

Though I at Aphroditè all day long
Gaze until sunset with a thirsty
eye,
I shall not drain her boundless
beauty dry
By that wild gaze : nor do her fair
face wrong.

For who gives, giving, doth win back
his gift :
And knowledge by division grows
to more :
Who hides the Master's talent
shall die poor,
And starve at last of his own thank-
less thrift.

I did this for another : and, behold !
My work hath blood in it : but
thine hath none :
Done for thyself, it dies in being
done :
To what thou buyest thou thyself
art sold.

Give thyself utterly away. Be lost.
Choose someone, some thing : not
thyself, thine own :
Thou canst not perish : but, thrice
greater grown,—
Thy gain the greatest where thy loss
was most,—

Thou in another shalt thyself new-
find.
The single globule, lost in the wide
sea,
Becomes an ocean. Each iden-
tity
Is greatest in the greatness of its
kind.

Who serves for gain, a slave, by
thankless self
Is paid ; who gives himself is
priceless, free.
I give myself, a man, to God : lo,
He
Renders me back a saint unto my-
self !

NIGHT.

COME to me, not as once thou
camest, Night !
With light and splendor up the
gorgeous West ;
Easing the heart's rich sense of
thee with sighs
Sobbed out of all emotion on
Love's breast ;
While the dark world waned wav-
ering into rest,
Half seen athwart the dim delicious
light
Of languid eyes :
But softly, soberly ; and dark—more
dark !
Till my life's shadow lose itself in
thine.
Athwart the light of slowly-
gathering tears,
That come between me and the
starlight, shine
From distant melancholy deeps
divine,
While day slips downward through a
rosy arc
To other spheres.

SONG.

FLOW, freshly flow,
Dark stream, below !
While stars grow light above :
By willowy banks, through lonely
downs,
Past terraced walls in silent towns,
And bear me to my love !
Still, as we go,
Blow, gently blow,
Warm wind, and blithely move
These dreamy sails, that slowly
glide,—
A shadow on the shining tide
That bears me to my love.
Fade, sweetly fade
In dewy shade
On lonely grange and grove,
O lingering day ! and bring the
night

Through all her milk-white mazes
bright
That tremble o'er my love.

The sunset wanes
From twinkling panes.
Dim, misty myriads move
Down glimmering streets. One light
I see—
One happy light, that shines for me,
And lights me to my love !

FORBEARANCE.

CALL me not, Love, unthankful or
unkind,
That I have left my heart with
thee, and fled.
I were not worth that wealth which
I resigned,
Had I not chosen poverty instead.
Grant me but solitude ! I dare not
swerve
From my soul's law,—a slave,
though serving thee.
I but forbear more grandly to de-
serve :
The free gift only cometh of the
free.

HELIOS HYPERIONIDES.

HELIOS all day long his allotted
labor pursues ;
No rest to his passionate heart and
his panting horses given,
From the moment when roseate-fin-
gered Eos kindles the dews
And spurns the salt sea-floors,
ascending silvery the heaven,
Until from the hand of Eos Hesperos,
trembling, receives
His fragrant lamp, and faint in the
twilight hangs it up.
Then the over-wearied son of Hyper-
ion lightly leaves
His dusty chariot, and softly slips
into his golden cup :
And to holy Æthiopia, under the
ocean-stream,

Back from the sunken retreats of
the sweet Hesperides,
Leaving his unloved labor, leaving
his unyoked team,
He sails to his much-loved wife ;
and stretches his limbs at ease
In a laurelled lawn divine, on a bed
of beaten gold,
Where he pleasantly sleeps, forget-
ting his travel by lands and seas,
Till again the clear-eyed Eos comes
with a finger cold,
And again, from his white wife
severed, Hyperionides
Leaps into his flaming chariot,
angrily gathers the reins,
Headlong flings his course through
Uranos, much in wrath,
And over the seas and mountains,
over the rivers and plains,
Chafed at heart, tumultuous,
pushes his burning path.

ELISABETTA SIRANI.

1665.

JUST to begin,—and end ! so much,—
no more !
To touch upon the very point at
last
Where life should cling : to feel the
solid shore
Safe ; where, the seething sea's
strong toil o'erpast,
Peace seemed appointed ; then, with
all the store
Half-undivulged of the gleaned
ocean cast,
Like a discouraged wave's on the
bleak strand,
Where what appeared some temple
(whose glad Priest
To gather ocean's sparkling gift
should stand,
Bidding the wearied wave, from
toil releast,
Sleep in the marble harbors bathed
with bland
And quiet sunshine, flowing from
full east

Among the laurels) proves the dull
blind rock's
Fantastic front,—to die, a disal-
lowed,
Dasht purpose : which the scornful
shore-cliff mocks,
Even as it sinks ; and all its
wealth bestowed
In vain,—mere food to feed, per-
chance, stray flocks
Of the coarse sea-gull ! weaving its
own shroud
Of idle foam, swift ceasing to be
seen !
—Sad, sad, my father ! . . . yet it
comes to this.
For I am dying. All that might
have been—
That must have been ! . . . the
days, so hard to miss,
So sure to come ! . . . eyes, lips,
that seemed to lean
In on me at my work, and almost
kiss
The curls bowed o'er it, . . . lost !
O, never doubt
I should have lived to know them
all again,
And from the crowd of praisers
single out
For special love those forms be-
held so plain
Beforehand. When my pictures,
borne about
Bologna, to the church doors, led
their train |go,
Of kindling faces, turned, as by they
Up to these windows,—standing at
your side
Unseen, to see them, I (be sure !)
should know
And welcome back those eyes and
lips, desierd
Long since in fancy : for I loved
them so,
And so believed them ! Think !
. . . Bologna's pride
My paintings ! . . . Guido Reni's
mantle mine . . .
And I, the maiden artist, prized
among

The masters, . . . ah, that dream
was too divine
For earth to realize ! I die so
young,
All this escapes me ! God, the gift
be Thine,
Not man's then . . . better so !
That throbbing throng
Of human faces fades out fast. Even
yours,
Belovéd ones, the inexorable Fate
(For all our vowed affections!) scarce
endures
About me. Must I go, then, deso-
late
Out from among you ? Nay, my
work insures
Fit guerdon somewhere,—though
the gift must wait !
Had I lived longer, life would sure
have set
Earth's gift of fame in safety. But
I die.
Death must make safe the heavenly
guerdon yet.
I trusted time for immortality,—
There was my error ! Father, never
let
Doubt of reward confuse my
memory !
Besides,—I have done much : and
what is done
Is well done. All my heart con-
ceived, my hand
Made fast . . . mild martyr, saint,
and weeping nun,
And truncheoned prince, and war-
rior with bold brand,
Yet keep my life upon them ;—as
the sun,
Though fallen below the limits of
the land,
Still sees on every form of purple
cloud
His painted presence.
Flaring August's here,
September's coming ! Summer's
broidered shroud
Is borne away in triumph by the
year :

Red Autumn drops, from all his
branches bowed,
His careless wealth upon the costly
bier.
We must be cheerful. Set the case-
ment wide.
One last look o'er the places I have
loved,
One last long look ! . . . Bologna, O
my pride
Among thy palaced streets ! The
days have moved
Pleasantly o'er us. What has been
denied
To our endeavor ? Life goes un-
reproved.
To make the best of all things, is the
best
Of all means to be happy. This I
know,
But cannot phrase it finely. The
night's rest
The day's toil sweetens. Flowers
are warmed by snow.
All's well God wills. Work out this
grief. Joy's zest
Itself is salted with a touch of
woe.
There's nothing comes to us may
not be borne,
Except a too great happiness. But
this
Comes rarely. Though I know that
you will mourn
The little maiden helpmate you
must miss,
Thanks be to God, I leave you not
forlorn.
There should be comfort in this
dying kiss.
Let Barbara keep my colors for her-
self.
I'm sorry that Lucia went away
In some unkindness, 'Twas a
cheerful elf !
Send her my scarlet ribands,
mother ; say
I thought of her. My palette's on
the shelf,
Surprised, no doubt, at such long
holiday.
In the south window, on the easel,
stands
My picture for the Empress Eleä-
nore,
Still wanting some few touches, these
weak hands
Must leave to others. Yet there's
time before
The year ends. And the Empress'
own commands
You'll find in writing. Barbara's
brush is more
Like mine than Anna's ; let her
finish it.
O, . . . and there's 'Masò, our
poor fisherman !
You'll find my work done for him :
something fit
To hang among his nets ; you
liked the plan
My fancy took to please our friend's
dull wit,
Scarce brighter than his old tin
fishing-can. . . .
St. Margaret, stately as a ship full
sail,
Leading a dragon by an azure
band ;
The ribbon flutters gayly in the gale ;
The monster follows the Saint's
guiding hand,
Wrinkled to one grim smile from
head to tail ;
For in his horny hide his heart
grows bland.
—Where are you, dear ones ? . . .
'Tis the dull, faint chill,
Which soon will shrivel into burn-
ing pain !
Dear brother, sisters, father, mother,
—still
Stand near me ! While your faces
fixt remain
Within my sense, vague fears of un-
known ill
Are softly crowded out, . . . and
yet, 'tis vain !
Greet Giulio Banzi ; greet Antonio ;
greet |gone,
Bartolomeo, kindly. When I'm

And in the school-room, as of old,
 you meet,
 —Ah, yes! you'll miss a certain
 merry tone,
 A cheerful face, a smile that should
 complete
 The vague place in the household
 picture grown
 To an aspect so familiar, it seems
 strange
 That aught should alter there.
 Mere life, at least,
 Could not have brought the shadow
 of a change
 Across it. Safely the warm years
 increase
 Among us. I have never sought to
 range
 From our small table at earth's
 general feast,
 To higher places: never loved but
 you,
 Dear family of friends, except my
 art:
 Nor any form save those my pencil
 drew
 E'er quivered in the quiet of my
 heart.
 I die a maiden to Madonna true,
 And would have so continued. . . .
 There, the smart,
 The pang, the faintness! . . .

Ever, as I lie
 Here, with the Autumn sunset on
 my face,
 And heavy in my curls (whilst it,
 and I,
 Together, slipping softly from the
 place
 We played in, pensively prepare to
 die),
 A low warm humming simmers in
 my ears,

—Old Summer afternoons! faint
 fragments rise
 Out of my broken life . . . at
 times appears [skies:
 Madonna-like a moon in mellow
 The three Fates with the spindle
 and the shears:
 The Grand Duke Cosmo with the
 Destinies:
 St. Margaret with her dragon: fit-
 ful cheers
 Along the Via Urbana come and go:
 Bologna with her towers! . . .
 Then all grows dim,
 And shapes itself anew, softly and
 slow,
 To cloistered glooms through
 which the silver hymn
 Eludes the sensitive silence; whilst
 below
 The southwest window, just one
 single, slim,
 And sleepy sunbeam, powders with
 waved gold
 A lane of gleamy mist along the
 gloom,
 Whereby to find its way, through
 manifold [tomb,
 Magnificence, to Guido Reni's
 Which, set in steadfast splendor, I
 behold.
 And all the while, I scent the in-
 cense fume,
 Till dizzy grows the brain, and dark
 the eye
 Beneath the eyelid. When the
 end is come,
 There, by his tomb (our master's) let
 me lie,
 Somewhere, not too far off; be-
 neath the dome
 Of our own Lady of the Rosary;
 Safe, where old friends will pass;
 and still near home!

LAST WORDS.

WILL, are you sitting and watching there yet? And I know, by a certain
 skill
 That grows out of utter wakefulness, the night must be far spent, Will:
 For, lying awake so many a night, I have learned at last to catch
 From the crowing cock, and the clanging clock, and the sound of the
 beating watch,
 A misty sense of the measureless march of Time, as he passes here,
 Leaving my life behind him; and I know that the dawn is near.
 But you have been watching three nights, Will, and you look so wan to-
 night,
 I thought, as I saw you sitting there, in the sad monotonous light
 Of the moody night-lamp near you, that I could not choose but close
 My lids as fast, and lie as still, as though I lay in a doze:
 For, I thought, "He will deem I am dreaming, and then he may steal
 away,
 And sleep a little: and this will be well." And truly, I dreamed, as I lay
 Wide awake, but all as quiet, as though, the last office done,
 They had streaked me out for the grave, Will, to which they will bear me
 anon.
 Dreamed; for old things and places came dancing about my brain,
 Like ghosts that dance in an empty house; and my thoughts went slipping
 again
 By green back-ways forgotten to a stiller circle of time,
 Where violets, faded forever, seemed blowing as once in their prime:
 And I fancied that you and I, Will, were boys again as of old.
 At dawn on the hill-top together, at eve in the field by the fold;
 Till the thought of this was growing too wildly sweet to be borne,
 And I opened my eyes, and turned me round, and there, in the light for-
 lorn,
 I find you sitting beside me. But the dawn is at hand, I know.
 Sleep a little. I shall not die to-night. You may leave me. Go.
 Eh! is it time for the drink? must you mix it? it does me no good.
 But thanks, old friend, true friend! I would live for your sake, if I could.
 Ay, there are some good things in life, that fall not away with the rest.
 And, of all best things upon earth, I hold that a faithful friend is the
 best.
 For woman, Will, is a thorny flower: it breaks, and we bleed and smart:
 The blossom falls at the fairest, and the thorn runs into the heart.
 And woman's love is a bitter fruit; and, however he bite it, or sip,
 There's many a man has lived to curse the taste of that fruit on his lip.
 But never was any man yet, as I ween, be he whosoever he may,
 That has known what a true friend is, Will, and wished that knowledge
 away.
 You were proud of my promise, faithful despite of my fall,
 Sad when the world seemed over sweet, sweet when the world turned
 gall:
 When I cloaked myself in the pride of praise from what God grieved to see,