

THE ENCHANTER

How drearily in College hall
 The Doctor stretched the hours,
 But in each pause we heard the call
 Of robins out of doors.

The air is wise, the wind thinks well,
 And all through which it blows,
 If plants or brain, if egg or shell,
 Or bird or biped knows;

And oft at home 'mid tasks I heed,
 I heed how wears the day;
 We must not halt while fiercely speed
 The spans of life away.

What boots it here of Thebes or Rome
 Or lands of Eastern day?
 In forests I am still at home
 And there I cannot stray.

THE ENCHANTER

In the deep heart of man a poet dwells
 Who all the day of life his summer story tells;
 Scatters on every eye dust of his spells,
 Scent, form and color; to the flowers and shells

Wins the believing child with wondrous tales;
 Touches a cheek with colors of romance,
 And crowds a history into a glance;
 Gives beauty to the lake and fountain,
 Spies oversea the fires of the mountain;
 When thrushes ope their throat, 't is he that
 sings,
 And he that paints the oriole's fiery wings.
 The little Shakspeare in the maiden's heart
 Makes Romeo of a plough-boy on his cart;
 Opens the eye to Virtue's starlike meed
 And gives persuasion to a gentle deed.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF GOETHE

Six thankful weeks, — and let it be
 A meter of prosperity, —
 In my coat I bore this book,
 And seldom therein could I look,
 For I had too much to think,
 Heaven and earth to eat and drink.
 Is he hapless who can spare
 In his plenty things so rare?

RICHES

HAVE ye seen the caterpillar
Fouly warking in his nest?
'T is the poor man getting siller,
Without cleanness, without rest.

Have ye seen the butterfly
In braw claithing drest?
'T is the poor man gotten rich,
In rings and painted vest.

The poor man crawls in web of rags
And sore bested with woes.
But when he flees on riches' wings,
He laugheth at his foes.

PHILOSOPHER

PHILOSOPHERS are lined with eyes within,
And, being so, the sage unmakes the man.
In love, he cannot therefore cease his trade;
Scarce the first blush has overspread his cheek,
He feels it, introverts his learned eye
To catch the unconscious heart in the very act.

INTELLECT — LIMITS 375

His mother died,— the only friend he had,—
Some tears escaped, but his philosophy
Couched like a cat sat watching close behind
And throttled all his passion. Is't not like
That devil-spider that devours her mate
Scarce freed from her embraces?

INTELLECT

GRAVELY it broods apart on joy,
And, truth to tell, amused by pain.

LIMITS

WHO knows this or that?
Hark in the wall to the rat:
Since the world was, he has gnawed;
Of his wisdom, of his fraud
What dost thou know?
In the wretched little beast
Is life and heart,
Child and parent,
Not without relation
To fruitful field and sun and moon.
What art thou? His wicked eye
Is cruel to thy cruelty.