

So sunlight, very warm,
 On harvest fields and trees,
 Could not more sweetly form
 Rejoicing melodies
 For these deep things, than Isabel for me;
 I lay beneath her soul as a lit tree.

That cottage where she dwelt
 Was all o'er mosses green;
 I still forever felt
 How nothing stands between
 The soul and truth; why, starving poverty
 Was nothing — nothing, Isabel, to thee.

Grass beneath her faint tread
 Bent pleasantly away;
 From her ne'er small birds fled,
 But kept at their bright play,
 Not fearing her; it was her endless motion,
 Just a true swell upon a summer ocean.

Those who conveyed her home, —
 I mean who led her where
 The spirit does not roam, —
 Had such small weight to bear,
 They scarcely felt; how softly was thy knell
 Rung for thee that soft day, girl Isabel.

I am no more below,
 My life is raised on high;
 My phantasy was slow
 Ere Isabel could die;
 It pressed me down; but now I sail away
 Into the regions of exceeding day.

And Isabel and I
 Float on the red brown clouds,
 That amply multiply
 The very constant crowds
 Of serene shapes. Play on Mortality!
 Thy happiest hour is that when thou may'st die.

The second of the two following verses is of such extreme beauty, that we do not remember anything more perfect in its kind. Had the poet been looking over a book of Raffaele's drawings, or perchance the villas and temples of Palladio, with the maiden to whom it was addressed?

TO ****.

My mind obeys the power
 That through all persons breathes;
 And woods are murmuring,
 And fields begin to sing,
 And in me nature wreathes.

Thou too art with me here, —
 The best of all design; —
 Of that strong purity,
 Which makes it joy to be
 A distant thought of thine.

But here are verses in another vein — plain, ethical, human, such as in ancient lands legislators carved on stone tablets and monuments at the roadside, or in the precincts of temples. They remind us of the austere strain in which Milton celebrates the Hebrew prophets.

“In them is plainest taught and easiest learned
 What makes a nation happy and keeps . . . so.”

I.

THE Bible is a book worthy to read;
 The life of those great Prophets was the life we need,
 From all delusive seeming ever freed.

Be not afraid to utter what thou art;
 'T is no disgrace to keep an open heart;
 A soul free, frank, and loving friends to aid,
 Not even does this harm a gentle maid.

Strive as thou canst, thou wilt not value o'er
 Thy life. Thou standest on a lighted shore,
 And from the waves of an unfathomed sea,
 The noblest impulses flow tenderly to thee;
 Feel them as they arise, and take them free.

Better live unknown,
 No heart but thy own
 Beating ever near,
 To no mortal dear
 In thy hemisphere,