

As the roar of waves on an angry main
Breaks forth, and then all is mute again !

The lancer looks in the veteran's face,
And hands him the written scroll ;
And the old man reads with a quiv'ring
voice,
The words of that muster-roll,
As they wake a smile, or force a sigh,
From many an anxious stander-by.

If the father's boy be laurel-crowned,
He glories in his name ;
If the mother hath lost her only son,
She little heeds his fame !
And the lonely girl, whose lover sleeps,
Droops in her beauty, and only weeps !

But if a few have blighted hopes,
And hearts forlorn and sad !
How many of that mingled group
Doth that great victory glad ?
Who bless—for *their* dear sakes—the day
Whom toil and war kept far away ?

If parting words—like arrows—fixed
In their breasts the barb of pain,
Now fancy—like a painter—draws
The welcome home again !
And some who ne'er held cup of bliss,
Sup full of happiness from this !

The Highland pipe is pouring out
Its music like a stream !
And the sound of its startling revelry
Wakes many from a dream !
And now breaks forth another cry
Of overwhelming ecstasy !

The cup is filled, and the wine goes
round,
And it foameth to the brim ;
And young and old, and grave and gay,
All shout a health to him
Who brings these tidings glad and true—
Then—"Wellington and Waterloo !"

"And those who fought, and those
who fell,
And those who bravely died !
And those who bore our banners high,
And battled side by side ! [true
And those whose hearts and swords were
With Wellington and Waterloo !"

[ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. 1819—1861.]

GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND.

GREEN fields of England ! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Gone image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the waves' last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last ;
Dear home in England, won at last.

O STREAM DESCENDING TO THE SEA.

O STREAM descending to the sea,
Thy mossy banks between,
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
Thy leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
The fields the labourers till,
And houses stand on either hand,
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
Our waking eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,
Our hearts affections fill,
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know,
What shall we guess of thee ?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
As we our course fulfil ;
Scarce we divine a sun will shine,
And be above us still.

[ROBERT BROWNING.]

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and
he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped
all three ;
"Good speed !" cried the watch, as the
gate-bolts undrew ;
"Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping
through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank
to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped
abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the
great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths
tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the
pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained
slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a
whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we
drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight
dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to
see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as
could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we
heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there
is time !"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the
sun,
And against him the cattle stood black
every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping
past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at
last,

With resolute shoulders, each butting
away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its
spray.

And his low head and crest, just one
sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out
on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever
that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master,
askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which
aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping
on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried
Joris, "Stay spur !
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's
not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard
the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and
staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the
flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered
and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in
the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless
laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright
stubble like chaff ;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang
white,
And "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for Aix
is in sight !"

"How they'll greet us !" and all in a
moment his roan
Rolled neck and crop over ; lay dead as a
stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the
whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix
from her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to
the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-
socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each
holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt
and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted
his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my
horse without peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,
any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped
and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking
round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on
the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Ro-
land of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last
measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common
consent)
Was no more than his due who brought
good news from Ghent.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the
cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's
own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

And even spoiled the woman's chaps,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's
a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shock-
ing
To think we buy gowns lined with
ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and
obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a
racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you pack-
ing !"

At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence :
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown
sell ;

I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !"

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's
that ?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat ;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mu-
tinous

For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
"Only a scraping of shoes on the
mat ?

Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !"
"Come in !"—the Mayor cried, look-
ing bigger :

And in did come the strangest figure.

His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and
kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one : "It's as my great grand-
sire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's
tone,
Had walked this way from his painted
tombstone."

He advanced to the council-table :

And, "Please your honours," said he,
"I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and
viper ;

And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self same
cheque ;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever
straying

As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of
gnats ;

I eased in Asia the Nizam [bats :
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders ?"
"One? fifty thousand!"—was the ex-
clamation

Of the astonished Mayor and Corpora-
tion.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes
twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is
sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe
uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grum-
bling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty
rumbling ;
And out of the house the rats came
tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny
rats,

Brown rats, black rats, gray rats,
tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advan-
cing,
And step by step they followed dan-
cing,

Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius
Caesar,

Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes
of the pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe ;

And a moving away of pickle-tub-
boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cup-
boards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil-
flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter
casks ;

And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psal-
 tery
 Is breathed) called out, Oh! rats, re-
 joice!
 The world is grown to one vast dry-
 saltery!
 To munch on, crunch on, take your
 nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
 And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun
 shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, come, bore
 me!
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me.”

You should have heard the Hamelin
 people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the
 steeple.
 “Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get
 long poles!
 Poke out the nests and block up the
 holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a
 trace
 Of the rats!”—when suddenly up the
 face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-
 place,
 With a, “First, if you please, my thou-
 sand guilders!”

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked
 blue;
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havock
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,
 Hock;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
 “Beside,” quoth the Mayor, with a
 knowing wink,
 “Our business was done at the river's
 brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I
 think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you some-
 thing to drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your
 poke;
 But, as for the guilders, what we
 spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was
 in joke.
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
 A thousand guilders! Come, take
 fifty!”

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
 “No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time
 Bagdad, and accepted the prime
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's
 rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion.”

“How?” cried the Mayor, “d'ye
 think I'll brook
 Being worse treated than a Cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your
 worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!”

Once more he stept into the street;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight
 cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such
 sweet
 Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air),
 There was a rustling, that seemed like a
 bustling
 Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and
 hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
 clattering,
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues
 chattering,
 And, like fowls in a farm-yard when
 barley is scattering,

Out came the children running,
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and
 laughter,
 The Mayor was dumb, and the Council
 stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of
 wood,
 Unable to move a step, or cry
 To the children merrily skipping by—
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
 As the Piper turned from the High
 Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and
 daughters!
 However he turned from South to West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps ad-
 dressed,
 And after him the children pressed;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 “He never can cross that mighty top!
 He's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop!”
 When lo! as they reached the mountain's
 side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the Piper advanced and the children
 followed,
 And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
 Did I say all? No! one was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the
 way;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say,—
 “It's dull in our town since my play-
 mates left;
 I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me;
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit trees
 grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And everything was strange and new;
 The sparrows were brighter than pea-
 cocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings;
 And horses were born with eagle's wings;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped, and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more!”

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
 There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
 Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
 The Mayor sent East, West, North, and
 South,
 To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children all behind him.
 But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
 And Piper and dancers were gone for
 ever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear,
 “And so long after what happened
 here
 On the twenty-second of July,
 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:”
 The better in memory to fix
 The place of the Children's last retreat,
 They called it, the Pied Piper's street—
 Where any one playing on pipe or
 tabor,
 Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
 But opposite the place of the cavern
 They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the great church window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away;
 And there it stands to this very day.
 And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially
pipers :
And, whether they pipe us free from rats
or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep
our promise.

~~~~~  
EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead—  
Sit and watch by her side an hour,  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;  
She plucked that piece of geranium  
flower,  
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.  
Little has yet been changed, I think—  
The shutters are shut, no light may pass,  
Save two long rays through the hinge's  
chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my  
name—  
It was not her time to love : beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares,  
And now was quiet, now astir—  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope ?  
What, your soul was pure and true,  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew—  
And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged so  
wide,  
Each was nought to each, must I be told ?  
We were fellow-mortals, nought be-  
side ?

No, indeed ! for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the  
love,—  
I claim you still, for my own love's  
sake !  
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a  
few—  
Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it  
will,  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I  
shall say,  
In the lower earth, in the years long  
still,  
That body and soul so pure and  
gay ?  
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own gera-  
nium's red—  
And what you would do with me, in  
fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's  
stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since  
then,  
Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various men,  
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;  
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full  
scope,  
Either I missed or itself missed me—  
And I want and find you, Evelyn  
Hope !  
What is the issue ? let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while ;  
My heart seemed full as it could hold—  
There was space and to spare for the  
frank young smile,  
And the red young mouth, and the  
hair's young gold.  
So hush,—I will give you this leaf to  
keep,—  
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold  
hand.  
There, that is our secret ! go to sleep ;  
You will wake, and remember, and  
understand.

[REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.]

THE SANDS OF DEE.

“OH, Mary, go and call the cattle  
home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands of Dee.”  
The western wind was wild and dark  
with foam,  
And all alone went she.  
The western tide crept up along the  
sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see.  
The rolling mist came down and hid the  
land :  
And never home came she.  
“Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating  
hair—  
A tress of golden hair,  
A drowned maiden's hair,  
Above the nets at sea ?”  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes of Dee.  
They rowed her in across the rolling  
foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea.  
But still the boatmen hear her call the  
cattle home,  
Across the sands of Dee.

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THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the
west,
Out into the west, as the sun went
down,
Each thought of the woman who loved
him best,
And the children stood watching them
out of the town ;
For men must work, and women must
weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to
keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse
tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun
went down ;
They looked at the squall, and they
looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up
ragged and brown ;
But men must work, and women must
weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters
deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out in the shining
sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide goes
down,
And the women are weeping and wring-
ing their hands,
For those who will never come home
to the town.
For men must work, and women must
weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to
sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its
moaning.

~~~~~  
[CHARLES SWAIN.]

WHAT IS NOBLE ?

WHAT is noble ?—to inherit  
Wealth, estate, and proud degree ?—  
There must be some other merit  
Higher yet than these for me !—  
Something greater far must enter  
Into life's majestic span,  
Fitted to create and centre  
True nobility in man.

What is noble ?—'tis the finer  
Portion of our mind and heart,  
Linked to something still diviner  
Than mere language can impart :  
Ever prompting—ever seeing  
Some improvement yet to plan ;  
To uplift our fellow being,  
And, like man, to feel for Man !

What is noble?—is the sabre  
Nobler than the humble spade?—  
There's a dignity in labour  
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!  
He who seeks the mind's improvement  
Aids the world, in aiding mind!  
Every great commanding movement  
Serves not one, but all mankind.

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,—  
O'er the engine's iron head,—  
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,  
And the spindle whirls its thread:  
There is labour, lowly tending  
Each requirement of the hour,—  
There is genius, still extending  
Science, and its world of power!

'Mid the dust, and speed, and clamour,  
Of the loom-shed and the mill;  
'Midst the clink of wheel and hammer,  
Great results are growing still!  
Though too oft, by fashion's creatures,  
Work and workers may be blamed,  
Commerce need not hide its features,—  
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble?—that which places  
Truth in its enfranchised will,  
Leaving steps, like angel-traces,  
That mankind may follow still!  
E'en though scorn's malignant glances  
Prove him poorest of his clan,  
He's the Noble—who advances  
Freedom, and the Cause of Man!

[B. W. PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).]

#### THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY.

SING!—Who sings  
To her who weareth a hundred rings?  
Ah! who is this lady fine?  
The vine, boys, the vine!  
The mother of mighty wine.  
A roamer is she  
O'er wall and tree,  
And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—who drinks  
To her who blusheth and never thinks?

Ah! who is this maid of thine?  
The grape, boys, the grape!  
Oh, never let her escape  
Until she be turned to wine  
For better is she  
Than vine can be,  
And very, very good company.

Dream!—who dreams  
Of the god who governs a thousand  
streams?

Ah! who is this spirit fine?  
'Tis wine, boys, 'tis wine!  
God Bacchus, a friend of mine.  
Oh, better is he  
Than grape or tree,  
And the best of all good company.

#### KING DEATH.

KING DEATH was a rare old fellow,  
He sat where no sun could shine,  
And he lifted his hand so yellow,  
And poured out his coal-black wine.  
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden  
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,  
And widows with grief o'erladen,  
For a draught of his coal-black wine.  
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,  
The poet his fancied woes,  
And the beauty her bloom returning,  
Like life to the fading rose.  
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,  
Who laughed till his eyes dropped  
brine,  
And he gave them his hand so yellow,  
And pledged them in Death's black  
wine.  
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

#### THE NIGHTS.

OH, the Summer night  
Has a smile of light,  
And she sits on a sapphire throne;

[HON. MRS. NORTON.]

#### LOVE NOT.

LOVE not, love not, ye hapless sons of  
clay!  
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of  
earthly flowers—  
Things that are made to fade and fall  
away,  
When they have blossomed but a few  
short hours.

Love not, love not! The thing you love  
may die—  
May perish from the gay and glad some  
earth;  
The silent stars, the blue and smiling  
sky,  
Beam on its grave as once upon its  
birth.

Love not, love not! The thing you love  
may change,  
The rosy lip may cease to smile on  
you;  
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and  
strange,  
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be  
true.

Love not, love not! Oh warning vainly  
said  
In present years as in the years gone  
by;  
Love flings a halo round the dear one's  
head,  
Faultless, immortal—till they change  
or die.

#### NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,  
The memory of the day,  
When icy Death hath sealed the breath  
Of some dear form of clay.

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,  
The face we thought so fair,  
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent  
hold  
Once charmed away despair.

Whilst the sweet winds load her  
With garlands of odour,  
From the bud to the rose o'er-blown!

But the Autumn night  
Has a piercing sight,  
And a step both strong and free;  
And a voice for wonder,  
Like the wrath of the thunder,  
When he shouts to the stormy sea!

And the Winter night  
Is all cold and white,  
And she singeth a song of pain;  
Till the wild bee hummeth,  
And the warm Spring cometh,  
When she dies in a dream of rain!

Oh, the night brings sleep  
To the greenwoods deep,  
To the birds of the woods its nest;  
To care soft hours,  
To life new powers,  
To the sick and the weary—rest!

#### SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

HIDE me, O twilight air!  
Hide me from thought, from care,  
From all things foul or fair,  
Until to-morrow!  
To-night I strive no more;  
No more my soul shall soar:  
Come, sleep, and shut the door  
'Gainst pain and sorrow!

If I must see through dreams,  
Be mine Elysian gleams,  
Be mine by morning streams  
To watch and wander;  
So may my spirit cast  
(Serpent-like) off the past,  
And my free soul at last  
Have leave to ponder.

And should'st thou 'scape control,  
Ponder on love, sweet soul;  
On joy, the end and goal  
Of all endeavour:  
But if earth's pains will rise,  
(As damps will seek the skies,)  
Then, night, seal thou mine eyes,  
In sleep for ever.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel  
For hopes that come no more,  
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,  
"Not lost, but gone before."

Oh sadly yet with vain regret  
The widowed heart must yearn ;  
And mothers weep their babes asleep  
In the sunlight's vain return.

The brother's heart shall rue to part  
From the one through childhood known ;  
And the orphan's tears lament for years  
A friend and father gone.

For death and life, with ceaseless strife,  
Beat wild on this world's shore,  
And all our calm is in that balm,  
"Not lost, but gone before."

Oh ! world wherein nor death, nor sin,  
Nor weary warfare dwells ;  
Their blessed home we parted from  
With sobs and sad farewells.

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake  
Our own with tears grow dim,  
And faint accords of dying words  
Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn ;

Oh ! there at last, life's trials past,  
We'll meet our loved once more,  
Whose feet have trod the path to God—  
"Not lost, but gone before."

#### NONE REMEMBER THEE.

NONE remember thee ! thou whose heart  
Poured love on all around ;  
Thy name no anguish can impart—  
'Tis a forgotten sound.  
Thy old companions pass me by  
With a cold bright smile, and a vacant  
eye,  
And none remember thee  
Save me !

None remember thee ! thou wert not  
Beauteous as some things are ;  
My glory beamed upon thy lot,  
My pale and quiet star !

Like a winter bud that too soon hath  
burst,  
Thy cheek was fading from the first—  
And none remember thee  
Save me !

None remember thee ! they could spy  
Nought when they gazed on thee,  
But thy soul's deep love in thy quiet  
eye—

It hath passed from their memory.  
The gifts of genius were not thine,  
Proudly before the world to shine—  
And none remember thee  
Save me !

None remember thee now thou'rt gone !  
Or they could not choose but weep,  
When they thought of thee, my gentle  
one,

In thy long and lonely sleep.  
Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell  
How fondly together we used to dwell—  
But none remember thee  
Save me !

#### SONG OF THE PEASANT WIFE.

COME, Patrick, clear up the storms on  
your brow ;  
You were kind to me once—will you  
frown on me now ?—

Shall the storm settle here, when from  
heaven it departs,  
And the cold from without find its way  
to our hearts ?

No, Patrick, no ! sure the wintriest  
weather  
Is easily borne when we bear it together.

Though the rain's dropping through, from  
the roof to the floor,  
And the wind whistles free where there  
once was a door,

Can the rain, or the snow, or the storm  
wash away

All the warm vows we made in our love's  
early day ?

No, Patrick, no ! sure the dark stormy  
weather  
Is easily borne, if we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me when  
labour was done,  
And the day that was closing to us seemed  
begun,  
Did we care if the sunset was bright on  
the flowers,  
Or if we crept out amid darkness and  
showers ?  
No, Patrick ! we talked, while we braved  
the wild weather,  
Of all we could bear, if we bore it to-  
gether.

Soon, soon, will these dark dreary days  
be gone by,  
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from  
the sky !

Oh, let not our spirits, embittered with  
pain,  
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us  
then !

Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us wel-  
come the weather,  
And, sunshine of storm, we will bear it  
together.

#### OH ! DISTANT STARS.

OH ! distant stars, whose tranquil light  
Looks down on all the world at rest,  
From new-born babes, whose welcome  
night

Is cradled on the mother's breast,  
To many a long-neglected grave  
In many a churchyard's narrow bound,  
And many a ship on trackless waves

Whose course by that sweet light is  
found ;  
Clear gleaming stars ! clear gleaming  
stars !

Emblem of God's protecting love,  
Ye watch us from your realms above.

Your light is on the Northern snow  
Where never trod the foot of man ;  
Ye shine where lonely rivers flow  
On white wings of the sleeping swan.

Ye guide (with trembling rays and dim)  
The beggar who dejected roams  
Past fires that glow, but not for him  
The household smile of happy homes.

Oh, steadfast stars ! oh, steadfast  
stars !  
Emblem of God's all-seeing eye,  
Ye watch him from your world on  
high.

Oh, stars ! memorial of the night,  
When first to simple shepherds beamed  
That glory, past your common light,  
The portent of a world redeemed ;  
Still watch our living and our dead,  
And link the thoughts of sinful earth  
With that sweet light whose radiance shed  
A halo round the Saviour's birth.  
Pure, holy stars ! Pure, holy stars !  
Emblem of hope and sins forgiven,  
Still watch us from your distant  
Heaven !

[PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.]

#### LOVE OF GOD AND MAN.

LOVE is the happy privilege of the mind—  
Love is the reason of all living things.  
A Trinity there seems of principles,  
Which represent and rule created life—  
The love of self, our fellows, and our  
God.

In all throughout one common feeling  
reigns :  
Each doth maintain, and is maintained by  
the other :

All are compatible—all needful ; one  
To life,—to virtue one,—and one to bliss :  
Which thus together make the power, the  
end,

And the perfection of created Being.  
From these three principles doth every  
deed,

Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or  
bad, come ; [scheme :

To these they all determine—sum and  
The three are one in centre and in round ;  
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies  
Our world. Hail ! air of love, by which  
we live !

How sweet, how fragrant ! Spirit, though  
unseen—

Void of gross sign—is scarce a simple  
essence,

Immortal, immaterial, though it be. R R

One only simple essence liveth—God,—  
Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,  
The angels high above us, with ourselves,  
Are but compounded things of mind and  
form.

In all things animate is therefore cored  
An elemental sameness of existence ;  
For God, being Love, in love created all,  
As he contains the whole and penetrates.  
Seraphs love God, and angels love the  
good :

We love each other ; and these lower  
lives,  
Which walk the earth in thousand diverse  
shapes,

According to their reason, love us too :  
The most intelligent affect us most.  
Nay, man's chief wisdom's love—the love  
of God.

The new religion—final, perfect, pure—  
Was that of Christ and love. His great  
command—

His all-sufficing precept—was't not love ?  
Truly to love ourselves we must love  
God,—

To love God we must all his creatures  
love,—

To love his creatures, both ourselves and  
Him.

Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good,  
and happy !

[ELEANORA LOUISA HERVEY.]

### BE STILL, BE STILL, POOR HUMAN HEART.

Be still, be still, poor human heart,  
What fitful fever shakes thee now ?  
The earth's most lovely things depart—  
And what art thou ?  
Thy spring than earth's doth sooner fade,  
Thy blossoms first with poison fill ;  
To sorrow born, for suffering made,  
Poor heart ! be still.

Thou lookest to the clouds,—they fleet ;  
Thou turnest to the waves,—they falter ;  
The flower that decks the shrine, though  
sweet,  
Dies on its altar :

And thou, more changeful than the cloud,  
More restless than the wandering rill,  
Like that lone flower in silence bowed,  
Poor heart ! be still.

### LOVE AND MAY.

WITH buds and thorns about her brow,  
I met her in the woods of May  
Bending beneath a loaded bough.  
She seemed so young, and was so fair,  
A rosy freshness in her air  
Spoke morning gliding into day.

Wild as an untamed bird of Spring,  
She sported 'mid the forest ways,  
Whose blossoms pale did round her cling.  
Blithe was she as the banks of June,  
Where humming-bees kept sweetest tune ;  
The soul of love was in her lays.

Her words fell soft upon my ear,  
Like dropping dews from leafy spray :  
She knew no shame, and felt no fear ;  
She told me how her childhood grew—  
Her joys how keen, her cares how few :  
She smiled, and said her name was  
May.

May of my heart ! Oh, darling May !  
Thy form is with the shows that fleet ;  
And I am weak, and worn, and grey !  
I see no more the things I loved :  
The paths wherein their beauty moved  
Do seem to fail beneath my feet.

I marked her for a little space ;  
And soon she seemed to heed me not,  
But gathered flowers before my face.  
Oh, sweet to me her untaught ways !  
The love I bore her all my days  
Was born of that wild woodland spot.

I never called her bride nor wife,  
I watched her bloom a little more,  
And then she faded out of life :  
She quaffed the wave I might not drink,  
And I stood thirsting on the brink !  
Oh, hurrying tide !—Oh, dreary shore !

They knew not that my heart was torn ;  
They said a fever left me mad,  
And I had babbled of a thorn,  
A withered May, and scattered bloom,  
A well of tears, and wayside tomb—  
Alas ! 'twas all the lore I had !

And to this day I am not clear ;  
My stricken mind doth grope its way,  
Like those who walk where woods are  
sere :  
I cannot see to set apart  
Two things so crushed into my heart  
As May and Love—and Love and May !

Still, shouting 'neath the greenwood tree,  
Glad children called upon her name ;  
But life and time are changed to me :  
The grass is growing where she trod,  
Above her head a bladeless sod—  
The very earth is not the same.

Oh, heavy years, grow swift and brief !  
Death, lay thine hand upon my brow !  
I wither as a shrunk-up leaf.  
I perished while my days were young :  
The thoughts to which my spirit clung  
Consumed me, like a sapless bough.

And now, O May ! my vanished May !  
Our thorns are gathered one by one,  
And all their bloom is borne away.  
The corn is reaped, the sheaf is bound,  
The gleaner's foot is on the ground,  
And pain is past—and life is done !

[ALFRED TENNYSON.]

### LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gather-  
ing light,  
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,  
And all about him rolled his lustrous  
eyes ;  
When, turning round a cassia, full in  
view,  
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,  
And talking to himself, first met his  
sight :  
" You must begone," said Death, " these  
walks are mine."

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Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for  
flight ;  
Yet, ere he parted, said,— " This hour is  
thine :  
Thou art the shadow of life ; and as the  
tree  
Stands in the sun and shadows all  
beneath,  
So in the light of great eternity  
Life eminent creates the shade of death ;  
The shadow passeth when the tree shall  
fall,  
But I shall reign for ever over all."

### THE BUGLE SONG.

The splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits, old in story :  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes  
flying,  
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,  
dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going !  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens re-  
plying :  
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,  
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river :  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes  
flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,  
dying.

### GODIVA.

*I waited for the train at Coventry ;  
I hung with grooms and porters on the  
bridge,  
To watch the three tall spires ; and there I  
shapel  
The city's ancient legend into this :—*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
 New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
 Cry down the past, not only we, that  
 prate  
 Of rights and wrongs, have loved the  
 people well,  
 And loathed to see them overtaxed ; but  
 she  
 Did more, and underwent, and overcame,  
 The woman of a thousand summers back,  
 Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who  
 ruled  
 In Coventry : for when he laid a tax  
 Upon his town, and all the mothers  
 brought  
 Their children, clamouring, " If we pay,  
 we starve !"  
 She sought her lord, and found him,  
 where he strode  
 About the hall, among his dogs, alone,  
 His beard a foot before him, and his  
 hair  
 A yard behind. She told him of their  
 tears,  
 And prayed him, " If they pay this tax,  
 they starve."  
 Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,  
 " You would not let your little finger  
 ache  
 For such as *these?*"—" But I would die,"  
 said she.  
 He laughed, and swore by Peter and by  
 Paul :  
 Then filliped at the diamond in her ear ;  
 " O ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—" Alas!" she  
 said,  
 " But prove me what it is I would not  
 do,"  
 And from a heart as rough as Esau's  
 hand,  
 He answered, " Ride you naked thro' the  
 town,  
 And I repeat it;" and nodding, as in  
 scorn,  
 He parted, with great strides among his  
 dogs.  
 So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
 As winds from all the compass shift and  
 blow,  
 Made war upon each other for an hour,  
 Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
 And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet,  
 all

The hard condition ; but that she would  
 loose  
 The people : therefore, as they loved her  
 well,  
 From then till noon no foot should pace  
 the street,  
 No eye look down, she passing ; but  
 that all  
 Should keep within, door shut, and window  
 barred.  
 Then fled she to her inmost bower, and  
 there  
 Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,  
 The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a  
 breath  
 She lingered, looking like a summer  
 moon  
 Half dipt in cloud : anon she shook her  
 head,  
 And showered the rippled ringlets to her  
 knee ;  
 Unclad herself in haste ; adown the stair  
 Stole on ; and, like a creeping sunbeam,  
 slid  
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reached  
 The gateway ; there she found her palfrey  
 trapt  
 In purple, blazoned with armorial gold.  
 Then she rode forth, clothed on with  
 chastity :  
 The deep air listened round her as she  
 rode,  
 And all the low wind hardly breathed for  
 fear.  
 The little wide-mouthed heads upon the  
 spout  
 Had cunning eyes to see : the barking  
 cur  
 Made her cheek flame : her palfrey's foot-  
 fall shot  
 Light horrors thro' her pulses : the blind  
 walls  
 Were full of chinks and holes ; and over-  
 head [she  
 Fantastic gables, crowding, stared : but  
 Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she  
 saw  
 The white-flowered elder-thicket from the  
 field  
 Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the  
 wall.  
 Then she rode back, clothed on with  
 chastity :





EDWARD GRAY (TENNYSON.)

Sweet Emma Moreland spake to me  
Bitterly weeping I turned away :  
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more  
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray."—P. 501.

And one low churl, compact of thankless  
earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come,  
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,  
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had  
their will,  
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,  
And dropt before him. So the Powers,  
who wait  
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense mis-  
used ; [at once,  
And she, that knew not, pass'd : and all  
With twelve great shocks of sound, the  
shameless noon  
Was clashed and hammered from a  
hundred towers,  
One after one ; but even then she gained  
Her bower ; whence reissuing, robed and  
crowned,  
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,  
And built herself an everlasting name.

## EDWARD GRAY.

SWEET Emma Moreland, of yonder  
town,  
Met me walking on yonder way,  
"And have you lost your heart?" she  
said ;  
"And are you married yet, Edward  
Gray?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spake to me :  
Bitterly weeping I turned away :  
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more  
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,  
Against her father's and mother's will :  
To-day I sat for an hour and wept  
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold ;  
Thought her proud, and fled over the  
sea ;  
Filled I was with folly and spite,  
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

"Cruel, cruel, the words I said !  
Cruelly came they back to-day :  
'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,  
'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass—  
Whispered, 'Listen to my despair :  
I repent me of all I did :  
Speak a little, Ellen Adair !'

"Then I took a pencil, and wrote  
On the mossy stone, as I lay,  
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair ;  
And here the heart of Edward Gray !'

"Love may come, and love may go,  
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree :  
But I will love no more, no more,  
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

"Bitterly wept I over the stone :  
Bitterly weeping I turned away :  
There lies the body of Ellen Adair !  
And there the heart of Edward Gray !"

AS THROUGH THE LAND AT  
EVE WE WENT.

As thro' the land at eve we went,  
And plucked the ripened ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
We fell out, I know not why,  
And kissed again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out  
That all the more endears,  
When we fall out with those we love,  
And kiss again with tears !

For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave,  
We kissed again with tears.

## VIVIEN'S SONG.

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal  
powers :  
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music  
mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,  
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping : let it go :  
But shall it ? answer, darling, answer, no.  
And trust me not at all, or all in all.

[SYDNEY DOBELL.]

#### TOMMY'S DEAD.

YOU may give over plough, boys,  
You may take the gear to the stead ;  
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,  
Will never get beer and bread.  
The seed's waste, I know, boys ;  
There's not a blade will grow, boys ;  
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys—  
He's going blind, as I said,  
My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
To see him in the shed ;  
The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
She's neither here nor there, boys,  
I doubt she's badly bred ;  
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
There'll be no more corn, boys,  
Neither white nor red ;  
There's no sign of grass, boys,  
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,  
The land's not what it was, boys,  
And the beasts must be fed :  
You may turn Peg away, boys,  
You may pay off old Ned,  
We've had a dull day, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,  
Let me turn my head :  
She's standing there in the door, boys,  
Your sister Winifred !  
Take her away from me, boys,  
Your sister Winifred !  
Move me round in my place, boys,  
Let me turn my head,  
Take her away from me, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed—  
The bones of her thin face, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed !

I don't know how it be, boys,  
When all's done and said,  
But I see her looking at me, boys,  
Wherever I turn my head ;  
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,  
Out of the garden-bed,  
And the lily as pale as she, boys,  
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,  
But I think it's not in my head ;  
I've kept my precious sight, boys—  
The Lord be hallowed.  
Outside and in.

The ground is cold to my tread,  
The hills are wizen and thin,  
The sky is shrivelled and shred ;  
The hedges down by the loan  
I can count them bone by bone,  
The leaves are open and spread.  
But I see the teeth of the land,  
And hands like a dead man's hand,  
And the eyes of a dead man's head.  
There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
The rat and the mouse have fled,  
And the summer's empty and cold ;  
Over valley and wold,  
Wherever I turn my head,  
There's a mildew and a mould ;  
The sun's going out overhead,  
And I'm very old,  
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys ?  
You're all born and bred—  
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,  
Since wife and I were wed ;  
And she's gone before, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,  
Upon his curly head,  
She knew she'd never see't, boys,  
And she stole off to bed ;  
I've been sitting up alone, boys,  
For he'd come home, he said,  
But it's time I was gone, boys,  
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,  
Bring out the beer and bread,  
Make haste and sup, boys,  
For my eyes are heavy as lead ;

There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,  
There's something ill wi' the bread ;  
I don't care to sup, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,  
I've such a sleepy head ;  
I shall never more be stout, boys,  
You may carry me to bed.  
What are you about, boys ?  
The prayers are all said,  
The fire's raked out, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
You may carry me to the head,  
The night's dark and deep, boys,  
Your mother's long in bed ;  
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys ;  
You may shake my hand instead.  
All things go amiss, boys,  
You may lay me where she is, boys,  
And I'll rest my old head ;  
'Tis a poor world, this, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

[ELIZA COOK.]

#### THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I LOVE it—I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm  
chair !  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize—  
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed  
it with sighs ;  
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my  
heart,  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
Would you learn the spell ? a mother sat  
there ;  
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
The hallowed seat with listening ear ;  
And gentle words that mother would  
give,  
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.

She told me shame would never betide,  
With truth for my creed, and God for my  
guide ;  
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,  
When her eyes grew dim and her locks  
were grey,  
And I almost worshipped her when she  
smiled  
And turned from her Bible to bless her  
child.  
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—  
My idol was shattered—my earth star  
fled :  
I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now  
With quivering breath and throbbing  
brow :  
'Twas there she nursed me—'twas there  
she died,  
And memory flows with lava tide—  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
While the scalding tears run down my  
cheek.  
But I love it—I love it, and cannot tear  
My soul from my mother's old arm chair.

[THOMAS MILLER.]

#### EVENING SONG.

How many days with mute adieu  
Have gone down yon untrudged sky ;  
And still it looks as clear and blue  
As when it first was hung on high.  
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud  
That drew the lightning in its rear,  
The thunder tramping deep and loud,  
Have left no foot-mark there.

The village-bells, with silver chime,  
Come softened by the distant shore ;  
Though I have heard them many a time,  
They never rung so sweet before.  
A silence rests upon the hill,  
A listening awe pervades the air ;  
The very flowers are shut and still,  
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,  
O'er earth and air and sky and sea,  
A still low voice in silence goes,  
Which speaks alone, great God, of Thee.  
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,  
The linnet's warble fainter grown,  
The hive-bound bee, the building rook,—  
All these their Maker own.

Now Nature sinks in soft repose,  
A living semblance of the grave;  
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,  
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;  
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,  
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,  
All tell from whom they had their birth,  
And cry, "Behold a God!"

[ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. DIED 1864.]

#### THE MESSAGE.

I HAD a message to send her,  
To her whom my soul loves best;  
But I had my task to finish,  
And she had gone to rest:  
To rest in the far bright Heaven—  
Oh! so far away from here!  
It was vain to speak to my darling,  
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,  
So tender, and true, and sweet,  
I longed for an angel to hear it,  
And lay it down at her feet.  
I placed it, one summer's evening  
On a little white cloud's breast;  
But it faded in golden splendour,  
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark next morning,  
And I watched it soar and soar;  
But its pinions grew faint and weary,  
And it fluttered to earth once more.  
I cried, in my passionate longing,  
Has the earth no angel friend  
Who will carry my love the message  
My heart desires to send?

Then I heard a strain of music,  
So mighty, so pure, so dear,  
That my very sorrow was silent,  
And my heart stood still to hear.

It rose in harmonious rushing  
Of mingled voices and strings,  
And I tenderly laid my message  
On music's outspread wings.

And I heard it float farther and farther,  
In sound more perfect than speech,  
Farther than sight can follow,  
Farther than soul can reach.  
And I know that at last my message  
Has passed through the golden gate;  
So my heart is no longer restless,  
And I am content to wait.

[JULIAN FANE.]

#### AD MATREM.

IF those dear eyes that watch me now,  
With looks that teach my heart content;  
That smile which o'er that placid brow  
Spreads with delight in pure consent;  
And that clear voice whose rise and fall  
Alternate, in a silver chime;  
If these fair tokens false were all  
That told the tale of fleeting Time,  
I scarce should mark his swift career:  
So little change hath o'er thee passed,  
So much thy present doth appear,  
Like all my memory holds most dear,  
When she recalls thy perfect past.  
Unchanged thou seem'st in mind and  
frame,

Thy bright smile brightens still the same;  
In thy fair face is nothing strange.  
And when from out thy pure lips flow  
Thy earnest words with grace, I know  
Thy wisdom hath not suffered change.  
And so thy presence, bland and glad,  
Wherein no trace of change appears,  
Proclaims not that this day will add  
A fresh sheaf to thy garnered years;  
But Time himself proclaims his power,  
And will not pass unheeded by;  
At every turn his ruins lie;—  
I track his steps at every door.  
Or, musing with myself, I find  
His signet borne by every thought,  
From many a moral blemish wrought  
By more of commerce with my kind,

Who am not armed, as thou, in youth,  
To bear unhurt the brunt of life;  
To battle with the foes of truth,  
And issue scarless from the strife.  
Not pure as thou to pass unscarred,  
Where knaves and fools infest the ways;  
By their rank censure unimpaired,  
And spotless from their ranker praise.  
And thus the slow year circling round,  
Mars with no change thy soul serene;  
While I, though changed, alas! am found  
Far other than I should have been;  
And only not at heart unsound,  
Because thy love still keeps it green.  
Oh! therefore from that worst decay,  
To save me with love's holiest dew,  
Heaven guard thee, dear, and oft renew  
Return of this thy natal day;  
And teach me with each rolling year,  
That leaves us on a heartless earth,  
To love thee, so that love may bear  
Fruits worthier of thy perfect worth.  
And so whatever ills betide,  
Whatever storms about me lower,  
Though broken by the bolts of pride,  
And scorched by envy's lightning power,  
I shall not perish in the blast,  
But prosper while thou still art nigh;  
By thy pure love preserved, and by  
My guardian spirit saved at last.

[D. F. M'CARTHY.]

#### THE WINDOW.

AT my window, late and early,  
In the sunshine and the rain,  
When the jocund beams of morning  
Come to wake me from my napping  
With their golden fingers tapping  
At my window-pane:  
From my troubled slumbers flitting—  
From my dreamings fond and vain,  
From the fever intermitting,  
Up I start, and take my sitting  
At my window-pane.

Through the morning, through the noon-  
tide,  
Fettered by a diamond chain,  
Through the early hours of evening,

When the stars begin to tremble,  
As their shining ranks assemble  
O'er the azure plain:  
When the thousand lamps are blazing,  
Through the street and lane—  
Mimic stars of man's uprising—  
Still I linger, fondly gazing  
From my window-pane!

For, amid the crowds slow passing,  
Surging like the main,  
Like a sunbeam among shadows,  
Through the storm-swept cloudy masses,  
Sometimes one bright being passes  
'Neath my window-pane:  
Thus a moment's joy I borrow  
From a day of pain.  
See, she comes! but, bitter sorrow!  
Not until the slow to-morrow  
Will she come again.

[CHARLES KENT.]

#### LOVE'S CALENDER.

TALK of love in vernal hours,  
When the landscape blushes  
With the dawning glow of flowers,  
While the early thrushes  
Warble in the apple-tree;  
When the primrose springing  
From the green bank, lulls the bee,  
On its blossom swinging.

Talk of love in summer-tide  
When through bosky shallows  
Trills the streamlet—all its side  
Pranked with freckled mallows;—  
When in mossy lair of wrens  
Tiny eggs are warming;  
When above the reedy fens  
Dragon-gnats are swarming.

Talk of love in autumn days,  
When the fruit, all mellow,  
Drops amid the ripening rays,  
While the leaflets yellow  
Circle in the sluggish breeze  
With their portents bitter;  
When between the fading trees  
Broader sunbeams glitter.

Talk of love in winter time,  
When the hailstorm hurtles,  
While the robin sparks of rime  
Shakes from hardy myrtles.  
Never speak of love with scorn,  
Such were direst treason;  
Love was made for eve and morn,  
And for every season.

THE BALLAD.

SING to me some homely ballad,  
Plaintive with the tones of love;  
Harp and voice together blending,  
Like the doling of the dove.

Let each cadence melt in languor  
Softly on my ravished ears,  
Till my half-closed eyes are brimming  
With a rapture of sweet tears.

Summon back fond recollections,  
Such as gentle sounds prolong;  
Flies of memory embalming  
In the amber of a song.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock  
In all the fairy dells,  
And if I find the charmed leaf,  
Oh, how I'll weave my spells!  
I would not waste my magic might  
On diamond, pearl, or gold,  
For treasure tires the weary sense—  
Such triumph is but cold;  
But I will play the enchanter's part  
In casting bliss around;  
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honour,  
I'd dry the mourner's tears,  
And to the pallid lip recall  
The smile of happier years;  
And hearts that had been long estranged,  
And friends that had grown cold,  
Should meet again like parted streams,  
And mingle as of old.

Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's  
part  
In casting bliss around;  
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning  
O'er vanished dreams of love,  
Should see them all returning,  
Like Noah's faithful dove.  
And Hope should launch her blessed bark  
On Sorrow's darkening sea,  
And Misery's children have an ark,  
And saved from sinking be.

Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's  
part  
In casting bliss around;  
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was  
weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wild  
raging sea;  
And the tempest was swelling, round the  
fisherman's dwelling,  
And she cried, "Dermot darling, oh!  
come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby  
still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face, while she  
bended her knee.  
"Oh! blessed be that warning, my child,  
thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whis-  
pering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright  
watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with  
me;  
And say thou wouldst rather they'd  
watched o'er thy father,  
For I know that the angels are whis-  
pering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot  
returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's  
father to see,  
And closely caressing her child, with a  
blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels were  
whispering with thee."

[LORD LYTTON.]

ABSENT, YET PRESENT.

As the flight of a river  
That flows to the sea,  
My soul rushes ever  
In tumult to thee.

A twofold existence  
I am where thou art;  
My heart in the distance  
Beats close to thy heart.

Look up, I am near thee,  
I gaze on thy face;  
I see thee, I hear thee,  
I feel thine embrace.

As a magnet's control on  
The steel it draws to it,  
Is the charm of thy soul on  
The thoughts that pursue it.

And absence but brightens  
The eyes that I miss,  
And custom but heightens  
The spell of thy kiss.

It is not from duty,  
Though that may be owed,—  
It is not from beauty,  
Though that be bestowed;

But all that I care for,  
And all that I know,  
Is that, without wherefore,  
I worship thee so.

Through granite as breaketh  
A tree to the ray,  
As a dreamer forsaketh  
The grief of the day,

My soul in its fever  
Escapes unto thee;  
O dream to the griever,  
O light to the tree!

A twofold existence  
I am where thou art;  
Hark, hear in the distance  
The beat of my heart!

LOVE AND FAME.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

I.

It was the May when I was born,  
Soft moonlight through the casement  
streamed,  
And still, as it were yestermorn,  
I dream the dream I dreamed.  
I saw two forms from fairy land,  
Along the moonbeam gently glide,  
Until they halted, hand in hand,  
My infant couch beside.

II.

With smiles, the cradle bending o'er,  
I heard their whispered voices breathe—  
The one a crown of diamond wore,  
The one a myrtle wreath;  
"Twin brothers from the better clime,  
A poet's spell hath lured to thee;  
Say which shall, in the coming time,  
Thy chosen fairy be?"

III.

I stretched my hand, as if my grasp  
Could snatch the toy from either brow;  
And found a leaf within my clasp,  
One leaf—as fragrant now!  
If both in life may not be won,  
Be mine, at least, the gentler brother—  
For he whose life deserves the one,  
In death may gain the other.

THE DESIRE OF FAME.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF THIRTY.

I DO confess that I have wished to give  
My land the gift of no ignoble name,

And in that holier air have sought to live,  
Sunned with the hope of Fame.

Do I lament that I have seen the bays  
Denied my own, not worthier brows above,—  
Foes quick to scoff, and friends afraid to praise,—  
More active hate than love?

Do I lament that roseate youth has flown  
In the hard labour grudged its niggard meed,  
And cull from far and juster lands alone  
Few flowers from many a seed?

No! for whoever with an earnest soul  
Strives for some end from this low world afar,  
Still upward travels, though he miss the goal,  
And strays—but towards a star.

Better than fame is still the wish for fame,  
The constant training for a glorious strife:  
The athlete nurtured for the Olympian Game  
Gains strength at least for life.

The wish for Fame is faith in holy things  
That soothe the life, and shall outlive the tomb—  
A reverent listening for some angel wings  
That cower above the gloom.

To gladden earth with beauty, or men's lives  
To serve with action, or their souls with truth,—  
These are the ends for which the hope survives  
The ignobler thirsts of youth.

No, I lament not, though these leaves may fall  
From the sered branches on the desert plain,  
Mocked by the idle winds that waft; and all  
Life's blooms, its last, in vain!

If vain for others, not in vain for me,—  
Who builds an altar let him worship there;  
What needs the crowd? though lone the shrine may be,  
Not hallowed less the prayer,

Eno' if haply in the after days,  
When by the altar sleeps the funeral stone,  
When gone the mists our human passions raise,  
And Truth is seen alone:

When causeless Hate can wound its prey no more,  
And fawns its late repentance o'er the dead,  
If gentle footsteps from some kindlier shore  
Pause by the narrow bed.

Or if yon children, whose young sounds of glee  
Float to mine ear the evening gales along,  
Recall some echo, in their years to be,  
Of not all-perished song!

Taking some spark to glad the hearth, or light  
The student lamp, from now neglected fires,—  
And one sad memory in the sons requite  
What—I forgive the sires.

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THE INFANT-BURIAL.

To and fro the bells are swinging,
Heavily heaving to and fro;
Sadly go the mourners, bringing
Dust to join the dust below.
Through the church-aisle, lighted dim,
Chanted knells the ghostly hymn,
*Dies ira, dies illa,
Solvat sacrum in favilla!*
Mother! flowers that bloomed and perished,
Strewed thy path the bridal day;
Now the bud thy grief has cherished,
With the rest has passed away!

Leaf that fadeth—bud that bloometh,
Mingled there, must wait the day
When the seed the grave entombeth
Bursts to glory from the clay.
*Dies ira, dies illa,
Solvat sacrum in favilla!*
Happy are the old that die,
With the sins of life repented;
Happier he whose parting sigh
Breaks a heart, from sin prevented!
Let the earth thine infant cover
From the cares the living know;
Happier than the guilty lover—
Memory is at rest below!
Memory, like a fiend, shall follow,
Night and day, the steps of Crime;
Hark! the church-bell, dull and hollow,
Shakes another sand from time!
Through the church-aisle, lighted dim,
Chanted knells the ghostly hymn;
Hear it, False One, where thou fliest,
Shriek to hear it when thou diest—
*Dies ira, dies illa,
Solvat sacrum in favilla!*

~~~~~

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

WHEN earth is fair, and winds are still,  
When sunset gilds the western hill,  
Oft by the porch, with jasmine sweet,  
Or by the brook, with noiseless feet,  
Two silent forms are seen;  
So silent they—the place so lone—  
They seem like souls when life is gone,  
That haunt where life has been:  
And his to watch, as in the past  
Her soul had watched his soul.  
Alas! *her* darkness waits the last,  
The grave the only goal!  
It is not what the leech can cure—  
An erring chord, a jarring madness:  
A calm so deep, it must endure—  
So deep, thou scarce canst call it sadness;  
A summer night, whose shadow falls  
On silent hearths in ruined halls.  
Yet, through the gloom, she seemed to feel  
His presence like a happier air,  
Close by his side she loved to steal,  
As if no ill could harm her there!

And when her looks his own would seek,  
Some memory seemed to wake the sigh,  
Strive for kind words she could not speak,  
And bless him in the tearful eye.  
O sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,  
In mornings soft with May,  
And silver-clear the waves that flow  
To shoreless deeps away;  
But heavenward from the faithful heart  
A sweeter incense stole;—  
The onward waves their source desert,  
But Soul returns to Soul!

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KING ARTHUR'S HOLIDAY.

Now is the time when, after sparkling showers,
Her starry wreaths the virgin jasmine weaves;
Now murmurous bees return with sunny hours;
And light wings rustle quick through glinting leaves;
Music in every bough; on mead and lawn
May lifts her fragrant altars to the dawn.

Now life, with every moment, seems to start
In air, in wave, on earth;—above, below;
And o'er her new-born children, Nature's heart
Heaves with the gladness mothers only know;
On poet times the month of poets shone—
May decked the world, and Arthur filled the throne.

Hard by a stream, amidst a pleasant vale,
King Arthur held his careless holiday;—
The stream was blithe with many a silken sail,
[gay;
The vale with many a proud pavilion
While Cymri's dragon, from the Roman's hold,
Spread with calm wing o'er Carduel's domes of gold.

Dark, to the right, thick forests mantled
o'er
A gradual mountain sloping to the
plain ;
Whose gloom but lent to light a charm
the more,
As pleasure pleases most when neigh-
bouring pain ;
And all our human joys most sweet and
holy,
Sport in the shadows cast from Melan-
choly.

Below that mount, along the glossy
sword
Were gentle groups, discoursing gentle
things ;
Or listening idly where the skilful
bard
Woke the sweet tempest of melodious
strings ;
Or whispering love—I ween, less idle
they,
For love's the honey in the flowers of
May.

Some plied in lusty race the glist'ning
oar ;
Some, noiseless, snared the silver-
scaled prey ;
Some wreathed the dance along the level
shore ;
And each was happy in his chosen
way.
Not by one shaft is Care, the hydra
killed,
So Mirth, determined, had his quiver
filled.

Bright 'mid his blooming Court, like
royal Morn
Girt with the Hours that lead the
jocund Spring,
When to its smile delight and flowers are
born,
And clouds are rose-hued,—shone the
Cymrian King,
Above that group, o'er-arched from tree
to tree,
Thick garlands hung their odorous
canopy ;

And in the midst of that delicious shade
Up sprang a sparkling fountain, silver-
voiced,
And the bee murmured and the breezes
played :
In their gay youth, the youth of May
rejoiced—
And they in hers—as though that leafy
hall
Chimed the heart's laughter with the
fountain's fall.

Propped on his easy arm, the King re-
clined,
And glancing gaily round the ring,
quoit he—
“‘Man,’ say our sages, ‘hath a fickle
mind,
And pleasures pall, if long enjoyed
they be.’
But I, methinks, like this soft summer-
day,
Mid blooms and sweets could wear the
hours away ;—

“Feel, in the eyes of Love, a cloudless
sun,
Taste, in the breath of Love, eternal
spring ;
Could age but keep the joys that youth
has won,
The human heart would fold its idle
wing !
If change there be in Fate and Nature's
plan,
Wherefore blame us ?—it is in Time, not
Man.”

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

UPON a barren steep,
Above a stormy deep,
I saw an Angel watching the wild sea ;
Earth was that barren steep,
Time was that stormy deep,
And the opposing shore—Eternity !

“Why dost thou watch the wave ?
Thy feet the waters lave,
The tide engulfs thee if thou dost delay.”
“Unscathed I watch the wave,
Time not the Angel's grave,
I wait until the ocean ebbs away.”

Hushed on the Angel's breast
I saw an Infant rest,
Smiling upon the gloomy hell below.
“What is the Infant pressed,
O Angel, to thy breast ?”
“The child God gave me, in The Long
Ago.

“Mine all upon the earth,
The Angel's angel-birth,
Smiling each terror from the howling
wild.”

Never may I forget
The dream that haunts me yet,
OF PATIENCE NURSING HOPE—THE
ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

TO THE KING ON THE AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

Duchess de la Vallière.

GREAT though thou art, awake thee from
the dream
That earth was made for kings—mankind
for slaughter—
Woman for lust—the People for the
Palace !
Dark warnings have gone forth ; along
the air
Lingers the crash of the first Charles's
throne.
Behold the young, the fair, the haughty
king,
The ruling courtiers, and the flattering
priests !
Lo ! where the palace rose, behold the
scaffold—
The crowd—the axe—the headsman—
and the victim !
Lord of the Silver Lilies, canst thou tell
If the same fate await not thy descen-
dant !
If some meek son of thine imperial line
May make no brother to yon headless
spectre !
And when the sage who saddens o'er the
end
Tracks back the causes, tremble, lest he
finds
The seeds, thy wars, thy pomp, and thy
profusion,

Sowed in a heartless court and breadless
people,
Grew to the tree from which men shaped
the scaffold,—
And the long glare of thy funereal glories
Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly
grave ?
Beware, proud King ! the Present cries
aloud,
A prophet to the Future ! Wake !—
beware !

A LOVER'S DREAM OF HOME.

Lady of Lyons.

A PALACE lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name !
At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and
wonder
Why Earth could be unhappy, while the
Heaven
Still left us youth and love ; we'd have
no friends
That were not lovers ; no ambition, save
To excel them all in love ; we'd read no
books
That were not tales of love—that we
might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of
words
Translates the poetry of hearts like
ours !
And when night came, amidst the breath-
less heavens
We'd guess what star should be our home
when love
Becomes immortal ; while the perfumed
light
Stole through the mists of alabaster
lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves and music from sweet
lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush
forth
P' the midst of roses ! Dost thou like the
picture ?