

Promised and promising I go, most dear,
 To better my dull heart with love's sweet feud,
 My life with its most reverent hope and fear,
 And my religion, with fair gratitude.
 O we must part; the stars for me contend,
 And all the winds that blow on all the seas.
 Through wonderful waste places I must wend,
 And with a promise my sad soul appease.
 Promise then, promise much of far-off bliss;
 But— ah, for present joy, give me one kiss.

 LOVE.

Who veileth love should first have vanquished fate.
 She folded up the dream in her deep heart,
 Her fair full lips were silent on that smart,
 Thick fringed eyes did on the grasses wait.
 What good? one eloquent blush, but one, and straight
 The meaning of a life was known; for art
 Is often foiled in playing nature's part,
 And time holds nothing long inviolate.
 Earth's buried seed springs up— slowly, or fast:
 The ring came home, that one in ages past
 Flung to the keeping of unfathomed seas:
 And golden apples on the mystic trees
 Were sought and found, and borne away at last,
 Though watched of the divine Hesperides.

POEMS

*Written on the Deaths of Three Lovely Children who were
 taken from their Parents within a Month of one another.*

HENRY,

AGED EIGHT YEARS.

YELLOW leaves, how fast they flutter— woodland
 hollows thickly strewing,

Where the wan October sunbeams scanty in the
 mid-day win,

While the dim gray clouds are drifting, and in sad-
 dened hues imbuing

All without and all within!

All within! but winds of autumn, little Henry, round
 their dwelling

Did not load your father's spirit with those deep
 and burdened sighs;—

Only echoed thoughts of sadness, in your mother's
 bosom swelling,

Fast as tears that dim her eyes.

Life is fraught with many changes, checked with
 sorrow and mutation,

But no grief it ever lightened such a truth before
 to know:—

I behold them— father, mother— as they seem to
 contemplation,

Only three short weeks ago!

Saddened for the morrow's parting — up the stairs
at midnight stealing —

As with cautious foot we glided past the children's
open door, —

“Come in here,” they said, the lamplight dimpled
forms at last revealing,

“Kiss them in their sleep once more.”

You were sleeping, little Henry, with your eyelids
scarcely closing,

Two sweet faces near together, with their rounded
arms entwined: —

And the rose-bud lips were moving, as if stirred in
their reposing

By the movements of the mind!

And your mother smoothed the pillow, and her sleep-
ing treasures numbered,

Whispering fondly — “He is dreaming” — as you
turned upon your bed —

And your father stooped to kiss you, happy dreamer,
as you slumbered,

With his hand upon your head!

Did he know the true deep meaning of his blessing?
No! he never

Heard afar the summons uttered — “Come up
hither” — Never knew

How the awful Angel faces kept his sleeping boy
forever,

And forever in their view.

Awful Faces, unimpassioned, silent Presences were
by us,

Shrouding wings — majestic beings — hidden by
this earthly veil —

Such as we have called on, saying, “Praise the Lord,
O Ananias,

Azarias and Misael!

But we saw not, and who knoweth, what the mis-
sioned Spirits taught him,

To that one small bed drawn nearer, when we left
him to their will?

While he slumbered, who can answer for what
dreams they may have brought him,

— When at midnight all was still?

Father! Mother! must you leave him on his bed,
but not to slumber?

Are the small hands meekly folded on his breast,
but not to pray?

When you count your children over, must you tell a
different number,

Since that happier yesterday?

Father! Mother! weep if need be, since this is a
“time” for weeping,

Comfort comes not for the calling, grief is never
argued down —

Coldly sounds the admonition, “Why lament? in
better keeping

Rests the child than in your own.”

“Truth indeed! but, oh! compassion! Have you
sought to scan my sorrow?”

(Mother, you shall meekly ponder, list'ning to that
common tale)

“Does your heart repeat its echo, or by fellow-
feeling borrow

Even a tone that might avail?

“Might avail to steal it from me, by its deep heart-
warm affection?

Might perceive by strength of loving how the fond
words to combine?

Surely no! I will be silent, in your soul is no reflection
Of the care that burdens mine!”

When the winter twilight gathers, Father, and your
thoughts shall wander,
Sitting lonely you shall blend him with your list-
less reveries,
Half forgetful what division holds the form whereon
you ponder

From its place upon your knees—

With a start of recollection, with a half-reproachful
wonder,

Of itself the heart shall question, "Art thou then
no longer here?"

Is it so, my little Henry? Are we set so far asunder
Who were wont to be so near?"

While the fire-light dimly flickers, and the lengthened
shades are meeting,

To itself the heart shall answer, "He shall come
to me no more:

I shall never hear his footsteps nor the child's sweet
voice entreating

For admission at my door."

But upon *your* fair, fair forehead, no regrets nor
griefs are dwelling,

Neither sorrow nor disquiet do the peaceful fea-
tures know;

Nor that look, whose wistful beauty seemed their
sad hearts to be telling,

"Daylight breaketh, let me go!"

Daylight breaketh, little Henry; in its beams your
soul awaketh—

What though night should close around us, dim
and dreary to the view—

Though *our* souls should walk in darkness, far away
that morning breaketh

Into endless day for you!

SAMUEL,

AGED NINE YEARS.

THEY have left you, little Henry, but they have not
left you lonely—

Brothers' hearts so knit together could not, might
not separate dwell,

Fain to seek you in the mansions far away—One
lingered only

To bid those behind farewell!

Gentle Boy!—His childlike nature in most guileless
form was moulded,

And it may be that his spirit woke in glory un-
aware,

Since so calmly he resigned it, with his hands still
meekly folded,

Having said his evening prayer.

Or—if conscious of that summons "Speak, O Lord,
Thy servant heareth"—

As one said, whose name they gave him, might
his willing answer be,

"Here am I"—like him replying—"At Thy gates
my soul appeareth,

For behold Thou calledst me!"

A deep silence—utter silence, on his earthly home
descendeth:—

Reading, playing, sleeping, waking—he is gone,
and few remain!

"O the loss!"—they utter, weeping—every voice
its echo lendeth—

"O the loss!"—But, O the gain!

On that tranquil shore his spirit was vouchsafed an
early landing,
Lest the toils of crime should stain it, or the thrall
of guilt control —

Lest that "wickedness should alter the yet simple
understanding,
Or deceit beguile his soul!"

"Lay not up on earth thy treasure" — they have
read that sentence duly,

Moth and rust shall fret thy riches — earthly good
hath swift decay —

"Even so," each heart replieth — "As for me, my
riches truly

Make them wings and flee away!"

"O my riches! — O my children! — dearest part of
life and being,

Treasures looked to for the solace of this life's
declining years, —

Were our voices cold to hearing — or our faces cold
to seeing,

That ye left us to our tears?"

"We inherit conscious silence, ceasing of some
merry laughter,

And the hush of two sweet voices — (healing
sounds for spirits bruised!) —

Of the tread of joyous footsteps in the pathway fol-
lowing after,

Of two names no longer used!"

Question for them, little Sister, in your sweet and
childish fashion —

Search and seek them, Baby Brother, with your
calm and asking eyes —

Dimpled lips that fail to utter fond appeal or sad
compassion,

Mild regret or dim surprise!

There are two tall trees above you, by the high east
window growing,

Underneath them, slumber sweetly, lapt in silence
deep, serene;

Save, when pealing in the distance, organ notes to-
wards you flowing

Echo — with a pause between!

And that pause? — a voice shall fill it — tones that
blessed you daily, nightly,

Well beloved, but not sufficing, Sleepers, to awake
you now,

Though so near he stand, that shadows from your
trees may tremble lightly

On his book and on his brow!

Sleep then ever! Neither singing of sweet birds shall
break your slumber,

Neither fall of dew, nor sunshine, dance of leaves,
nor drift of snow,

Charm those dropt lids more to open, nor the tran-
quil bosoms cumber

With one care for things below!

It is something, the assurance, that *you* ne'er shall
feel like sorrow,

Weep no past and dread no future — know not
sighing, feel not pain —

Nor a day that looketh forward to a mournfuller to-
morrow —

"Clouds returning after rain!"

No, far off, the daylight breaketh, in its beams each
soul awaketh:

"What though clouds," they sigh, "be gathered
dark and stormy to the view,

Though the light our eyes forsaketh, fresh and sweet
behold it breaketh

Into endless day for you!"

KATIE, AGED FIVE YEARS.

(ASLEEP IN THE DAYTIME.)

ALL rough winds are hushed and silent, golden light
the meadow steepeth,

And the last October roses daily wax more pale
and fair ;

They have laid a gathered blossom on the breast of
one who sleepeth

With a sunbeam on her hair.

Calm, and draped in snowy raiment she lies still, as
one that dreameth,

And a grave sweet smile hath parted dimpled lips
that may not speak ;

Slanting down that narrow sunbeam like a ray of
glory gleameth

On the sainted brow and cheek.

There is silence ! They who watch her, speak no
word of grief or wailing,

In a strange unwonted calmness they gaze on and
cannot cease,

Though the pulse of life beat faintly, thought shrink
back, and hope be failing,

They, like Aaron, " hold their peace."

While they gaze on her, the deep bell with its long
slow pauses soundeth ;

Long they hearken — father — mother — love has
nothing more to say :

Beating time to feet of Angels leading her where
love aboundeth

Tolls the heavy bell this day.

Still in silence to its tolling they count over all her
meetness

To be near their hearts and soothe them in all sor-
rows and all fears ;

Her short life lies spread before them, but they
cannot tell her sweetness,

Easily as tell her years.

Only daughter — Ah ! how fondly Thought around
that lost name lingers,

Oft when lone your mother sitteth, she shall weep
and droop her head,

She shall mourn her baby-sempstress, with those
imitative fingers,

Drawing out her aimless thread.

In your father's Future cometh many a sad uncheered
to-morrow,

But in sleep shall three fair faces heavenly-calm
towards him lean —

Like a threefold cord shall draw him through the
weariness of sorrow,

Nearer to the things unseen.

With the closing of your eyelids close the dreams of
expectation, [their way :

And so ends the fairest chapter in the records of
Therefore — O thou God most holy — God of rest
and consolation,

Be thou near to them this day !

Be Thou near, when they shall nightly, by the bed
of infant brothers,

Hear their soft and gentle breathing, and shall
bless them on their knees ;

And shall think how coldly falleth the white moon
light on the others,

In their bed beneath the trees.

Be Thou near, when they, they *only*, bear those faces
in remembrance,

And the number of their children strangers ask
them with a smile ;
And when other childlike faces touch them by the
strong resemblance
To those turned to them erewhile.

Be Thou near, each chastened Spirit for its course
and conflict nerving,

Let Thy voice say, "Father — mother — lo ! thy
treasures live above !
Now be strong, be strong, no longer cumbered over
much with serving
At the shrine of human love."

Let them sleep ! In course of ages e'en the Holy
House shall crumble, [its decline,
And the broad and stately steeple one day bend to
And high arches, ancient arches bowed and decked
in clothing humble,
Creeping moss shall round them twine.

Ancient arches, old and hoary, sunny beams shall
glimmer through them,
And invest them with a beauty we would fain they
should not share,

And the moonlight slanting down them, the white
moonlight shall imbue them
With a sadness dim and fair.

Then the soft green moss shall wrap you, and the
world shall all forget you,

Life, and stir, and toil, and tumult unawares shall
pass you by ;
Generations come and vanish : but it shall not grieve
nor fret you,
That they sin, or that they sigh.

And the world, growing old in sinning, shall deny
her first beginning,

And think scorn of words which whisper how that
all must pass away ;
Time's arrest and intermission shall account a vain
tradition,
And a dream, the reckoning day !

Till His blast, a blast of terror, shall awake in shame
and sadness

Faithless millions to a vision of the failing earth
and skies,
And more sweet than song of Angels, in their shout
of joy and gladness,

Call the dead in Christ to rise !
Then, by One Man's intercession, standing clear
from their transgression,
Father — mother — you shall meet them fairer than
they were before,
And have joy with the Redeemèd, joy ear hath not
heard — heart dreamèd,
Ay forever — evermore !

THE TWO MARGARETS.

I.

MARGARET BY THE MERE SIDE.

LYING imbedded in the green champaign
That gives no shadow to thy silvery face,
Open to all the heavens, and all their train,
The marshalled clouds that cross with stately pace,
No steadfast hills on thee reflected rest,
Nor waver with the dimpling of thy breast.