

THE EARTH-SPIRIT.

I HAVE woven shrouds of air
 In a loom of hurrying light
 For the trees which blossoms bear,
 And gilded them with sheets of bright.
 I fall upon the grass like love's first kiss,
 I make the golden flies and their fine bliss,
 I paint the hedge-rows in the lane,
 And clover white and red the footways bear ;
 I laugh aloud in sudden gusts of rain,
 To see the ocean lash himself in air ;
 I throw smooth shells and weeds along the beach,
 And pour the curling waves far o'er the glassy reach ;
 Swing bird-nests in the elms, and shake cool moss
 Along the aged beams, and hide their loss.
 The very broad rough stones I gladden too,
 Some willing seeds I drop along their sides,
 Nourish the generous plant with freshening dew,
 Till there, where all was waste, true joy abides.
 The peaks of aged mountains, with my care,
 Smile in the red of glowing morn elate ;
 I braid the caverns of the sea with hair
 Glossy and long, and rich as king's estate.
 I polish the green ice, and gleam the wall
 With the white frost, and leave the brown trees tall.

PRAYER.

MOTHER dear ! wilt pardon one
 Who loved not the generous Sun,
 Nor thy seasons loved to hear
 Singing to the busy year :—
 Thee neglected, shut his heart,
 In thy being, had no part.

Mother dear ! I list thy song
 In the autumn eve along :
 Now thy chill airs round the day,
 And leave me my time to pray.
 Mother dear ! the day must come
 When thy child must make his home,
 His long last home, amid the grass,
 Over which thy warm hands pass.
 I know my prayers will reach thine ear,
 Thou art with me while I ask,
 Nor a child refuse to hear,
 Who would learn his little task.
 Let me take my part with thee,
 In the gray clouds or thy light,
 Laugh with thee upon the sea,
 And idle on the land by night ;
 In the trees I live with thee,
 In the flowers, like any bee.

AFTER-LIFE.

THEY tell me the grave is cold,
 The bed underneath all the living day ;
 They speak of the worms that crawl in the mould,
 And the rats that in the coffin play ;
 Up above the daisies spring,
 Eyeing the wrens that over them sing :
 I shall hear them not in my house of clay.

It is not so ; I shall live in the veins
 Of the life which painted the daisies' dim eye,
 I shall kiss their lips when I fall in rains,
 With the wrens and bees shall over them fly,—
 In the trill of the sweet birds float
 The music of every note,
 A-lifting times veil,—is that called to die ?