

Not to restore our failing forms,
 And build the spirit's broken shrine,
 But, on the fainting soul to shed
 A light and life divine:

Shall we grow weary in our watch,
 And murmur at the long delay?
 Impatient of our Father's time
 And His appointed way?

Or, shall the stir of outward things
 Allure and claim the Christian's eye,
 When on the heathen watcher's ear
 Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith
 Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
 The self-abasing watchfulness
 Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
 Our erring brother in the wrong:
 And in the ear of Pride and Power
 Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,
 Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer:
 Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord
 Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,
 From waters which alone can save:
 And murmur for Abana's banks
 And Pharpar's brighter wave.

Oh, Thou, who in the garden's shade
 Didst wake Thy weary ones again,
 Who slumbered at that fearful hour
 Forgetful of thy pain;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
 And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
 Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
 Our souls should keep with Thee!

1841.

—♦—

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June
 The southwest breezes play;
 And, through its haze, the winter noon
 Seems warm as summer's day.
 The snow-plumed Angel of the North
 Has dropped his icy spear;
 Again the mossy earth looks forth,
 Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
 The muskrat leaves his nook,
 The bluebird in the meadow brakes
 Is singing with the brook.
 "Bear up, oh mother Nature!" cry
 Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
 "Our winter voices prophesy
 Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
 By bitter blasts and drear
 O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
 Will sunny days appear.

Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left His Hope with all!

4th 1st month, 1847.

TO —,

WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.*

MAIDEN! with the fair brown tresses
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,
Joy with them should still abide —
Instinct take the place of Duty —
Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,
Kindly beckoning back the Old,
Turning, with a power like Midas,
All things into gold.

*"Get the writings of John Woolman by heart." — *Essays of Elia.*

And the passing shades of sadness
Wearing even a welcome guise,
As when some bright lake lies open
To the sunny skies;

Every wing of bird above it,
Every light cloud floating on,
Glitters like that flashing mirror
In the self-same sun.

But upon thy youthful forehead
Something like a shadow lies;
And a serious soul is looking
From thy earnest eyes.

With an early introversion,
Through the forms of outward things,
Seeking for the subtle essence,
And the hidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,
Farther than the narrow present
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime.

All the mystery of Being
Hath upon thy spirit pressed —
Thoughts which, like the Deluge wanderer,
Find no place of rest:

That which mystic Plato pondered,
That which Zeno heard with awe,
And the star-rapt Zoroaster
In his night-watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness springing
Of the dim, uncertain Past,
Moving to the dark still shadows
O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth
With a deep and strong beseeching:
WHAT and WHERE IS TRUTH?

Hollow creed and ceremonial,
Whence the ancient life hath fled,
Idle faith unknown to action,
Dull and cold and dead.

Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings
Only wake a quiet scorn, —
Not from these thy seeking spirit
Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even,
On thy mother Nature's breast,
Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking
Truth, and peace, and rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features
Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,
Light and soft as woven moonbeams,
Beautiful and frail!

O'er the rough chart of Existence,
Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,
Soft airs breathe, and green leaves tremble,
And cool fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh
From the earth and from the sky,
And to thee the hills and waters
And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer
Hath no outward origin;
More than Nature's many voices
May be heard within.

Even as the great Augustine
Questioned earth and sea and sky,*
And the dusty tomes of learning
And old poesy.

But his earnest spirit needed
More than outward Nature taught —
More than blest the poet's vision
Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence
Of a calm and waiting frame
Light and wisdom as from Heaven
To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth that inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty
As our being's end, —

* August. Sililoq. cap. xxxi., "Interrogavi Terram," etc.

Not to idle dreams and trances,
 Length of face, and solemn tone,
 But to Faith, in daily striving
 And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
 Of a spirit which within
 Wrestles with familiar evil
 And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigor,
 Steady heart, and weapon strong,
 In the power of truth assailing
 Every form of wrong.

Guided thus, how passing lovely
 Is the track of WOOLMAN'S feet !
 And his brief and simple record
 How serenely sweet !

O'er life's humblest duties throwing
 Light the earthling never knew,
 Freshening all its dark waste places
 As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages —
 All which sainted Guion sought,
 Or the blue-eyed German Rahel
 Half-unconscious taught : —

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,
 Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed
 Living warmth and starry brightness
 Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,
 Not a poet's dream alone,
 But a presence warm and real,
 Seen and felt and known.

When the red right hand of slaughter
 Moulders with the steel it swung,
 When the name of seer and poet
 Dies on Memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall gather
 Round that meek and suffering one —
 Glorious, like the seer-seen angel
 Standing in the sun !

Take the good man's book and ponder
 What its pages say to thee —
 Blessed as the hand of healing
 May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen
 Yearnings for a higher good,
 For the fount of living waters
 And diviner food ;

If the pride of human reason
 Feels its meek and still rebuke,
 Quailing like the eye of Peter
 From the Just One's look ! —

If with readier ear thou heedest
 What the Inward Teacher saith,
 Listening with a willing spirit
 And a child-like faith, —

Thou mayest live to bless the giver,
 Who himself but frail and weak,
 Would at least the highest welfare
 Of another seek;

And his gift, though poor and lowly
 It may seem to other eyes,
 Yet may prove an angel holy
 In a pilgrim's guise.

1840.

—♦—

LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets." — HOLY WRIT.

YES — pile the marble o'er him! It is well
 That ye who mocked him in his long stern strife,
 And planted in the pathway of his life
 The ploughshares of your hatred hot from hell,
 Who clamored down the bold reformer when
 He pleaded for his captive fellow-men,
 Who spurned him in the market-place, and sought
 Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind
 In party chains the free and honest thought,
 The angel utterance of an upright mind, —
 Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise
 The stony tribute of your tardy praise,
 For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame
 Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders'
 shame!

1841.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

[A LETTER-WRITER from Mexico states that, at the terrible fight of Buena Vista, MEXICAN women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of AMERICANS as well as MEXICANS, with impartial tenderness.]

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward
 far away,
 O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican
 array,
 Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or
 come they near?
 Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the
 storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of
 battle rolls;
 Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy
 on their souls!"
 Who is losing? who is winning? — "Over hill and
 over plain,
 I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the
 mountain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena,
 look once more:
 "Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as
 before,
 Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman,
 foot and horse,
 Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down
 its mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke
has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the
ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop
of Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the can-
non at their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and
now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's
charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and
foot together fall;
Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them
plow the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and
frightful on:
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and
who has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together
fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters,
for them all!"

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother,
save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from
heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they
fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die
before our eyes!"

"Oh my heart's love! oh my dear one! lay thy
poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst
thou hear me? canst thou see?
Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! oh, my Bernal,
look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! mercy! mercy!
all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one
down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon
his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral
masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy
aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a
soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding
slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol
belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned
away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon
her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his
struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching
lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand
and faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch
beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's
heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" mur-
mured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee
forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely,
in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him
with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the
wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud
before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood
and death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the
wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! oh, thou Christ of
God, forgive!"

Sink, oh Night, among thy Mountains! let the cool,
gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain
over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart
the battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips
grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task
pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and
faint and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender
care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange
and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, oh Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh
the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity
send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in
our air!

1847.

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level — and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

1846.

BARCLAY OF URY.

[Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of FRIENDS, in Scotland, was BARCLAY, of URY, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this ~~or~~ proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age, who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said BARCLAY, "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."]

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barelay!"
And the old man at his side,
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up I pray thee:
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me."

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,
 With a slowly shaking head,
 And a look of pity;
 "Ury's honest lord reviled,
 Mock of knave and sport of child,
 In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
 As we charged on Tilly's line,
 And his Walloon lancers,
 Smiting through their midst we'll teach
 Civil look and decent speech
 To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
 Like beginning, like the end:"
 Quoth the Laird of Ury,
 "Is the sinful servant more
 Than his gracious Lord who bore
 Bonds and stripes in Jewry?"

"Give me joy that in His name
 I can bear, with patient frame,
 All these vain ones offer;
 While for them He suffereth long,
 Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
 Scoffing with the scoffer?"

"Happier I, with loss of all,
 Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
 With few friends to greet me,
 Than when reeve and squire were seen,
 Riding out from Aberdeen,
 With bared heads, to meet me.

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
 Blessed me as I passed her door;
 And the snooded daughter,
 Through her casement glancing down,
 Smiled on him who bore renown
 From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
 Hard the old friend's falling off,
 Hard to learn forgiving:
 But the Lord His own rewards,
 And His love with theirs accords,
 Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
 Faith beholds a feeble light
 Up the blackness streaking;
 Knowing God's own time is best,
 In a patient hope I rest
 For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
 Turning slow his horse's head
 Towards the Tolbooth prison,
 Where, through iron grates, he heard
 Poor disciples of the Word
 Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
 Unto us the tale is told
 Of thy day of trial;
 Every age on him, who strays
 From its broad and beaten ways,
 Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
 Angel comfortings can hear,
 O'er the rabble's laughter;
 And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
 Glimpses through the smoke discern
 Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
 Share of Truth was vainly set
 In the world's wide fallow;
 After hands shall sow the seed,
 After hands from hill and mead
 Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
 Must the moral pioneer
 From the Future borrow;
 Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
 And, on midnight's sky of rain,
 Paint the golden morrow!

1847.

 WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and evil,
 "Lord!" I cried in sudden ire,
 "From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,
 Shake the bolted fire!

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying;
 With the brute the man is sold;
 And the dropping blood of labor
 Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,
 There the battle's groan of pain;
 And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon
 Reaping men like grain.

"Where is God, that we should fear Him?"
 Thus the earth-born Titans say;
 'God! if thou art living, hear us!'
 Thus the weak ones pray.

"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,"
 Spake a solemn Voice within;
 "Weary of our Lord's forbearance,
 Art thou free from sin?"

"Fearless brow to Him uplifting,
 Canst thou for His thunders call,
 Knowing that to guilt's attraction
 Evermore they fall?"

"Know'st thou not all germs of evil
 In thy heart await their time?
 Not thyself, but God's restraining,
 Stays their growth of crime.

"Could'st thou boast, oh child of weakness!
 O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
 Were their strong temptations planted
 In thy path of life?"

"Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing
 From one fountain, clear and free,
 But by widely varying channels
 Searching for the sea.

"Glideth one through greenest valleys,
Kissing them with lips still sweet;
One, mad roaring down the mountains,
Stagnates at their feet.

"Is it choice whereby the Parsee
Kneels before his mother's fire?
In his black tent did the Tartar
Choose his wandering sire?

"He alone, whose hand is bounding
Human power and human will,
Looking through each soul's surrounding,
Knows its good or ill.

"For thyself, while wrong and sorrow
Make to thee their strong appeal,
Coward wert thou not to utter
What the heart must feel.

"Earnest words must needs be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or burns
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

"But, by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.

"Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty
To thy lips her trumpet set,
But with harsher blasts shall mingle
Wailings of regret."

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
Teacher sent of God, be near,
Whispering through the day's cool silence,
Let my spirit hear!

So, when thoughts of evil doers
Waken scorn or hatred move,
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling
Temper all with love.

1847.

 TO DELAWARE.

Written during the Discussion, in the Legislature of that State
in the Winter of 1846-47, of a Bill for the Abolition of Slavery.

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the East,
To the strong tillers of a rugged home,
With spray-wet locks to Northern winds released,
And hardy feet o'er-swept by ocean's foam;
And to the young nymphs of the golden West,
Whose harvest mantles, fringed with prairie
bloom,
Trail in the sunset, — oh, redeemed and blest,
To the warm welcome of thy sisters come!
Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-white bay
Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her plains,
And the great lakes, where echoes free alway
Moaned never shoreward with the clank of chains,
Shall weave new sun-bows in their tossing spray,
And all their waves keep grateful holiday.
And, smiling on thee through her mountain rains,
Vermont shall bless thee; and the Granite peaks,
And vast Katahdin o'er his woods, shall wear

Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold keen air;
 And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks
 O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,
 When, at thy bidding, the electric wire
 Shall tremble northward with its words of fire:
 Glory and praise to God! another State is free!

1847.

WORSHIP.

[“Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”—*James i. 27.*]

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,
 And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan
 Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,
 O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,
 The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's wood,
 With mothers' offering, to the Fiend's embraces,
 Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,
 Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye
 Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,
 Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, overcasting
 All heaven above, and blighting earth below,
 The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fast-
 ing,
 And man's oblation was his fear and woe!

Then through great temples swelled the dismal
 moaning
 Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer;
 Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,
 Swung their white censers in the burdened air:

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savor
 Of gums and spices, could the Unseen One please;
 As if His ear could bend, with childish favor,
 To the poor flattery of the organ keys!

Feet red from war fields trod the church aisles holy,
 With trembling reverence; and the oppressor
 there,
 Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
 Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father
 Requireth at his earthly children's hands:
 Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
 The simple duty man from man demands.

For Earth he asks it: the full joy of Heaven
 Knoweth no change of waning or increase;
 The great heart of the Infinite beats even,
 Untroubled flows the river of His peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
 The priestly altar and the saintly grave,
 No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
 Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
 The holier worship which he deigns to bless
 Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
 And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow !
 Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead ?
 Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow
 From stranger eyes the home lights which have
 fled ?

Oh, brother man ! fold to thy heart thy brother ;
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;
 To worship rightly is to love each other,
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of Him whose holy work was "doing good" ;
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude .

Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangor
 Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease ;
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
 And in its ashes plant the tree of peace !
 1848.

—♦—
 THE ALBUM.

THE dark-eyed daughters of the Sun,
 At morn and evening hours,
 O'er-hung their graceful shrines alone
 With wreaths of dewy flowers.

Not vainly did those fair ones cull
 Their gifts by stream and wood ;
 The Good is always beautiful,
 The Beautiful is good !

We live not in their simple day,
 Our Northern blood is cold,
 And few the offerings which we lay
 On other shrines than Gold.

With Scripture texts to chill and ban
 The heart's fresh morning hours,
 The heavy-footed Puritan
 Goes trampling down the flowers ;

Nor thinks of Him who sat of old
 Where Syrian lilies grew,
 And from their mingling shade and gold
 A holy lesson drew.

Yet lady, shall this book of thine,
 Where Love his gifts has brought,
 Become to thee a Persian shrine,
 O'er-hung with flowers of thought.

—♦—
 THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's room,
 And eats his meat and drinks his ale,
 And beats the maid with her unused broom,
 And the lazy lout with his idle flail,
 But he sweeps the floor and threshes the corn,
 And hies him away ere the break of dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,
 And the Cocklane ghost from the barn-loft cheer,
 The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,
 Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,