

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 so prisoned Small,
 Reposing our infinite faculties utterly,
 Boom like a roaring sunlit waterfall,
 Humming to infinite abysses; — speak loud, speak free.

III.

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 Theban 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.

THEE, 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
 Swelled to their widest bounds; the worldly left
 All hearts to sympathize.

I felt for thee,— for thee,
 Whose inward, outward life completely moves,
 Surrendered to the beauty of the soul
 Of this creative day.

OUR BIRTH DAYS.

I.

THESE are the solemnest days of our bright lives,
 When memory and hope within exert
 Delightful reign; when sympathy revives,
 And that, which late was in the soul inert,
 Grows warm and living, and to us alone
 Are these a knowledge; nowise may they hurt,
 Or cry aloud, or frighten out the tone,
 Which we will strive to wear and as calm nature own.

II.

Whatever scenes our eyes once gratified,—
 Those landscapes couched around our early homes,
 To which our tender, peaceful hearts replied,
 To those our present happy feeling rooms,
 And takes a mightier joy than from the tomes
 Of the pure scholar; those ten thousand sights
 Of constant nature flow in us, as foams
 The bubbling spring; these are the true delights
 Wherewith this solemn world the sorrowful requites.

These are proper Manuscript inspirations, honest, great, but crude. They have never been filed or decorated for the eye that studies surface. The writer was not afraid to write ill; he had a great meaning too much at heart to stand for trifles, and wrote lordly for his peers alone. This is the poetry of hope. Here is no French correctness, but Hans Sachs and Chaucer rather. But the minstrel can be sweet and tender also. We select from the sheaf one leaf, for which we predict a more general popularity.

A POET'S LOVE.

I CAN remember well
 My very early youth,
 My sumptuous Isabel,
 Who was a girl of truth,
 Of golden truth; — we do not often see
 Those whose whole lives have only known to be.