

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued, and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.



OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL
—*BE PROUD?*—

BY WILLIAM KNOX.



H, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
 The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
 The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
 Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
 The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
 The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
 The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
 The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
 Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
 That withers away to let others succeed;
 So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
 To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
 We see the same sights our fathers have seen,—
 We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
 And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
 From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
 To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
 But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
 They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
 They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
 They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died: and we things that are now,
 Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
 Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
 Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
 We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
 And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
 Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
 Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?





→*THE+LAST+MAN.*←

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.



ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom;
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !



“Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high.”

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying, “We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run—
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand, thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

“What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will!
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned* king of day,
For all these trophied arts
And triumphs, that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion, or a pang,
Entailed on human hearts.

“Go,—let oblivion’s curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life’s tragedy again;
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor weaken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease’s shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

* “My gray, discrowned head.”—CHARLES I.

“E'en I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast;
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

“This spirit shall return to him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the Grave of victory,
And took the sting from Death !

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God !”



SUMMER.



—*SUMMER.*—

—
BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.
—



WINTER is cold-hearted;
Spring is yea and nay;
Autumn is a weather-cock,
Blown every way;
Summer days for me,
When every leaf is on its tree,

When Robin's not a beggar,
And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang, singing, singing, singing,
Over the wheat-fields wide,
And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
Swings from side to side,

And blue-black beetles transact business,
And gnats fly in a host,
And furry caterpillars hasten
That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And ladybirds arrive.

Before green apples blush,
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town—
Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone everywhere.

