Honour to those whose words or deed.
Thus help us in our daily need,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read Of the great army of the dead, The trenches cold and damp, The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain, In dreary hospitals of pain, The cheerless corridors, The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be Opened and then closed suddenly, The vision came and went, The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long Hereafter of her speech and song. That light its rays shall cast From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Now were shall be wanting here

Nor even shall be wanting here The palm, the lily, and the spear, The symbols that of yore Saint Filomena bore.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door:
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roat,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,

For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast, As through an Alpine village passed A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device,—

Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath, Flashed like a falchion from its sheath And like a silver clarion rung, The accents of that unknown tongue, Freeklor!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and brig
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
"The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest Thy weary head upon this breast!" A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered, with a sign,

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!

Beware the awful avalanche!"

This was the peasant's last Good-night.

A voice replied, far up the height,

Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

RAIN IN SUMMER

After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

m its sheath;
mg,
like the tramp of hoofs!
Like the tramp of hoofs!
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
arm and bright;
And swift and wide,
rs shone,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber Looks at the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Enguls them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,

THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS.

And the vapours that arise

From the well-watered and smoking soil. Unto his wondering eyes reveal For this rest in the furrow after toil Their large and lustrous eyes eem to thank the Lord,

As they bend their tops

To the numberless beating drops From under the sheltering trees, Only his own thrift and gain. He counts it as no sin Of the incessant rain. The farmer sees Near at hand That he sees therein es, and his fields of grain

And from each ample fold Of the clouds about him rolled Walking the fenceless fields of air; These, and far more than the The showery rain

As the farmer scatters his grain. Scattering everywhere Aquarius old He can behold

He can behold Things manifold That have not yet been wholly told, Opposite the setting sun. Climbing up once more to heaven On the bridge of colours seven And sees them, when the rain is done, Of lakes and rivers under ground Down to the graves of the dead, Have not been wholly sung nor said. For his thought, that never stops, To the dreary fountain-head Down through chasms and gulfs profor Follows the water-drops

Sees forms appear and disappear, In the perpetual round of strange With vision clear, From earth to heaven, from heaven to

Till glimpses more sublime

In the rapid and rushing river of Time-The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel

THE SINGERS

And bring them back to heaven again. That they might touch the hearts of men, With songs of sadness and of mirth, God sent his singers upon earth

Playing the music of our dreams. Through groves he wandered, and by Held in his hand a golden lyre; The first, a youth, with soul of fire,

Stood singing in the market-place, And stirred with accents deep and loud The hearts of all the listening crowd. The second, with a bearded face,

A gray, old man, the third and last, And those who heard the Singers three Contrition from its mouths of gold. While the majestic organ rolled For still their music seemed to start Disputed which the best might be: in cathedrals dim and vast,

To charm, to strengthen, and to teach. No best in kind, but in degree; But the great Master said, "I see Discordant echoes in each heart. I gave a various gift to each,

"These are the three great chords of And he whose ear is tuned aright But the most perfect harmony. Will hear no discord in the three,

UNSEEN FRIENDS.

A DEDICATION.

From birth to death, from death to birth, As one who, walking in the twilight gloom, Hears round about him voices as it darkens,

> Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

And pause, and turn to listen, as each So walking here, in twilight, O my friends! I hear your voices, softened by the distance,

His words of friendship, comfort, and

assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told, Has ever given delight or consolation, Ye have repaid me back a thousandfold,

By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have Thanks for each kindly word, each

That teaches me, when seeming most Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to Kind letters, that betray the heart's

invited!

In which we feel the pressure of a

The pleasant books, that silently among Our household treasures take familiar

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold, With eye of sense, your outward form And are to us as if a living tongue Spake from the printed leaves or pic-

Therefore to me ye never will grow old, But live for ever young in my rememand semblance;

And seeing not the forms from which they Never grow old, nor change, nor pass Your gentle voices will flow on for

When life grows bare and tarnished with As through a leafless landscape flows a niver. decay,

Not chance of birth or place has made us Being oftentimes of different tongues

But the endeavour for the selfsame ends With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside Saddened, and mostly silent, with

Not interrupting with intrusive talk The grand, majestic symphonies of emotion;

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest, At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted, To have my place reserved among the rest, Nor stand as one unsought and un-

THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

Evangeline.

One touch of fire,—and all the rest is muring pines and the hemlocks, mystery!

THIS is the forest primeval. The muring pines and the hemlocks, mystery!

Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight.

Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms. and prophetic,

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest. voiced neighbouring ocean

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it woodland the voice of the huntsman?

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Where is the thatch-roofed village, the By day its voice is low and light;

ing an image of heaven? Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed!

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the Through days of sorrow and of mirth, mighty blasts of October Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and

sprinkle them far o'er the ocean. Nought but tradition remains of the beau- And as if, like God, it all things saw, tiful village of Grand-Pré.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shor an arrow into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For, so swiftly it flew, the sight Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For who has sight so keen and strong, That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak I found the arrow, still unbroke; And the song, from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street Stands the old-fashioned country-seat; Across its antique portico Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw, And from its station in the hall An ancient timepiece says to all,-"Forever-never! Never-forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands, And points and beckons with its hands From its case of massive oak, Like a monk, who, under his cloak, Crosses himself, and sighs alas! With sorrowful voice to all who pass,-"Forever-never! Never-forever!" Where all parting, pain, and care,

home of Acadian farmers,—

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that watered the woodlands,

But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall, Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflect- Along the ceiling, along the floor, And seems to say at each chamber-door, "Forever—never! Never—forever!"

> Through days of death and days of birth, Through every swift vicissitude -Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood, It calmly repeats those words of awe,-"Forever-never! Never-forever!"

In that mansion used to be Free-hearted Hospitality; His great fires up the chimney roared; The stranger feasted at his board; But, like the skeleton at the feast, That warning timepiece never ceased,-"Forever-never! Never-forever!"

There groups of merry children played, There youths and maidens dreaming strayed; O precious hours! O golden prime, And affluence of love and time ! Even as a miser counts his gold, Those hours the ancient timepiece told,-"Forever-never! Never-forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white, The bride came forth on her wedding There, in that silent room below, The dead lay in his shroud of snow; And in the hush that followed the prayer, Was heard the old clock on the stair,-"Forever-never! Never-forever!"

All are scattered now and fled, Some are married, some are dead; And when I ask, with throbs of pain, "Ah! when shall they all meet again?" As in the days long-since gone by, The ancient timepiece makes reply,-"Forever-never! Never-forever!"

Never here, forever there,

And death, and time shall disappear,-Forever there, but never here! The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hesperus, That sailed the wintry sea; And the skipper had taken his little daughter, To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax, Her cheeks like the dawn of day, And her bosom white as the hawthorn That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm, His pipe was in his mouth, And he watched how the veering flaw did blow The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor, Had sailed the Spanish Main, "I pray thee put into yonder port, For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring, And to-night no moon we see!" The skipper, he blew a whiff from his And she thought of Christ, who stilled the And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind, A gale from the north-east; The snow fell hissing in the brine, And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain The vessel in its strength; She shuddered and paused, like a frighted Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little And do not tremble so; For I can weather the roughest gale That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's Against the stinging blast; He cut a rope from a broken spar, And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring, O say what may it be?" "Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns, O say what may it be?" "Some ship in distress, that cannot live In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light, O say what may it be?' But the father answered never a word,-A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark, With his face turned to the skies, The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and That saved she might be; On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and Through the whistling sleet and snow, Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between A sound came from the land; It was the sound of the trampling surf, On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

She drifted a dreary wreck, And a whooping billow swept the crew Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy Looked soft as carded wool, But the cruel rocks, they gored her side Like the horns of an angry bull,

Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach, A fisherman stood aghast, To see the form of a maiden fair, Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast, The salt tears in her eyes; weed, On the billows fall and rise.

The breakers were right beneath her Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, In the midnight and the snow! Christ save us all from a death like this, On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE SHIP OF STATE. The Building of the Ship.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Union, strong and great! Humanity with all its fears, Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,

With all the hopes of future years, Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel, With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank.

What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat, In what a forge and what a heat Were shaped the anchors of thy hope! Fear not each sudden sound and shock, 'Tis of the wave and not the rock; 'Tis but the flapping of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale! In spite of rock and tempest's roar, In spite of false lights on the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee; The salt tears in her eyes;
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Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea! Stars! your balmiest influence shed! Stars! your balmiest influence shed! Stars! your balmiest influence shed! Stern daughter of the voice of God! Still to the neat, still to be drest. Still to be neat, still to be drest. Still mess my partial pencil how to dwell Strength too—chou surly, and less geattle boast Strength too—chou surly, and less geattle boast Strength co—chou surly, and less geattle boast Strengt church of the mountain side. Strong climber of the mountain side. Sweet Anburn! I perceive of the climber of the side of the climber of the side of th
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Still not be neat, still to be drest, still most my partial pencel love to dwell . Samual Rogers 188 Strong climber of the mountain side . Eheneser Elliott . 301 Strong climber of the mountain side . So was the talk they held upon their way . So was the talk they he had to was . So weet show that and to was . So weet show they are town . William Wordsworth . 300 Sweet So, so was . So was . So we . William Wordsworth . 300 Sweet So was . Was . So was . So was . So weet to the gay o' heart is summer's smile . Heavy Kirke White . 205 . Sweet to the gay o' heart is summer's smile . Heavy Kirke White . 205 . So weet to the gay o' heart is summer's smile . Heavy Kirke White . 205 . Tell me, on, what holy ground . Heavy Kirke White . 205 . Tell me, on, what holy ground . Heavy Kirke White . 205 . Tell me, on, what holy ground . Heavy Wasworth Longfellow . So wante! Taylor Coleridge . 449 . The tary of wash, that dreadful day . Fall me not, in mournful numbers . So was .
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