THE EARTH-SPRIT.

I have woven shrouds of air
In a loom of hurrying light
For the trees which blossoms wear,
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,
Paint the hedge-rows in the lane,
And clover white and red the footways bear;
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 braided the caverns of the sea with hair
Glossy and long, and rich as king's estate.
I polished 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.

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,
Eying 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?