

TERMINUS

And, — fault of novel germs, —
 Mature the unfallen fruit.
 Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
 Bad husbands of their fires,
 Who, when they gave thee breath,
 Failed to bequeath
 The needful sinew stark as once,
 The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
 But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
 Inconstant heat and nerveless reins, —
 Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
 Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.'

As the bird trims her to the gale,
 I trim myself to the storm of time,
 I man the rudder, reef the sail,
 Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime :
 'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
 Right onward drive unharmed ;
 The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
 And every wave is charmed.'

THE NUN'S ASPIRATION

THE yesterday doth never smile,
 The day goes drudging through the while,
 Yet, in the name of Godhead, I
 The morrow front, and can defy ;
 Though I am weak, yet God, when prayed,
 Cannot withhold his conquering aid.
 Ah me ! it was my childhood's thought,
 If He should make my web a blot
 On life's fair picture of delight,
 My heart's content would find it right.
 But O, these waves and leaves, —
 When happy stoic Nature grieves,
 No human speech so beautiful
 As their murmurs mine to lull.
 On this altar God hath built
 I lay my vanity and guilt ;
 Nor me can Hope or Passion urge
 Hearing as now the lofty dirge
 Which blasts of Northern mountains hymn,
 Nature's funeral high and dim, —
 Sable pageantry of clouds,
 Mourning summer laid in shrouds.
 Many a day shall dawn and die,
 Many an angel wander by,

THE NUN'S ASPIRATION

And passing, light my sunken turf
 Moist perhaps by ocean surf,
 Forgotten amid splendid tombs,
 Yet wreathed and hid by summer blooms.
 On earth I dream; — I die to be:
 Time, shake not thy bald head at me.
 I challenge thee to hurry past
 Or for my turn to fly too fast.
 Think me not numbed or halt with age,
 Or cares that earth to earth engage,
 Caught with love's cord of twisted beams,
 Or mired by climate's gross extremes.
 I tire of shams, I rush to be:
 I pass with yonder comet free, —
 Pass with the comet into space
 Which mocks thy æons to embrace;
 Æons which tardily unfold
 Realm beyond realm, — extent untold;
 No early morn, no evening late, —
 Realms self-upheld, disdainful Fate,
 Whose shining sons, too great for fame,
 Never heard thy weary name;
 Nor lives the tragic bard to say
 How drear the part I held in one,
 How lame the other limped away.

APRIL

THE April winds are magical
 And thrill our tuneful frames;
 The garden walks are passionful
 To bachelors and dames.
 The hedge is gemmed with diamonds,
 The air with Cupids full,
 The cobweb clues of Rosamond
 Guide lovers to the pool.
 Each dimple in the water,
 Each leaf that shades the rock
 Can cozen, pique and flatter,
 Can parley and provoke.
 Goodfellow, Puck and goblins,
 Know more than any book.
 Down with your doleful problems,
 And court the sunny brook.
 The south-winds are quick-witted,
 The schools are sad and slow,
 The masters quite omitted
 The lore we care to know.

MAIDEN SPEECH OF THE ÆOLIAN HARP

SOFT and softlier hold me, friends !
Thanks if your genial care
Unbind and give me to the air:
Keep your lips or finger-tips
For flute or spinet's dancing chips ;
I await a tenderer touch,
I ask more or not so much :
Give me to the atmosphere, —
Where is the wind, my brother, — where ?
Lift the sash, lay me within,
Lend me your ears, and I begin.
For gentle harp to gentle hearts
The secret of the world imparts ;
And not to-day and not to-morrow
Can drain its wealth of hope and sorrow ;
But day by day, to loving ear
Unlocks new sense and loftier cheer.
I've come to live with you, sweet friends,
This home my minstrel-journeyings ends.
Many and subtle are my lays,
The latest better than the first,
For I can mend the happiest days
And charm the anguish of the worst.

CUPIDO

THE solid, solid universe
Is pervious to Love ;
With bandaged eyes he never errs,
Around, below, above.
His blinding light
He flingeth white
On God's and Satan's brood,
And reconciles
By mystic wiles
The evil and the good.

THE PAST

THE debt is paid,
The verdict said,
The Furies laid,
The plague is stayed.
All fortunes made ;
Turn the key and bolt the door,
Sweet is death forevermore.
Nor haughty hope, nor swart chagrin,
Nor murdering hate, can enter in.