

No hands to clasp, no lips to kiss.  
 Who talks to me of heaven's bliss?  
 Symphorien! Symphorien!  
 Come back! come back! Deny the Lord!  
 Traitor?—Who hissed that burning word?  
 I did not say it. God! be just  
 I did not keep him; I am dust.  
 The flesh rebels. I am his mother.  
 Thou didst not give me any other.  
 Thine only Son?—but I am human.  
 Art thou not God?—I am a woman.  
 Symphorien! Symphorien!  
 Come back!

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

#### THE POET'S ANSWER.

"WHENCE did it come?" No conscious thought of mine  
 Chose out the theme, as from Carrara's stone  
 The sculptor chooses the one block alone  
 Best fitted to embody his divine  
 Symbol of beauty. But, before one line  
 Forecasts the form, as Fancy sees it shown  
 Perfect, or yet a mallet chip is thrown  
 Off from the mass that hides his dear design,—  
 Suppose a flash of quick, electric light  
 Should daze the sculptor's eye, and he should see  
 Step from the stone, evoked as by a spell,  
 The statue of his dream, Persephone:  
 So sprang my Poem forth, revealed to sight,  
 But by what magic wrought, I cannot tell.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

#### THE TAMING OF THE FALCON.

THE bird sits spelled upon the lithe brown wrist  
 Of yonder turbaned fowler, who hath lamed  
 No feathered limb, but the winged spirit tamed  
 With his compelling eye. He need not twist  
 The silken toil, nor set the thick-limed snare;  
 He lures the wanderer with his steadfast gaze,  
 It shrinks, it quails, it trembles—yet obeys,  
 And lo! he has enslaved the thing of air.  
 The fixed, insistent human will is lord  
 Of all the earth;—but in the awful sky,  
 Reigns absolute, unreached by deed or word,  
 Above creation, through eternity,  
 Outshining the sun's shield, the lightning's sword,  
 The might of Allah's unaverted eye.

EMMA LAZARUS.

#### THE GRASS-WORLD.

OH, life is rife in the heart of the year  
 When midsummer suns sail high;  
 And under the shadow of spike and spear,  
 In the depth of the daisy sky,  
 There's a life unknown to the careless glance;  
 And under the stillness—an airy prance,  
 And slender, jointed things astir,  
 And gossamer wings in a sunny whir,—  
 And a world of work and dance.  
 Soft in its throbbing, the conscious green  
 Demurely answers the breeze;  
 While down in its tangle, in riotous sheen,  
 The hoppers are bending their knees;  
 And only a beetle, or lumbering ant,  
 As he pushes a feathery spray aslant,—  
 Or the sudden dip of a foraging bird,  
 With its vibrant trail of the clover stirred,  
 Discovers the secret haunt.

Ah, the grass-world dies in the autumn days,  
 When, studded with sheaf and stack,  
 The fields lie browning in sullen haze,  
 And creak in the farmer's track.  
 Hushed is the tumult the daisies knew,—  
 The hidden sport of the supple crew;  
 And lonely and dazed in the glare of day,  
 The stiff-kneed hoppers refuse to play  
 In the stubble that mocks the blue.  
 For all things feel that the time is drear  
 When life runs low in the heart of the year.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

#### THE KING'S LESSON.

LOKMAN, the slave of Talmi, stood behind  
 His master's table as he sat at meat;  
 And oftentimes it pleased the royal mind  
 With Lokman to divide some morsel sweet  
 Of his abundance. It was his conceit  
 One day to feed him with a melon-rind,  
 Acrid and bitter, and unfit to eat;—  
 This with no scornful purpose or unkind,  
 But for a jest; and the king looked to see  
 The slave's grimaces, but he looked in vain;  
 For Lokman ate the melon placidly  
 Nor of its evil taste did once complain.  
 It might have been—for all was said or done—  
 As sweet a fruit as ripens in the sun.

Then wonder at such patience came instead  
 Of the light laughter for which Talmi planned:  
 "You eat the thing, and make no sign!" he said;  
 "You, that are used to dainties from my hand!"  
 "Yea," said the slave, "it was my lord's command  
 That I should eat; and when I have been fed  
 Daily upon the fatness of the land,  
 Should I for this thing be disquieted?  
 Bitter or sweet, it is enough for me  
 That Talmi gives it." And for this reply  
 The king was pleased to make his bondsman free—  
 Acknowledging a lesson learned thereby.  
 "God is my king: henceforth the king shall meet  
 With equal grace His bitter gifts and sweet."

MARY BRADLEY.

#### UNATTAINED.

TIRED, tired and spent, the day is almost run,  
 And oh, so little done!  
 Above, and far beyond, far out of sight,  
 Height over height,  
 I know the distant hills I should have trod,—  
 The hills of God,—  
 Lift up their airy peaks, crest over crest,  
 Where I had prest  
 My faltering, weary feet, had strength been given,  
 And found my Heaven.  
 Yet once, ah, once, the place where now I stand  
 The promised land  
 Seemed to my young, rapt vision, from afar.  
 The morning star  
 Shone for my guidance, beckoned me along,  
 As fresh and strong,  
 And all untried, untired I took my way  
 At break of day.  
 The path looked strewn with flowers, in that white  
 light,  
 Each distant height  
 Smiled at me like a friend,—a faithful friend,—  
 Sure that the end

Would soon, ah, soon, repay with sweet redress  
 All weariness.  
 But when the time wore on, and in the bright  
 And searching light  
 Of high noonday, I lifted up my eyes,  
 The purple dyes  
 Through which I had descried my mountain height,  
 Had vanished quite.  
 Then, suddenly, I knew that I did stand  
 Within the promised land  
 Of youth's fair dreams and hopes; but with a thrill,  
 I saw that still  
 Above and far beyond, far out of sight,  
 Height over height,  
 Lifted the fairer hills I should have trod,—  
 The hills of God!

NORA PERRY.

## JUST OUT OF SIGHT.

I.

IN idle reverie one winter's day  
 I watched the narrow vista of a street,  
 Where crowds of men with noisy, hurrying feet  
 And eager eyes went on their restless way.  
 Idly I noted where the boundary lay  
 At which the distance did my vision cheat;  
 Past which each figure fading fast did fleet,  
 And seem to melt and vanish in the gray.  
 Sudden there came to me a thought, oft told,  
 But newly shining then, like flash of light,—  
 "This death, the dread of which turns us so cold,  
 Outside of our own fears has no stronghold:  
 'Tis but a boundary, past which, in white,  
 Our friends are walking still, just out of sight!"

II.

"Just out of sight!" Ay, truly, that is all!  
 Take comfort in the words, and be deceived  
 All ye who can, and have not been bereaved!  
 "Just out of sight." 'Tis easy to recall  
 A face, a voice. Oh foolish words, and small  
 And bitter cheer! Men have all this believed,  
 And yet, in agony, to death have grieved,  
 For one "just out of sight" beneath a pall!  
 "Just out of sight." It means the whole of woe:  
 One sudden stricken blind who loved the light;  
 One starved where he had feasted day and night;  
 One who was crowned, to beggary brought low;  
 All this death doeth, going to and fro,  
 And putting those we love "just out of sight."

H. H.

## IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

O CLOUDS and winds and streams, that go your  
 way,  
 Obedient to fulfill a high behest,  
 Unquestioning, without or haste or rest,—  
 Your only law to be and to obey,—  
 O all ye beings of the earth and air  
 That people these primeval solitudes,  
 Where never doubt nor discontent intrudes,—  
 In your divine accordance let me share;  
 Lift from my soul this burden of unrest,  
 Take me to your companionship; teach me  
 The lesson of your rhythmic lives; to be  
 At one with the great All, and in my breast  
 Silence this voice, that asks forever "why,  
 And whence, and where?"—unanswerable cry!

ANNE LYNCH BOTTA.

## THEIR ANGELS.

My heart is lonely as heart can be,  
 And the cry of Rachel goes up from me,  
 For the tender faces unforgot  
 Of the little children that are not:  
 Although, I know,  
 They are all in the land where I shall go.

I want them close in the dear old way;  
 But life goes forward and will not stay,  
 And He who made it has made it right:  
 Yet I miss my darlings out of my sight.  
 Although, I know,  
 They are all in the land where I shall go.

Only one has died. There is one small mound,  
 Violet-heaped, in the sweet grave-ground;  
 Twenty years they have bloomed and spread  
 Over the little baby head;  
 And oh! I know  
 She is safe in the land where I shall go.

Not dead: only grown and gone away.  
 The hair of my darling is turning gray,  
 That was golden once in the days so dear,  
 Over for many and many a year.  
 Yet I know—I know—  
 She's a child in the land where I shall go.

My bright brave boy is a grave-eyed man,  
 Facing the world as a worker can;  
 But I think of him now as I had him then,  
 And I lay his cheek to my heart again,  
 And so, I know,  
 I shall have him there where we both shall go.

Out from the Father, and into life:  
 Back to His breast from the ended strife,  
 And the finished labor. I hear the word  
 From the lips of Him who was Child and Lord,  
 And I know, that so  
 It shall be in the land where we all shall go.

Given back,—with the gain. The secret this  
 Of the blessed Kingdom of Children is!  
 My mother's arms are waiting for me;  
 I shall lay my head on my father's knee;  
 For so, I know,  
 I'm a child myself where I shall go.

The world is troublous and hard and cold,  
 And men and women grow gray and old:  
 But behind the world is an inner place  
 Where yet their angels behold God's face.  
 And lo! we know,  
 That only the children can see Him so!

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

## THE ONLY CHOICE.

I KNOW a heart that sits upon its throne,  
 Yet makes its kingdom poorer day by day;  
 A queen unblest, in that it blesses none,  
 And far too poor to give itself away.

And one I know hath all its sweetness given,  
 A flower left empty by the thankless air,  
 Yet in the losing finds its only heaven,  
 Fed by the fountains of divine repair.

Ah! who can weigh our wealth against our  
 death?  
 Where is the justice fine of sight and touch?