
THE CONSOLERS.

CONSOLERS of the solitary hours
When I, a pilgrim, on a lonely shore
Sought help, and found none — save in those high powers
That then I prayed might never leave me more !

There was the blue, eternal sky above,
There was the ocean silent at my feet,
There was the universe — but nought to love ;
The universe did its old tale repeat.

Then came ye to me, with your healing wings,
And said, “ Thus bare and branchless must thou be,
Ere thou couldst feel the wind from heaven that springs.”

And now again fresh leaves do bud for me, —
Yet let me feel that still the spirit sings
Its quiet song, coming from heaven free.

J.