

ART

Ballad, flag and festival,
 The past restore, the day adorn,
 And make to-morrow a new morn.
 So shall the drudge in dusty frock
 Spy behind the city clock
 Retinues of airy kings,
 Skirts of angels, starry wings,
 His fathers shining in bright fables,
 His children fed at heavenly tables.
 'T is the privilege of Art
 Thus to play its cheerful part,
 Man on earth to acclimate
 And bend the exile to his fate,
 And, moulded of one element
 With the days and firmament,
 Teach him on these as stairs to climb,
 And live on even terms with Time;
 Whilst upper life the slender rill
 Of human sense doth overflow.

UNITY

SPACE is ample, east and west,
 But two cannot go abreast,
 Cannot travel in it two:
 Yonder masterful cuckoo
 Crowds every egg out of the nest,
 Quick or dead, except its own;
 A spell is laid on sod and stone,
 Night and Day were tampered with,
 Every quality and pith
 Surcharged and sultry with a power
 That works its will on age and hour.

WORSHIP

THIS is he, who, felled by foes,
 Sprung harmless up, refreshed by blows:
 He to captivity was sold,
 But him no prison-bars would hold:
 Though they sealed him in a rock,
 Mountain chains he can unlock:
 Thrown to lions for their meat,
 The crouching lion kissed his feet;

PRUDENCE

Bound to the stake, no flames appalled,
 But arched o'er him an honoring vault.
 This is he men miscall Fate,
 Threading dark ways, arriving late,
 But ever coming in time to crown
 The truth, and hurl wrong-doers down.
 He is the oldest, and best known,
 More near than aught thou call'st thy own,
 Yet, greeted in another's eyes,
 Disconcerts with glad surprise.
 This is Jove, who, deaf to prayers,
 Floods with blessings unawares.
 Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
 Severing rightly his from thine,
 Which is human, which divine.

PRUDENCE

THEME no poet gladly sung,
 Fair to old and foul to young;
 Scorn not thou the love of parts,
 And the articles of arts.
 Grandeur of the perfect sphere
 Thanks the atoms that cohere.

NATURE

I

A SUBTLE chain of countless rings
 The next unto the farthest brings;
 The eye reads omens where it goes,
 And speaks all languages the rose;
 And, striving to be man, the worm
 Mounts through all the spires of form.

II

The rounded world is fair to see,
 Nine times folded in mystery:
 Though baffled seers cannot impart
 The secret of its laboring heart,
 Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
 And all is clear from east to west.
 Spirit that lurks each form within
 Beckons to spirit of its kin;
 Self-kindled every atom glows
 And hints the future which it owes.

THE INFORMING SPIRIT

I

THERE is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all :
And where it cometh, all things are ;
And it cometh everywhere.

II

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakspeare's strain.

CIRCLES

NATURE centres into balls,
And her proud ephemerals,
Fast to surface and outside,
Scan the profile of the sphere ;
Knew they what that signified,
A new genesis were here.

INTELLECT

Go, speed the stars of Thought
On to their shining goals ;—
The sower scatters broad his seed ;
The wheat thou strew'st be souls.

GIFTS

GIFTS of one who loved me, —
'T was high time they came ;
When he ceased to love me,
Time they stopped for shame.

PROMISE

IN countless upward-striving waves
The moon-drawn tide-wave strives ;
In thousand far-transplanted grafts
The parent fruit survives ;
So, in the new-born millions,
The perfect Adam lives.