

THE DYING CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

("Oh! vous aurez trop dit.")

[Bk. III. xiv., April, 1843.]

Ah, you said too often to your angel
There are other angels in the sky--
There, where nothing changes, nothing suffers,
Sweet it were to enter in on high.

To that dome on marvellous pilasters,
To that tent roofed o'er with colored bars,
That blue garden full of stars like lilies,
And of lilies beautiful as stars.

And you said it was a place most joyous,
All our poor imaginings above,
With the wingèd cherubim for playmates,
And the good God evermore to love.

Sweet it were to dwell there in all seasons,
Like a taper burning day and night,
Near to the child Jesus and the Virgin,
In that home so beautiful and bright.

But you should have told him, hapless mother,
Told your child so frail and gentle too,
That you were all his in life's beginning,
But that also he belonged to you.

For the mother watches o'er the infant,
He must rise up in her latter days,
She will need the man that was her baby
To stand by her when her strength decays.

Ah, you did not tell enough your darling
That God made us in this lower life,
Woman for the man, and man for woman,
In our pains, our pleasures and our strife.

So that one sad day, O loss, O sorrow!
The sweet creature left you all alone;
'Twas your own hand hung the cage door open,
Mother, and your pretty bird is flown.

BP. ALEXANDER.

EPITAPH.

("Il vivait, il jouait.")

[Bk. III. xv., May, 1843.]

He lived and ever played, the tender smiling thing.

What need, O Earth, to have plucked this flower from blossoming?

Hadst thou not then the birds with rainbow-colors bright,

The stars and the great woods, the wan wave, the blue sky?

What need to have rapt this child from her thou hadst placed him by--
Beneath those other flowers to have hid this flower from sight?

Because of this one child thou hast no more of might,

O star-girt Earth, his death yields thee not higher delight!

But, ah! the mother's heart with woe for ever wild,

This heart whose sovran bliss brought forth so bitter birth--

This world as vast as thou, even thou, O sorrowless Earth,
Is desolate and void because of this one child!

NELSON K. TYERMAN.

ST. JOHN.

("Un jour, le morne esprit.")

[Bk. VI. vii., Jersey, September, 1855.]

One day, the sombre soul, the Prophet most sublime

At Patmos who aye dreamed,

And tremblingly perused, without the vast of Time,

Words that with hell-fire gleamed,

Said to his eagle: "Bird, spread wings for loftiest flight--

Needs must I see His Face!"

The eagle soared. At length, far beyond day and night,

Lo! the all-sacred Place!

And John beheld the Way whereof no angel knows

The name, nor there hath trod;

And, lo! the Place fulfilled with shadow that aye glows

Because of very God.

NELSON R. TYERMAN.

THE POET'S SIMPLE FAITH.

You say, "Where goest thou?" I cannot tell,
And still go on. If but the way be straight,
It cannot go amiss! before me lies
Dawn and the Day; the Night behind me; that
Suffices me; I break the bounds; I see,
And nothing more; believe, and nothing less.
My future is not one of my concerns.

PROF. E. DOWDEN.

I AM CONTENT.

("J'habite l'ombre.")

[1855.]

True; I dwell lone,
 Upon sea-beaten cape,
Mere raft of stone;
 Whence all escape
Save one who shrinks not from the gloom,
And will not take the coward's leap i' the tomb.

My bedroom rocks
 With breezes; quakes in storms,
When dangling locks
 Of seaweed mock the forms
Of stragglng clouds that trail o'erhead
Like tresses from disrupted coffin-lead.

Upon the sky
 Crape palls are often nailed
With stars. Mine eye
 Has scared the gull that sailed
To blacker depths with shrillest scream,

Still fainter, till like voices in a dream.

My days become

More plaintive, wan, and pale,

While o'er the foam

I see, borne by the gale,

Infinity! in kindness sent--

To find me ever saying: "I'm content!"