

THE PARK.

THE prosperous and beautiful
 To me seem not to wear
 The yoke of conscience masterful
 Which galls me everywhere.

I cannot shake off the god ;
 On my neck he makes his seat ;
 I look at my face in the glass,
 My eyes his eyeballs meet.

Enchanters ! Enchantresses !
 Your gold makes you seem wise :
 The morning mist within your grounds
 More proudly rolls, more softly lies.

Yet spake yon purple mountain,
 Yet said yon ancient wood,
 That Night or Day, that Love or Crime
 Lead all souls to the Good.

FORBEARANCE.

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun,
 Loved the woodrose and left it on its stalk,
 At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse,
 Unarmed faced danger with a heart of trust,
 And loved so well a high behavior
 In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
 Nobility more nobly to repay ? —
 O be my friend, and teach me to be thine !

GRACE.

How much, Preventing God ! how much I owe
 To the defences thou hast round me set :
 Example, custom, fear, occasion slow, —
 These scorned bondmen were my parapet.
 I dare not peep over this parapet
 To guage with glance the roaring gulf below,
 The depths of sin to which I had descended,
 Had not these me against myself defended.