above, and planted that sylvan grove below; grave'd those
massive blades yoked in armed powers; carv'd that heaven-
containing bosom, wreath'd those puissant thighs, and hew-
ed those stable columns, diffusing over all the grandeur, the
grace of his own divine lineaments, and delighting in this
sunning work of his hand. Mar not its beauty, spoil not its symmetry, by the deforming lines of lust and sin:
dethroning the divinity incarnated therein, and transforming
yourself into the satyr and the beast.

STANZAS.

Thought is deeper than all speech, Feeling deeper than all thought,
Souls to souls can never teach, What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils Man by man was never seen, All our deep communing fails To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known Mind with mind did never meet: We are columns left alone Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky, Far apart though seeming near, In our light we scattered lie; All is thus but starlight here,

What is social company But a babbling summer stream? What our wise philosophy But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the Sun of Love Melts the scattered stars of thought, Only when we live above What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed By the Fount which gave them birth, And by inspiration fed Which they never drew from earth,

We, like ported drops of rain, Dwelling till they meet and run, Shall be all absorbed again, Melting, flowing into one.

C.

Source: The Dial (July 1840) pp. 98