

Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts ;  
 By night star-veiling, and by day  
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun ;  
 Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,  
 And ask the Gods to pardon this clear flame.

## II.

## HAZE.

Woof of the sun, etherial gauze,  
 Woven of nature's richest stuffs,  
 Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,  
 Last conquest of the eye ;  
 Toil of the displayed, sun-dust,  
 Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,  
 Etherial estuary, frith of light,  
 Breakers of air, billows of heat,  
 Fine summer spray on inland seas ;  
 Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,  
 Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,  
 From heath or stubble rising without song ;  
 Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

T.

## SONNETS.

## I.

SWEET Love, I cannot show thee in this guise  
 Of earthly words, how dear to me thou art,  
 Nor once compare thy image in my eyes  
 With thy dear self reposed within my heart.  
 The love I bear to thee I truly prize  
 Above all joys that offer in the mart  
 Of the wide world, our wishes to suffice, —  
 And yet I seek *thy* love ; for no desert  
 That I can boast, but that my new love cries  
 For love that to its own excess is meet,  
 And searching widely through this dark world's space,

Hath found a love which hath its holy seat  
 Within thy bosom's blissfulest embrace,  
 And to awake this love is at thy feet,  
 Whence will it not arise till thou accord this grace.

## II.

Let not my love implore of thee in vain,  
 For in its loneliness it dooms to wo,  
 From whose deep depths I cannot rise again ;  
 Let not thy love conspire to kill me so  
 With my love, which will only share its reign  
 With thine its sister ; rather may both go  
 To that high altar, where no longer twain,  
 In sweetest concord both together grow,  
 Thence to ascend to the Eternal Love,  
 And be absorbed and spread through all the life  
 That breathes in purest holiest bliss above,  
 Or that incites all mortals to the strife  
 Of kindness, in this scene of mixed delight  
 And griefs — of brightest day and darkest night.

W.

## TO \* \* \*

WE are centred deeper far  
 Than the eye of any star ;  
 Nor can rays of long sunlight  
 Thread a pace of our delight.  
 In thy form, I see the day  
 Burning of a kingdom higher ;  
 In thy silver network play  
 Thoughts that to the Gods aspire ;  
 In thy cheek I see the flame  
 Of the studious taper burn ;  
 And thy Grecian eye might tame

Natures ashed in antique urn,  
 Yet with this lofty element  
 Flows a stream of gentle kindness,  
 And thou to life thy strength hast lent,  
 And borne profoundest tenderness  
 In thy Promethean sinewy arm,  
 With mercy's love that would all angels charm.  
 So trembling meek, so proudly strong,  
 Thou dost to higher worlds belong  
 Than where I sing this empty song.  
 Yet I, a thing of mortal kind,  
 Can kneel before thy pathless mind,  
 And see in thee what my mates say  
 Sank o'er Judea's hills one crimson day.  
 Yet flames on high the keen Greek fire,  
 And later ages rarefies,  
 And even on my tuneless lyre  
 A faint wan beam of radiance dies.  
 And might I say what I have thought  
 Of thee and those I love to-day,  
 Then had the world an echo caught  
 Of that intense impassioned lay  
 Which sung in those thy being sings,  
 And from the deepest ages rings.

c.

—————  
 TO ———

PLANETS bear thee in their hands,  
 Azure skies have folded o'er thee.  
 Thou art sung by angel bands,  
 And the deep, cold, throbbing sea,  
 Whispered in each sighing tree,  
 In each meadow's melody.

Where the sprites outwatch the moon,  
 And the ghostly night-breeze swells,  
 And the brook prolongs a tune,  
 Through the slumbering meadowed dells, —  
 There thou weavest unknown spells  
 To the ringing fairy bells.

In thy folded trance there hide  
 Ceaseless measures of content,  
 And thou art of form the bride —  
 Shapely picture's element.

c.

—————  
 THE FRIENDS.

OUR village grave-yard, — would I could relate  
 To you all that I think of it, its trees,  
 Its trailing grass, the hanging stones that say,  
 This watch o'er human bones fatigues not us.  
 My boyhood's fear unsatisfied, for then  
 I thought a wandering wind some ghostly father,  
 While the sweet rustle of the locust leaves  
 Shot a thin crystal web of icy dread  
 O'er the swift current of my wild heart's blood.  
 One night the pastor's form among the tombs  
 Chased the big drops across my unseamed brow; —  
 You smile, — believe me, lesser things than these  
 Can win a boy's emotions.

These graves — I see you mean, —  
 Their history who knows better than I?  
 For in the busy street strikes on my ear  
 Each sound, even inaudible voices  
 Lengthen the long tale my memory tells.  
 Now mark how reads th' inscription, "Here lie  
 Two, who in life were parted, now together."  
 I should remember this brief record well, —  
 In faith, I penned it, for I have strange notes,