SONNET

TO MARY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Maiden, when such a soul as thine is born,
The morning stars their ancient music make
And joyful once again their song awake,
Long silent now with melancholy scorn;
And thou, not mindless of so blest a morn,
By no least deed its harmony shall break,
And shalt to that high climax thy footsteps take
Through life's most darksome pass unform'd;
Therefore from thy pure faith thou shalt not fall,
Therefore shalt thou be ever fair and free
And in thine every motion musical
As summer air, majestic as the sea,
A mystery to those who creep and crawl
Through Time and part it from Eternity.

J. R. L.

THE HOUR OF RECKONING.

Give way,—give way,—this is not patience's hour:
Call not my grief a wild and sinful thing
Call not my ceaseless tears a wasted shower:
Have ye not suffered? bear with suffering.
Not for this hope,—though even ye do see
My life has gone down with it to the grave,
Not for this only grief,—my misery
Goes o'er my spirit now—dark wave on wave.

No, no; now heaves the swell of my heart's wo
Fed by a thousand streams repressed not dry;
The breathing forms I buried long ago,
They are revenged—they rise—they will not die.

Redress! redress! yes, ye shall have it now,
Feelings denied through long and level years!
The way is open; none shall disallow
Your claim to sighs,—your heritage in tears.

No, let those hear you, whom a single grief
Has bowed, aye, crushed to earth in all but rest;
But bring not yet, not yet, to me relief:
'T is an unbidden, 't is an ill-timed guest.

Bear with me—bear—I have not stopped, like you,
To give the pi tiance even of a tear
When my life's miseries pleaded in my view
And asked but this the wretched beggar's cheer.