

On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her face
Glow'd as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips : she left me where I stood :
"Glory to God," she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

"Alas ! alas !" a low voice full of care,
Murmur'd beside me : "Turn and look on me.
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

"Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor !
O me, that I should ever see the light !
Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
Do hunt me, day and night."

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust :
"To whom the Egyptian : "O, you tamely died !
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust
The dagger thro' her side."

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,
Stolen to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark
Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France ;

Or her, who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labors longer from the deep
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again !
But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be express
By signs or groans or tears ;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

IN the names that have been given to the days of
the week, we find concealed the mythology both of
Southern and of Northern Europe.

Raphael's "Days" illustrate the former, and the
seven sonnets here given, the latter.

THE SEVEN DAYS.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACE.

(Atlantic Monthly, March, 1881.)

MONDAY. (Day of the Moon.)

Diana, sister of the Sun ! thy ray
 Governs these opening hours. The world is wide,
 We know not what new evil may betide
 This six days' journey ; by what unknown way
 We come at last unto the royal day
 Of prophecy and promise. Oh, preside
 Propitious, and our doubting footsteps guide
 Onward and sunward. Long in shadows gray
 We have but slumbered — hidden from our view
 Knowledge and wisdom in unfruitful night.
 But, if upon the dawn's unfolding blue
 Thy hand this day our destiny must write,
 Once more our outer, inward life renew
 With Heaven's first utterance — "Let there be light."

TUESDAY.

(Day of the War-God.)

Fear not, O soul, to-day ! Imperial Mars
 Leads on the hours, a brave and warlike train,
 Fire in his glance, and splendor in his reign,
 From the first glitter through the sunrise bars
 Till his red banner flames among the stars !
 Thou too go forth, and fully armed maintain
 Duty and right. The hero is not slain,
 Though pierced and wounded in a hundred wars.
 The daring are the deathless. He alone
 Is victor who stays not for any doom

Foreshadowed ; utters neither sigh nor moan
 Death-stricken, but right onward, his fair plume
 Scorched in the battle flame, through smoke and gloom
 Strikes for the right, nor counts his life his own.

WEDNESDAY.

(Day of Odin.)

The mighty Odin rides abroad, and earth
 Trembles, and echoes back his ghostly sigh,
 More deep than thought, more sad than memory.
 The very birds rejoice in timid mirth,
 For in the forest sudden gusts have birth,
 And harsh against the pale appealing sky
 Ascends his ravens' melancholy cry.
 Peace be with Odin. Of his ancient worth
 Many and proud the tales we will repeat,
 For sacred memories to these hours belong.
 But yesterday with reckless speed our feet
 Dared the bold height. With spirit no less strong
 To-day step softly. After battle's heat
 Warriors and wars are only themes for song.

THURSDAY.

(Day of the Mighty.)

White-robed, white-crowned, and borne by steeds snow-white,
 The thunderer rolls across the echoing skies !
 No hour is this to dream of past surprise,
 Or with old runes the memory to delight.
 The mountain tops with prophet beams are bright,
 The eagle soars aloft with jubilant cries !
 Thou too ; unto the hills lift up thine eyes ;
 To some new throne these sacred signs invite.
 Learn thy own strength ; and if some secret sense
 Of power untried pervades thy low estate,

Bend thy soul's purest, best intelligence
 To seek the mastery of time and fate.
 Courage and deathless hope and toil intense
 Are the crown jewels of the truly great.

FRIDAY.

(Day of the Beautiful.)

In the world-garden walled with living green
 The foam-born goddess of delight to-day
 Plucks glowing garlands for her own array.
 Poppy and myrtle in her wreath are seen,
 And roses, bending o'er her brow serene,
 Blush to perceive she is more fair than they.
 Sweet grasses at her feet their odors lay,
 While doves, low warbling, hover round their queen.
 In this brief life shall ever toil and care
 Hold fast our wishes? Earth's bewildering bowers,
 Her streams melodious and her woodlands fair
 Are palaces for gods. The world is ours!
 Beauty and love our birthright; we will share
 The sunshine, and the singing, and the flowers!

SATURDAY.

(Day of Saturn.)

Though bright with jewels and with garlands dressed,
 The bloom decays, the world is growing old!
 Lost are the days when peaceful Saturn told
 The arts to men and shared their toil or rest
 With eloquence divine. The Olympian guest
 Took with him in his flight the age of gold!
 Westward through myriad centuries has rolled
 The ceaseless pilgrimage, the hopeless quest
 For the true Fatherland. Through weary years

What if some rainbow glory spans the gloom?
 Some strong, sweet utterance the wayside cheers?
 Or gladness opens like a rose in bloom?
 Step after step the fatal moment nears;
 Earth for new graves is ever making room.

SUNDAY.

(Day of the Sun.)

Thou glorious Sun, illumining the blue
 Highway of heaven! to thy triumphing rays
 The earth her shadow yields, the hill-tops blaze;
 Up lifts the mist, up floats the midnight dew.
 Old things are passed away; the world is new;
 Labor is changed to rest and rest to praise;
 Past are the toilsome heights, the stormy days.
 The eternal Future breaks upon our view!
 Last eve we lingered uttering our farewells,
 But lo! One met us in the early light
 Of this divinest morn. The tale He tells
 Transfigures life, and opens heaven to sight.
 Bring altar flowers! Lilies and asphodels!
 Sing Jubilates! *There is no more night!*

* * * * *

NOTE. — In numbering the days of the week we call Sunday the first. This custom dates only from the earliest Christian times. As our Saviour rose from the dead on Sunday, the Christians wishing to keep the Resurrection always in mind, began to reckon the days from that event; and, in fact, our entire method of computing time is based upon the Birth of Christ.

Balder, or Baldur, is the name given to the Sun-god in Norse mythology. The name also means lord or king. The myth of Balder has furnished a congenial subject for many modern poets, Matthew Arnold, Wil-

liam Morris ("Earthly Paradise"), Robert Buchanan, W. M. W. Call, and Longfellow ("Tegnér's Drapa"). The author of the poem selected should not be nameless, for it has unquestionable merit.

BALDER.

ANONYMOUS.

Balder, the white sun-god, has departed !
 Beautiful as summer dawn was he ;
 Loved of gods and men — the royal-hearted
 Balder, the white sun-god, has departed —
 Has gone home where all the brave ones be.

For the tears of the imperial mother,
 For a universe that weeps and prays,
 Rides Hermoder forth to seek his brother —
 Rides for love of that distressful mother
 Through lead-colored glens and 'cross blue ways.

With the howling wind and raving torrent,
 Nine days rode he, deep and deeper down, —
 Reached the vast death-kingdom, rough and 'horrent,
 Reached the lonely bridge that spans the torrent
 Of the moaning river by Hell-town.

There he found the ancient portress standing —
 Vexer of the mind and of the heart :
 " Balder came this way," to his demanding
 Cried aloud that ancient portress standing —
 " Balder came, but Balder did depart ;

" Here he could not dwell. He is down yonder —
 Northward, further, in the death-realm he."
 Rode Hermoder on in silent wonder —
 Mane of Gold fled fast and rushed down yonder !
 Brave and good must young Hermoder be.

For he leaps sheer over Hela's portal,
 Drops into the huge abyss below.
 There he saw the beautiful immortal —
 Saw him, Balder, under Hela's portal —
 Saw him, and forgot his pain and woe.

" O, my Balder ! have I, have I found thee ?
 Balder, beautiful as summer morn ?
 O, my sun-god ! hearts of heroes crowned thee
 For their king ; they lost, but now have found thee,
 Gods and men shall not be left forlorn.

Balder ! brother ! the Divine has vanished ;
 The eternal splendors all have fled ;
 Truth and love and nobleness are banished,
 The heroic and divine have vanished ;
 Nature has no god, and earth lies dead.

" Come thou back my Balder — king and brother !
 Teach the hearts of men to love the gods !
 Come thou back and comfort our great mother —
 Come with truth and bravery, Balder, brother —
 Bring the godlike back to men's abodes !"

But the Nornas let him pray unheeded —
 Balder never was to come again.
 Vainly, vainly young Hermoder pleaded —
 Balder never was to come. Unheeded,
 Young Hermoder wept and prayed in vain.

Oh, the trueness of this ancient story !
 Even now it is, as it was then.
 Earth has lost a portion of her glory ;
 And like Balder, in the ancient story,
 Never comes the beautiful again.

Still the young Hermoder journeys bravely,
 Through lead-colored glens and 'cross blue ways ;
 Still he calls his brother, pleading gravely —
 Still to the death-kingdom ventures bravely —
 Calmly to the eternal terror prays.

But the fates relent not ; strong endeavor,
 Courage, noble feeling, are in vain ;
 For the beautiful has gone forever.
 Vain are courage, genius, strong endeavor —
 Never comes the beautiful again.

Do you think I counsel weak despairing?
 No ! like young Hermoder I would ride ;
 With an humble, yet a gallant daring,
 I would leap unquailing, undespairing,
 Over the huge precipice's side.

Dead and gone is the old world's ideal,
 The old arts and old religion fled ;
 But I gladly live among the real
 And I seek a worthier ideal.
 Courage, brothers, God is overhead.

NOTES. — Compare the story of Balder with the story of Apollo. What resemblances do you discover? What differences are most marked?

Do you think it probable or improbable that these stories had a common origin? Give the reason for your answer.

The following dispatch to the *London Times* inspired Edmund C. Stedman to write his poem "News from Olympia," which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1877.

"One after the other the figures described by Pausanias are dragged from the earth. Niké (Victory)

has been found ; the head of Kladeos is there ; Myrtilos is announced, and Zeus will soon emerge. This is earnest of what may follow."

NEWS FROM OLYMPIA.

Olympia? Yes, strange tidings from the city
 Which pious mortals builded, stone by stone,
 For those old gods of Hellas, half in pity
 Of their storm-mantled height and dwelling lone, —
 Their seat upon the mountain overhanging
 Where Zeus withdrew behind the rolling cloud,
 Where crowned Apollo sang, the phorminx twanging,
 And at Poseidon's word the forests bowed.
 Ay, but that fated day
 When from the plain Olympia passed away ;
 When ceased the oracles, and long unwept
 Amid their fanes the gods deserted fell,
 While sacerdotal ages, as they slept,
 The ruin covered well !

The pale Jew flung his cross, thus one has written,
 Among them as they sat at the high feast,
 And saw the gods, before that token smitten,
 Fade slowly, while His presence still increased,
 Until the seas Ionian and Ægæan
 Gave out a cry that Pan himself was dead,
 And all was still ; thenceforth no more the pæan,
 No more by men the prayer to Zeus was said.

Sank, like a falling star,
 Hephaistos in the Lemnian waters far ;
 The silvery Huntress fled the darkened sky ;
 Dim grew Athene's helm, Apollo's crown ;

Alpheios' nymphs stood wan and trembling by
When Hera's fane went down.

News! what news? Has it in truth then ended,
The term appointed for that wondrous sleep?
Has Earth so well her fairest brood defended
Within her bosom? Was their slumber deep,
Not this our dreamless rest that knows no waking,
But that to which the years are as a day?
What! are they coming back, their prison breaking, —
These gods of Homer's chant, of Pindar's lay?

Are they coming back in might,
Olympia's gods, to claim their ancient right?
Shall then the sacred majesty of old,
The grace that holy was, the noble rage,
Temper our strife, abate our greed for gold,
Make fine the modern age?

Yes, they are coming back, to light returning!
Bold are the hearts and void of fear the hands
That toil, the lords of War and Spoil unurning,
Or of their sisters fair that break the bands;
That loose the sovran mistress of desire,
Queen Aphrodite, to possess the earth
Once more; that dare renew dread Hera's ire,
And rouse old Pan to wantonness of mirth.

The herald Niké first,
From the dim resting-place unfettered burst,
Winged victor over fate and time and death!
Zeus follows next, and all his children then;
Phoibos awakes and draws a joyous breath,
And Love returns to men.

Ah, let them come, the glorious Immortals,
Rulers no more but with mankind to dwell,
The dear companions of our hearts and portals,
Voiceless, unworshipped, yet beloved right well!
Pallas shall sit enthroned in wisdom's station,
Eros and Psyche be forever wed,
And still the primal loveliest creation
Yield new delight from ancient beauty bred.

Triumphant as of old,
Changeless while Art and Song their warrant hold,
The visions of our childhood haunt us still,
Still Hellas sways us with her charm supreme;
The morn is past, but Man has not the will
To banish yet the dream.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SONNET.

E. T. BENEDICT.

Beside the southern sea, in days of old,
Once stood Apollo, with the Graces three,
The Muses and their mother, Memory —
In all fourteen — to sing the age of gold.
And first Apollo's voice in music rolled,
Then each in turn sang to the listening sea,
Till Memory took up the melody,
And in her thoughtful voice the end was told.
Thus then was born the sonnet. 'Tis the lord
Of all the figments of a poet's brain,
If to its fourteen lines he can award
That order of Apollo and his train —
The god of Song to strike the opening chord,
While Memory evokes the closing strain.

THE FIRST FAN.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When rose the cry, "Great Pan is dead!"
 And Jove's high palace closed its portal,
 The fallen gods, before they fled,
 Sold out their frippery to a mortal.

"To whom?" you ask. I ask of you.
 The answer hardly needs suggestion;
 Of course it was the Wandering Jew,—
 How could you put me such a question?

A purple robe, a little worn,
 The thunderer deigned himself to offer;
 The bearded wanderer laughed in scorn,—
 You know he always was a scoffer.

* * * * *

The ice was broken; up they came,
 All sharp for bargains, god and goddess,
 Each ready with the price to name
 For robe or head-dress, scarf or bodice.

First Juno, out of temper too,
 Her queenly forehead somewhat cloudy,
 Then Pallas in her stockings blue,
 Imposing, but a little dowdy.

* * * * *

But as for Pallas,—how to tell
 In seemly phrase a fact so shocking?
 She pointed,—pray excuse me,—well,
 She pointed to her azure stocking.

And if the honest truth were told,
 Its heel confessed the need of darning.

"Gods!" low-bred Vulcan cried, "behold!
 There! that's what comes of too much larning."

Pale Proserpine came groping round,
 Her pupils dreadfully dilated
 With too much living underground,—
 A residence quite overrated;

"This kerchief's what you want, I know,—
 Don't cheat poor Venus of her cestus,—
 You'll find it handy when you go
 To—you know where; it's pure asbestus."

Then Phoebus of the silver bow,
 And Hē'-bē, dimpled as a baby,
 And Dian with the breast of snow,
 Chaser and chased—and caught, it may be:

* * * * *

Then Mars the foe of human kind
 Strode up and showed his suit of armor;
 So none at last was left behind
 Save Venus, the celestial charmer.

* * * * *

Her gems were sold, her sandals gone,—
 She always would be rash and flighty,—
 Her winter garments all in pawn,
 Alas for charming Aphrodite!

The lady of a thousand loves,
 The darling of the old religion,
 Had only left of all the doves
 That drew her car, one fan-tailed pigeon.

* * * * *

"My bird, I want your train," she cried;
 "Come, don't let's have a fuss about it;

I'll make it beauty's pet and pride,
And you'll be better off without it."

* * * * *

The goddess spoke, and gently stripped
Her bird of every caudal feather ;
A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped,
And bound the glossy plumes together,

And lo, the Fan ! for beauty's hand,
The lovely queen of beauty made it ;
The price she named was hard to stand,
But Venus smiled : the Hebrew paid it.

Jove, Juno, Venus, where are you ?
Mars, Neptune, Phœbus, Mercury, Saturn ?
But o'er the world, the Wandering Jew
Has borne the Fan's celestial pattern.

So everywhere we find the Fan,—
In lonely isles of the Pacific,
In farthest China and Japan,—
Wherever suns are sudorific.

* * * * *

Before this new Pandora's gift
In slavery woman's tyrant kept her,
But now he kneels her glove to lift,—
The fan is mightier than the scepter.

* * * * *

But every one that swings to-night,
Of fairest shape, from farthest region,
May trace its pedigree aright
To Aphrodite's fan-tailed pigeon.

GROUP VII.

PAGANISM OVERTHROWN BY CHRISTIANITY.

THE poems contained in this group have been selected with a view to show the effect that the birth of Christ, His life, His teaching, and the religion founded by Him, had upon the worship of false gods.

The conflict between Christianity and Paganism must necessarily have been long and severe, and the great theatre of that struggle was in Rome—"Rome that sat upon her seven hills, and from her throne of empire ruled the world." The birth of Christ is the great landmark in the history of the human race, as the whole civilized world reckons time from that event before and after.

Perhaps we shall be the better prepared to read history, both civil and religious, without prejudice and with minds open to receive truth, by a careful study of these poems.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

ALFRED DOMMETT.

It was the calm and silent night !
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.