gloaming—oh, what want I mair?

Once again I'm blithely roaming,
Quite alone now in the gloaming;
I'm so cheerily now jaunting
Frae the town sae fause and flaunting;
I'll awa' frae artfu' wileing
To the birks, 'yond heather smiling.

Why, when I pass by the bracken,
Do my footsteps, aye, aye slacken?
T'other e'en, 'neath moonbeams gliding,
Spied I then a plaiden hiding,
Heard I plaintively, while flying,
Ane say, he for my love dying.

Over muir and through the mosses,
Where the Ignis Fatuus crosses,
There I might nae lane be hieing,
Though I'd weep if ane were dying:
But what wrang, if footsteps slacken
Just to peep amang the bracken?

Here's the place—heart 's wildly beating!
Spellbound, sure! There's no retreating!
What is't now yon sma' bough's shaking?
What is't, too, that rustling's making?
Tis not the wee birds on the spray—
I canna tell! I wouldna say!

List, a voice so sweetly singing,
Through my heart each note is ringing;
For they tell some one's been seeking
Long for me, now to me speaking.
Oh, how sweet 'tis to be roaming,
Now alone, far in the gloaming

THE SONG IN THE BRACKEN.

Long I've sought the fairie creature,
Loved the form, admired each feature,
Doted on those fair locks straying,
With each autumn breeze now playing:
Would she were but to me hieing!
Would she ken'd for her I'm dying!

Mists the gowans bright bedewing,
With'ring leaves the glen bestrewing,
Where the timid hind stands shrinking,
Now the e'e of day is blinking,
Frae thy hame, thou sweet one hieing,
Come—there list to love's own sighing!—

Now where kine are homeward lowing
Where heathbells sae blue are blowing,
Now 'side burn, that 's rippling, playing,
Steep'd in love and gently straying,
Back to hame twa fond ones hieing,
Changed to bliss has been love-sighing.

And the maiden quite kens why she loves to be roaming
In braw snood, in silken sheen, far in the gloaming;
Tho' the leaves are sae yellow, her heart 's not now sair:
Thus—alone in the gloaming?—
She wants nothing mair.

LINES TO OUR LOVED CECIE.—FEB. 14th, 1870. (WHILE AT SCHOOL AT BRIGHTON.)

BRIGHTLY holly-berry gay
Decks the sunlit, snowflaked spray!
'Neath dense clouds, 'midst low trees bare,
Nestles Spring's flower in parterre:
Violet, with its perfume sweet,
Solus, doth the senses greet.
Emblems these! These emblems thine!
Homestead's joy! Our Valentine!

Like the winter's songster thou!
Carols it while cold winds sough!
Like Spring's bird in sunlit soar,
Warbling forth in glad outpour.

Songster! Home flower! Heart's delight!
Making homestead joyous, bright,
All our loves around thee twine,
Felicitate thee, Valentine!

As in sunshine lark's glad song
Sweet enhances day's prolong;
As in winter robin's trill
Bids the heart responsive thrill;
As the violet's modest power
Hid, yet cheers while huge clouds lower;
As our Christmas Holly bright,
'Minding us of "Love," "Life," "Light!"
In life's sunshine or its shade
Be thy duteous love still paid!
Emanations from Heaven's shrine
Ceaseless bless our Valentine!

SATURDAY MIDNIGHT,

OR,

FIRST HOUR OF SABBATH.

SOFT steals this gentle hour,
As with beguiling power,
While from the old church-tower
Booms forth the "six days'" knell :
Past weeks, for aye, farewell !

With sweet Sabbatic voice
Exhorts to wiser choice,
Bids all in God rejoice,

This first of hours most blest,
God's hours—man's hours of rest.

While joyous bird and bee
Have ceased their minstrelsy,
Hush'd Nature's voice to me:
Ere wakes it, all around
With every welcome sound;

While flowers by dews are prest,
Wherein bright star-rays rest
And form each glitt'ring crest;
Ere sunrise flower has flushed
And rose more roseate blushed;

While landscape veiled by night,
Save where the silv'ry flight
Of Luna beams alight;
Ere Sol's resplendent ray
Proclaims the reign of day;

My soul would seek the Lord,

Obedient to His word,

With "holy boldness," love that casts out fear,

All lowly bowing, 'fore my King appear,

To Him who rules the universe draw near.

DAWN IN REPOSE.

AURORA robed in azure bright
With virgin veil of downiest white,
While blushing softest tints of rose,
Now smiles in beauteous sweet repose.

Descending fair 'midst distant grey,
Each hill, each vale, far, far away,
Her train of beauty doth disclose
As glides she on in sweet repose.

Her zephyr breathings all inhale,
The brilliant rose, the lily pale,
Th' uncultured flower doth too enclose
Her fragrant breath in soft repose.

While 'round each blade, each bud appears
Bedewed with glistening crystal tears,
'Neath her salute each sunlit glows
In odoriferous soft repose.

Celestial scene! How calm, profound,
This soft repose that reigns around;
Reigns it on mead, on stream that flows,
This hallowed, gentle, sweet repose!

It reigns around the homestead bright,
Where climbs the trellised jasmine white,
While coppice dense now radiant grows
Amidst this hallowed soft repose.

The village spire beside the hill,
That points to heaven 'midst all so still,
The grave where tended floweret grows,
Rest in this hallowed soft repose.

On thee, my soul, there resteth too
Repose: sweet peace doth thee imbue,—
Peace that the world heeds not, nor knows,—
A hallowed, gentle, sweet repose.

Our Father, let Thy peace now fall
Far—wide o'er this terrestrial ball,
Now steeped in sin and sinbought woes,
Thy hallowed peace! Thy sweet repose!

THE SABBATH.

GLORIOUS Sabbath! Festal day!
Blessings bright around me play—
Crown my head, caress my feet,
Gifts of Heaven, my soul thus greet,
Through thy placid hours so sweet!
Seems more festal herb and flower—
Glows parterre—more beauteous bower;
Seems now flowered mead more fair,
More perfumed the balmy air;
Silvered more the sunlit brook,
Rippling on to shady nook;
Seems a Sabbath charm o'er mill,—
"Six days' work done," now all still;

Seems more musical the breeze,
Murmuring 'mongst the woodland trees;
Seems ecstatic song of bird,
Seems more sweet the bee's hum heard,
Seem more fair the clouds on high,
Seems more soft the azure sky;
Seems more bright the sun to shine,—
Is't because a Light Divine
Flick'ring in this spirit mine?
Can it be—a vessel clay,
Thus illum'd by Heavenly ray?
Father, Lord, how shall I bless
Condescending tenderness?
'Tis Thy Spirit speaks within,
Whisp'ring sweet, "Forgiven sin!"
Whisp'ring, "Love that casts out fear!"
Whisp'ring, "*Heaven*—for God is here!"

SABBATH EVENING.

Tis Sabbath twilight! Calm pervades
All round:
The ground,
With pathway, sward, and flower-decked parterre,
Extending in repose,
While odours sweet disclose
Rich fragrant mingling essences on balmy air.

'Tis Sabbath twilight! Calm pervades
All round:
Surround
The earth as floating canopy in west,
Clouds' tissues! Cloth of gold,
Less bright in its enfold
Than liquid light that forms yon hoary plane-trees' crest.

Tis Sabbath twilight! Calm pervades
All round:
No sound,
Save song of robin, vesper carolling;
With thrush in sweet reply
To rustling leaves' soft sigh,
Inviting songs of praise to earth's
Great Lord to sing.

Tis Sabbath twilight! Calm pervades
All round:
Profound,
As now the vesper hymn of birds soft cease,
O'er earth—through air—from heaven
Descending Spirit Leaven
M'adoring soul to fill with love, with joy, with peace;

'Tis Sabbath twilight! Calm pervades
All round:
Peace found

In Eden's garden, at this soothing hour,
Man, sinless, could rejoice,
While listing Maker's voice
Imbuing breath of eve with holy peaceful power.

'Tis Sabbath twilight ! Calm pervades
All round :
Redound
Earth's glories all to Him who bade creation spring ;
While Sanctifying Balm,
Restoring Eden's calm,
Bids my exulting soul strains Paradisean sing,
Ascribing grateful praise to earth's all glorious King !

PRO FORMA.

(IMPROMPTU "JUST WHILE THE TEA DRAWS.")

"JUST Pro Forma." Let us see
Who this gentleman may be;
But don't let him worry me!

He's a grim old-fashioned fellow,
Like a quince that's sickly mellow;
Yet, the monster mass approving,
He is ever with them moving,
Guiding them in every action,
Gov'rning oft in feud and faction,
Leading-string he, without tension,
Hushing when they'd freedom mention,—

Freedom, full of thought and feeling,
He so wily aye 'd be stealing.
Yes! Just when our soul 's on fire
Glides in impious Forma Squire,
Then indignant rise we warmer,
Shower invectives on Pro Forma:
Knowing well what we're about,
The gentleman's thus put to rout.
Here, Sense! Here, Reason! Show him out!

ROUND THE CORNER.

(Dashed off to amuse my Boys.)

You have all doubtless heard of "good" little Jack
Horner,
Self-denying young pig, ate mince pies in the corner;
But he is not the subject of this my inditing,—
'Tis of one other Jack I'd be pleasantly writing.
Well, here to commence: Do you promise attention
To my hero's grand doings, which soon I will mention?
Eh bien! Ecoutez! I know there are packs
Of boys in our roads, but then not all are Jacks;
And if all were Jacks, they'd be wrong Jacks, I fear,
And but few would compare with my nice little dear:

A fine child, fast growing,
With golden locks flowing,
Around his face throwing
A soft tinting light:
His eyes azure, twinkling,
Just gave one an inkling
The young inmate soul was both noble and bright.

I will not praise his cherry lips,—Oh, no! oh, no!—
You might just wish a taste of them, and soon might greedy grow.
I'll not extol his rosy cheeks: "How cheeky!" you might say.
His nose—Oh, you'd say, "Nose! We knows;" and then I'd run away.
Let's see, it is a page ago since I this did begin,
And yet I've not yet introduced his pretty rounded chin;

Nor have I touched upon his form, so bonnie, square and fair;

Nor have described four lively limbs that sprung decided there.

"Well, never mind," he was a boy.—"Now only think of that."

He'd manufacture and destroy, and give each "tit for tat."

He loved his little inner man, attended to it too,

But then "you know" such little men have little else to do.

He loved "a little bit of fun," loved mischief, loved his play;

Now of this last young mind's repast I've something more to say:

You know how little village-boys love romping in the street,

Avoid the crone, mumbling alone, from ruffians quick retreat;

But when a kindly smile obtained, "it goes down" "werry sweet."

Now little Jackey was at play, but not at "Base" or "Rounder:"
Each "little monkey" sought his mate, "and sought until he found her."
"Bravo, young Jackey!"—"Go ahead!"—"We know you're sharp as willing;"
"If you are game at 'Hide-and-seek,' we'll forfeit you a shilling."

A pretty tiny maiden fair, who had no one to warn her,
Stood gazing wond'ringly at Jack, and then shot round the corner.

She knew not Jack's averted eyes had seen which way she went.
Some "Whoops!" were called, and then young Jack was quickly on the scent.
Not "Coming once!" not "Coming twice!" not "Three times!" did he warn her;
But caught and kissed the little maid that waited round the corner.

Oh, Jackey, dear, some folks will fear you've made a
"bad beginning:"
I "s'pose" you judged to take by storm was surest
way of winning.
Both heedless they,—they not alone, for near them
came her mother:
His arms squeezed sore—shrugs half a score—he
wish'd her any other.
Mischief begun is ofttimes done beyond the least
amending:
At each twilight "chums" laughed outright at four
feet wayward wending;
And as they'd wend Jack looks would send, then
kindly thus would warn her:—
"Dear Lily, quick! lest mother's stick and mother's
round the corner."
This little pair so constant were, through seasons
many, many,
That thus he lost his little heart, and her?—he left
not any.

No, no, I need not talk like that: not lost—each safe secluded
From each friend's peep,—friends seemed asleep, so greatly they deluded.
"A good thing too," I think—don't you? when no need interfering:
Young noble Jack might had "a crack," instead of kindly hearing.
The last had he, when he would see his lov'd, one eve in garden:
The mother came, obtained he same—obtained consent and pardon.
My tale drags on, so thereupon I'll soon be rest disclosing:
They've been in matrimony's bliss for some time now reposing.
An upright pair!—"Deny, who dare?" Still jokingly he'll warn her:—
"Don't heedless prance, and trust to chance when venturing round a corner."

(In haste strung rhyme, thus not sublime, yet something more here teaching
To those I wist who will this list, but "don't like mothers preaching.")

At hide-and-seek play sins, dear boys,—
Heart's hidden corners seeking.
Quick! Find them out! Put each to rout!
Then not in vain my speaking.

FOR MY BOYS.

WHEN life's clouds lowering,
  Never despond:
Pray for faith towering,
  Looking beyond.

'Yond the cloud ever
  Sunshine still bright:
Despairing—never,
  Pierce cloud for light.

Down for a moment,
  Quickly arise:
Reason all cogent,—
  Time ever flies.

Seize Time while flying,
On with him fly,
On through all dying,
On—where none die.

REFLECTIONS.

Flying—flying—borne on Time's wings,
Dying—dying—plaintively sings:
All that surrounds me, so brilliantly gay,—
All, though so brilliant, all dying away!

Scarce seen bright ripplet—its music scarce hearing,
Just forming, sounding, and then disappearing;
Lovely the bud, just its pure tints disclosing;
Beauteous the infant, so placid reposing:
Spotless the bud—yet discovers decay,
Time with sweet babyhood flying away.

Flying—flying—borne on Time's wings,
Dying—dying—plaintively sings:
All that surrounds me, so brilliantly gay,—
All, though so brilliant, all dying away!

What though the bud to the flower extending,
What though the babe into childhood's path wending,
Straying and playing in bright summer's morning,
Fair od'rous flowrets that young brow adorning,
Still strange to care! Oh! how happy! How gay,
Straying and playing, yet, dying away!
Flying—flying—borne on Time's wings,
Dying—dying—plaintively sings:
All that surrounds me, so brilliantly gay,—
All, though so brilliant, all dying away!

Youth and fair maiden, so frolicsome bounding,
Nought but joy's notes your high spirits now sounding,
Trip it o'er mead! Laugh and sing, ere the morrow
Come heavy laden with care and with sorrow:

Hie to the woodlands, and list the dove's wailing,—
Seek the hid violet, its fragrance inhaling.

Soon, soon, must list ye Time's sweeping wing,
Soon, soon, will list ye, as plaintively sing:
All your surroundings, so brilliantly gay,
Flying and dying!—All dying away!

Thou too now walking in womanhood's beauty,
Gladly performing each womanly duty,
Seeking his smile who now boasts manhood's glory,
Fain to you both I'd repeat the same story:
Fain to each brother, each sister, would say:
Swift are Time's pinions!—They bear thee away!

Flying—flying—borne on Time's wings,
Dying—dying—plaintively sings:
All that surrounds thee, so brilliantly gay,—
All, though so brilliant, all dying away!

Gaze on sear'd whirl'd leaf!—List Autumn winds
soughing !—
'Neath these the hoary, the feeble one, bowing ;
Soon must each loved one be made woeful weeper :
E'en while we gaze—lo ! The shock for the Reaper.—
Quietly resting, oh, what doth this say ?—
" In such hour as ye think not," borne, borne on away !
Flying—flying—borne on Time's wings,
Dying—dying—list, a voice sings,
So sweetly singing : All's dying away !—
Come ye to heaven ! For heaven's for aye !

TO MY DARLING DORA.

LITTLE beam of Heaven's light,
Beauteous darling, radiant, bright !
Tho' I thought all earth's joys flown,
How I love thee, sweet mine own !

How I love thy little voice,
Musical—the heart's rejoice !
How I love its every tone,
How I love thee, sweet mine own !

Love thy tiny tottling feet,
Running "Bonnemamma" to meet,
Dimpled arms around neck thrown,
How I love thee, sweet mine own !

Love thy placid little face,
Smiling, lit with gentle grace,—
Nervous lips, sure Beauty's throne,—
How I love thee, sweet mine own !

Love thy numerous little ways,
Through which all affection strays ;
As the bud the flower when blown,
Thus I love thee, sweet mine own !

Pray I for thee every good,
Loveliest type of womanhood !
Womanhood to angel grown,
Thus I love thee, sweet mine own !

"GOD IS LOVE."

WOULD I could live Thee!—Prove Thee!—In Thee
move!
My every feeling, thought, word, action, Love!
Each look, tone, gesture, smile, sigh, tear of mine,
Love's tiny tribute to Thy Love Divine!

A DREAM OF "FATHERLAND."*

WHILE from cerulean depths, one wintry night,
Each lustrous planet scintillated bright;
While icy fetters rivulets firm bound,
And icy gems on tree and blade were found;
While old Boreas made a boisterous rout
O'er hill, through wold, and everywhere about;
Within—where crimson heavy hangings warm
Decreased vociferating sounds of storm—

* I am indebted for my ideas to a review in the 'Literary World,' June the 10th, 1870. Such scenes occurred in the time of Napoleon Buonaparte, after the Russian campaign. I intended last summer to compose a more extended detail; but family trials, in more than one branch, and increased home duties, detained me from penning those ideas as they flitted past: yet you may be amused with this concise sketch.

Around the blazing fire, in pleasant chat,
Some cheerful loving ones in circle sat.
Ensconced in cushioned chair, with specs on nose,
Dear grandmamma, half listening, half in doze ;
While her fond partner, ever with her one,
His acquiescing nods then soon begun.
Each voice became subdued, each kind eye beamed,
Responding smiles went round, and grandsire dreamed.
Though "Time is short," 'tis long, long years ago,
Since nation after nation's overthrow
By first Napoleon,—man of iron will.
He Europe swept, bade mighty men be still :
Still they remained, but with each quick drawn breath
Was breathed a vow of vengeance unto death !
Hid, hushed, volcanic lava deep lies first,
Ere fierce tumultuous destructive burst,
And Nature's fiercest scenes,—seem scenes—of all
    scenes cursed.—
Unnecessary may digression seem,—
'Tis introduced to introduce a dream :

This my apology. You'll not expect
In dreams to find good taste and intellect.
Au contraire, forms arise uncouth, grotesque,
And high-toned sentiments become burlesque.
If these occur, your reason will excuse
The wayward wand'rings of my wilful Muse.

Return we to grandsire in arm-chair now,
And peep behind the scenes of that dear brow.

THE DREAM.

In whirlpool of excitement people stream,
And following them is grandsire in his dream:
Impelled on irresistibly is he,
'Til one familiar building he doth see—
Familiar all its grandeur as of yore.
He scans its gables, Gothic turrets, o'er;
Each gilding, mullioned window, arabesque,
Its quaintness all, in motley groups grotesque.
Before this building, in confusion stand
There old men, youths; here children hand-in-hand;

Here male and female, peasant, lady, maid,
Last forward press, altho' both shy, afraid;
Here burghers, beggars, high born, side by side;
Townspeople, country folks, in onward glide;
The rich, the poor, the high, the low, lad, lass,
Beneath the grand old Gothic doorway pass:
While each face now of woman, man, girl, boy,
Is brightly lit with expectation's joy,—
A multitudinous, heterogeneous band,
Each holding tribute offerings in the hand.
These 'neath the gateway scarcely disappear,
Some leading living gifts in haste draw near:
One countryman with loaded cart would pay
His patriotic tribute now in hay;
Another peasant, travel-stained and worn,
Love to his country proves—brings forward corn;
The labourer, servant, half-fed artizan,
Each bring their mite, and each do all they can.
Now grandsire pauses, reads o'er door, "Bureau
For offerings brought to bring the tyrant low."

"In freewill gifts now by the nation made
Must be expenses of the war defrayed."
Advancing burghers, merchants, o'er and o'er,
Troop in, and silver, gold, quick now outpour.
No interest, no receipt, now taken there,—
The men of money but for country care:
"Not loans, but gifts," magnanimously say,
"Write our receipts in blood!" Then pass away.

A widow with her babes soft threads the throng,—
Her life, her love, both pure, to them belong;
She forward steps, "No coins, yet gold I bring."
'Tis gazed on, kissed, then given—her bridal ring!

A gorgeous gift! A jewel-casket now,
A lady sweet presents with gracious bow
That indicates humility,—the while,
In deprecating tones, with gentle smile,
She softly says, "These gems, all richly rare,
The heirlooms of my tender children fair:
Accept them for my country, with my prayer!"

A tear unbidden fills her deep blue eye,
While momentary half escapes a sigh,
As she now adding, "Their heirlooms shall be
Their country's glory in its liberty!"

Two veterans, in faded, mean attire,
A patriotic soul doth each inspire.
The elder speaks, "We nought in treasury cast,
For nought have we; but while the war doth last
We each yield half our pension to the cause."
Then hobble off, midst murmurs of applause.

A beauteous maiden, exquisitely fair,
Stands tremulous and hesitating there:
Of graceful form, tho' draped in garments mean,—
In movements all she seems a lovely queen;
Her true nobility is known around,
All gaze in admiration, hush'd profound;
Irresolution passes, and she stands
Before commissioner with gift in hands.

With blushing simple modesty she says,
"This parcel tribute to my country pays:
I've nothing else to give but this my hair,"—
A shower of golden tresses spread out there.
The hood falls back,—a moment shows her shorn;
Tears fill all eyes! Fond bless'd by all, she's gone!

Awakes dear grandmamma, wakes too grandsire,—
The hissing urn is brought, Stokes tends the fire,—
And now your humble scribe would fain retire.

AU REVOIR.

W. GREENING
Binder
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STREET