

Is there any boat-song like this? any in which the harmony proceeds so manifestly from the poet's mind, giving to nature more than it receives? In the following stanzas the writer betrays a certain habitual worship of genius, which characterizes many pieces in the collection, breaking out sometimes into very abrupt expression.

OCTOBER.

DRY leaves with yellow ferns,— they are
Fit wreath of Autumn, while a star
Still, bright, and pure, our frosty air
Shivers in twinkling points
Of thin celestial hair,
And thus one side of heaven anoints.

I am beneath the moon's calm look
Most quiet in this sheltered nook
From trouble of the frosty wind
Which curls the yellow blade;
Though in my covered mind
A grateful sense of change is made.

To wandering men how dear this sight
Of a cold tranquil autumn night,
In its majestic deep repose;
Thus will their genius be
Not buried in high snows,
Though of as mute tranquillity.

An anxious life they will not pass,
Nor, as the shadow on the grass,
Leave no impression there to stay;
To them all things are thought;
The blushing morn's decay,—
Our death, our life, by this is taught.

O find in every haze that shines,
A brief appearance without lines,
A single word,— no finite joy;
For present is a Power
Which we may not annoy,
Yet love him stronger every hour.

I would not put this sense from me,
If I could some great sovereign be;
Yet will not task a fellow man
To feel the same glad sense.
For no one living can
Feel — save his given influence.

WILLINGNESS.

An unendeavoring flower,— how still
Its growth from morn to eventime;
Nor signs of hasty anger fill
Its tender form from birth to prime
Of happy will.

And some, who think these simple things
Can bear no goodness to their minds,
May learn to feel how nature brings,
Around a quiet being winds,
And through us sings.

A stream to some is no delight,
Its element diffused around;
Yet in its unobtrusive flight
There trembles from its heart a sound
Like that of night.

So give thy true allotment,— fair;
To children turn a social heart;
And if thy days pass clear as air,
Or friends from thy beseeching part,
O humbly bear.

SONNETS.

I.

The brook is eddying in the forest dell,
All full of untaught merriment,— the joy
Of breathing life is this green wood's employ.
The wind is feeling through his gentle bell; —
I and my flowers receive this music well.
Why will not man his natural life enjoy?
Can he then with his ample spirit toy?
Are human thoughts as wares now baked to sell?
All up, all round, all down, a thrilling deep,
A holy infinite salutes the sense,
And incommunicable praises leap,
Shooting the entire soul with love intense,
Throughout the All,— and can a man live on to weep?

II.

There never lived a man who with a heart
Resolved, bound up, concentrated in the good,
However low or high in rank he stood,
But when from him yourself had chanced to start,
You felt how goodness always maketh art;
And that an ever venerable mood

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 roams,
 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.