

## FRIENDSHIP.

“Friends, Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers.”

LET such pure hate still underprop  
Our love, that we may be  
Each other's conscience,  
And have our sympathy  
Mainly from thence.

We'll one another treat like gods,  
And all the faith we have  
In virtue and in truth, bestow  
On either, and suspicion leave  
To gods below.

Two solitary stars —  
Unmeasured systems far  
Between us roll,  
But by our conscious light we are  
Determined to one pole.

What need confound the sphere —  
God can afford to wait,  
For him no hour's too late  
That witnesseth our duty's end,  
Or to another doth beginning lend.

Love will subserve no use,  
More than the tints of flowers,  
Only the independent guest  
Frequents its bowers,  
Inherits its bequest.

No speech though kind has it,  
But kinder silence doles  
Unto its mates,  
By night consoles,  
By day congratulates.

What saith the tongue to tongue?  
What heareth ear of ear?  
By the decrees of fate  
From year to year  
Does it communicate.

Pathless the gulf of feeling yawns —  
No trivial bridge of words,  
Or arch of boldest span,  
Can leap the moat that girds  
The sincere man.

No show of bolts and bars  
 Can keep the foeman out,  
 Or 'scape his secret mine  
 Who entered with the doubt  
 That drew the line.

No warden at the gate  
 Can let the friendly in.  
 But like the sun o'er all  
 He will the castle win  
 And shine along the wall.

There's nothing in the world I know  
 That can escape from love,  
 For every depth it goes below,  
 And every height above.

It waits as waits the sky,  
 Until the clouds go by,  
 Yet shines serenely on  
 With an eternal day,  
 Alike when they are gone,  
 And when they stay.

Implacable is Love, —  
 Foes may be bought or teased  
 From their hostile intent.  
 But he goes unappeased  
 Who is on kindness bent.

H. D. T.

---

#### PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

THE sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,  
 Because she still is naked being drest:  
 The godlike sculptor will not so deform  
 Beauty which limbs and flesh enough invest

---

#### FATE.

THAT you are fair or wise is vain,  
 Or strong, or rich, or generous;  
 You must have also the untaught strain  
 That sheds beauty on the rose.  
 There is a melody born of melody  
 Which melts the world into a sea.