

SONNET

TO IRENE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

MAIDEN, when such a soul as thine is born,
 The morning stars their ancient music make
 And joyful once again their song awake,
 Long silent now with melancholy scorn;
 And thou, not mindless of so blest a morn,
 By no least deed its harmony shall break,
 And shalt to that high clime thy footsteps take
 Through life's most darksome passes unforlorn;
 Therefore from thy pure faith thou shalt not fall,
 Therefore shalt thou be ever fair and free
 And in thine every motion musical
 As summer air, majestic as the sea,
 A mystery to those who creep and crawl
 Through Time and part it from Eternity.

J. R. L.

THE HOUR OF RECKONING.

GIVE way, — give way, — this is not patience's hour:
 Call not my grief a wild and sinful thing:
 Call not my ceaseless tears a wasted shower:
 Have ye not suffered? bear with suffering.

Not for this hope, — though even ye do see
 My life has gone down with it to the grave,
 Not for this only grief, — my misery
 Goes o'er my spirit now — dark wave on wave.

No, no; now heaves the swell of my heart's wo
 Fed by a thousand streams repressed not dry;
 The breathing forms I buried long ago,
 They are revenged — they rise — they will not die.

Redress! redress! yes, ye shall have it now,
 Feelings denied through long and level years!
 The way is open; none shall disallow
 Your claim to sighs, — your heritage in tears.

No, let those hear you, whom a single grief
 Has bowed, aye, crushed to earth in all but rest;
 But bring not yet, not yet, to me relief: —
 'T is an unbidden, 't is an ill-timed guest.

Bear with me — bear — I have not stopped, like you,
 To give the pittance even of a tear
 When my life's miseries pleaded in my view
 And asked but this the wretched beggar's cheer.

I have been proud — no, no, — I was afraid
 To give one mite lest they should ask for more,
 And now they throng around, nor ask for aid,
 But rudely seize on all life's hoarded store.

Take all, — aye, take sorrows neglected, hushed,
 Hopes, yearnings frightened into timid peace;
 Take all; the heart which silenced ye is crushed,
 Take all, and sign your debtor's hard release.

SONNET

TO MARY ON HER BIRTHDAY.

FULL fair, another circling year doth gird
 The mystic growth of the young heart around;
 O deep and deeper be the voices heard
 Which through that heart in angel whispers sound.
 Thine is the hour when by the fragrant bloom
 We prophesy of summer's golden sheaves; —
 If sadness comes, O darken not to gloom!
 Be like the pine-tree that I love, whose leaves
 Ne'er vanquished were by Winter's icy arm,
 But breathe a stain which all the year doth charm.
 I dare not pray that trials dark and drear
 Shall ne'er upon thy path like clouds appear,
 But may a soul as true as life can form
 Sun-tinge their awful edge, and glorify the storm.

B. F. P.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI.

WHERE be these deeps to saint and prophet known
 These deeps of love Divine and Infinite?
 Wildered and sere over the waste I flit
 Filling all nature with my constant moan;
 Wherefore of all his sons do I alone
 Seek for the Father's face but never find,
 Casting with tears my prayers upon the wind,
 Sinful, remorseful, to God's peace unknown?
 Spare me, oh God! this fearful agony,
 Give me the calm of souls regenerate,
 Let me no more for thy dear presence wait,
 But be each moment an Eternity.
 As through the obedient stars, oh shine through me,
 And in thy Life forever let me Be.