

Is there any boat-song like this? any in which the harmony proceeds so manifestly from the poet's mind, giving to nature more than it receives? In the following stanzas the writer betrays a certain habitual worship of genius, which characterizes many pieces in the collection, breaking out sometimes into very abrupt expression.

OCTOBER.

DRY leaves with yellow ferns,— they are
Fit wreath of Autumn, while a star
Still, bright, and pure, our frosty air
Shivers in twinkling points
Of thin celestial hair,
And thus one side of heaven anoints.

I am beneath the moon's calm look
Most quiet in this sheltered nook
From trouble of the frosty wind
Which curls the yellow blade;
Though in my covered mind
A grateful sense of change is made.

To wandering men how dear this sight
Of a cold tranquil autumn night,
In its majestic deep repose;
Thus will their genius be
Not buried in high snows,
Though of as mute tranquillity.

An anxious life they will not pass,
Nor, as the shadow on the grass,
Leave no impression there to stay;
To them all things are thought;
The blushing morn's decay,—
Our death, our life, by this is taught.

O find in every haze that shines,
A brief appearance without lines,
A single word,— no finite joy;
For present is a Power
Which we may not annoy,
Yet love him stronger every hour.

I would not put this sense from me,
If I could some great sovereign be;
Yet will not task a fellow man
To feel the same glad sense.
For no one living can
Feel — save his given influence.

WILLINGNESS.

An unendeavoring flower,— how still
Its growth from morn to eventime;
Nor signs of hasty anger fill
Its tender form from birth to prime
Of happy will.

And some, who think these simple things
Can bear no goodness to their minds,
May learn to feel how nature brings,
Around a quiet being winds,
And through us sings.

A stream to some is no delight,
Its element diffused around;
Yet in its unobtrusive flight
There trembles from its heart a sound
Like that of night.

So give thy true allotment,— fair;
To children turn a social heart;
And if thy days pass clear as air,
Or friends from thy beseeching part,
O humbly bear.

SONNETS.

I.

The brook is eddying in the forest dell,
All full of untaught merriment,— the joy
Of breathing life is this green wood's employ.
The wind is feeling through his gentle bell; —
I and my flowers receive this music well.
Why will not man his natural life enjoy?
Can he then with his ample spirit toy?
Are human thoughts as wares now baked to sell?
All up, all round, all down, a thrilling deep,
A holy infinite salutes the sense,
And incommunicable praises leap,
Shooting the entire soul with love intense,
Throughout the All,— and can a man live on to weep?

II.

There never lived a man who with a heart
Resolved, bound up, concentrated in the good,
However low or high in rank he stood,
But when from him yourself had chanced to start,
You felt how goodness always maketh art;
And that an ever venerable mood