Of sanctity, like the deep worship of a wood,
Of its unconsciousness turns you a part.
Let us live amply in the joyous All;
We surely were not meant to ride the sea,
Skimming the wave in that imprisoned
Small,
Reposing our infinite faculties utterly.
Boom like a roaring sunlit waterfall,
Humming to infinite abysses;—speak loud, speak free.

Hearts of eternity,—hearts of the deep!
Proclaim from land to sky your mighty fate;
How that for you no living comes too late;
How ye cannot in Thanos labyrinth creep;
How ye great harvests from small surface reap;
Shout, excellent band, in grand primeval strain,
Like midnight winds that foam along the main,
And do all things rather than pause to weep.
A human heart knows naught of littleness,
Suspects no man, compares with no man's ways,
Hath in one hour most glorious length of days,
A recompense, a joy, a loveliness,
Like eaglet keen, shoots into azure far,
And always dwelling nigh is the remotest star.

LINES
WRITTEN IN THE EVENING OF A NOVEMBER DAY.

Tree, mild autumnal day,
I felt not for myself; the winds may steal
From any point, and seem to me alike
Reviving, soothing powers.

Like thee the contrast is
Of a new mood in a decaying man,
Whose idle mind is suddenly revived
With many pleasant thoughts.

Our earth was gratified;
Fresh grass, a stranger in this frosty time,
Peeped from the crumbling mould as welcome as
An unexpected friend.

How glowed the evening star,
As it delights to glow in summer's midst,
When out of ruddy boughs the twilight birds
Sing flowing harmony.

Peace was the will to-day,
Love in bewildering growth our joyous minds
Swept to their widest bounds; the worldly left
All hearts to sympathize.
So sunlight, very warm,  
On harvest fields and trees,  
Could not more sweetly form  
Rejoicing melodies  
For these deep things, than Isabel for me;  
I lay beneath her soul as a bit tree.

That cottage where she dwelt  
Was all o'er mosses green;  
I still forever felt  
How nothing stands between  
The soul and truth; why, starving poverty  
Was nothing — nothing, Isabel, to thee.

Grass beneath her faint tread  
Best pleasantly away;  
From her never small birds fled,  
But kept at their bright play,  
Not fearing her: it was her endless motion,  
Just a true swell upon a summer ocean.

Those who conveyed her home,—  
I mean who led her where  
The spirit does not roam,—  
Had such small weight to bear,  
They scarcely felt; how softly was thy knell  
Rung for thee that soft day, girl Isabel.

I am no more below,  
My life is raised on high;  
My phantasy was slow  
Ere Isabel could die;  
It pressed me down; but now I sail away  
Into the regions of exceeding day.

And Isabel and I  
Float on the red brown clouds,  
That amply multiply  
The very constant crowds  
Of serene shapes. Play on Mortality!  
Thy happiest hour is that when thou may'st die.

The second of the two following verses is of such extreme beauty, that we do not remember anything more perfect in its kind. Had the poet been looking over a book of Raffaelle's drawings, or perchance the villas and temples of Palladio, with the maiden to whom it was addressed?

But here are verses in another vein — plain, ethical, human, such as in ancient lands legislators carved on stone tablets and monuments at the roadside, or in the precincts of temples. They remind us of the austere strain in which Milton celebrates the Hebrew prophets.

"In them is plainest taught and easiest learned  
What makes a nation happy and keeps so."