

Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phœbus' chariot-course is run !
Look up, poets, to the sun !
Pan, Pan is dead.

Christ hath sent us down the angels ;
And the whole earth and the skies
Are illumed by altar candles
Lit for blessed mysteries :
And a Priest's Hand through creation
Waveth calm and consecration —
And Pan is dead.

Truth is fair ; should we forego it ?
Can we sigh right for a wrong ?
God Himself is the best Poet,
And the Real is His song.
Sing His Truth out fair and full,
And secure His beautiful.
Let Pan be dead.

Truth is large. Our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be.
Shame ! to stand in His creation
And doubt Truth's sufficiency !
To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our own telling —
When Pan is dead.

What is true and just and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure —
All of praise that hath admonish'd
All of virtue shall endure, —
These are themes for poets' uses,
Stirring nobler than the Muses,
Ere Pan was dead.

O brave poets, keep back nothing ;
Nor mix falsehood with the whole !
Look up Godward ! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul !
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty !
Pan, Pan is dead.

MESSIAH.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Ye nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song ;
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and Aonian maids,
Delight no more, — O Thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !
Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower ;
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
O spring to light ! auspicious Babe, be born !
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,

With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears :
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise ;
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way ;
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold !
 Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day ;
 'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
 From every face He wipes off every tear.
 In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
 Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
 The promised Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
 The swain, in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead ;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
 Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes !
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,

And heaped with products of Sabean springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts ; the Light Himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

MILTON.

I.

This is the month, and this the happy morn
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring —
 For so the holy sages once did sing —
 That He our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
 Wherewith He went at heav'n's high council-table
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside ; and here with us to be,

Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcome Him to this His new abode,
 Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet :
 Oh ! run prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;
 Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
 From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild,
 While the heav'n-born child
 All meanly wrapt in a rude manger lies ;
 Nature, in awe to him,
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame
Pollute with sinful blame

The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But He her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

Nor war, nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood :

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd with steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light
Of Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlighten'd world no more should need ;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger-strook ;
Divinely-warbled voice

Answering the stringéd noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took ;
 The air such pleasure loath to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

x.

Nature that heard such sound,
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

xi.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefac'd night array'd ;
 The helméd Cherubim,
 The sworded Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

xii.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung ;
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel keep.

xiii.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
 Once bless our human ears,
 If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so ;
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time,
 And let the bass of heav'n's deep organ blow ;
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

xiv.

For if such holy song
 Inwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
 And hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

xv.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Thron'd in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering :
 And heav'n, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

xvi.

But wisest Fate says, no,
 This must not yet be so ;
 The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,

That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both Himself and us to glorify ;
Yet first to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out-brake :
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for from this happy day
The old Dragon underground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving ;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving ;
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The lars, and lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint,
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar pow'r foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine ;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;

In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast —
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis-haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipping'd ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand —
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide —
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damned crew.

XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail —
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest.
Time is our tedious song should here have ending ;
Heaven's youngest teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

THE RESURRECTION.

OUR word *Easter*, by which we designate the day of our Lord's resurrection, is of Anglo-Saxon origin. Originally it signified a goddess of light or spring, in honor of whom a festival was celebrated in April. The German spelling, *Ostera*, is used by the author of "Easter Morning."

EASTER MORNING.

MRS. FRANCES L. MACE.

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I.

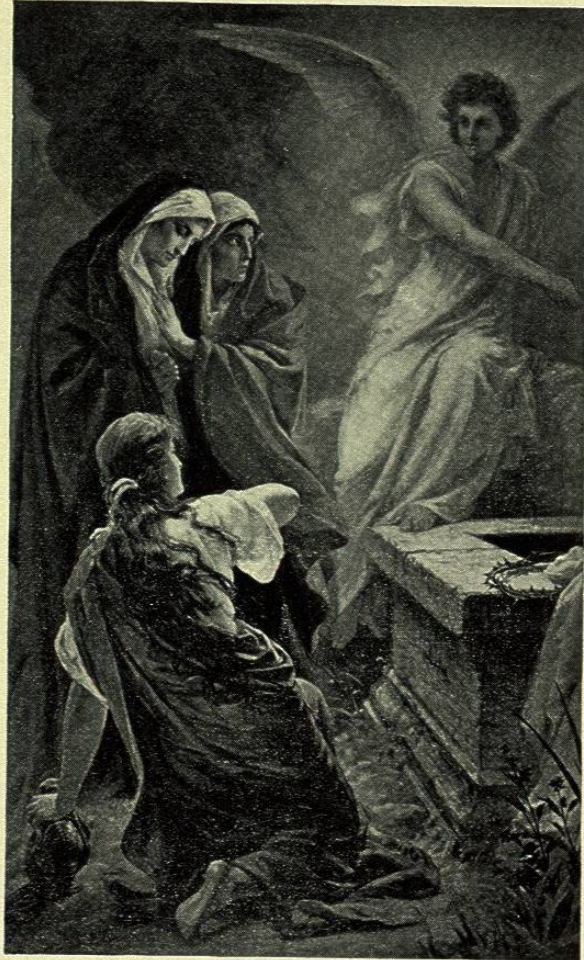
Ostera, spirit of spring-time,
Awake from thy slumbers deep !
Arise ! and with hands that are glowing
Put off the white garments of sleep.
Make thyself fair, O goddess !
In new and resplendent array,
For the footsteps of Him who has risen
Shall be heard in the dawn of the day.

Flushes the trailing arbutus
 Low under the forest leaves —
 A sign that the drowsy goddess
 The breath of her Lord perceives.
 While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly ;
 While He slept, she was still with pain ;
 But now He awakes — He has risen —
 Her beauty shall bloom again.
 O hark ! in the budding woodlands,
 Now far, now near, is heard
 The first prelusive warble
 Of rivulet and of bird.
 O listen ! the jubilate
 From every bough is poured,
 And earth in the smile of spring-time
 Arises to greet her Lord !

II.

Radiant goddess Aurora !
 Open the chambers of dawn ;
 Let the Hours like a garland of graces
 Enrich the chariot of morn.
 Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,
 The god of the sunbeam and lyre ;
 The pride of his empire is ended,
 And pale is his armor of fire.

From a loftier height than Olympus
 Light flows, from the Temple above,
 And the mists of old legends are scattered
 In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.
 Come forth from the cloud-land of fable,
 For day in full splendor make room —
 For a triumph that lost not its glory
 As it paused in the sepulchre's gloom.



“ . . . the long watches are over,
 The stone from the grave rolled away,
 ‘We shall rise!’ is the song of to-day.”

She comes ! the bright goddess of morning,
In crimson and purple array ;
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses
The first golden lilies of day.
On the mountains her sandals are glowing,
O'er the valleys she speeds on the wing,
Till the earth is all rosy and radiant
For the feet of the new-risen King.

III.

Open the gates of the Temple,
Spread branches of palm and of bay ;
Let not the spirits of nature
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
While Spring from her death-sleep arises
And joyous His presence awaits,
While Morning's smile lights up the heavens,
Open the Beautiful Gates !

He is here ! the long watches are over,
The stone from the grave rolled away ;
"We shall sleep !" was the sigh of the midnight ;
"We shall rise !" is the song of to-day.
O Music ! no longer lamenting,
On pinions of tremulous flame
Go soaring to meet the Beloved
And swell the new song of His fame !

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
The font is a vase of perfume,
On pillar and chancel are twining
Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
Christ is risen ! with glad lips we utter,
And far up the infinite height
Archangels the pæan re-echo,
And crown Him with Lilies of Light !