

NATURE

MAIA

ILLUSION works impenetrable,
Weaving webs innumerable,
Her gay pictures never fail,
Crowds each on other, veil on veil,
Charmer who will be believed
By man who thirsts to be deceived.

ILLUSIONS like the tints of pearl,
Or changing colors of the sky,
Or ribbons of a dancing girl
That mend her beauty to the eye.

THE cold gray down upon the quinces lieth
And the poor spinners weave their webs thereon
To share the sunshine that so spicy is.

SAMSON stark, at Dagon's knee,
Gropes for columns strong as he ;
When his ringlets grew and curled,
Groped for axle of the world.

BUT Nature whistled with all her winds,
Did as she pleased and went her way.

LIFE

A TRAIN of gay and clouded days
Dappled with joy and grief and praise,
Beauty to fire us, saints to save,
Escort us to a little grave.

No fate, save by the victim's fault, is low,
For God hath writ all dooms magnificent,
So guilt not traverse his tender will.

AROUND the man who seeks a noble end,
Not angels but divinities attend.

FROM high to higher forces
The scale of power uprears,
The heroes on their horses,
The gods upon their spheres.

THIS shining moment is an edifice
Which the Omnipotent cannot rebuild.

ROOMY Eternity
Casts her schemes rarely,
And an æon allows
For each quality and part
Of the multitudinous
And many-chambered heart.

THE beggar begs by God's command,
And gifts awake when givers sleep,
Swords cannot cut the giving hand
Nor stab the love that orphans keep.

IN the chamber, on the stairs,
Lurking dumb,
Go and come
Lemurs and Lars.

SUCH another peerless queen
Only could her mirror show.

EASY to match what others do,
Perform the feat as well as they;
Hard to out-do the brave, the true,
And find a loftier way:
The school decays, the learning spoils
Because of the sons of wine;
How snatch the stripling from their toils? —
Yet can one ray of truth divine
The blaze of revellers' feasts outshine.

OF all wit's uses the main one
Is to live well with who has none.

THE tongue is prone to lose the way,
Not so the pen, for in a letter
We have not better things to say,
But surely say them better.

SHE walked in flowers around my field
As June herself around the sphere.

FRIENDS to me are frozen wine;
I wait the sun on them should shine.

You shall not love me for what daily spends;
You shall not know me in the noisy street,
Where I, as others, follow petty ends;
Nor when in fair saloons we chance to meet;
Nor when I 'm jaded, sick, anxious or mean.
But love me then and only, when you know
Me for the channel of the rivers of God
From deep ideal fontal heavens that flow.

To and fro the Genius flies,
A light which plays and hovers
Over the maiden's head
And dips sometimes as low as to her eyes.
Of her faults I take no note,
Fault and folly are not mine;
Comes the Genius, — all's forgot,
Replunged again into that upper sphere
He scatters wide and wild its lustres here.

LOVE

Asks nought his brother cannot give;
Asks nothing, but does all receive.
Love calls not to his aid events;
He to his wants can well suffice:
Asks not of others soft consents,
Nor kind occasion without eyes;
Nor plots to ope or bolt a gate,
Nor heeds Condition's iron walls, —
Where he goes, goes before him Fate;
Whom he uniteth, God installs;
Instant and perfect his access
To the dear object of his thought,
Though foes and land and seas between
Himself and his love intervene.

THE brave Empedocles, defying fools,
Pronounced the word that mortals hate to hear —
"I am divine, I am not mortal made;
I am superior to my human weeds."
Not Sense but Reason is the Judge of truth;
Reason's twofold, part human, part divine;
That human part may be described and taught,
The other portion language cannot speak.

TELL men what they knew before ;
Paint the prospect from their door.

HIM strong Genius urged to roam,
Stronger Custom brought him home.

THAT each should in his house abide,
Therefore was the world so wide.

THOU shalt make thy house
The temple of a nation's vows.
Spirits of a higher strain
Who sought thee once shall seek again.
I detected many a god
Forth already on the road,
Ancestors of beauty come
In thy breast to make a home.

THE archangel Hope
Looks to the azure cope,
Waits through dark ages for the morn,
Defeated day by day, but unto victory born.

As the drop feeds its fated flower,
As finds its Alp the snowy shower,
Child of the omnific Need,
Hurled into life to do a deed,
Man drinks the water, drinks the light.

EVER the Rock of Ages melts
Into the mineral air,
To be the quarry whence to build
Thought and its mansions fair.

Go if thou wilt, ambrosial flower,
Go match thee with thy seeming peers ;
I will wait Heaven's perfect hour
Through the innumerable years.

YES, sometimes to the sorrow-stricken
Shall his own sorrow seem impertinent,
A thing that takes no more root in the world
Than doth the traveller's shadow on the rock.

BUT if thou do thy best,
 Without remission, without rest,
 And invite the sunbeam,
 And abhor to feign or seem
 Even to those who thee should love
 And thy behavior approve ;
 If thou go in thine own likeness,
 Be it health, or be it sickness ;
 If thou go as thy father's son,
 If thou wear no mask or lie,
 Dealing purely and nakedly, —

ASCENDING thorough just degrees
 To a consummate holiness,
 As angel blind to trespass done,
 And bleaching all souls like the sun.

FROM the stores of eldest matter,
 The deep-eyed flame, obedient water,
 Transparent air, all-feeding earth,
 He took the flower of all their worth,
 And, best with best in sweet consent,
 Combined a new temperament.

REX

THE bard and mystic held me for their own,
 I filled the dream of sad, poetic maids,
 I took the friendly noble by the hand,
 I was the trustee of the hand-cart man,
 The brother of the fisher, porter, swain,
 And these from the crowd's edge well pleased
 beheld
 The service done to me as done to them.

WITH the key of the secret he marches faster,
 From strength to strength, and for night brings
 day ;
 While classes or tribes, too weak to master
 The flowing conditions of life, give way.

SUUM CUIQUE

WILT thou seal up the avenues of ill ?
 Pay every debt as if God wrote the bill.

LIFE

IF curses be the wage of love,
 Hide in thy skies, thou fruitless Jove,
 Not to be named :
 It is clear
 Why the gods will not appear ;
 They are ashamed.

WHEN wrath and terror changed Jove's regal port,
 And the rash-leaping thunderbolt fell short.

SHUN passion, fold the hands of thrift,
 Sit still and Truth is near :
 Suddenly it will uplift
 Your eyelids to the sphere :
 Wait a little, you shall see
 The portraiture of things to be.

THE rules to men made evident
 By Him who built the day,
 The columns of the firmament
 Not firmer based than they.

ON bravely through the sunshine and the showers !
 Time hath his work to do and we have ours.

THE BOHEMIAN HYMN

IN many forms we try
 To utter God's infinity,
 But the boundless hath no form,
 And the Universal Friend
 Doth as far transcend
 An angel as a worm.

The great Idea baffles wit,
 Language falters under it,
 It leaves the learned in the lurch ;
 Nor art, nor power, nor toil can find
 The measure of the eternal Mind,
 Nor hymn, nor prayer, nor church.

GRACE

How much, preventing God, how much I owe
 To the defences thou hast round me set ;
 Example, custom, fear, occasion slow, —
 These scorned bondmen were my parapet.
 I dare not peep over this parapet
 To gauge with glance the roaring gulf below,
 The depths of sin to which I had descended,
 Had not these me against myself defended.

INSIGHT

POWER that by obedience grows,
Knowledge which its source not knows,
Wave which severs whom it bears
From the things which he compares,
Adding wings through things to range,
To his own blood harsh and strange.

PAN

O WHAT are heroes, prophets, men,
But pipes through which the breath of Pan doth
 blow
A momentary music. Being's tide
Swells hitherward, and myriads of forms
Live, robed with beauty, painted by the sun;
Their dust, pervaded by the nerves of God,
Throbs with an overmastering energy
Knowing and doing. Ebbs the tide, they lie
White hollow shells upon the desert shore,
But not the less the eternal wave rolls on
To animate new millions, and exhale
Races and planets, its enchanted foam.

MONADNOC FROM AFAR

DARK flower of Cheshire garden,
Red evening duly dyes
Thy sombre head with rosy hues
To fix far-gazing eyes.
Well the Planter knew how strongly
Works thy form on human thought;
I muse what secret purpose had he
To draw all fancies to this spot.

SEPTEMBER

IN the turbulent beauty
Of a gusty Autumn day,
Poet on a sunny headland
Sighed his soul away.

Farms the sunny landscape dappled,
Swandown clouds dappled the farms,
Cattle lowed in mellow distance
Where far oaks outstretched their arms.

Sudden gusts came full of meaning,
All too much to him they said,
Oh, south winds have long memories,
Of that be none afraid.