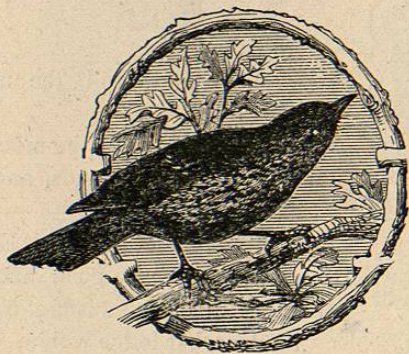


Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.
 The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Poured out profusely, silent: joined to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert; while the stockdove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'T is love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love;
 That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches.



»THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.«

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



He walked along, while bright and red
 Uprose the morning sun;
 And Matthew stopped, he looked and said,
 "The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,
 With hair of glittering gray;
 As blithe a man as you could see
 On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass
 And by the steaming rills
 We traveled merrily, to pass
 A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun;
 Then from thy breast what thought,
 Beneath so beautiful a sun,
 So sad a sigh has brought?"

A second time did Matthew stop;
 And, fixing still his eye
 Upon the eastern mountain-top,
 To me he made reply:

“Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
 Brings fresh into my mind
 A day like this, which I have left
 Full thirty years behind.

“And just above yon slope of corn
 Such colors, and no other,
 Were in the sky that April morn,
 Of this the very brother.

“With rod and line I sued the sport
 Which that sweet season gave,
 And, coming to the church, stopped short
 Beside my daughter’s grave.

“Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
 The pride of all the vale;
 And then she sang;—she would have been
 A very nightingale.

“Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
 And yet I loved her more—
 For so it seemed—than till that day
 I e’er had loved before.

“And, turning from her grave, I met
 Beside the churchyard yew
 A blooming girl, whose hair was wet
 With points of morning dew.

“A basket on her head she bare;
 Her brow was smooth and white:
 To see a child so very fair,
 It was a pure delight!

“No fountain from its rocky cave
 E’er tripped with foot so free;
 She seemed as happy as a wave
 That dances on the sea.

“There came from me a sigh of pain
 Which I could ill confine;
 I looked at her, and looked again:
 And did not wish her mine!”

—Matthew is in his grave, yet now
 Methinks I see him stand
 As at that moment, with a bough
 Of wilding in his hand.





—*ALPINE HEIGHTS.*—

—
BY KRUMMACHER (GERMAN).
—

TRANSLATION OF CHARLES T. BROOKS.
—



ON Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

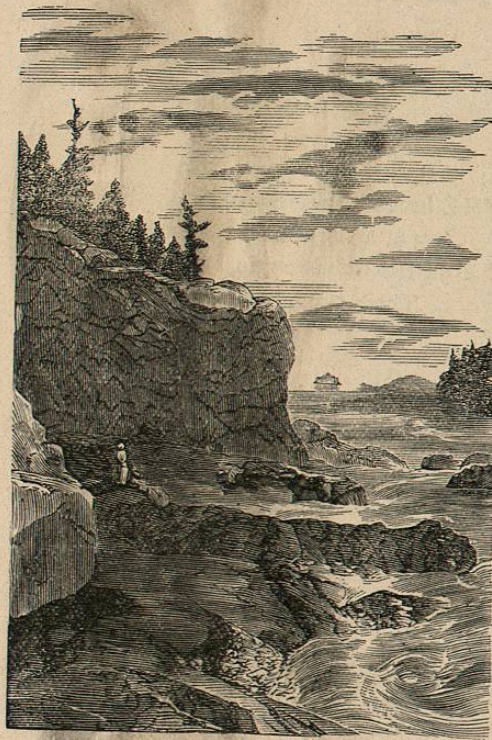
On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a paradise.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

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ALPINE HEIGHTS.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow;
There the bold chamois go;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from his own hand.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.



On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd;
His Shepherd is the Lord;
For he who feeds the sheep
Will sure his offspring keep.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.



THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

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THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

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Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.





—*SEVEN+TIMES+TWO.*—

ROMANCE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.



YOU bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily
While a boy listened alone:
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.



—*TO+A+SKELETON.*—

ANONYMOUS.

[The MSS. of this poem, which appeared during the first quarter of the present century, was said to have been found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and to have been sent by the curator to the Morning Chronicle for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer a reward of fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his incognito, and, we believe, has never been discovered.]



BEHOLD this ruin! 'T was a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beautiful visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void,—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
 The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
 If Falsehood's honey is disdained,
 And when it could not praise was chained;
 If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
 Yet gentle concord never broke,—
 This silent tongue shall plead for thee
 When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
 Or with the envied rubies shine?
 To hew the rock or wear a gem
 Can little now avail to them.
 But if the page of Truth they sought,
 Or comfort to a mourner brought,
 These hands a richer meed shall claim
 Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
 These feet the paths of duty trod?
 If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
 To seek Affliction's humble shed;
 If Grandeur's guilty bride they spurned,
 And home to Virtue's cot returned,—
 These feet with angel wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky!



≡IT≡NEVER≡COMES≡AGAIN.≡

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.



HERE are gains for all our losses,
 There are balms for all our pains,
 But when youth, the dream, departs,
 It takes something from our hearts,
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better
 Under manhood's sterner reign;
 Still we feel that something sweet
 Followed youth, with flying feet,
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
 And we sigh for it in vain;
 We behold it everywhere,
 On the earth, and in the air,
 But it never comes again.

