

A LITTLE CHILD'S MONUMENT

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LONDON: C. KEGAN PAUL AND CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

A LITTLE CHILD'S
MONUMENT

BY

THE HON. RODEN NOEL

"Ya mati ' ya mati "

"My dead ' my dead "

(Arabic dirge)

"And a little child shall lead them "

FOURTH EDITION

LONDON

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1881

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TO
HIS MOTHER
I DEDICATE THIS.

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AT HIS GRAVE.

If death were an eternal sleep,
I would lay me down by him,
Never to wound more, nor to weep,
Nor grope aw weary, maimed, and dim,
Inflict no injury, no pain,
Nor ache with this dull doubt again !
While the birken shadows pass
O'er the marble and the grass,
I lean upon thy cross and weep ;
Very sweet were sleep,
With ne'er a tear,
Nor hope nor fear !
If thou behold me from thy bowers
Smile on mine offering of flowers,
And help me, dear !
Thou hast entered into life,
While we rave in mortal strife :
Love, receive the offering
Of unworthy words I bring !

Lo ! I lay them on thy tomb ;
 May they a little lighten gloom,
 Soothe an aching void, and bless
 In love's distress !

Thou should have laid me in my quiet grave,
 Sorrowing calm ;
 And I with folded palm.
 But now above thine own behold I rave !
 With all thy life before thee so to die,
 Unseasonably !
 " Whom the gods love die young ;"
 To that sweet saying, then, I clung.

Ghastly Doubt, and chilling Fear,
 The wan Ages' Quest is here,
 Trembling Hope, and faltering Faith,
 Intent on what God whispereth.
 It was thy leaving me that shook
 Content in this deluding nook
 Of rainbow life, that seems upbuoyed
 A moment in a rayless void ;
 So I sought for firmer ground ;
 And tell to others what I found.

I would embalm thee in my verse :
 To loving souls it shall rehearse
 Thy loveliness when I am cold,

And fragrant with it, may enfold
For other hearts in misery
Faint solace ; words were sweet to me
From hearts, who mourned what seemed to be
Dear, like thee :
These are thy swathings of rare spice,
A golden shrine with gems of price,
A monument of my device.

A LITTLE CHILD'S MONUMENT.



LAMENT.

I AM lying in the tomb, love,
Lying in the tomb,
'Tho' I move within the gloom, love,
Breathe within the gloom !
Men deem life not fled, dear,
Deem my life not fled,
'Tho' I with thee am dead, dear,
I with thee am dead,
O my little child !

What is the grey world, darling,
What is the grey world,
Where the worm is curled, darling,
The deathworm is curled ?
'They tell me of the spring, dear !
Do I want the spring ?
Will she waft upon her wing, dear,

A LITTLE CHILD'S MONUMENT.

The joy-pulse of her wing,
Thy songs, thy blossoming,
O my little child !

For the hallowing of thy smile, love,
The rainbow of thy smile,
Gleaming for a while, love,
Gleaming to beguile !
Replunged me in the cold, dear,
Leaves me in the cold,
And I feel so very old, dear.
Very, very old !

Would they put me out of pain, dear,
Out of all my pain,
Since I may not live again, dear,
Never live again !

I am lying in the grave, love,
In thy little grave,
Yet I hear the wind rave, love,
And the wild wave !
I would lie asleep, darling,
With thee lie asleep,
Unhearing the world weep, darling,
Little children weep !
O my little child !

DARK SPRING.

Now the mavis and the merle
/ Lavish their full hearts in song ;
Peach and almond boughs unfurl
White and purple bloom along
A blue burning air,
All is very fair :
But ah ! the silence and the sorrow !
I may not borrow
Any anodyne for grief
From the joy of flower or leaf,
No healing to allay my pain
From the cool of air or rain ;
Every sweet sound grew still,
Every fair colour pale,
When his life began to wane !
They may never live again !
A child's voice and visage will
Evermore about me fail ;
And my weary feet will go
Labouring as in deep snow :
Though the year with glowing wine

Fill the living veins of vine,
While a faint moon hangs between
Broidery of a leafy screen ;
Though the glossy fig may swell,
And Night hear her Philomel,
While sweet lemon blossom breathes,
And fair Sun his falchion wreathes
With rich depending golden fruit,
Or crimson roses at his foot,
All is desolate and mute !
Dark to-day, and dark to-morrow !
Ah ! the silence and the sorrow !

NIGHT AND MORNING.

SUGGESTED BY CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH.

I.

IN the grey cathedral,
In the aisles of twilight,
Wails an awful music,
Whelming my drowned spirit
Fathom-deep in woe.
The hoar stone of ages
Palpitates disaster,
Breathes aware with sorrow,
Weighs me down to death !
All the immense wan spaces
Pregnant with dead faces,
Cold, carven forms arise !
And grey walls bring forth !
Vasty vans of darkness,
Swordsweeps of desolation,
Hound me to dim death !
Born from the deep ocean

Of sounding mystery,
 In the ghostly forest
 Of colossal pillars
 Grows a dread procession :
 Tramp ! tramp ! tramp !
 Phantoms vast, sepulchral,
 With dim downward eyes,
 Move where yawns a dreary
 Fathomless abyss.

What do they bear ? they bear him,
 My All, my Heart, my Heaven !
 They let him fall therein !
 Fall ! fall ! fall !
 Fall ever in the abyss !
 And my soul wails over,
 Yearns to him in vain !
 Cruel world ! O cruel spirit
 Of the world, with ne'er a heart !
 All in vain I moan imploring ;
 Sleep ! sleep ! sleep !

II.

In the grey cathedral
 Dawn red rays of morning,
 And a sweet low music
 Lifts me from the grave.
 My dead pulses flutter,

As in spring the leaflet,
Or young flower awaking,
Wooed by the warm South . . .
. . . A calm saint on a pinnacle
Smiles in the day-dawn ;
Monumental marble
With warm life-blood glows,
Sweet small singers warble
“ Live ! live ! live ! ”
And lo ! a rush of angels,
A cloud of spirits bright
From soft sun-rays of opal,
Woven to nests of light,
Among celestial branchings
Of the embowered height,
Bear me back my darling,
Smiling, rosed, alive,
Alive ! alive ! alive !
They only meant to scare me,
All was but in play ;
The dismal shades were angels
From my Father's day ;
Our Father knows why we must weep ;
He wipes our tears away.

But if a hair might perish
From his sweet tendrilled head,
God would be the devil,

Love and Truth were dead,
Man a maniac, mooning
A moment plausibly,
Joy an idiot fooling,
And life Death's leprosy !
 No ! no ! no !
An Eye rules the wild sea
Of human misery !

A TOMB AT PALMYRA.

FULL twenty years ! and still I seem to stand,
As then, aloft in the tall tower-tomb
So far within the expanse of Syrian sand,
Alone, where long long ages in the gloom
Of yon stone shelves a human dust hath lain,
That once breathed, brooded, dared, hoped, hated,
loved !

Awhile o'erwept, and worshipped with fond pain,
How stealthily the memory removed
From hearts who dreamed that never it could wane !
Later, the men who built the tomb dispersed,
Their conquerors were heedless of the dead ;
Race following race, remembrance of the first,
Like some fair pageant of the cloud, is fled ;
They, and the memory of them all erased,
Faint characters an idle mood hath traced
In sands of yonder ever-wandering waste.
The shelves are void ; an alien spoiler soon
The dear embalmed remains hath lightly strewn
Upon these raving winds that roam the wild,
For ever to be scattered, whirled, or piled

With dust that loved, scorned, knew not that they
were,
For ever to be heaped, and hounded there,
In amicable rest, or rivalry
With never-animate dust of the dun sea. . . .
. . . Anarchic spirits of the desert blast
Celebrate all the ruin of the past !
Shadowy Murder's dismal dialogue,
Conspiring, ere she leap to disembody
Annihilating vials on my head,
Who dare to stand alive among the dead.
Carousals, wails from hollowhearts resound,
Long agony of maniac souls around,
Low moaning, shrieking, fading in a swoon,
Thundering exultant through the rifted tomb,
And bearing down my heart with swoop of doom ;
"Cease! cease from trouble! hope thou, or despair;
"Wait but a little, thou too shalt be there!"

DEAD.

I.

WHERE the child's joy-carol
Rang sweeter than the spheres,
There, centre of deep silence,
Darkness, and tears,
On his bed
The child lay dead.

II.

There a man sat stolid,
Stupefied and cold,
Save when the lamp's flicker
To poor love told
Some mocking lie
Of quivering eye,
Or lip that said,
"He is not dead."

III.

Weary Night went weeping,
Moaning long and low,
Till dim Dawn, awaking,
Found them so—
The heart that bled,
And his dim dead.

IV.

“ Measure him for his coffin,”
He heard a stranger say ;
And then he broke to laughing,
“ God ! measure my poor clay,
And shut me in my coffin,
A soul gone grey !
For hope lies dead,
Life is fled.”

THE KING AND THE PEASANT.

WORLD-WIDE possessions, populous lands
The monarch doth inherit,
And lordlier kingdoms he commands,
Fair realms within the spirit.
The monarch had a little son,
A child of five years old,
The loveliest earth ere looked upon ;
And he is lying cold.
The king is in the olive grove,
A hind sings in the tree ;
Below, the infant of his love
Is babbling merrily.
The father beats the boughs, and while
Dark oval olives fly,
The boy, with many a laugh and smile,
Pursues them far and nigh.
Blue sea between the grey-green leaves
Twinkles, and the sun
Through them a playful chequer weaves
Over the little one.

The monarch gazes all unseen,
Tears burning his wan eyes ;
Tenderly his love doth lean
To bless their Paradise,
As through black bars that foul the day,
And shut him out from joy :
Hear the world-envied monarch say,
“ Perish, my bauble crown, my toy,
All the science, all the sway,
Power to mould the world my way,
Persuade to beauty the dull clay !
Take all ; but leave, ah ! leave my boy,
Give me back my life, my joy !
This poor rude peasant I would be,
Yet dare not breathe the wish that he
Were as I am, a king, of misery ! ”

A MILK-WHITE BLOOMED ACACIA
TREE."

A MILK-WHITE bloomed acacia tree,
A flowery fair lawn,
Lark-song upsoaring from the lea,
In a rosy dawn ;
A little child who, while he sings,
Gives light and joy to all, and song, and sunny
wings !

The green acacia still blooms,
And all the fairy flowers,
Song thrills the chorister's light plumes
In blue celestial bowers ;
Darkling I wander in the wild,
Looking for my little child ;
I cannot hear his happy voice,
Bidding all the world be lovely, and rejoice.

MOUNTAIN LYRIC.

A MOUNTAIN spake to a sunny cloud,
" Whither, my child, away? "

" Father, the winds are calling loud
To fields of air for play !

Away ! away !

Father, O father, solemn-browed !

Fly thou with me for play ! "

Nestled half in a sunny snow,

And half in azure air,

The cloudlet, pausing, loth to go

And leave the mountain bare,

With hazy hair,

And misty feet in a sunny snow,

May not linger there ;

Lithely curled in a merry breeze,

With look still turned to earth,

Wafted on viewless presences

From the mystic mount of birth,

With a merry mirth,

Summoning fondly as he flees,

“ O father, leave your earth ! ”
Floating fair into sunny sky,
Evanishing away,
Praying the pine-veiled heights to fly,
Dark furrowed heights of grey ;
“ Away ! away ! ”
“ Our roots are deep, we may not die, ”
Stern crags responded wearily ;
“ Fly thou away,
O child of day !
The hallowing of thy sunny smile,
Thy fingers of cool mist,
Soothed my weary soul erewhile,
And since thy lips have kissed,
Lightning, blast, nor lashing rain,
Snows, nor howling hurricane
Mar my deep rest,
Remembering thy heavenly smile ;
Fade thou away !
And leave me grey ! ”

EARLY PRIMROSE.

THERE was a paly primrose,
Budding very early
In the little garden,
When he lay so ill.
“Do you think I may be
Well enough to go there
When the flower opens,
Papa?” he asked of me.
But only a day after
Our little Sunshine left us,
And the primrose opened
The very day he died.
I wonder if he saw it,
Saw the flower open,
Went to pay the visit
Yonder after all !
I know we laid the flower
On a stilly bosom
Of an ivory image ;
But I want to know

If indeed he wandered
In the little garden,
Or noted on the bosom
Of his fading form
The paly primrose open ;
How I want to know !

SLEEP.

AIRILY the leaves are playing
In blue summer light,
Fugitive soft shadow laying
Lovingly o'er marble white,
Where he lies asleep.

Lilies of the valley bending
Lowly bells amid the green ;
Sweet moss roses meekly lending
Their soft beauty to the scene
Of his quiet sleep.

All around him heather glowing
Purple in the sun ;
Sound of bees, and bird o'erflowing
Lull my lost, my little one,
Lying there asleep.

Harsher sight or sound be banished,
For my child is gone to rest ;
These are telling of my vanished
In the language of the blest,
Wake him not from sleep !

IN THE CORSICAN HIGHLANDS.

CLOUD-CHAOS surges o'er a crest sublime,
'That seems forked lightning spell-bound into stone ;
Abruptly steep flame-pointed precipices,
Dark as the night, dissolve to opaline
In phantom foldings of circumfluent sea.
'Their natures blend confused ; the mists assume
A semblance of impenetrable rock ;
Stern rock relents to luminous faint cloud.

'Their banners rent as in uproarious war,
Behold! the vaporous battalions
Unclose, dispelled and routed of loud winds,
That drive them scared, and scattered ; so Jehovah
Clove that astounded sea for Israel.
Yonder beneath me, the enormous crag
Reveals, between grey ghostly robes of them,
Solid, and rude, and perpendicular,
A mighty front of Titans grandly piled,
Umber, and gory red, and pallid green,
Reared in some alien world beyond the cloud,
Stronghold stupendous of immortal gods.

●

The rude, immense, straight pillars of grey pine
Scale heaven, sustaining tempest-writhen roofs
Of scant, green, level umbrage ; they are built
Athwart yon vaporous and vasty walls
Of far-off mountain : over them arise
Ruinous tower, fantastic pinnacle,
And icy spire in a blue burning air.
They overhang deep, forest-filled ravines
Wandering seaward ; whose dim serpentine
Night ever hears a solemn utterance
Of torrents, with deep monotone attuned
To these wind-oracles of ancient pine.
Yonder a gaunt trunk-Skeleton upbraids
With blasted arms the Bolt that shattered it.
Tusky black monsters reign within the gloom
Of forest, and dead waters desolate :
Dim mists drive blindly through portentous trees,
While a weird Sun blinks dwarfed within the drift :
Legions of shadowy shaggy ilex climb
Yon narrow-cloven hollows of the crag.

Now evening falls : an aromatic breath
Of amber oozing from a dun-red bark,
And mountain herb, and many a mountain flower
Pervades the air slow clearing from the cloud :
A vasselike cleft between two snowy peaks
Glowingly fills with a pale violet ;
Beneath appears fair Ocean's purple line,

Far away from far portals of the pass.
Lower, a surge of huge dun purple rock,
Tumultuously contorted, rolls a rude
And shadowy chaos interposed between
Dark peaks and me : Night's ever-deepening gloom
Engulfs the gorges : all is mighty Music,
Phantasmal symphony of ghostly Forni,
A visionary Chorus with no sound !

Stern-visaged Isle ! upon thy rocky breast
Two sons were nurtured, heritors of fame.
The one drew pride and ruin from thy veins,
Towering portentous, terrible, alone,
A scourge of God ; Napoleon drew power
To desolate the world ; while Paoli
Drank from dark fountains of thy resolute blood
The patriot's unshamed integrity.

Behold ! I stand within a place of graves :
Low wooden crosses o'er the lonely dead.
Within the wondrous amphitheatre
Of mountains overshadowing they rest ;
Watched, warded, in those awful arms they lie.
Ah ! Nature here hath roused herself to robe
Her oft unheeded royalty in robes
Of godlike splendour, that our eyes may see ;
Hath sounded, as with trumpet-blast of doom,
That our dull ears may slumber not, but hear !

Brands with fierce fire upon the heedless heart
Her names of wonder! yea, I know ye now :
I bow my head in worship : yea, I feel
Your majesty of godlike Presences ;
Stand here abashed, with mortal head bowed low
Before you, Angels, Demons of the Lord!

Yet with no rapture of strong youth's acclaim
I hail you, as a lowlier brother may
Hail a liege lord, a hero, or a king.
But I have come into your awful courts,
A poor blind broken pilgrim from afar,
Who faltering chances upon some august
Assembly of dread princes, and bows low,
Yet only craves to learn if haply he,
Who used to lead his poor blind footsteps on
With such clear-seeing love, a little child,
Who has been lost to him, alas ! for long,
And whom he vainly seeks about the world,
About the dreary, barren world, be here ?
But meeting no response to his demand,
He can but idly weep a moment, ere
He grope his weary way abroad again.

These are but void and ruined courts to me
Of faded splendour, unremembered Power !
I cannot see aright, I cannot feel.
And while men prate of knowing all the laws,

The mortal cold possessing human hearts
Weighs down their eyes in deep sepulchral gloom.
But if some Angel's sword from forth the night,
With vasty voice of Doom, by human tongues
Called thunder, leapt, and smote me out of all
These evil dreams named living, might I find
My little child, and with him find the Lord ? :

We journey ever higher, through a grove
Of moonlit chestnut, where a babbling stream,
At intervals, in open forest glades,
Flashes with ruffled, wandering, pale flame.
The air is richly laden with sweet spoil
From fragrant flower, and foliage faint-green ;
Shadowy-folded hills and dells involved
Whisper of verdure lush, luxuriant,
Known to fair elves, or rills who tinkling glide,
Telling sweet secrets, haunted of shy beams,
Whene'er the whims of leafy Ariels,
And cloudy gossamer, aloft allow
Their gentle wandering ; tall asphodel,
And flowery fennel, either side our way,
Often we dim discern ; but where the woods
No longer in their colonnades of gloom
Involve our path, beyond the precipice,
Behold ! how all the regions of the north,
Height, depth, and breadth, are held, filled, domi-
nated

By one supreme pale presence, Monte d'Oro !
His spirit-robcs far floating, a dim grey,
Sombre with forest, pallid with the moon,
His kingly crest snow-gleaming to the stars.

Pan is not dead ! He lives ! He lives for ever !
These awful Demiurgic Powers named Nature
Nourish, involve a half-alive, blind soul,
A human soul, who fondly deems them dead.
Surely the Lord is making us alive !
Mine aching wound shall heal ; for I shall find
My lost, for whom I long ; from thee, my friend,
The weary burden of thy doubt shall pass.
Sorrow and Wrong are pangs of a new birth :
All we who suffer bleed for one another ;
No life may live alone, but all in all ;
We lie within the tomb of our dead selves,
Waiting till One command us to arise.

IN THE ALPS

ONCE more, once more, the heavenly heights environ,
Here in the land remembering Rousseau,
Thrilling with songs of Shelley and of Byron,
And lovelier songs of lives purer than snow !
Beautiful mother of the brave and free,
Mother of deeds that live eternally,
A beacon, like thy sunlit spires up yonder,
A clarion, like the unfurling of loud thunder
Among thine echoing ravines and rocks,
And turbulent elemental shocks,
Far-rolling banner, blazoned with fierce light,
Shaken in false faces of the hosts of night !

I deem it well awhile to linger here.
My weary heart was weakened with pale fear,
And loss of him who made the world so dear,
Low care, dull disappointment, and vain strife
With strangling sins, and problems of mad life :
My conquered soul lay open to despair,
Whose cold grey waters moaned unchallenged there.

For not alone my dearest hope lay slain,
And the few loved ones who are left me wane
Like fairy gold, but all around lie blent
In one dishonoured ruin, pale and rent,
Children with women, lately fair as day,
Now overmoaned by men who rave and pray
For rest beside them ! And my country hounds
The oppressor on ! she jeers at the death-wounds
Of human hearts ! England, who freed the slave,
Now, for her base greed, thrusts him to his grave ! (1)
Alas ! in her dear bosom want and crime
Horribly thrive, and lurk, waiting red harvest-time !
It was before we knew him that I came ;
And now the glory seems no more the same.
I longed to lead his childish footsteps here,
And watch the wonder in his eyes appear,
And welcome his glad accents ringing clear.
I only hear low wind in the ravine,
A voice of one disconsolate who may lean
Among dark pines, lamenting what hath been !
Voice of mad Time, who blindly brings to birth,
And blindly ruins all her children's mirth,
And crooning idly, sheds their petals upon earth !
O desolate mother of mortals, who bewailest
All thy sweet sons torn from thee, nor availest
Aught to appease the hunger of dim Death,
Who feedeth on thy cherished children's breath !
Is it indeed as Sense and Seeming say,

Or hath yon faint far Hope firmer foothold than
they ;
And may we climb from wildering mist to undeluding
day ?

The shepherd calling to his fellows
In sparry hollows of the crags,
Many a mountain demon bellows
Among wild, caverned peaks and jags.
Flowers in the pastoral valley
Ever with soft breezes dally,
Mellow bells of mild-eyed kine,
While they saunter, and recline,
Soothe the sense ; on waters green
A white-winged shallop sails serene.
In a lofty upland bower
Of foliage, whose verdures dower
Far-off bloom of lake and hill
With lovelier beauty, musing still,
'Neath young leaves I see fair roses
Glowing over violet water,
Whose calm iris-gleam reposes,
Faintly clouded, Heaven's daughter,
Leman's poet-haunted water !
A far village in the heat
Resting at the mountain's feet.
Beyond, how solemnly !
Among the cliffs of Meillerie,

Opal shafts of misty shining
Stream athwart the deep ravine,
Where I never cease divining
Tall rude phantom forms that lean
In reverie
Over one another's shoulder,
Solemn guardians of the gorge,
Till a fleecy cloudlet fold her
Wings awhile upon the verge,
A well-beloved guest :
In the gloom of mountain splendour,
In dusk oriental gold
Of their rich raiment, oh, how tender
Seemed the silver-pinioned rover
From a far celestial fold !
Rude earth spirits may but love her,
Nor ever dare to hold
From her rest !
And a smile stole over furrowed
Faces of old earthworn mountain ;
To each and all who so had sorrowed
The dewy cloud was youth's own fountain
Of happiness divine.
Lo ! now the loftier heights all hoary
Gleam with white wings of Angel presence,
So fledged with plumes we scarce may know
Sheeny cloud from downy snow,
Until I marvel if, in the glory

Of yon serene ethereal pleasance,
 Mine angel, mine !
 Nestle softly with the rest ;
 If a moment he reposes
 On the aerial mount of Roses !
 Or where from Jungfrau's radiant breast
 Roll white thunderous avalanches,
 And the dim ravine swift blanches
 With a ghostly snow
 Fair, far below !
 So white-winged Consolation glides
 Into a heart where Death abides . . .
 . . . Is it a loud acclaim of deep immortal voices,
 When all the effulgent host of warriors rejoices,
 And the ever-burning fire
 Of holy love leaps higher,
 For wings of seraphs rushing from their light on high,
 Into earth's deadly shadow, to help mortality? . . .
 . . . Or near Eiger's pyramid
 May my lovely child lie hid,
 With the pulsing evening star,
 In realms of roses fair and far?

And tho' I come no more as erst I came,
 Fleet-foot as wind, with youthful eyes aflame,
 Eager to scale thy snows, and gladly dare,
 Free as a fawn, heart-whole as mountain air,
 But halting with dull weight of years and pain,

Shame and remorse, and little doubtful gain ;
 Surely 'tis well once more awhile tō be
 Here in the morning land of holiest Liberty !
 Here in the prescnce-chamber of high Nature,
 Here at the feet of her immortal stature,
 Gazing within her calm supernal eyes,
 My soul, assoiled from earth's insanities,
 Casts the low corse of folly, lust, and death,
 And loosed from suffocation, draws free breath,
 Inhaling draughts of powers divine, that are
 Eternal strength in spirit, earth, and star ;
 Learneth endurance from stern, silent mountains,
 And youthful hope from the everflowing fountains,
 Indomitable ardour by strong-sounding floods,
 Deep contemplation in dim-dreaming woods,
 Lofty aspiring, with firm faith,
 From all yon soaring hierarchy saith,
 And the sublime still host of worlds that travelleth ;
 Untiring battle with the foe within,
 Until, through Christ, I conquer all my sin,
 And sleepless war upon His enemies without,
 Till all rebels bow willing thralls to Love, whom they
 so flout.

Yea, thou, my darling, gleaming out of God
 A moment o'er the wintry path I trod,
 Tellest, we toil, we climb, we faint, we fall ;
 Yet ever rise, until we rest, Love reigning all in all !
 Yea, now and evermore Love rèigneth over all.

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

A Voice.

ONLY a little child !

Stone cold upon a bed !

Is it for him you wail so wild,

As though the very world were dead ?

Arise, arise !

'Threaten not the tranquil skies !

Do not all things die ?

'Tis but a faded flower !

Dear lives exhale perpetually

With every fleeting hour.

Rachael for ever weeps her little ones ;

For ever Rizzpah mourneth her slain sons.

Arise, arise !

'Threaten not the tranquil skies !

Only a little child !

Long generations pass :

Behold them flash a moment wild

With stormlight, a pale headlong mass

Of foam, into unfathomable gloom!
 Worlds and shed leaves have all one doom.

Arise, arise!

Threaten not the tranquil skies.

Should Earth's tremendous Shade
 Spare only you and yours?
 Who regardeth empires fade
 Untroubled, who impassive pours
 Human joy, a mere spilt water,
 Revels red with human slaughter!

Arise, arise!

Threaten not the tranquil skies.

Another Voice.

. . . Only a little child!

He was the world to me.

Pierced to the heart, insane, defiled,

All holiest hope! foul mockery,

Childhood's innocent mirth and rest;

Man's brief life a brutal jest.

There is no God;

Earth is Love's sepulchral sod!

Another Voice.

Only a little child!

Ah! then, who brought him here?

Who made him loving, fair, and mild,

And to your soul so dear?

His lowly spirit seemed divine,
Burning in a heavenly shrine.

Arise, arise !

With pardon for the tranquil skies.

Only a little child !

Who sleeps upon God's heart !
Jesus blessed our undefiled,

Whom no power avails to part
From the life of Him who died
And liveth, whatso'er betide !

Whose are eyes

Tranquiller than starlit skies !

Only a little child !

For whom all things are :
Spring and summer, winter wild,
Sea and earth, and every star,
Time, the void, pleasure and pain,
Hell and heaven, loss and gain !
Life and death are his, and he
Rests in God's eternity.

Arise, arise !

Love is holy, true, and wise,
Mirrored in the tranquil skies.

GOD'S CHILD.

HE wanders round the garden wild,
I hear him singing sweet ;
I know it is my fairy child,
I hear his dancing feet.

Birds low warble in the nest,
Leaves murmur merrily ;
My boy is leaning on the breast
Of God most tranquilly.

He gazes in deep eyes Divine,
With innocent clear eyes ;
He is God's baby more than mine ;
The Father is all-wise.

Carol, my darling ! laugh and leap !
For art thou not God's own ? . . .
. . . Ah ! wildly, wildly must I weep
. . . God hath destroyed His son !

Stabbed with a sudden traitor thrust
The heart so unafraid !
Then flung him down into the dust,
To perish on the blade !

Earth felt, and, staggered with the blow,
Reeled shuddering under me !
Dead worlds, like shrivelled leaves, fell low
From Life's uprooted tree !

How shall I name Thee, Thou Supreme ?
Hate, Treachery, or Crime ? . . .
. . . When may we rise from our dark dream
Beyond the bounds of Time ? . . .

He is but folded closer still
Within the Father's bosom,
Lest our earth airs may work him ill,
My baby boy, my blossom !

MUSIC AND THE CHILD.

I.

AN organ-player comes rarely round
To our lone moorland place ;
My darling at the welcome sound
Runs with laughter in his face
To the nursery window, hailing,
With melodious mirth unfailing,
The sunburnt, black-bearded man,
Who greets him in Italian.
Then he brings and sets a chair,
Humming over every air,
Feigns to turn a handle deftly,
Feigns to talk Italian swiftly,
Fair in little blouse of blue,
Sweet of heart and form and hue.

II.

Pale, my love, with dews of anguish
From the night beneath his curls,
Lies asleep ; and while we languish
In despair, behold ! these purls

A rill of music from afar :
Can the favourite organ jar
So upon our hearts ? We fear
Lest it waken him ; yet hear
Him, waking, pray for it to come
Under the window of his room,
Asking that his friend, the player,
May have food ; we grant the prayer.
Then he lists to every tune,
Growing very weary soon.

III.

Baby lies upon the bed,
And our hearts with him lie dead.
Baby lies with fair white blossom
In his hair and hand and bosom :
Only he is lovelier far
Than earth's fairest flowers are !
And while we cower, smitten low
By our baby boy's death-blow,
Draws again the organ near . . .
Ah ! Baby never more may hear.

IV.

When the little child was going,
From his lips came softly flowing,

Flowing dreamily, the tune
Of a hymn that asks a boon
In childish accents of the Saviour,
Who, by the love in his behaviour,
Showed God cherishes a child ;
And whensoever pain made him wild,
His mother sang it ; then, released,
The child himself sang on, nor ceased
On earth till he commenced in heaven.
For I think that fatal even,
While upon death's wave he drifted,
While the mist of life was lifted,
On our earth-shore he heard his mother,
And pure angels on the other ;
We and they hearing the low voice of him
who travelled
Between us, darkling, a wee pilgrim who the
mystery unravelled !

Even so she sang to him, •
While his lovely eyes grew dim,
In fair former eves, while he
Loosed waifs of singing dreamily,
Till he floated into sleep.
Now it is more strange and deep.
“ Jesus,” he murmured, hearing the Lord call :
“ Fear not, My darling, on My heart to fall ! ”

V.

Then in the depth of our despair,
A vision found me lying there.
She and I were cowering
Before the swoop of Death's dark wing,
That, sweeping him to nothingness,
Plunged our souls in the abyss,
Stone-eyed to stare upon the gloom,
Frantic to challenge the deaf tomb,
Beating upon its iron door
For him who shall return no more !
Death echoing from his awful vault
In ghastly mockery of our assault !
Wanderers ever, wanting only one,
Calling upon the name of our lost little son !

But I dreamt that she and I
Were gazing very mournfully
On the organ, as we deemed
Disused and broken. Then it seemed
That his dear nurse, who loved him well,
And cherished more than I can tell,
Came unaware, and on her breast
She bore him whom we laid to rest,
Our darling, glorious, health-rosed,
Whose dark, dewy eyes reposed
On some far-off enrapturing vision

Of the children's realm elysian !
Ah ! with what transport we kissed him !
Not dead ! not dead ! howe'er we missed him !
Heaven, too, vouchsafes another token ;
The little organ was not broken !
Lo ! baby turns it round and round,
Rejoicing in the wonted sound,
Yea, singing in his blouse of blue,
Lovelier than we ever knew.

VI.

While he lay nightly racked with pain,
Wept and shrieked the hurricane.
Yea, on that terrible night he died,
The clamour of fell fiends, beside
Themselves with hell's blaspheming anger,
Exultant in his god-wept languor,
Seemed to hound him on to death,
Hungry for his innocent breath :
But now what raves it for, and howls
Around with moan of drifted souls !
Are ye not satiate with such
A pure white victim to your clutch,
Yielded by the Powers above,
Who yet we dare to dream are Love ?
The loveliest, most heavenly-hearted
Child ever by themselves imparted

To this poor earth of ours !

So moaning

In fierce despair, amid the groaning
Of those evil blasts I heard
A still small voice, as of a bird.
Nay, bird had ne'er so sweet a voice,
Nor ever bird may so rejoice ;
No spring that babbles in the summer,
Nor flower-enamoured fairy hummer !
What is it, Lord ? can it be human ?
Song of child, or song of woman ?
Some loving Ariel doth toy
In self-abandonment of joy !
Like, yet unlike our vanished angel !
I know I deem it an evangel
From my darling, hovering
In the very storm, to sing
Near my yearning soul, to tell
What seems the blasphemy of hell
Is love, to him who loveth well !

. . . In bluest air the melody
On silver wings appears to fly ;
And lo ! in live germander blue
A threefold flower-cluster flew,
Child-seraphim, arrayed in white,
Fair with dewy eyes of light ;
As when two swallows on the wing,

Circle each other dallying ;
 In playful love we hear them cleaving
 Blue air with dances they are weaving ,
 So on tender pulsing pinion
 Audibly the heaven's dominion
 Many a threefold flower-band
 Of children clove, while in their bland
 Spirit-wreathing, when one passed,
 Shadow delicate fell fast
 From him upon a sister child,
 Softening to mood more mild
 Her raptured whiteness undefiled.

VII.

When the jubilant hymnals roam,
 Buoyant-winged as sunny foam,
 High-flung, wind-wafted, in the dome,
 Or solemn-branched cathedral aisle,
 From pure boy-bosoms, all the while
 To me it seems my darling mingles
 With the sound that burns and tingles,
 Floating calm in the calm sea
 Of all unshadowed harmony.
 Holy, Holy, Holy ! mount
 Arrowy song-flight from the fount
 Of our earth-music ! that descending
 Erst from heaven, will be blending

Now with his full songs of joy,
Who, lark-like, sings where no alloy
Of earth a gentle soul may trouble
In her perennial sweet bubble,
Whose lily petal ever fair
Reposes, feeding in live air.

NATURE AND THE DEAD.

„“He is made one with nature.”—SHIELLEY. }

I.

I MUSED below dark everlasting rocks,
Hearing the circling happy seamew cry ;
I listened to the gentle water-shocks
Of cool clear emerald, how peacefully
Wandering thro' cavern hall, or labyrinth
Worn in the cliff's heart ! flowering seathrift
Sang to blithe bees, and breezes ; the red plinth
Of ocean-palace pillar in a lift
And fall of playful sunny wavelets glowed ;
Until I floated on the hyaline
Into a mystic ocean fay's abode,
Hung with pale sea-grape, walled with coralline,
Gemmed with live jade and garnet, or adorning
Of gleaming opal-hearted passion-flowers,
Living, blue, crimson, as a radiant morning ;
While wavelight all the rocky temple dowers,
Golden, blood-jasper, grey, with woven smiles
Quavering musical, 'mid velvety piles

Wine-dark, fern-tufted ; I am afloat in froth,
That seethes and sparkles on a heaving clear
Sunned chrysoprase ; hued like a burnet-moth
Here the cliff shows, shell-cruled wholly here
With shells, bathing their lucid filaments
In lapsing crystal ; among twilit grotts,
Fulfilling strange mysterious intents,
I hear far waters commune in dim spots
With weird rock-comrade, monster fish, or seal,
Or slumberous anemones that feel.
Through yon chaotic arch of vasty height,
Of grand proportion, hewn by Titan hand
Of turbulent tempest, flying in blue light
Appear white sails, and capes of basking land,
Rich hazy brown ; here towering dread forms
Of silent crag brood awful and alone :
These have absorbed all terror of the storms,
That wear, combat, caress their writhen stone.

II.

My soul said then to Earth and Air :
“ How can I deem that ye would dare
To smile and dally, if ye did
The deed of darkness ? holding hid
My stolen child, my withered blossom,
Plucked, trampled, dead in your dark bosom !
If at the heart of your mad glee

My living child lay lifelessly !
And all your horrible vampire life
With his precious blood were rife !
If your false innocence but rave
Over a murdered infant's grave !
And all his wondrous soul blown out,
Your idiot salt billows flout
My child's pale corpse within your cave !
And this the end of him who lent
Blue heaven to my dull firmament !
Of him, whose holy opening flower
Claimed eternity for dower !
Who from our green lowly sod
With wee white hands reached up to God,
Yea, talked familiarly with Him,
As with myself, ere earth grew dim
With his strange silence, and the loss
That stole from beauty all her gloss,
And charm for ever ! left the world
A faded mouldering banner furled,
Once thundering glorious, impearled,
Aflame with morning ! Mockery !
Break me ! or drown me ! let me die !
Curse your fair bodies with no heart !
Ah me ! Alas ! When I depart,
Shattered upon your iron rocks,
Stifled in wild watershocks,
Shall I not find within the gloom,

There in the darkness of my doom,
A dewy dawn of one who left
Me moaning, when my heart was cleft ?—
A sweet auroral rising of my sun,
Who went out unaware, before his course was run,
And I lay darkling ere my day was well begun ?”

III.

But in a tone remonstrant, mild,
Like one who soothes a fevered child,
Methought fair Earth and Sky and Sea
Responded very quietly :
“ Do you, then, our poor brother, ask
If all we wear the traitor’s mask
On this our festival of gladness ?
We pity, pardoning, your madness !
He is not dead whom you so cherish !
How may a human spirit perish ?
Spirits ! ye dream a lovely dream,
And call it what we only seem !
Ye call us Nature : we are angels,
Who reveal profound evangels,
Tho’ you may fathom not their glory,
Beholding, as in sacred story,
Men like trees walking : so God gives
Maturing sense to all that lives.
But once ye dwelt in Eden—then

We were gods who dwelt with men ;
Your antenatal sphere remember ;
Clear the earth-ash from the ember !
Spirits immortal ! all we live and move
In One, whose name is the Eternal Love.
Yea, with flame-clasp of suffering
Christ's own divine embraces cling !
Your little one is only gone up higher,
Burns now, and glows with more seraphic fire :
For this we bound him to the funeral pyre !
Yea, folded closer, closer to our breast,
His accents reach you from our radiant rest,
Mingling with ours ! Ah ! with sweet surprise
Awake ! and hear ! believe ! and recognize !”

Sark.

THE TOY CROSS.

My little boy at Christmas-tide
 Made me a toy cross ;
Two sticks he did, in boyish pride,
 With brazen nail emboss.

Ah me ! how soon, on either side
 His dying bed's true cross,
She and I were crucified,
 Bemoaning our life-loss !

But He, whose arms in death spread wide
 Upon the holy tree,
Were clasped about him when he died—
 Clasped for eternity !

AZRAEL.

I WAS bending o'er my treasured infant,
O'er his infernal bed of pain ;
All my spirit cloven to its foundations,
Echoing his cries again,
They went crashing through my brain.
Till there came a hollow, hollow knocking
At my darling's lowly chamber door,
And my tortured heart sank fainting in me,
For I knew who stood before.
Then I beheld a dumb and dreadful Presence,
Shrouded in long rigid folds of grey,
Never daring to unveil its awful visage
Before the blessed day.
I, confronting, barred the lowly entrance ;
Yea, I flung my bleeding soul athwart.
I swore, " Thy touch shall ne'er pollute my holy one
Till thou tread upon my heart !
Swift-souled he is, and pure, and fair, and happy,
All his life yet pausing in the bud ;
He is mine eyes, the pulse of all my being,

Vital warmth, and dancing blood !
 I have looked along the flowery vistas
 Of his lovely paradisal spring ;
 I have mused, and seen myself beholding
 His innocence upon the wing,
 Flying in the freshly liliated alleys,
 Blithely singing ever a sweet rhyme.
 Wilt thou strike him dead before me ? wilt thou
 leave me
 In blind silence for all time ?
 I shall look for long upon his opening beauty,
 See the sail fill of his gallant youth,
 Fair unsheathing of a generous keen spirit
 Flashing eager for the Truth !
 He shall defend us, and delight us old and weary,
 His poor weeping mother there and me !
 Will it melt thee pondering how long and dreary
 Without him all our way will be ?
 How we longed and prayed and waited for him !
 And when, fairer than fond Hope could claim,
 He arrived among us, how our hearts leapt to him,
 Blessing, loving, as he came !”

Falling prone, I grovelling entreated,
 “ Dreadful Deity ! for once be kind !”
 But, implacable, It icily swept o'er me
 A mighty moaning wind ;
 And I saw my baby in Its drear embraces,

Rigid, cold, and silent, smitten dead.
 Yet while I lay and impotently cursed It,
 Methought, before It fled,
 In place of Azrael, the awful angel,
 When a fold fell from the countenance,
 Methought I saw, O miracle ! the Saviour,
 With a world's love in His glance !
 I beheld divinely human eyes of Jesus,
 Unfathomable seas of sorrowing ;
 I saw, like flame, upon the riven forehead
 His martyr-crown of King !
 " Pardon, Lord !" I cried, " Oh, take my darling !"
 Looking in His face, methought He smiled.
 Ere they vanished, in the empty chamber kneeling.
 I yielded Him my child.

And I felt a little babe may on a stranger
 For a while a fondling joy confer,
 Yet if he hear the low tone of his mother,
 He will bound away to her.
 Were we high and pure enough to be the guardians
 Of a heavenly soul so pure and high ?
 God, who lent our bird out of His bosom,
 Recalls him to the sky !
 If He brought him to us, He can keep him
 Safer than our foolish feeble care ;
 It is very blind of us to weep him
 Removed from our sad air,

Moved to where the holy ones are telling
 In pure white lilies the Lord's love,
 Where amaranth and asphodel a dwelling
 Weave around our dove,
 Full of wisdom, full of love !

Was it very, very lonely, O my darling !
 Very lonely for a little child,
 Whom we cherished so, and guarded in his goings,
 Carried from us to the wild,
 When thy dear bewildered eyes looked back upon us,
 And we longed in vain to keep thee, or to follow,
 Longed for glimpses of thee disappearing
 In the gloomy, guilty hollow ?
 Ah ! if we had seen thee, with companions
 Coming forth to meet thee with a smile ;
 For there are to whom the beatific vision
 Hath been granted otherwhile,
 While they weeping stood deserted on the desert,
 And love was borne o'er wan waves far away !
 Yet the Lord of life and death is ever near us,
 If we go, or if we stay. •
 Lo ! the same mild moon upon the wanderer
 Looks, and on the dweller by the hearth ;
 So the mild large Eye of the All-Father
 Wards all worlds, and earth,
 Raining a sweet influence of spirits,
 For no malignant ray can harm the pure :

It was Jesus, and the gentle saints departed,
Who came his wound to cure ;
On their gentle bosom how secure !

If I only knew how I shall behold him,
When and where, and in what happy guise !
Will he be a child when I enfold him ?
Or will the form change as he grows more wise ?
He will ever be a child in his sweet spirit !
And I deem the very form will never die ;
But ah ! the soul slides where she holds no image !
Reels, nor grasps reality !
If I were only sure of his well-being,
Sure as I am sure of anguish here,
Could I wish him in our foul, infected prison,
Away from his pure air ?

Ah ! Thy merciless, stern mercy hath chastised us,
Goading us along the narrow road ;
Thy bird, who warmed and dazzled us a moment,
Hath returned to Thine abode.
Lord, when we are purged within the furnace,
May we have our little child again ?
All Thine anguish by the olives in the Garden,
All Thy life and death are vain,
If Thou yield us not our own again !

A SOUTHERN SPRING CAROL.

O SPRING ! O Spring ! O Southern Spring !
What a triumphal song you sing !
All the valley sings !
Nor only warblers who have wings ;
All the peach and almond blossom
Seems young carol from their bosom
In the form of flowers,
Wandering every way
On many a spray,
Rills in the blue day,
Very bird-notes in a spray,
Filling all the valley.
And I deem that, as they dally
In the summer light intense,
In the deep Italian blue,
A subtle spirit influence
May re-enchaut them to a dew
Of melody pure-hearted,
Hither and thither parted,
From the bosom of the birds,

From the gaily feathered herds,
And they would be songs again,
One rich rain !
A peach-petal flutters down,
A white moth hath softly flown,
And we hardly know sweet note
From fair vision as they float.
All the valley sings !
An angel kindles when he dips
The fig's candelabra tips
To chrysolite, while many a vine
Amorously will incline
O'er vistas of a golden trellis,
Where a cool and shadowy well is,
All overgrown with mosses wet
And maiden-hair and violet.
O'er many a shrine
Roses twine !
Light green fountains of the palm
Fall in a blue crystal calm ; '
Delicate flushing lady tulips
Close their lanceolate dim dew-lips,
Their soft satiny repose
By a light hand flecked with rose ;
Golden jonquils, white narcissus,
Whisper softly, " Come, and kiss us
Part us not from the sweet brood
Of our companions in the wood ! "

Earth's fair features, every one
Instinct with spirit of the sun,
Radiate well-married hues,
Blent with air and ocean blues.
Verily I seem to stand
In a realm of fairyland,
Or I take my dazzled station
In some intense illumination
Of a missal mediæval
Yonder on the hill's upheaval,
Where we hear the convent chime,
Wrought by monk of olden time,
Whom the cloister heard intone,
And many a sun-bleached river stone,
Or the darkling cypress cone.
Cool grey clouds of olive fill
All the foldings of the hill,
While fair dawn-empetalled peaches
Gleam athwart the bloomy reaches
Of quiet harebell-mantled mountain
Gemmed with rivulet or fountain,
Shadowy evening robes, whose hem
Shines with many a water gem :
While rich oranges all golden,
In a darkling foliage holden,
Are a foil to the pale gleaming
Of oval lemon, and the beaming
Ampler cherry trees, one snow

Of blossom in the fading glow !
In pale blue evening,
Ah ! the cherry seems to sing,
With a fairy bridal dower !
Pure white chalices of flower,
Pendent in a pale blue sky,
Shadowy blossom with soft eye !
Dimlit amber mysteries
We faint surmise,
Where bees hover,
And a soft moth-lover !
Oh, I would that I might know
The secret of your bridal snow,
Soul of the pure ecstasy
Softly haunting a grey sky.
With such a grace
Of spirit-lace !
For it seems a happy ghost
From the seraph host !
Never bride dissolved in love,
Never saint in realms above,
Nor lark on his own music tost,
Hath more joy than this, embossed,
Shadowy, rare,
On pale blue air ;
White cloud a-flower,
A very shower
Of still rapture unalloyed,

Too overjoyed
For sound of singing !
All the valley sings !
A clear rivulet is flinging
Warbled song to the pure air,
Laughing, a young infant fair,
Ruffling softly, swiftly passes
Green-illumined among grasses,
Or red anemone to wander,
Where are violet, germander ;
Child pursued in play, to ramble,
After such a sweet preamble,
Among myrtle bowers and bramble.
Green-pennoned canebrakes in the river
All around grey arches quiver ;
While westering Apollo dulls
Delvèd loam, and vivid pulse,
A swart red-vestured toiler waters
From rills, who are the river's daughters.
All the valley sings !
And rings, and rings !
Ah ! Nature never would have power
To breath such ecstasy of flower,
Vernal songs of happy birds,
The young rill's delicious words,
No iris hues might bring to birth,
No heart were hers for any mirth,
If he were turned to common earth !

If a child so fair, so good,
Were a waif on Lethe's flood,
If a soul-source of feeling, seeing,
Were blotted from the realms of being !
She from all delight would start,
With such a horror at her heart,
She would reel dissolved, and faint
With deep dishonour of the taint !
The very girders of her hall
Crushed, her stately floor would fall.
Ourselves are the foundation stone ;
If thought fail, the world is gone ;
All were ruined, wanting one.
But all the valley sings !
Nature rises on immortal wings !
And soaring, lo ! she sings ! she sings !
 There is no death !
 She saith.
O Spring ! O Spring ! O Southern Spring !
What a triumphal song you sing !

Valley of Taggia, 1880.

ALL SAINTS, AND ALL SOULS.

'THY birthday is All Saints' Day, my sweet treasure.

Ah! well it may be!

For on us there descended in full measure

All saints in one celestial pleasure,

With thee, dear baby!

For thou wert open, loyal, fearless,

Ah me! forsaken!

Radiant soul in raiment peerless,

A private joy to thee how cheerless,

Until partaken!

It is All Saints' Day; on the morrow,

With flowers offered,

Sons and daughters of dark sorrow

Some faint ray of peace may borrow

From flowers proffered

On green mounds of the departed,

Meekly saying

To sweet souls of the true-hearted,

"May we not for long be parted,

Here delaying!"

There a friend, a sister, mother,
Fondly kneeling,
Sobs and tears are fain to smother,
Unto the dear sundered other
Self appealing,
"Leave me not alone, O lover !
Child I cherish !"
"May the reign of love be over ?
Death is only sent to prove her !
May she perish ?"
In warm-breathing blue ethereal
White tapers kindled
Shyly waver, souls aerial,
In allbeholding strength imperial
Of Day dwindled,
Like our lives in the universal
Sun of spirit ;
Hark how ocean makes rehearsal
Of a life without reversal
All inherit !
An eternal child, blue Ocean,
Rhythmic breathing
O'er the dead, with grand emotion,
And blue hills with deep devotion
Hearts are wreathing.
We are sure they are not sleeping
Beneath our blossom,

By white marble we may, weeping,
Plant for memory, but keeping
Near our bosom
Life's own vigil o'er us, even
As in dreaming
O'er what seems their sleep, bereaven,
We hold our vigil ; they in heaven
Know no seeming !

San Remo.

VISION OF THE NIGHT.

A SOFT young moon among the trees
Nor lights the valley-side, nor these ;
Only faint illumines a hill
Far over me, where pale and still
A fane 'mid habitations fair,
Gemmed with mild fires, inhabits air
Of clear May midnight ; nightingales
Lull the lonely-lying vales ;
Living stars above are set,
As in adoration met.
Yon hill appears a holy hope,
Far beyond our earthly scope,
Ghostly gleaming in the cope
Of heaven, revealed, anon withdrawn.
But I have felt the vision dawn,
Hallowing my lowly lawn.
So I may wait, tho' all be gloom,
'Till the eternal day illumine.

Ceriana.

IN LONDON.

THE mighty towers of Westminster
Loom beneath me in murk air,
While a vast expanse of street
Echoes to loud-hurrying feet
Of men and horses, and swift wheels,
Where a clanging steeple peals,
Where he, who with deep feeling cons
The souls of animals, in bronze
Wrought majestic lion forms,
Brooding, slumbering, dark storms,
Symbols of our England's power,
Whose dread lightnings brood and glower,
Like those fulvous eyes ; their claws
Are death, hid sheathed in vasty paws.
On the lion a child gazes ;
Grave brown wondering eyes he raises
To the form : compelled to leave,
With all my sight to him I cleave
In departing ; often since
As from a sickening stroke I wince,

Journeying by the very place
Where I beheld his little face
Pondering on the mighty beast,
More than all to me, though least,
Seeing now through tear confusion
Without him all the loud confusion !

Once again the living creatures,
With their weary sullen features,
I behold behind the bars,
Where the den's dull limit mars
All wild splendour of their pride,
Abates the grandeur of their stride.
Bondage tames the fervid eyes,
As night doth the torrid skies,
To a lurid sultriness,
Clouded o'er with vague distress ;
Emblems of our human race,
Fallen from their lofty place,
Blind, bewildered, bound within
By the manacles of sin !

With a glad and grave surprise
The terror of their gleaming eyes
He considers, mirthful mime
Of them in a little time.
Again I view the elephant,

Slow-pacing in his wonted haunt,
 On whose tall, broad, howdah'd back
 The child and I along the track
 Three years ago swung, full of glee—
 Now the child is not with me !

When our wild praying seemed to stir
 God's awful executioner,
 Whose blank, set countenance faint quavered,
 Whose dull resolve a moment wavered,
 And when sweet life seemed to repel
 Death's white horror, it befell
 That when he would descend the stair,
 Patient he paused for one to bear
 Him feeble, and I filled the want ;
 So he named me his elephant.

Passing through the gay arcade,
 Where toys for children are displayed,
 Anon I pause before a toy,
 Dreaming how a lively boy
 Will lighten mirth from his dear face
 If I buy it—for a space .
 Unremembering my home
 Without him is but blind and dumb !
 His sacred toys lie idle now ;
 O'er them the pale anguished brow

Of Love's forlorn despair we bend,
Hoping life's dull pain may end ;
Till anon some organ sounds
In the street, but no glad bounds
Of a child's light feet we note
Run to hear the music float,
Climb upon a chair to see
Dancing dolls' bedizened glee,
Or the monkey's mimicry.

What shall I do? . . . Full many others,
Little ones who seem his brothers,
Take delight in things like these !
Do they ail, or doth the breeze
Of pleasure ripple o'er their faces,
I will contemplate their graces ;
I will be a minister
The fountain of their joy to stir,
In such resorts, and by such measures,
As were wont to yield him pleasures ;
Or where little hearts may ail,
Love's yoke-fellow, I will not fail,
Where are tears and visage pale,
To quell the tyranny of Fate,
Or man, that renders desolate :
And I deem he will approve
In the bowers of holy Love,
Near and nearer to me move.

Ours, how weak soe'er, be strife,
On the holy side of life !
How loud soe'er the world may roar,
We know Love will be conqueror !

"THE SEA SHALL GIVE UP
HER DEAD."

TIME spake to me : " Behold !
I slay your dearest one !
And with him, dead beneath the churchyard mould,
Your living heart I bury from the sun !"
More scornfully he said :
" When you have anguished long,
I will erase remembrance of your dead :
You shall arise, singing an idle song,
As were you glad again ;
For you were glad of yore !
New circumstance, new care, shall cause to wane
His very image, till your eyes no more
Behold him in the deep
Dark mere of memory ;
Although you peer therein, and wail and weep,
You shall but find a vacant, smiling sky ;
Till with faint listless wonder you espy
Wan, withered Love, who falters there to die !
Even from your heart's shrine
Your idol shall be torn ;

As erst your joys, so now your sorrows fine
I scatter with cold scorn !
All ye shall jeer at your own oath
Of infinite fidelity ;
Ye shall forswear yourselves, and be to both
Heaven and earth, and your own selves a mockery ! .
Poor fool ! I will extinguish every ember,
Love, hope, grief, all remaining of you yet !
Yea, though thou vow to God thou wilt remember,
Thou shalt forget ! ”

And I replied to Time :
“Thou shalt abolish me,
Ere thou dissolve all sanctities sublime
Of mine own being ; when I perish utterly,
I moan no more in pain, nor lie foredone,
Self-scorned, a hissing to white orbs that roll,
Flawless, annealed, obedient to their sun.
If thou hast plunged in night his precious soul,
How wilt thou hinder me
From taking sanctuary
In that eternal gloom from woe and shame ?
A holiest Altar, if the child who was all free from
blame
Be lying mute before
The dim grey stone of Silence, cold for evermore !
Ah ! there I shall be free
From pain, from sin, from folly, and from thee !

There he and I shall rest in peace,
Nor know what may be born, nor what may cease,
Nor any God may torture us with false hopes of
release !”

I spake again to Time :
“ Thou liest in thy throat !
All may change, or fall, or climb,
Yet all lives self-retained in change, tho' never so
remote.

Yea, the old form I knew
Abideth out of view,
Now first fulfilled in other,
For each is by a brother ;
In some alien guise
The dead are risen ; lo ! to longing eyes,
When Occasion calls aloud
To the Past within the shroud,
When Destiny, the omnipotent, shall wave
Her hand, the Past shall start from his deep grave,
And Memory restore
What seemed in wan Oblivion buried evermore,
Sea that moans for human ravage, ever hungering for
more !
All abideth in a sphere
Aloof from mortal eye and ear ;
Faith discerns in flowing time
Fair reflex of a holier clime,

In ruffled mirrors of dark memory
The still face of Eternity.
Yca, and every tiny sprout
Of bloom or leaf is yonder still,
Though many a wind may waft us doubt,
And they play hide and seek at will
In the spirit's fairy fountain,
From holy halls of night divine so musically mount-
ing!

“Doth not the aged man recover
What seemed long perished of his primal youth?
Once more he is the child, the blithe boy-lover,
Who lay concealed below life's lavish later growth.
And though the soul bewildered err from life to life,
She shall possess them all in God, afar from mortal
strife!

“Oft on me in dream
My blessed onë will gleam,
All palpable as when at first
He quenched my spirit's longing thirst;
I fold him close, I feel him kiss,
I feel his hands, his hair; the bliss
No fuller was of yore,
And asking for no more,
I thank the Lord for this.
Howbeit I clasp him closer than of old,

As if I knew I only may enfold
For a brief moment, dim divining why,
Foreboding him compelled anon to fly.
Troubled I own that somewhat seems amiss,
And nor asleep nor waking may I unravel this !
Often I am aware that he hath died,
And yet I hold him living by my side.
Enough ! he gleams upon my lonely tomb,
Among stern crags, from wan night-clouds, he gloweth
in my gloom !”

Nature reveals high lineaments of souls,
Confused from sad suffusion of our eyes,
Veiled with our tears ; in these poor earthly shoals
Of low-lapsed life, she may not wear the guise
She wore when we were innocent and wise.
And while I muse, the cold tremendous Shade,
Who spake the cruel words, appears to fade.
I know Time for a shadow of man's mind
Thrown on the wide world ; human souls are blind ;
And lo ! the Lord is shining from behind !
Ah ! strengthen, purge our eyes ! we would behold
Thy day !
Then error, wrong, and sorrow shall vanish all away !

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

MORNING.

I MUSE at dawn upon the heights alone.
A wakeful awe of silence reigns around ;
The pines are hushed, no bird breathes any sound.
The mountains are a symphony, whose tone,
Piled in the expanse of memory, hath grown
Slow-reared ; they seem to heave before mine eyes
From deep, dark glens, to clear auroral skies,
In billowy graduation, from the bowed
Low notes of dusky lowlands to the loud
Pæan of gratulation that is blown
Heavenward from awful summits fraught with morn,
One fiery snow ! Upon the craggy surge,
Rude rocky village eyries are upborne
Over bleak umber plains ; from verge to verge
The higher hills that neighbour them have worn
For ages the pine forest vast and grave :
Nature arises from Death's cold engulfing wave

Fair facing these, in Morn's unearthly smile,
O'er purple Main's horizon, lo ! a snowy-mountained
isle !

In soft air's primrose,

A violet-flushing rose.

Shadowy gleaming island ! art thou solid strand,

Or pageant of cloudland ?

In memory's far world a visionary pile ?

Some dear dream beyond our scope

In heavenlier realms of faith or hope ?

When will our wings, or fair El-Sirat come,

And we fly home ?

Of musing faith and prayer, of love and lofty deed,

A very iris-arch to heaven is wrought,

Till from the spirit falls her homely weed,

And white wings wave where otherwhile was nought

Of star-yfraught !

Psyche lost her wings ! from death, and wrong, and
pain,

Behold ! they are born again ;

So these are very gain.

Near heights, transfigured in ethereal,

Essential glory, burn purpureal.

Fair ample Morn, in silence o'er the sea,

Opens her shrine, her sanctuary of bloom,

To ocean's billowy pure foam,

Unfolds unfathomable blossom,

Reveals the subtle secret of her bosom,
 Pours from a crystal urn
 Heavenly hues love-born,
 Till Day's archangel, pulsing radiancy,
 Swiftly emerging from the deep's grey pall,
 A flower of fire ascends, and floating free,
 Winged with intolerable splendour, soars imperially !
 Then all the vibrant ocean blazeth,
 And his grand blinding glory praiseth.

But thou, O Sun ! dost never die,
 Nor ascend on high !
 Earth, whene'er she turns away,
 Deems there is a death of Day.

Herbs wake to fragrance ; flowers from soft dream ;
 A myriad hearts pour forth their orison
 At thy sublime epiphany, O solemn-soaring Sun !
 Yet thou, fair Light Supreme,
 To these who feel thy beam,
 Art but a moon-pale shadow of the Eternal One !
 Thou mighty living Soul, in whom we live and move,
 Feedest upon the fire divine of spiritual Love.

NOON.

Now at full noon a silver silence reigns ;
 The pines are fragrant, and the mountain thyme ;

Nor bee nor bird-song the still light contains ;
 Sunned sober fir forests descend or climb ;
 Blue skies arch over blue inclining seas.
 Midway beneath me, girt with leafy gold,
 A brown old convent in a nest of trees
 Tranquil abides ; yon lowly shadows fold
 Thee, dearest daughter, sweet companion !
 Far cloven crags, a pale grey brotherhood,
 Dream in the azure, phantoms tall and wan,
 Bounding a billowy waste of solitude,
 Brown rolling realms of desert shadow-stained
 From slow white cloud ; yon height of sombre form
 For all day's rich caresses, hath retained
 His lonely gloom, broods o'er the night enorm
 Of his own shadow whelming the wide earth.

Now in deep stillness, as of calm white death,
 What wraith of dubious low sound hath birth
 As from another world ? slow wins more breath ?
 May it be mellow sound of some far bell
 From a far hamlet on far height ? But why
 Do the dear airs bear him I love so well,
 The image of my lost, who ever nigh
 My heart abides, more close against me, so
 That I behold him, and he seems to call
 In these low melodies that faintly flow,
 And float upon blue waves aerial ?
 His own sweet self thrills memory ; her hall,

Dark as a tomb, glows warm ; the cloudy pall
 Exhales ; he wears fair flowers for a dress,
 Pure outbirth of a child's meek holiness !
 His own sweet self haunts memory !
 Who but he,
 When I remember, thrilleth me
 Out of his own eternity ?
 The dead, the distant, all are with us still ;
 Yea, they may be more with us if we will,
 For deepening our roots, and branching higher,
 Illusions shrivel in God's unconsuming fire,
 And we find one another
 Where is no death to hide, no mortal life to smother,
 But spirits lie awake, and one upon their mighty
 Mother !

EVENING.

Now pearl-grey ocean blent with opal skies,
 We know no more dim airs from aery main ;
 In smooth clear mirrors a winged vesse lies,
 While many a slender purple ocean-stain
 Hangs like a cloud ; the shallop in still even
 Seems a white sail slow sailing up to heaven ;
 A ghostly glow receives it ; lo ! it fades,
 Unbodied, in the heart of ever-deepening shades !

• *San Romolo.*

DEATH.

DEATH is very beautiful,
Solemn, pure, and calm,
As in a shadowy cloister cool,
A lowly murmured psalm,
After some fierce battle-cry
In the windy glare hard by.
Nay, very terrible is death !
A cold, white shape of fear ;
By it we talk with bated breath,
As if the thing could hear.
So like, and so unlike the face !
Ah ! why borrow their dear grace ?
Nay ! thou cold mockery of life !
Death, take any other guise !
If they with living joy be rife,
Why looks their image on this wise ?
Why make us deem they turn to *this*,
Who were the pulse of all our bliss ?
Death is Satan's cruel jest,
His blaspheming parody !

“Lo ! I give your darling rest ;
 Come and see him by-and-by !
 Kiss the unanswering icy stone,
 And know thyself alone, alone !
 My repose is long and deep,
 Not a passing earthly sleep.”

Nay ! this hath some inner sense ;
 I would resolve the mystery ;
 'Tis but a symbol of intense
 Unwearying life for these who die.
 Lord ! may we wake to see Thy face,
 And our beloved in Thine embrace ?
 We dream a dream of cold white death,
 And all our being shuddereth.
 Ah ! when may we interpret, Lord,
 The meaning of Thy mystic Word ?

Death is very pitiful,
 Death for a dear child !
 A pure white bud some wanton pull
 Scatters on the wild !
 And yet one woe may deeper move,
 The dying and the death of Love !
 He seemed so amiable, so fair,
 All holy, a perennial youth !
 Dumb and stark he lieth there ;
 God Himself may weep for ruth.

“Dear Love, perchance, may not be dead,
Only sleeping,” some one said.

Ah! death is very beautiful,
Solemn, pure, and calm,
As in a shadowy cloister cool,
A holy chanted psalm,
After some fierce battle-cry
In the windy glare hard by,
Singing, “We are saved from evil,
From the wandering waves' upheaval,
Folded far from very death,
Wherein the spirit withereth.”

GUARDIAN ANGELS OF CHILDREN.

VERILY their angels
Ever behold the face
Of our eternal Father,
Sunned in His full grace.
Yet in the stormless sunshine
They do not love to dwell ;
There is no place in heaven
They love half so well
As the lowly chamber
Of a little child ;
Dearer to them the breathing
Of his bosom mild
Than are all the pæans
Round about the throne,
Scorning the cold splendour
Of an idle crown.
Love rears her radiant palace
In our shadow-world of fears,
She mourns by our dark ocean
Of tempestuous tears !

Angels tend the children
 Waking or asleep,
 They rebuke the evil,
 Who have made them weep.
 Heaven's crystal glory gloweth
 Rainbow'd as they fly
 To where earth's night, illumined
 In their sweet charity,
 Dawneth silently !

In the lordly castle,
 In the dungeon deep,
 In the lonely hovel,
 Love-vigil they keep.
 Fair be the children, cherished,
 Sweethearted, rosed with health,
 Or poor and starved, and wanting
 The ~~soul's~~ holier wealth,
 Inheritors of sorrow,
 By leaguering ills deformed,
 Plague-smitten soul and body,
 Poor hearts love never warmed,—
 With all the angels tarry ;
 And though the fire be low,
 They will fan the ember
 To a living glow ;
 Inhabiting our sorrow,
 Our chilled heart of wrong,

Until it yield, and mellow
Bloom to a sweet song.
They, knowing our mortal fever
Soon will pass away,
Through long nights of sorrow
Calm await the Day.
Asleep they lead the lambkins
To meadows of sweet dream,
In gentle arms they bear them
By many a cooling stream ;
Where the sunbeams cherish
White and yellow flowers,
They may sail on silver
Among fairy bowers,
Losing all the terror
Of our waking world,
Sails of their frail shallop
In flowery havens furled.

A poor boy rides the pony
So wistfully admired,
While a poor maiden nurses
The doll richly attired ;
They feel no more so tired !
Pains and griefs no longer
Vex the innocent breast,
Now dear angels lull them
Into such deep rest !

Cruel faces vanish,
And all the loveless waste,
In a fair home they find them,
Tenderly embraced.

And when we deem them dying,
More life the Lord imparts,
Their faint frail breath subsideth
On warm angel hearts ;
Like a wavelet failing
On a sand so fair :
Ah ! then the angels welcome
Heaven's cloudless crystal air !
Because of the frail snow-flake
Their kind bosoms wear.
The snow-flake melts in glory,
The little child awakes ;
Under the smiles of Jesus,
Death-frozen for our sakes,
There are no more snow-flakes !
With our snows bejewelled
How the angels shine,
Earth's frozen flower a sunlet
Pulsing light divine !

Dear babes, help one another !
All the saints help you :
We are with them in heaven,

Doing as they do.
Every cross of sorrow
Is a blessed pain ;
The Lord Jesus bore it,
Proving it pure gain.

LAST VICTIMS FROM THE WRECK OF
THE "PRINCESS ALICE."

I.

Two little bodies, from the tide
Last gathered, lie alone ;
No father maddens by the side
Of Love turned into stone ;
No mother weeps here for her pride,
Her joy for ever flown.
They were all innocence and mirth,
Warm light of loving eyes ;
They are defiled and ruined earth,
The passing stranger flies.
The twain who watched them warmly curled,
Asleep with locks of gold,
Felt that for them the whole wide world
Nestled there aureoled.
And now they lie unknown, unnamed,
In London's awful roar ;
Over them pitcous, unclaimed

Oblivion's dust will pour,
Love's eyes look never more !
There is no silver sound, no speech,
Although they rest so nigh,
No rosy, dimpled hands impleach
In slumber tranquilly.
From the close clasp of loving arms,
From heedless holiday,
Hurl'd upon death's dire alarms,
And to uncared-for clay !

II.

Are they indeed unknown, unnamed ?
Is any life spilt water ?
In the lone universe unclaimed !
Souls for mad Chance to slaughter !
Have they no mother, and no father ?
In all the worlds no friend ?
Are they a dim, grey dust ? . . . or rather,
Did our Eternal Parent send
Fair shining cohorts of His grace,
Strong children of His love,
Who minister before His face,
Swift-thronging from above,
To gather them from forth the gloom,
Long ere men found their forms ?
To shield ~~them~~ in the shock of doom,

While heavenliest ardour warms
With emulation every breast !
All will be first to hold,
To lull the frightened babes to rest
In their maternal fold !
There leaned both sire and mother lost,
Dawning on the dim gaze ;
And many sealed in death's deep frost,
Fathers of former days,
Thronged all the approaches of God's throne,
While Christ arose above,
Smiling a welcome to His own
Babe brethren of His love.
. . . Yet ah ! the hideous prospect whirls ;
Death-slumber seems profound ;
With ghastly gleams the river swirls
Blindly above the drowned !
. . . Nay, but the children are awake,
Although we hear them not ;
Our dear ones their sweet prattle make
In some fair, far cot.
I deem our life is a red flame
Of purgatorial fire ;
And Death, God's calm white angel, came
From the Eternal Sire,
To lay cool hands before their eyes,
Shadowing from the glare,
And in profound tranquillities

To hide from our despair.

One pure white Light is over all,
One Spirit-Pulse serene,
Who when we rise, and when we fall,
Unmoved approves the scene.
For Love is Lord from Heaven to Hell,
Walks our red waves of sorrow ;
Love weeps beside us ; all is well ;
Day will dawn to-morrow.
Love weeps beside us, and within
Love moaneth for our lot ;
Behold ! his vassals, Death and Sin,
Chained to his chariot !
Love sleeps not, throned indifferent
Upon a lordly scorn ;
He is the Man, whose brows are rent
With sorrow's crown of thorn.
God is the God-forsaken Man ;
He is the Little Child ;
His eyes with human woes are wan ;
And all is reconciled !

CHILDREN AND THE WOODS.

I LOVE the beautiful green woodland,
Where shy singing-fairies flit ;
In the twilight of their foodland
I hear a tapping while I sit,
And deem it is the woodpecker,
Yet know not other elfin noises
That waking near me softly stir,
While a shadowy bough faint poises,
Dreamily athwart the beryl
Of sensitive sun-lighted leaves ;
And breathlessly, as in play-peril,
The laughing rillet swiftly cleaves
A way through trees and flowers who love him,
Waving green arms while he flows,
With touch light hindering above him,
As they would kiss him while he goes,
But he merrily from them flows,
Blessing the green twilit heart,
As erst to mine my little one would songful light
impart !

Ah ! now my fairy brook is dry ;
Where are the playful gleamings of his eye,
Or songs of his sweet innocent revelry ?
But while I love the gentle woodland,
And fragrant pines that stir and sing
Hushfully in upland valleys,
Blue lakes, and every living thing,
I love the little human children
Better than all woods and flowers,
The music of their innocent gambols
More than springs and summer showers.
And my heart is never lonely
If in roving I may meet
A few little children only
With their merrily flying feet,
In the playfield fresh from school,
Or among glades of woodland cool.
They are fair meanings of the daylight,
Clear fulfilment of meek flowers,
All a shyly wandering faylight
Would say among her leafy bowers.
In their sweet, shy, sidelong glances,
And every lispings word that wells,
In their light aerial dances,
As of wind-waved lily-bells . . .
I think I hear *his* very tone,
I feel his very living smile ;
Yea, one would say he lends his own

To these fair children for a while.
Dear Father, these are very fair !
Lovely in all their ways,
Whose every breathing is a prayer,
And all their motion praise.
Then a gleam steals o'er the snow
Of my low-responding breast,
Even as a faint afterglow
Dawns in the ever-faded west.
And so God gives all babes to me,
In place of Baby who is gone ;
Yet ah ! the whole fair human family
Weighs lighter than my little one !

OLD SCENES REVISITED.

AH ! the dear old moorland path,
Consecrate by tiny feet !
Every nook and corner hath
A remembrance bitter-sweet.
Three long years, all winter, scenes
Afar have held me, many a care,
But my heart for ever leans
Here, until from otherwhere
My feet are carried to the place
Where dawned on me thy blessed face,
The holy moor where Love was born,
The moor, where Love left me forlorn.
There is night upon the moor,
There is night upon my heart ;
A low moon consoles the moor,
And his memory my heart.
All is redolent of him ;
Here to us from heaven he came,
Loosed here many a merry whim,
Joy sparkling o'er the fountain brim

Of his white spirit ; here the flame
Of Love's own life burned holily
On the moorland ; his birth-name
The heather gave him ; home to die
Amid the heath he journeyed ; here
His baby form, that was so dear,
The lovely form we loved so well,
Lies under the heather-bell.

I think my ghost will haunt the place,
Even when I behold thy face
Glassed in some celestial lake,—
I love it so for thy dear sake.
But ah ! if we were only sure !
Were only seeing thee secure,
Even afar off, now and then,
I were the happiest of men !

Aspens whisper in grey air,
Whisper as they whispered when,
Playing among them blithe and fair,
He drew my soul from a dark den
Of dismal shadows with his song ;
Whisper like a gentle throng
Of spirits murmuring " Rejoice !"
To me, who faint for his dear voice,
Wandering ever in the wild
Till I find my little child,

Him to feel and hear and see,
Who cannot wholly perished be !
Somewhen, somewhere, the wan stem of endeavour
Shall flower in vision, radiant for ever !
Ah ! may I not thy semblance find
In the low light, or the low wind ?
Do I not yearn to clasp thy ghost,
My own beloved, O my lost ?
'Thee, thee, thee only do I want,
'The very little child was mine,
Refuse me him for whom I pant,
God, Virtue, Heaven, I resign !
And surely in the dim pinewood,
Or in the garden where he leapt,
In the enchanted solitude
Under the window where he slept,
If anywhere within the bound
Of worldwide being he hath breath,
Is it not here he may be found,
Loosed from the monster fold of Death,
Safe from the hunger of dim Death ?
Under the window where he slept,
Or in the day-time danced and sang
With his boy brother, where we wept
Hot tears of blood for his death-pang,
His long, long pain ! and where he lay,
White lilies o'er him, the king-lily,
Moonpale and cold, who was the day,

Will he not come now, pure and stilly,
 And touch, and whisper "Father mine,
 I am not dead, dear; it is I!"
 Like Jesus, when He saw them pine
 So for Him after Calvary?

Yea, voices call to me, my love,
 In twilight, and they name thy name!
 Alas! I am not sure, my dove,
 If they be thine! they do not seem the same!
 And in my dreams they whisper still,
 Often they seem to sob and moan,
 That I may not, for all my will,
 Surely know them for thine own:
 I deem they may be demon hosts who jeer,
 Maddening mortals with false hope and fear.
 So rather I return within,
 Afar from sense-deluding din;
 By the upheaval of my being
 Attain to realms of clearer seeing,
 Find thy very self by faith,
 High o'er the welter of dim death,
 Throned o'er mists of mortal strife
 In luminous airs of ampler life.
 Death is a shadow of our fall;
 But ah! how many a heavier pall
 Hangs o'er dead souls! Oblivion!
 Discord! all monster growths that overrun

Man's inner vision, veiling from the Sun,
And with His Light of life confounding all !

O my own baby boy ! my child !
Thou art the Father of my soul !
In thee the Lord, the Undefined,
Came on earth to make me whole.
" Welcome, Child Jesus ! " on the walls
Our hands had wrought with berries gay,
In the season of snowfalls,
For we were nearing Christmas Day.
And thou wert leaving us, my love !
Nay, rather, faith beheld thee born !
Then was the advent of the Dove,
Our Christmas, and our Easter morn !
When he flew forth, our fluttered bird,
Carolling toward the sun,
Within our mournful souls there stirred
The living Child, the Eternal One !
Welcome, Child Jesus ! Christ is come
In glory, not in earthly weed !
Still a child, He makes His home
Within our soiled and lowly need,
From His own Life our lives to feed.
He is called Eric, and He dwells
In our soul's flower-hallowed dells,
By Lady Memory's holy wells ;
Ah ! not under the heather bells !

And while he dwelleth in high heaven,
 Under some sweet angels' care,
 He also sootheth our sad even,
 Ever radiantly fair.

Why seek the living among the dead?
 They are not here ! alive, arisen,
 Only a ray of them hath fled ;
 Angels deliver them from prison !
 Child Eric ! when He saw thee bleed,
 Child Jesus came to call thee home ;
 But while bereft of thee we roam,
 Thou art more near us, love, indeed,
 More near than in thine earlier state,
 Although we seem so desolate !
 The dead from our wan eyes depart,
 Only to nestle in our heart.
 Mary, weeping, sought the Lord
 In the grave, nor found Him there ;
 Mary with her living Lord
 Was communing in her despair,
 Nor knew who communed with her there !
 We are surely travelling home
 O'er the weary waste of foam,
 Drawn by pure and tranquil eyes
 Of living Orbs within the skies,
 Who rising, we in them arise ;
 For all are souls within a Soul,

And hierarchies of one Spirit whole.
Our own true selves, alive in God,
Call our lost selves to His abode,
Halting along earth's dreary road.
We are wildered in the gloom,
Feel blind for one another here,
In a phantom world of doom ;
Unfathomable gulfs of fear
Sunder our numb human hearts ;
Faint feet slide upon the snow,
While a drifting vapour parts,
Nor others, nor ourselves we know :
Thought, dissolved, reels to and fro,
Stunned as from a mortal blow.

Ah ! dearest darling, we have loved !
None part who once indeed have met ;
But thou and I have never proved
Love's eternal summer yet !
And if the mortal spring be sweet,
What will the immortal summer be ?
Only a while we may not meet,
Maturing for eternity.

The garden is a wilderness ;
His little plot of flowers
Fallen to weed, and tenantless
The silent house ! acacia bowers,

With many a gold laburnum tress,
Hang white blossom in warm June
O'er lowlands, tender as a tune
Of turtle-doves, o'er harebell-hued
Fair corn, fair meadow-land, and wood.
The trees win ampler foliage, height,
But all the soul hath taken flight
From the scene of our delight.
'Tis a warm night now of June ;
And in the twilight of the moon
That glimmers on the nursery pane,
Under the window where we wept,
Under the window where he slept,
Behold ! a wild wee flower is fain
To uncloseth soft eyes, though it be night,
Revealing a meek visage white,
A wild white flower, whose very bane
Is garish day, who blossoms only
In a twilight cool and lonely ;
Here, where with bitter tears I wept,
Bitter tears for him who slept,
Tears for him who seemed to wane,
Lo ! the little flower hath spoken,
The frail white blossom hath a token
For my faint spirit from her love ;
It is an olive leaf the Dove
Brings for my solace from the wild,
Telling the deeps have not devoured my child,

The child who is my world, my mead, my grove,
The fruit, the flower, the fountain of my love !
He lives and blooms anew, fresh, pure, and
undefiled.

Our blossom breathes a holier breath
In the calm cool night of Death ;
Tho' he so fair in life reposed,
The petals of his soul were closed.

A dorhawk whirrs around the plain,
Philomel hath ceased to sing,
But a cuckoo still is fain
To send his voice on languid wing
Through the cliffight at intervals,
As in a drowsy vision calls ;
A dream of groves and waterfalls,
And pale gold of young corn imbues
His languid tone that flows and falls
Among star-worlds, and starry dews.
O balmy nights within the dells
So far behind of vanished years !
O nights within the blessed years !
How are ye reft of a' your spells,
Returning so ! ye know that one
Out of your stilly trance hath gone,
Lost ! and do ye calmly breathe ? . . .
. . . What is our life, and what is death ?
How often have I paced the path

Near yon moon-gleaming window-pane,
Feeling the little chamber hath
More loan of wealth than ere again
My love may render unto heaven !
(I was unworthy ; so at even
He resumed what He had given !)
Kingcups and daisies, and white rose,
With languid lilies find repose,
And his dear eyes in slumber close,
Who will leap among them, love them,
And will weave a necklace of them,
All free from sorrow,
If 'tis fair to-morrow !
There, in the days that are no more,
Thy mother sang thee soft to sleep ;
There sang thee into rest more deep,
Hushed to sleep for evermore !
Yea, upon our world of woe
Shut thy pure eyes, dear baby, so !
Better, better, so !
Earth's fairest promise founders on the deep
Better innocent sleep ;
What heritage I leagued thee, love !
Sleep, sleep, my dove !
Fly me ! take refuge in the blue above
From our dim grove
Of earthly love !

Thou would mimic the cock crowing,
Cheerily in yonder room ;
How thy voice thrilled through me glowing,
Gleam waking vaults of age-long gloom !
Heard from afar by me, as in a tomb
By bitter memory wrought,
And solitary thought,
Passion fraught !
There at morn thou and thy brother
Let your frolic fancies bubble,
Not for worlds your nurse or mother
Would have lived without their trouble !
In yon firwood I roved alone,
Hearing a dove's tender moan ;
There he ever flew to meet me,
A very warbling rill he came,
I knew where he would run to greet me
Like a gentle gush of flame,
Where red squirrels leapt and twirled,
Or song's airy rillet purled
From birds in sun-illumined leaves,
Where young foliage gently heaves,
As delicate green tresses do
In clear pulses of sea-blue.

And there he lay upon my breast,
For he was very tired with play ;
The sun was sinking in the west ;

Cold horror held me as he lay ;
. . . I thought I heard him called away ! .
Once, when I brought him forth for air,
I set him ailing on the stile,
Till I should fetch from over there
His pet toy creature ; with a smile,
He prayed that I would go ; “ for he
Wants the air like you and me ! ”

Ah, child ! to think that I was here
Or ever thou, love, did appear
On our earth-sphere !
How I wonder from what regions,
From what shadowy love-legions,
Thou camst here !
I thank thee, Heaven, that I quaffed
Such a deep delicious draught
From his clear life ! None came to waft
Warnings of woe about the boy ;
How brief the tenure of our joy ;
We never, never dreamed of this,
Lingering in vistas of immortal bliss !
Ah ! scornful irony of lordly Fate,
Dallying with mortals in their mean estate !

Nay, surely he hath grown my guide,
Who lately faltered by my side.
He is my saint now ! his clear eyes

Have deepened, widened into skies,
With sweet star influences fraught ;
Ah ! let me fare beneath them as I ought !
Thou art the Lord's own minister !
Here are frankincense and myrrh ;
Burn them in thy golden censer,
Till odorous fumes rise ever denser
From my poor life consumed by fire,
Diffused, sweet circling, ranging ever higher !
Baby, in thy wee white cot
Thou wert embraced ! there thou art not !
Angel now, filling the whole
Earth and heaven, heart and soul !
For that thou, my child, endurest,
In some more royal form maturest,
Is of all sure things the surest !
Sights and sounds dissolve, a dream ;
But never what hath made them seem !
All may perish save the Soul,
Who breathes and forms the living whole.

But O Thou Spirit, at the core
Of our numb spirits, more and more
May we hold and feel thy truth,
Ever aging into youth !
Thou who wert awake in God,
What time Thy feet storm-beaten trod
Grey waves of our bewilderment,

Oh, save us from the death where we lie pent !
To form us in Thee Thy dear Life is lent !
Enthral us with Thine own unfathomable eyes,
Till rapt into Thy vision we surprise
The grand Foundation-stone that under the
 World-temple lies !
Or with a child's meek wisdom make us wise !
Pardon our presumptuous tone,
Teach us to feel, Thy Holy will be done !
 For that is good alone !

LEAD ME WHERE THE LILY BLOWS.

FRIEND, you tell me of a valley
Where the pure white lily blows,
In a shadowy woodland alley ;
Lead me to their summer snows !
Oh, lead me where the lily blows !
I would wear it in my life,
Weary of world-soil and strife,
Lead me where the lily blows.

Angels planted in my garden,
A vain pleasance of ill weeds,
One white Lily, and the Warden
With sweet air from heaven feeds.
Ah ! one night my lily died,
And I mourned him night and day ;
“ For the bosom of My Bride,”
The Lord saith, “ he was borne away.”
Then I wandered through the world
To find the flower-de-luce I lost,
And my wings will ne'er be furled,
Summer-poised, or tempest-tost,

Till my lily of the valley
 Somewhen, somewhere, my spirit find,
 In a sweet celestial alley,
 Far from our lost human-kind ;
 Ah, my lily of the valley !
 Lead me where the lily blows,
 I would wear it in my life,
 Weary of world-soil and strife,
 Oh, lead me where the lily blows !

I wander till I find my flower
 Breathing a divine perfume ;
 His white petals are a power
 My lone spirit to illumine :
 And I will follow where the Lord
 Wills my weary feet to go,
 While ever in my soul I hoard
 The glimpse allowed to me below
 Of what belonged to Paradise.
 Allowed awhile on earth to beam,
 Until my weary wand'ring eyes,
 With patient use, more native seem
 To shadowy regions of dim death ;
 Till I faint behold my blossom,
 No more in the outer Court have breath,
 Earth's outer Court of life and death,
 As erst, but in my very Bosom !

In the Holiest of all,
 * By mine Altar in the gloom,
 Behold my lily fair and tall,
 Breathing in immortal bloom !

Every lowly thing that feels,
 All we misname inanimate,
 From one Eternal Heart appeals
 To every heart, as to a mate
 " Rejoice, or weep, for our estate ! "

So, if we love the Father's will,
 Embrace the world, and help mankind,
 Our lost lily-bell shall fill
 With dewy morning soul and mind !

For if mine be the true Lily,
 Whence all lily forms have birth,
 My holy child will blossom still
 For me in his morning mirth,
 Fairer than he bloomed on earth !

Lead me where the lily blows,
 I would wear it in my life,
 Weary of world-soil and strife,
 Oh, lead me where the lily blows !

‘ THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE.’

WHENE’ER there comes a little child,
My darling comes with him ;
Whene’er I hear a birdie wild
Who sings his merry whim,
Mine sings with him :
If a low strain of music sails
Among melodious hills and dales,
When a white lamb or kitten leaps,
Or star, or vernal flower peeps,
When rainbow dews are pulsing joy,
Or sunny waves, or leaflets toy,
Then he who sleeps
Softly wakes within my heart ;
With a kiss from him I start ;
He lays his head upon my breast,
Tho’ I may not see my guest,
Dear bosom-guest !
In all that’s pure and fair and good,
I feel the spring-time of thy blood,
Hear thy whispered accents flow
To lighten woe,

Feel them blend,
Although I fail to comprehend.
And if one woundeth with harsh word,
Or deed, a child, or beast, or bird,
It seems to strike weak Innocence
Through him, who hath for his defence
Thunder of the All-loving Sire,
And mine, to whom He gave the fire.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

SHIMMER of laughter,
Glimmer of play,
Flown in a wafture,
Blown in a spray,
From blithe floor and rafter
Over the way !

I know it is feast-day, a
Mirth-day for all ;
Oh, to the least may a
Birthday befall ;
And the high priest play
There in the hall !
Play with his treasures ;
He is a child,
Swaying their pleasures,
Being so mild ;
The Holy One measures
Mirth for a child.

Weep we less wildly !
Sleeping is well ;
The Lord hath laid on him
A wonderful spell.
Flower-band childly,
Call away fear !
Our hand mildly
Tender you cheer !

How I muse of him
Gambolling so,
With all these who love him
A brief while ago,
Heaven's joy above him,
Our joy below !

Ah ! may you be merry
While one is lost,
In his dear bosom the
Terrible frost ?
Smile we who bury
All we love most ?

Or is he hiding
Here in the hall,
And will he come gliding
Swift when we call ?

Yea ! I have found him,
Nor ever we part,
Love hath enwound him
Deep down in my heart !

"THE PEACE OF GOD, WHICH
PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING."

I WONDER why God hurts little ones in hospital
yonder,

Lying so pale and quiet, each in his narrow bed,
Who should be filling the radiant air with ringing
laughter !

Here fiendish fingers torture every restless head.
The merry hearts are delivered over to cruel Anguish !
Why doth God not scare the loathsome Pest away,
The harpy at her feast on His own little ones who
play ?

Ah ! was it well to blast their one poor hour for
pleasure, •

Who will weep in dull November, nor ever have
known a May? •

Nay ! the little ones are Thy children, Thou hast
given them gladness !

May I not trust Thee with them, who art the pity in
me ? •

For how my heart leaps up when I see their dear eyes
dawning, •

Beholding a toy lamb I bring them tenderly !
 Shall my poor rill of love be more than the infinite
 fountain ?

Then the womb of all were chaos, one wild dis-
 harmony !

Nay, the river of reason sweeps imperially rolling
 To a goal of reconciliation afar from mortal eye !
 Refuse foul is food for a fair supernal flower ;
 Blaspheme not the rank soil where a pure blossom
 springs ;

For blossom soars away in a singing-bird's blithe pinion,
 And bird yields a meek life for a spiritual king's.
 Discord feeds, and fades in a universal chorus,
 And the world-psalm were silent, wanting moods of
 bale—

So only Love may work her full miracle of blessing ;
 Annihilate the base metal, all her art would fail.
 Cease, baffled heart ! thy longing to unravel the con-
 fusion :

Nay ! for I hear a Voice beyond the æonian wail !
 The immeasurable ideal holds us, laps the world in
 splendour ;

Every dark point dissolves, and radiates glory infinite,
 Heaves in waves of mystic music among the heavenlies
 out of sight.

The Ideal involved within impels to reconcile,
 Blessing vile, and mean, and woeworn with a faint, far
 smile.

THE CLOUD MAY SAIL THERE."

THE cloud may sail there,
Day flow and fail there,
And the eagle fly,
Haze overshadow
A smooth snow meadow,
And gleams of silver
Flecting fly
From yon cloud-delver
Of gleaming eye !
The moon may tarry with
Her pale bow,
And moonrise marry with
Virgin snow,
Blue heavens abide,
Or solemn-eyed
Stars by night, who gaze and go :
Ah ! ne'er pollute
With a mortal foot
Yon realms of spirits aerial ;
All but the lute

Of air be mute
From rosy morn to evening fall,
While flowerets blue,
Fair with dew,
Laugh to the azure over all ;
Let a music mazy,
Born of the hazy
Play of a tender light and shade,
On hallowed ground
Dance with the sound
Fairy horns have faintly made ;
A cloud of snow
Softly blow
On the blue verge of the form so white,
Delicate curl
In a windy whirl ;
But man, be far from the holy height
Soil no fair fields of frosty light !

DE PROFUNDIS.

I.—NAY.

How may we trust Thee, Majesty Supreme !
We whose dim life fleets by, an idle dream,
Amid the ruining welter, and the wash
Of shattered Faiths, and holiest Hopes that flash
To annihilation in a moment, or slow wane,
Till what lay desert desert lies again,
Fooled for an hour with visions of ripe grain,
Withered ere harvest ! Oh, the weary round
Of life and death halting within a bound
Of adamant, and fluctuating, ever
Goaded to dissonant, impotent endeavour !
Warring, we swarm to scale a phantom height,
We whose feet fail in some drear infinite !
Piteous human bones upon the waste
Jeer, as we wander, our infatuate haste.
Where now the goal and beacon of strong youth ?
Where those far havens of Eternal Truth ?
Fabled Atlantis islands of the blest,
In shadowy sunset kingdoms of the West,

If we may reach you, we may find you naught,
 Mere human visions, hollow and glamour-fraught !
 Where now the morning-land of Love we saw ?
 Vanished, a pure white snow-wreath in a thaw !
 Where youth's high hope to order the wild world ?
 A once-bright banner, mouldering and furled !
 The stern resolve to mould a world within ?
 Dead in deep jungles of inveterate sin !

Or may the race prove conqueror, tho' we fall ?
 Through long-vexed infancy the tribes grow tall,
 Then slow declining, falter to the grave ;
 Nor wiser, happier, they who bloom and wave
 In their rank ruin : whatsoe'er the gain,
 Some earlier glory of the flower will wane !
 No sweet sound food, the fruit of wrong and pain
 Ah ! dear young children, cankered in the bud,
 Surely the harvest battening on your blood
 Must be transcendent, ere we may embrace
 Meekly the holocaust of all your grace !
 Nay ! for no triumph splendid as the sun
 Were an atonement for the loss of one.
 Poor hearts expiring rend with wail sublime
 God's vast world-palace, founded upon crime,
 Whose ponderous, hell-poised blocks for their
 cement
 Have meek red blood of all the innocent !
 Nay, some faint protest of a humblest heart

Should shame and shatter such infernal art !
 If He be lord who builds it, we will not
 Worship, in how fierce fires soe'er our lot
 He appoint for our rebellion ! but I deem
 'Tis only fever that so makes it seem !

Interminable armies ever wend
 O'er maimed and martyred comrades to their end
 Of blind, unused extinction, tho' the hope
 Of infinite Love and Justice while they grope
 Be kindled in their bosoms for a lure,
 Fooling their hearts the torture to endure
 Of false life longer, ere immersed in night
 They feed some monstrous Blossom on the height
 Of this infernal column of a world :
 For it their souls one refuse-heap were hurled,
 Bleeding and writhing, to annihilation,
 For some sleek mortal god to inhale oblation
 Of waste breaths, wrung from sentient agony,
 A vampire draining life of these who die !
 So that fierce carnage, cast in foemen's bronze,
 Mounts serpentine to swell Napoleon's
 Inhuman triumph, whose proud solitude
 Stands pillared, purpled with the people's blood ! (2)

The hecatomb of myriadfold dumb lives
 Invokes a clinging curse on Him who thrives
 From their long torture ; inarticulate calls

Man's beast progenitor ! lo ! from hopeless falls
 Under the precipice of grand endeavour,
 Beautiful youths and maidens, mute for ever,
 Piteously silent, utter loud reproof
 On Him who holds Himself unseen, aloof,
 And makes Him sport, engendering their vain
 Faith, effort, prayer, the longer to sustain
 This miserable mockery of life
 Wherewith He endows them, grim and cold, and
 rife
 With cruel humour, with insane, fierce relish
 For wine of anguish wrung from tortures hellish
 Of souls and bodies ! lo ! we all pass by,
 Saluting Cæsar, men who are to die !

Or is it but inevitable, blind
 Dull monster Force, that doth terrific grind
 Forth idle aspiration, and fond fears,
 Illusive bliss, and terror, and wild tears
 From one dim, boundless chaos of a womb,
 Till, white with horror of the waking doom,
 All cower for refuge in their natal tomb ?

Hath God, like mortals, a divided will,
 Drunkenly reeling from weak good to ill ?
 Yea, there be throned gods, fallen dignities !
 But high beyond we lift our longing eyes !
 Ye may not fold your thoughts at such a goal,

Impelled to seek the spiritual Pole,
Ideal lodestar of the pilgrim soul !

What meaneth, then, this horrible array ?
Abortions seizing hard breath for a day
When they have mangled, mad with famine-rages,
Foul mates through dark interminable ages,
Loathsome with low lust, anguish, desolation !
Until awakes Man's mournful generation
From the colossal ruin of lost life ;
And lo ! his infinite, opening eyes are rife
With hunger for eternal days, and good,
Piteously craved as necessary food !
Reveal from whence the holy hunger comes !
For all the mute onlookers turn their thumbs
Doomward around the immense arena spaces,
As Man, the victim, peers in their dread faces,
Implacable, though all the beauty-flower
Of the young gladiator plead with power !
Say, whence this thirst for truth and righteousness,
If there be no eternal Spring to bless,
No Arm to quell the tyrant, or redress
Mad earth's injustice ? Myriadfold we grovel,
A human swine on palace floor, and hovel,
Bound by a Circe, albeit half aware
We are fallen gods in some sublime despair !

O monstrous Nature ! human-headed Beast,

Thou cannibal at some unnatural feast
 On thine own offspring ! who hast whelped the fiend,
 And man, whose offal-feeding frenzy gleaned
 The hell-field of foul horrors, left unreaped
 By devils ; his black coward heart full-steeped
 In outrage, lies, and murderous lust for pain,
 Whom all the unbounded tortures bigots feign
 May purge not from the abominable stain !

O monstrous world, where innocent children jostle
 Fiends from the pit ! where snakes constrict the
 thrortle,
 Singing of Paradise ! infuse the fire,
 And gloat upon her pangs till she expire,
 Her music foundering in confusion dire !

Surely there be twin fountains of the world, ¹
 And Love brought forth what Hate to ruin hurled !
 Love looses lucid waters, and they sing ;
 But ever one squats to pollute the spring !
 Ah, Lord ! who willest well ! Thy lame hands falter,
 While Death and Sin defile Thy Bride before the
 altar !
 Poor Love ! and couldst not Thou preserve Thy
 daughter
 From infamy and ravishment and slaughter ?
 I know not ! only know that we are blind. . . .
 Thou wilt divide this kingdom of the mind,

Thou threatenest if I dare behold Thy face,
 Nor cower obsequious in my native place?
 I see Thy doom-engraving fiery finger!
 I hear Thy loud anathema—and linger!
 Tho' jealous, Thou arraignest for high treason
 Our Babylonian banquets of the reason.

We, scowling outcasts, branded sons of Cain,
 Hear with a vast, ineffable disdain
 Sleek minions of prosperity prate peace!
 While wrung upon the rack we claim release,
 Or with gnawn entrails clench firm teeth, nor cry;
 Let one call to us from the abyss of agony!
 Speak Jesus!—lo! we listen ere we die.

II.—YEA.

And what if all the death, and all the dolor
 Do but imbue with life of lustrous colour
 Alien natures? if the blood we bled
 Grow substance of another heart full-fed?
 Thrice aureoled the sacrificial Lamb,
 Rolled in a fair victorious oriflamme
 Of His own slaughter! fiery pangs of glory,
 Wherein a life dissolves to blend one story
 With God's world-triumph, so alone fulfilling
 True personal being, through the ordeal killing
 Mere individual semblance of an hour;

While in the end all martyrs find a power
 To joy in each redeeming martyrdom,
 When Love's own royal reign hath wholly come.

Thrice happy he who keeps the mournful tryst
 By some wan wave of weeping with the Christ,
 Wearing all sombre emblems of the Passion,
 In deep dim valleys of humiliation,
 Whose weeds glow with Divine Humanity,
 Discovering what we are, were, and shall be !
 For he is driven from all earthly shows
 To find the Spirit's own divine repose ;
 The Spirit, whom no æons brought to birth,
 Nor ever-rolling ages doom to dearth !
 He lightly fondles every lovely thing,
 As well aware he may not closely cling,
 For joy alit here hath a wandering wing,
 Fair evanescent gleaming of the true,
 Abiding ever tranquil out of view.
 Yea, these shall feel Love's own rare vintage prest
 From sin, and sorrow, and the world's unrest ;
 Calvary's midnight, with the cross of shame,
 The very heart of Love's immortal flame !
 While agony weighs common mortals down,
 Our heroes lift, and wear it for a crown :
 A bow that none save hallowed hearts may bend,
 A sword that will the weakling wielder rend,
 Spell for a mighty Mage to conjure with,

Confounding fools who are not of their kith !
 But woe for him who is contented here !
 Tho' lordly gold adorn his lonely bier,
 Dead, self-involved, and stark, a thing of fear !

One justifies the sweet nest-building birds,
 And blind prevision of the honied herds :
 Shall Nature only disappoint, and flout
 Her fairest Son, who floundering in doubt,
 Yet lifts child-eyes in dim pathetic trust,
 With, " Mother, wilt thou leave me in the dust ?"
 Ye, scarred with moral ulcers from the womb,
 Who can but fester for a moral tomb,
 Whom penal strokes, and groping curcs immerse
 More deeply in the virus of your curse !
 Mine own dear children, of hope unfulfilled !
 Ye myriad maimed souls, who seem but spilled
 Vainly in void abysses ! you, ye germs,
 Who perish in dark cherishing earth ! poor worms
 A careless delyer wounds ; all lowly creatures
 Or man or nature rends ! your very features
 We may discern not : only through a veil
 We feel some form : and our wan cheeks are pale,
 Deeming the selves inviolable may fail,
 With their own shows of being ! On a moment
 Of your eternal lives we pass vain comment, •
 Judging by sense, in place of Love's deep reason,
 Whence our wild insult and reproach ; high treason

Against that Mother-heart of all the world,
 Who hath all souls beneath her warm wings' curled
 Invulnerable! however they may tremble,
 And though her love one bitter hour dissemble
 For their maturing; with a pitying smile
 She views our wilful wandering awhile.
 All are in all they were, and yet shall be,
 Dawning to conscious self-identity.
 For all is spirit, and the world is wrought
 In one live loom of myriad-minded thought.
 But what if all sink in the abyss of wrong,
 And so by dark experience grow strong?
 Embryo souls, who tortuously mount,
 Like fallen water, to their natal fount!
 Fair glories of a future flower feed
 On degradation of her buried seed.
 Tho' spherical music in dull hearts may sleep,
 Sound but their own note, they will laugh and leap,
 Even as dumb chords, or flames quiver and sing,
 If their peculiar tone be vibrating.
 The sun-god lies not dead within the shroud,
 Tho' shorn of beams he dwindle in a cloud.

Yea, all the vaster souls in whom we fell
 By right divine will rouse them from their hell,
 To claim the royal heritage of sons.
 And whatsoever beast, or elfin runs
 Through alien regions of the realms of being,

Where every pilgrim haply halts in fleeing
 •From God to God, accomplishing the round
 Allotted, when he hath won the vantage-ground
 And heights of destiny, unrolled sublime
 Beneath he will behold the vales of time,
 And every station where he made sad pause,
 'Mid ranks unseen, breathing unheard applause,
 Who helped, with touch impalpable of soul
 On soul, the spirit journeying to her goal :
 Nor in sad sooth unhindered by the host
 Of royal rebels, whom we count for lost,
 Yet who, like men, are only gold and clay ;
 Nor by some loathly haunters of the grey
 Breath from lowlying pestilential mud,
 Earth's hideous lusts leave in their filthy flood.

But some are so enamoured of dark Death,
 They only long to be relieved of breath.
 Yet, saving folk whom the fell Fury's goad,
 Or stern Despair drives from our hard abode,
 Who but a coward self-involved may crave
 Unending sluggard sleep in the dull grave?
 His own poor comfort so repleteth him,
 One drop of earth's pale vintage can so brim
 A human want we counted infinite,
 Or one defeat so daunt the whim to fight, •
 That how God's armies fare concerns him not,
 If he may lie at ease, and idly rot !

Shall one, whose mind co-operates to found
 The vision of a world with ne'er a bound,
 Merge into some mere image, or a feeling
 From forth an alien spirit swiftly stealing?
 Material appearance can be naught,
 Save in a human, or a foreign thought.
 All this imperial fabric of the sense
 Is but our own dull rendering of intense
 Supernal realms of righteousness and love,
 Fair shadow of a fairer realm above.

The spirit grows the form for self-expression,
 And for a hall where she may hold high session
 With sister souls, who, allied with her, create
 Her fair companion, her espoused mate.
 Ever the hidden Person will remould
 For all our lives fresh organs manifold,
 Gross for the earthly, for the heavenly fine,
 Ethereal woof, wherein their graces shine.
 And there be secret avenues, with doors
 Yielding access to inmost chamber floors
 Of the soul's privacy; all varying frames,
 Responsive to the several spirit-flames.
 The vital form our lost now animate
 Is one with what in their low mortal state
 • They made their own; the corse mere ashes, waste,
 For all grand uses of the world replaced.
 A larva needs no more the unliving husk,
 When soaring winged he rends the dwelling dusk.

A rabble rout of Sense light-headed pours
Into the holy Spirit-temple doors,
Where many a grave and stately minister
His place and function doth on each confer.
These Forms inhabiting the sacred gloom,
Whose name is legion, Present, Past, To Come,
One, Many, Same, or Different, evolve
Sweet concord from confusion ; they resolve
The Babel dissonance to a choral song,
Till in divine societies a throng
Sets with one will toward the inmost shrine,
To feed there upon mystic Bread and Wine.
The Bacchanals are sobered, and grow grave,
In solemn silence treading the dim nave :
On their light hearts bloom-pinioned angels lay
Calm, hushful hands of married night and day.

It is a changing scene within the pile :
New shows arrive, and tarry for a while :
But if one living Spirit-fane could fall,
His ruin were the knell of doom for all.
Their being blended each with every one,
If any failed, the universe were gone.
These conscious forms inhabit every mind ;
All selves in one organic self they bind ;
The bloomy beams, and all the shadowy blooms
Are pure white Light eternal that illumines
A universal conscious Spirit-whole,

Fair modulated in each several soul
 To many-functioned organs of one Will,
 Whose sovran Being who prevails to kill?
 We may expand our being to embrace,
 And mirror all therein of every race;
 Each is himself by universal grace.
 Dying is self-fulfilment; and we cherish
 His life, who, wanting ours, would wholly perish.
 The Father may not be without the Son;
 No love, will, knowledge, were for Him alone.
 And change is naught
 Save at the bar of a sole personal thought,
 Enthroned for judgment, summoning past time
 With present, hearing now concordant rhyme,
 Now variance among voices vanishing,
 That so win semblance of substantial thing.
 But how conceive that there may ever be
 Change in the nerve of change, our known identity?

If we, poor worms, involved in our own cloud,
 Deem the wide world lies darkling in a shroud,
 Raving the earth holds no felicity,
 One child's clear laughter may rebuke the lie,
 A lark's light rapture soaring in the blue,
 Or rainbow radiant from a drop of dew!

Nor let a low-born Sense usurp the rule,
 Who is but handmaid in a loftier school,

Where Love and Conscience a lore not of earth
 Impart to Wisdom, child of heavenly birth.
 O Thou unknown, inscrutable Divine !
 I deem that I am 'Thine, and Thou art mine !
 And though I may not gaze into Thy face,
 I feel that all are clasped in Thine embrace.
 The Christ is with us, and He points to 'Hce .
 When we have grown into Him we shall see ;
 Behold the Father in the perfect Son,
 And feel, with Him, Thy holy will be done !

Love may not compass her full harmony,
 Wanting the deep dread note of those who die.
 And as with master-hand He sweeps the grand awaken-
 ing chords,
 Our wailing sighs leap winged, live talismanic words,
 Dull woes and errors tempered to seraphic swords,
 Love's colour-chorus flames with glorious morning-red,
 His alchemy transmuting the poured heart's blood of
 our dead,
 And lurid balm from murderous eyes of souls who inly
 bled !

Whose mortal mind may sail around the ocean of
 Thy might,
 Billowing away in awful gloom to issues infinite ?
 Bind Thee with his poor girdle ? Surveying all thy
 shore !

His daring sinks confounded, foundering evermore,
In his dazed ear reverberating a tempestuous roar {
. . . Who sounds the abyss of Thine immense design ?

 We rest,
Aware that Thou art better than our best.

“THE DESERT SHALL BLOSSOM AS
THE ROSE.”

THE desert way is dreary,
All empty is the wild,
My feet are very weary,
I cannot find my child.
The infinite blank spaces
Are weighing on my soul,
Gloom reigns in their dumb faces,
And there is no goal !
My hand is on the hollow,
Where I dreamed a heart ;
The world is dead ; I follow,
Darling, where thou art !
But while my Hope was swooning,
And Earth and Heaven reeled,
I heard an infant moaning,
Who to my love appealed :
So then I prayed for power,
And laid him on my breast ;
The little human flower

Sank trustfully to rest—
But in the self-same hour
My form the cold earth pressed. . .

. . . An orbèd luminous haze-lily,
For pistil the Moon-pearl !
Ringed round with daffadowndilly,
A halo of blown curl,
As of young angels kneeling,
A reverent band aloof !
Earth smiles in the revealing
Of Heaven's acry woof.
The stranger child I lifted
Wan lieth where he fell ;
His scanty raiment ritted,
And woeworn features tell
Of a lifelong famine,
Of cruelty and pain :
And now, while I examine
The piteous face again,
Meseems there dawns a kindred
To a long-lost face ;
While wakening unhindered
Wings of filmy grace
From the poor frayed swathings
Of his soiled garments break,
And delicate soft bathings
In the moon-sphere make.

Behold ! they turn to flowers,
 And settle in his hair,
 All over him in showers ;
 He hath grown so fair !
 Christ in him overpowers
 Dull strength of my despair :
 While some sweet kindred gathers
 To one fair face I love :
 Ye divine it, fathers,
 Who have a child above !
 . . . Lo ! an eyelid fluttered ;
 I know the bosom heaved !
 . . . Now his own arms have uttered
 All I disbelieved !
 Dear eyes, long held in durance,
 For ever open wide,
 To yield my soul assurance
 Of all she hath denied !

FLOWER TO FLOWER.

EUCHARIS lilies,
Roses red,
Lie on the form of the
Early dead ;
Eucharis lilies,
Roses white,
Lie on the shrine of a
Jewel of Light !
Tho' the jewel be flown, O, the
Shrine is fair ;
Flowers are breathing
Everywhere,
Within his bosom and
Wavy hair ;
Flowers for emblem,
Flowers for faith,
Sweet mortal words
The Immortal saith !
Beautiful souls
Akin to his,

Who seem to be born
Out of all he is,
Who love to be born,
And to die for this.
Flowers for remembrance,
Flowers for truth ;
Thoughts of the angel of
Innocent youth ;
Dews of the morning
Over their mirth,
Softly awaking
From sleep in earth ;
Sweet resurrection,
A holy birth !
Red for renouncement,
Green is for hope,
White for humility,
Flowers who droop ;
Pale for his purity ;
Fair they link,
Leaning a hand to us,
Ere we sink.
Azure for infinite
Heaven's embrace,
Tender and true
Celestial grace ;
Red for the heart's blood
Of Christ our Lord ;

Blue for His Love, who will
Keep His Word.

Pansy and violet,

Primrose pale,

Lily of the valley,

Folded frail,

And water-lily

Fulfil the tale.

Pansy and violet,

Lilies white,

All for the form of a

Lily of Light !

VALE !

O TENDER dove, sweet circling in the blue,
Whom now a delicate cloud receives from view,
A cool, soft, delicate cloud, we name dim Death !
O pure white lamb-lily, inhaling breath
From spiritual ether among bowers
Of evergreen in the ever-living flowers,
Yonder aloft upon the airy height,
Mine eyes may scarce arrive at thy still light !
Wandering ever higher, oh, farewell !
Wilt thou the dear God tell
We loved thee well,
While He would lend thee ? Why may we not follow ?
Do thou remember us in our dim hollow !
Farewell, love ! oh, farewell, farewell, farewell !
We wave to thee, as when of old
Thou waved, and we waved, heart of gold !
Parting for a little while !
And is all parting only for a while ?
O faint perfume from realms beyond the sky !
Waft of a low celestial melody !

O pure live water from our earthly well,
Whom Love changed to a heavenly ænþmeþ,
The while he kissed the bowl with longing lip,
And drew the soul therein to fellowship!
Shimmer of white wings, ere ye vanish!
Glimmer of white robes, ere ye banish,
With your full glory, mortal eyes
From paradise!
So far, so far,
Little star!
Unless thine own dear happiness it mar,
Remember us in our low dell,
Who love thee well!
Farewell!

NOTE I, p. 28—

Now, for her base greed, thrusts him to his grav

Written at the time of the Bulgarian massacres.

NOTE 2, p. 125—

Stands pillared, purpled with the people's blood!

Vendôme column at Paris.

My acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Longman and Co., for permission to reprint "In the Corsican Highlands" from *Fraser's Magazine*, as also to other publishers who have given a similar permission in the case of one or two other poems here reprinted.

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