"TO ALLSTON'S PICTURE, 'THE BRIDE.'

Not long enough we gaze upon that face,
Not pure enough the life with which we live,
To be full tranced by that softest grace,
To win all pearls those broider depths can give.
Here Phantasy has borrowed wings of Even,
And stolen Twilight's latest, sacred hues,
A Soul has visited the woman's heaven,
Where palest lights a silvery sheen diffuse,
To see aright the vision which he saw,
We must ascend as high upon the stair,
Which leadsthe human thought to heavenly law,
And see the flower bloom in its natal air;
Thus might we read aright the lip and brow,
Where Thought and Love beam too subduing for our senses now.

SONG.

I saw a lovelock maidens,
Of men that for love were shent,
I sing, and stillin unison
The wind moans like an instrument,
So that I e'en must think
The sighing wind did once love,
Perchance some graceful bending tree,
Perchance the sky above.
Perchance the wind a madren was,
That lost her lover dear,
And the gods in pity changed her
To the breezethat searcheth everywhere,
But I doubt she found not her lover dear;
For when leaves are green, and leaves are sere,
She seeketh her lover everywhere.

TO ** **

O fair and stately maid, whose eye
Was kindled in the upper sky
At the same torch that lighted mine;
For so I must interpret still
Thy sweet dominion o'er my will
A sympathy divine.
Ah! let me blameless gaze upon
Features that seem in heart my own,
Nor fear those watchful sentinels
Which charm the more their glance forbids,
Chaste glowing underneath their lids
With fire that draws while it repells.

1840.]  

ORPHIC SAYINGS.

By A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

I.  

THOU art, my heart, a soul-flower, facing ever and following the motions of thy sun, opening thyself to her vivifying ray, and pleasing thy affinity with the celestial orbs. Thou dost

the Ewreng day
Dial o' time thine own eternity.

II. ENTHUSIASM.

Believe, youth, that your heart is an oracle; trust her instinctive auguries, obey her divine leadings; nor listen too fondly to the uncertain echoes of your head. The heart is the prophet of your soul, and ever fulfills her prophecies; reason is her historian; but for the prophecy history would not be. Great is the heart; cherish her; she is big with the future, she forebodes renovations. Let the flame of enthusiasm fire alway your bosom. Enthusiasm is the glory and hope of the world. It is the life of sanctity and genius; it has wrought all miracles since the beginning of time.

III. HOPE.

Hope deifies man; it is the apotheosis of the soul; the prophecy and fulfillment of her destinies. The nobler her aspirations, the sublime her conceptions of the Godhead. As the man, so his God: God is his idea of excellence; the complement of his own being.

IV. IMMORTALITY.

The grander my conception of being, the nobler my future. There can be no sublimity of life without faith in the soul's eternity. Let me live superior to sense and custom, vigilant always, and I shall experience my divinity; my hope will be infinite, nor shall the universe contain, nor content me. But if I creep daily from the haunts of an

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