

J. H. M.



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JUNE

DAYS.

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JUNE DAYS.

THIRTY POEMS BY FRIENDS

OF THE

UNION FOR HOME WORK.

JUNE, with its roses! June!
The gladdest month of our capricious year.

Wm. H. Burleigh.

* * * June, when bending skies are purest in their hue,
With here and there a snowy fringe, just swimming in the blue;
When gauzy veils of rising mist hang o'er the tepid clod,
And every sunbeam calls a blade forth from the quickened sod.

L. F. Robinson.

HARTFORD, CONN.:

THE CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD CO.

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1880

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No. 142.

Clara S. Druitt

THERE is drought in the garden, and the sweet
 early flowers
 Are bowing their heads as though praying for showers ;
 The moss pink is fading beneath the blue sky,
 And the violet in sadness is closing her eye.
 The first open primrose beholds with dismay
 Her infant buds drooping and shrinking away ;
 The tulip has never a charm to disclose,—
 She is covered with dust from her head to her toes.
 The sunbeams have cheered them again and again,
 But how can they wait for the life-giving rain ?
 Dear flowers! the rivers and springs are not dry,
 They hold for your wants an abundant supply ;
 The gardener will come with a plentiful shower
 Which his right hand dispenses to foliage and flower.
 Our Father, who sends down the rain and the dew,
 Has many resources for us and for you ;
 Though sin and misfortune are sure to bring dearth,
 The river called Charity flows through the earth ;
 And blest are the streamlets that flow from its side
 To the places where shower and dew are denied.

A. S. R.

THE buds have all burst into blossoms to-day,
Proclaiming fulfilled, the sweet promise of May;
And the soft Summer breezes that open the flowers,
Scatter fragrance, like incense, to gladden the hours.

The birds hold high carnival, singing with glee,
That roses and lilies and daisies agree
To clothe valley and hillside in colors that vie
With the hues of the rainbow encircling the sky.

The fruit cannot come till the blossoms decay;
And changes that ripen must all have their way;
Yet the wealth of the harvest we look for so soon,
Has its birth in the myriad blossoms of June.

E. J. Hamersley.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

LEAFY boughs your banners wave,
 Feathered minstrels gaily sing,
 Sparkling brooks the meadows lave,
 Lilies bow, and blue bells ring:

For cometh on
 With step serene,
 June the Rose-Crowned,
 June the Queen!

Dancing in your wayward play,
 Fan her brows, ye zephyrs fleet;
 Earth, your softest carpet lay
 Low beneath her royal feet:

For cometh on
 With step serene,
 June the Rose-Crowned,
 June the Queen!

Floral incense gently rise ;
On her pathway perfume shed ;
Roses bloom to meet her eyes,
Daisies lift each golden head :

For cometh on
With step serene,
June the Rose-Crowned,
June the Queen!

Blossoms dainty, born to bless,
Tiny cups with nectar fill ;
Crimson fruit, her lips to press,
Brighten every dale and hill :

For cometh on
With step serene,
June the Rose-Crowned,
June the Queen!

Golden hours no shadows leave,
Flight of shining wings delay;
Cloud and rainbow garments weave,
Clothe with grace her lingering day:
 For cometh on
 With step serene,
June the Rose-Crowned,
 June the Queen!

Deck with gems her robes of light,
Opal showers, and crystal dew;
Rise, O moon, to gild her night!
Burn, O stars, undimmed and true!
 For cometh on
 With step serene,
June the Rose-Crowned,
 June the Queen!

Sarah R. Trumbull.

AURORA.

IN soft and dream-like beauty breathe the low
Melodious murmurs of the ushering tones
In that grand symphony which men call Life.

—While deeper swell the harmonies divine,
A sweet and solemn gladness fills the air;
Prophetic roll the lingering silver chords,
Unfolding far and wide eternal days
In robes of ever-living beauty clad,—
And faintly falling echoes from the verge
Of golden dawn steal through the inner porch,
And shed a charméd fragrance on the Soul
Whose music gives the bounds of Space and Time.

R. A. F.

THE SUNNY MONTH OF JUNE.

THOU comest to us *born* a very queen,
 Trailing thy jewels o'er the dewy green,
 Throwing around with royal lavish hand
 Thy choicest treasures on the wondering land,
 Until thy rarest diadems are strewn,
 Thou glorious spendthrift, sunny month of June.

Thou dost not come with blushes and with tears,
 Like May, coquetting amidst joys and fears,
 But full dressed, gorgeous in all colors rare,—
 Our senses dazzling in the perfumed air,—
 Knowing thyself as Nature's fairest boon,
 Oh, flower-freighted, sunny month of June.

Not as July, by burning thoughts opprest,
 And heated langour lulling thee to rest,
 But vigorous, strong, just past thy maiden prime,
 Thrilling with love through all the happy time,
 'Midst blooming fragrance and the song birds' tune,
 Delicious, perfect, sunny month of June.

Nor yet as August, burdened with its care
That you in wantonness have made it bear,
As flower on flower you piled with wild delight,
Leaving the *fruit* to ripen as it might;
You tossed the petals in your laughing noon,
Oh, careless, merry, sunny month of June.

We breathe thy air, we pluck thy fragrant flowers,
And dally with thee through the spell-bound hours,
At early dawn, and all the sunny day,
And in the twilight longingly we stay,
Or drink our fill beneath thy lover's moon,
Thou ever welcome sunny month of June.

Wm. C. Alden.

A COLOR-STUDY.

DARK hemlocks stand against a blue June sky;
Gray fences give a scarlet tanager
Places to sit upon and sing "Chip! churr!"
To cream-white elder-blooms and dull green rye.

When the wind blows the grass, it waves in ranks
White yellow-centered daisies, and the sweet
Crimson and faint-tinged pink wild roses meet
Veined purple flag against steep ferny banks.

Laurel and honeysuckle's pinkish white
Shines through their glossy leaves; green maiden-hair
Fringes the wood, and, poising in mid-air,
A great brown hawk rests his broad wings from flight.

Blue dragon-flies dart over cool brown brooks;
Orange-backed oriole, pied bobolink,
And rosy-breasted grosbeak come to drink,
And glance about with shy and sidelong looks.

My friend, you wrote last month from over seas,
"The place for color-eyes is Italy;"
I answer you, "I am content to be
Here in late June, with colors such as these."

C. M. Hewins.

A PICTURE.

A day in June; a scholar at his books,
 Whose name the world has echoed far and wide;
 A tinge of sadness in a face that looks
 As though unsatisfied.

A day in June; a fair and girlish face,
 Fresh as the roses which she sits among,
 Bending, half listless, o'er a bit of lace,
 With all life's song unsung.

A day in June, rich with its health of bloom,
 So full of God, one scarce need look above:
 Two sit together in the scholar's room,
 And life is only love.

Her cheerful voice is music to his ear;
 Touch more than magic has her gentle hand;
 Her sunny, restful presence brings Heaven near;
 Her love makes earth so grand.

* * * * *

A day in June; the roses withered lie;

A painful stillness o'er the room has grown;

There is no charm in earth, or air, or sky:

The scholar sits alone.

Sarah K. Bolton.

BOSTON, MASS.

VIII.

O^{VER} the far, uplifting hills,
Springeth a bright and gladsome day,
Ushering in a glorious June,
Overflowing from beautiful May.

Thus hath been filling the cup of time,
Into it day after day has flowed,
Poured from the never-failing source
Whence all our bounties are kindly bestowed.

Clear and limpid beginneth the stream,
Placid with days full of settled calm,
Days that flow smoothly and peacefully in,
Restfully quiet, with silent charm.

But soon, each moment seems wak'ning to life,
Rustling of nature is everywhere heard;
In floweth sunshine, flower, and breeze,—
The quiet stream from its depth is stirred.

Our hearts, thus catching the influence sweet,
Have bade, scarce regretful, "adieu" to spring,
While now, we in joyous expectancy wait
For the glorious fullness the season will bring.

Then droppeth in this bright day of June,
With the sparkling wealth of its golden hours;
Time's cup, like our hearts, is filled to the brim,
Pressed down, running over, with fragrance and
flowers.

And now to the health of our dear old friends,
Here's to you, there's to you, one and all;
From this cup of the season we'll heartily drink,
Filled with days we may never recall.

Grace Elliot.

IX.

NIGHTFALL.

ALONE I stand;
On either hand
In gathering gloom stretch sea and land;
Beneath my feet,
With ceaseless beat,
The waters murmur low and sweet.

Slow falls the night;
The tender light
Of stars grows brighter and more bright;
The lingering ray
Of dying day
Sinks deeper down and fades away.

Now fast, now slow,
The south winds blow,
And softly whisper, breathing low;
With gentle grace
They kiss my face,
Or fold me in their cool embrace.

Where one pale star,
O'er waters far,
Droops down to touch the harbor bar,
A faint light gleams,
A light that seems
To grow and grow till nature teems

With mellow haze;
And to my gaze
Comes proudly rising, with its rays
No longer dim,
The moon; its rim
In splendor gilds the billowy brim.

I watch it gain
The heavenly plain;
Behind it trails a starry train,—
While low and sweet
The wavelets beat
Their murmuring music at my feet.

Fair night of June!
Yon silver moon
Gleams pale and still. The tender tune,
Faint-floating, plays,
In moon-lit lays,
A melody of other days.

'Tis sacred ground;
A peace profound
Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound,
Save at my feet
The ceaseless beat
Of waters murmuring low and sweet.

Wm. W. Ellsworth.

NEW YORK.

A BLUSHING ROSE.

THE tulips they bloom in the garden so gay,
But I know of *two lips* that are redder than they!
And ye too are blooming, sweet violets blue,
But I know of two eyes that are bluer than you!

Could ye see, ye fair roses, the exquisite flush
On my Lady Love's cheek, when she chooses to
blush,
Your petals would wither with envy, I know,
And your beautiful heads in deep sorrow droop low.

For I think that my Lady Love blushes at will;
And the delicate tints that my glad pulses thrill,
At the play of her fancy full oft come and go
On her velvety cheek, and her fair throat of snow.

H. W. Dixon.

*
FORESHADOW.
—

Now the over-world the under
 Clasps in its embrace,
 And the two so long asunder
 Closely interlace.
 Now the sunlight and the shadow
 Keep an endless tryst;
 Now the sky the upspringing meadow
 Hath o'erleaned and kissed.

*

To the empty bough, the flower
 Fair and graceful clings,
 And the long-deserted bower
 Feels the stir of wings.
 Heart of noon and breath of coolness
 Mingle into one;
 All the longing springs with fullness
 Softly overrun.

Hopes outworn with flight incessant
Now o'ertake their quest;
To the weary past, the present
Gives its perfect rest.
One thing only lacks the vision,—
It must vanish soon;
Faint foreshadow of fruition,
Fair and fleeting June!

Frances Louisa Bushnell.

JUNE.

To lie all day, with naught to say or do,—
To dream without the haunting fear of waking,—
And gaze above, and watch in Heaven's blue
The fairy scenes the snow-piled clouds are making;

To breathe the perfumed bounty of the rose,
To feel the softest, lightest zephyr playing,
Whose touch caresses, as it comes and goes,
In earnest of a future longer staying;

Or hear the deeper murmur of the trees,
The sudden gust in gentle sighing merging,
So like the flowing of the restless seas,
But kinder waters with a softer surging;

To live and love, nor think of blame or praise,
Forget the cares of life, nor love the less,—
This air is June's; these days are summer days;—
And this delight is love-in-idleness.

THE SWEET BRIER.

Sweet blossom! in this modest guise
Were you first seen in Paradise?
Or later found
Where thorns and thistles most abound?

In Nature's wilds you make your home,
Where florists' skill may never come;
And the soft tone
Of lovely tint is all your own.

Our Brainard, born to lyric fame,
Gave you a new and graceful name,
The "Poor Man's Flower,"
The fairest in his scanty bower.

The children, while they play and sing,
Watch for your leaflets in the spring;
The buds, the bloom,
The shielding brier, the rich perfume.

Though planted nigh the palace door,
The queenly Rose could do no more.

Love's fragrant air
Conveys a blessing everywhere!

What genial soul would not desire
To bless the poor like you, sweet-brier,
Since Love's free breath
The heavenly garner treasureth.

A. S. R.

*TO A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BUNCH OF
MIGNONETTE.*

EACH flower that blooms, whate'er its charms,
Is doubtless some one's pet;
And so the one most dear to me
Is sweet, sweet mignonette.

'Tis called the Frenchman's darling, but
Is quite as much our own;
Its fragrance makes it always loved,
Wherever it is known.

And so this modest, lovely flower,
Fit emblem seems to be,
Of a bright and charming little girl,
Who is always sweet to me.

She is most dear to many hearts,
And loves them all as well,
And the happiness she thus imparts,
Is more than tongue can tell.

May every joy in life be hers,
And very few her tears —
I know that many faithful friends
Will gather with her years.

And when she reaches womanhood,
Amid life's cares and strife,
May the perfume of pure, holy deeds
Pervade her daily life.

Anna L. Franklin.

MY ROSES.

DEAR Maid, the breath of Roses which you gave me
Steals through and through the work-day
weariness,

As though an angel's wing did soft o'erwave me,
And soul to soul gave heavenly sweet caress.

And when I pause, and lay my blessed Roses
(Hungarian Saint Elizabeth's no fairer were!)
Beside my cheek, I dream thy cheek as close is,
And pulsing memories set my heart astir.

So pure, so fine, so delicate their beauty,
Pink petals, curved as rarely as the lips
Which on this gracious morning said "These to thee;"
And as the hum-bird in the rose-heart dips,—

So for the giver's sake I kiss my Roses,
Some honeyed thought to find blent with the scent;
Yes, lingering love within the Rose reposes,
'Tis yours! for mine went with you when you went.

S. E. L. Case.

ROSES OF JUNE.

OH, blossom, my beautiful roses ;
 Beautiful roses of June !
 Zephyrs from Eden bowers charm thee,—
 Unclasp thy emerald gyves ;
 Dews of the summer embalm thee
 With Flora's sweet sacrifice.

Oh, blossom, my beautiful roses ;
 Beautiful roses of June !
 Sunbeams have kissed thee while sleeping,
 Thy chalices bathed with light ;
 And fairies thy vigils were keeping,
 While exiled by winter's blight.

Oh, blossom, my beautiful roses ;
 Beautiful roses of June !
 Earth's bosom with rapture is teeming,
 Its verdure is fleck'd with gold ;
 Awake from thy slumber and dreaming ;
 Awake, and smile as of old !

Oh, blossom, my beautiful roses ;
 Beautiful roses of June!
Thy corols are flush'd with the glory
 Of rainbows, girdling fleet showers ;—
Unsheathe their sweet buds, I implore thee,
 Fair Rosa,—Queen of the Flowers!

Louise J. R. Chapman.

JUNE STUDIES.

WHY shouldst thou study, in the month of June,
In dusky books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the Great Teacher of all glorious things
Passes in hourly light before thy door?

There is a brighter book unrolling now;
Fair are its leaves as is the tree of Heaven,
All veined and dewed and gemmed with wondrous signs,
To which a healing mystic power is given.

A thousand voices to its study call,
From the fair hill-top, from the waterfall,
Where the bird singeth, and the yellow bee,
And the breeze talketh from the airy tree.

Now is the glorious resurrection time,
When all earth's buried beauties have new birth;
Behold the yearly miracle complete,—
God hath created a new heaven and earth!

No tree that wants its joyful garment now,
No flower but hastes its bravery to don;
God bids thee to this marriage feast of joy,—
Let thy soul put the wedding garment on.

All fringed with festal gold the barberry stands;
The ferns, exultant, clap their new-made wings;
The hemlock rustles broideries of fresh green,
And thousand bells of pearl the blueberry rings.

The long, weird fingers of the old white-pines
Do beckon thee into the flickering wood,
Where moving spots of light show mystic flowers,
And solemn music fills the dreamy hours.

Hast thou no *time* for all this wondrous show,—
No thought to spare? Wilt thou for ever be
With thy last year's dry flower-stalk and dead leaves,
And no new shoot or blossom on thy tree?

Wilt thou then all thy wintry feelings keep,
The old dead routine of thy book-writ lore;
Nor deem that God can teach, by one bright hour,
What life hath never taught to thee before?

See what vast leisure, what unbounded rest,
Lie in the bending dome of the blue sky;
Ah! breathe that life-born languor from thy breast,
And know, once more, a child's unreasoning joy.

Cease, cease to think, and be content to be;
Swing safe at anchor in fair Nature's bay;
Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
Let God's sweet teachings ripple soft their way.

Soar with the bird, and flutter with the leaf;
Dance with the seeded^d grass in fringy play;
Sail with the cloud, wave with the dreamy pine,
And float with nature all the live-long day.

Call not such hours an idle waste of time,—
Land that lies fallow, gains a quiet power;
It treasures, from the brooding of God's wings,
Strength to unfold the future bud and flower.

And when the summer's glorious show is past,
Its miracles no longer charm thy sight,
The treasured riches of those thoughtful hours
Shall make thy winter musings warm and bright.

H. B. Stowe.

XVIII.

OPEN the casement!
Unclasp it, with care!
Break not the long tendrils of dew-burdened vines
Just over you there.

Lift up that rich cluster
Of roses to me,
While I see, in their pure tender eyes, what the Junes
Of my future may be.

Let sweet clover-scents
Come in on the breeze
From the meadow, and snatches of music, that stir
In the neighboring trees.

Off yonder, I'm sure,
On the close shaven lawn
I see Goldi-locks sitting, her face all aflame
With the glinting of dawn.

The hum of the bees—
With the robin's refrain
And the trill of the lark—in the crisp, fragrant air
Are echoed again.

With the *same* gladsome note
 From the mid-summer bird,
And with breath of *such* perfume from late autumn
 blooms,
 Will my spirit be stirred?
Or, is this but a dream?
 Are these phantoms, that play
At the game—in my morning—of hide-and-go-seek?
 Then vanish away!
Are the shimmering lights,
 And the harmonies true,
For Goldi-locks only, while I tread alone
 The valleys of rue?
Ah, me! the bright petals—
 Their chalice unsealed—
Of the lights and the shadows awaiting my path,
 No gleam have revealed.
I accept the choice gifts
 That environ me 'round,
With no thought but a wish, and a hope, and a prayer
 * For the misty beyond.

WHEN earth is full of the beauty
That is born of the lovely June,
There come to me fairest visions
Of the Land of eternal noon.

I think of its far green pastures,
All studded with starry flowers ;
Each shaped to a wondrous beauty,
A thousand-fold fairer than ours.

I dream of the roses blooming
In a brightness which never can fade,
Of the swaying bells of the lilies
In a wonderful glory arrayed.

I turn from earth's richest splendors
Of verdure and tropical blooms ;
From its delicate fragile flowers,
With incense of subtlest perfumes,

And dwell in dreams 'mid the glories
The gardens of Paradise wear;
Where wafts, as from censers of Angels,
Drift soft through the heavenly air.

I gather the pure pale blossoms,
That are white as an Angel's wing,
Which never hang heavy with tear-drops,
For no mem'ries of sorrow they bring.

I twine them not into chaplets,
To cover my own precious dead,
But, joining the pæans of Heaven,
I weave crowns immortal instead.

Rachel C. Burton,

AREN'T you afraid, little violet,
To stand here all alone
By the side of the tall, tall tree,
And the grey old merry stone?

Who told you to grow, little violet,
In such a lonely place?
Where nobody, scarcely, comes near
To look on your pretty face.

What do you do, little violet,
While the hours go passing by,
Uplifting your head so quietly,
Alone 'neath the arching sky?

Do you like your home, little violet,
Your home so broad and high,
When the cold rain falls on your grassy bed,
And the winds go wandering by?

Don't the sweet birds come, little violet,
And sometimes sing to you?
Don't the butterfly come for a visit,
On his wings of yellow and blue?

What do you do, little violet,
In the long, dark hours of night?
Does the gentle moon watch over you,
And the stars that shine so bright?

I have a sister, little violet,—
I wish you had one, too;
I am sure it would cheer your loneliness,
If one were here with you.

Who'll care for you, little violet,
When winter comes again,
And the cold winds blow, and snows fall
All over the frozen plain?

Perhaps God will, little violet;
I've heard my mother say
That for everything His hand has made,
The good Lord cares always.

And so that little child went home
With trusting heart and true,
And left the two there all alone,—
God and the violet blue.

Charles P. Welles, 1860.

SWALLOWS.

1

LIKE ancient potters shaping clay
 In patterns quaint and clear,
 They fringe the eaves with bastions gray
 And trim the gables queer.
 High in the barns, on dusty beams,
 And on the rafter's crest,
 They twit in ceaseless loving themes
 While moulding strong the nest.

2

The sand-cliff, like an armored wall
 Of old, rebuilt in dream,
 Frowns o'er the lowland, white and tall,
 To guard the meadow stream.
 There in the port-holes neatly drilled,
 With fairy feathers dressed,
 The restless, twittering miners build
 Their modest summer nest.

When winter logs are black and charred
And whiten on the hearth,
And early buds are striving hard
To blossom in the path,
Come busy workmen down the flue,
The chimney's strength to test,
And there, like joiners, joint and glue
Their wicker-worken nest.

Paul Cushing.

TWO SEAS.

WHEN in the light of the border land
Of sleep and death I seem to stand,
Strange sights I see, weird sounds I hear,
That come to me distinct and clear.
Often the picture of a wide grey sea
Slowly rises mournfully;
It beckons, and I strive to reach
Its restless waves and lonely beach.

I feel akin to this friendly Sea,
It knows, and gladly welcomes me,
Sings many secrets in my ear
As its solemn music draws me near;
Strikes mighty chords for me alone
In mysterious undertone.
Grand and deep 'neath the billow's roll
The wondrous tones uplift my soul,

To a Sea beyond, where, says my heart,
This is the finer counterpart
Its music greater, grander yet —
The other is but the counterfeit,
The chords that strike again for me
Contain the truest melody,
These tones, far down in the billow's roll,
Respond to questionings of my soul!

This brighter picture of another Sea,
Rising in the distance joyfully,
The notes of music strong and fine
Creating harmonies more divine,
Also knows and welcomes me —
Filling my thoughts with ecstasy.
The tempting waves I long to reach,
As they call to me from the shining beach.

Ella Burr McManus.

ON THE BEACH AT AMAGANSETT.

HERE strikes the westering sunbeam on the sands,
 And on the waters weltering vague and wide,
 And on the far sails that like loving hands
 Wave silent farewells o'er the gleaming tide.

The airs of summer wave the long dry grass
 On these forlorn and solitary dunes,
 That see a thousand wild Decembers pass
 Unchanged as in their thousand sunny Junes.

And still the ancient and unending Sea
 Its green-walled plunging breaker lifts and pours,—
 Type of the unknown infinite To-Be,
 That rolls from other and mysterious shores!

The sunbeam strikes yon far receding sail,
 That sinks beyond the purple outer sea,
 And grows, like cherished forms now cold and pale,
 A dream of morning—and a memory.

F. L. B.

SUMMER MUSINGS.

SPRING unlocks the crystal fountains
That so long have lain congealed;
And the fresh new life o'er mountains
Comes from rootlets long concealed.

Comes the balmy air of 'summer,
And the fragrant breath of June;
Sweet foretaste, and bright forerunner
Of the joys to greet us soon.

Opening bud and pleasing flower
Greet us in the path we tread,
By the roadside, near the bower,
Where their fragrance 'round is shed.

Sweetly blooming are the roses,
Many-tinted do they grow;
Fragrance rare the bud discloses,
Which o'er it a charm doth throw.

Deep within the folded flower
Lies the honeyed sweetness rare,
Which the bee in field or bower
Findeth oft and sips with care.

Summer skies and pleasing fancies
Crown the day with joy supreme;
Draws the soul, with power entrances,
Helps us to be what we seem.

Let the lesson linger with us,
Joyful acts our lives adorn;
And true pleasure it will give us,
Brighter than the joyous morn.

L. A. B.

POST HAC.

“And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven.”

Apocalypse.

NOVAM Jerusalem clare lucentem,
 A Dei manu nunc descendentem
 Ex coelo, videte!
 Terra consumpta, terra concessa
 Impietati, improbitati,
 Terra redempta
 A sacrificio, valde auspicio,
 Dei amore.

Nullus dolor, nullus moeror,
 Omnis splendor, omnis fulgor
 Illic apparet;
 Fontes lachrymarum luctuosarum
 Ex oculis flentium omnium gentium
 Agnus obsterget;
 Peccatis ablutis, delictis solutis
 Christi sanctorum,
 Beati in coelo, laetantur in Deo,
 Deo cunctorum.

Gaudium crucis! diluculum lucis!
Crucis sanctissimae, et beatissimae,
Et maculatae, maculae sacrae,

Jesu amore;

Gaudium crucis! diluculum lucis!
Perfectio legis, gloria Regis,
Imperio mortis evicto,
Victore sepulchro pervicto,
Jesu amore.

O Jesu salvator! hominum renovator,
Eo die recipe,
In sanctitate indutos,
In pietate imbutos,
Tui amatos filios
Gratiose accipe!

Henry C. Robinson.

BOBOLINK'S CRADLE.

WOVEN of grasses dry and brown,
With a sprig of clover here and there;
A cosey lining of thistle-down
And a feather dropped from a bird in air;

This is the cradle, dainty and fine,
Love hides away in the meadow sweet,
Down, deep down, and never a sign
To tempt too near little wanton feet.

Down, deep down, in the blossoming grass
That rustles dreamily all day long,
And only the yellow butterflies pass,
And the green-gold bees with their hum-drum song.

Golden buttercups lean above,
And daisies white with hearts all gold;
Golden lily-bells nod their love,
And the golden sunshine all doth fold.

What wonder young Bobolink springs to air
With flecks of light in his plumage caught!
What wonder his song is a medley rare
Of all things golden, and free, and fair,
And a song with ecstasy fraught!

L. G. Warner.

JUNE MEMORIES FROM THE TROPICS.

WITHIN the cool, dark shade of tropic trees,
 Broad-leaved banana, lime, and stately palm,
 I muse of June in lands beyond the seas,
 Far from this realm of calm.

The droning of cicadas fills the air,
 And captive kites complain with drowsy tone;
 The day is golden, and the green earth fair,
 All through the summer zone.

A thousand blended sweets diffuse their charm
 From myriads of flowers on every hand,
 And sensuous pleasure seems no sinful harm
 Within this "Lotus-land."

Strange that surrounded by a world so bright,
 Thought should play truant and escape control;
 Strange that the fiend unrest should try his might
 To captivate the soul.

But when across the equatorial line
The sun advances northward day by day,
Remembrance comes to take this heart of mine
 And carry it away.

For then I know that on the hills of home,
Still bare and sad from winter's snowy reign,
A magic transformation soon will come,
 And beauty rule again.

Then from the glowing sameness of this land,
Although Lethean in its subtle charm,
I long to go and once more haply stand
 Upon my father's farm.

Once more on some sweet morning of the spring,
When all around is hushed and very still,
I long to hear the robin red-breast sing,
 And listen to the mill,—

The rustic saw-mill, just behind the wood,
Where there was skating in the winter-days,
And where in spring a lovely lily-brood
 And willows met the gaze.

A little down the stream a meadow spread,
Until it came close to the school-house door;
While near, the lonely grave-yard hid its dead,
 In the sad, glad days of yore.

Clear as the scenery of a waking dream,
Half filled with pleasure, half with tearful pain,
Those days and years of my lost boyhood seem,
 When called to view again.

My fondest recollection treasures yet
The revelation of each wondrous day,
When buttercup and purple violet
 Vied to embellish May.

Then like the soothing murmur of the sea,
Or magic measure of some grand old tune,
Come sweetest floral memories to me

 From green and lovely June.
And though the miracle of life each day
In chains of tropic splendor bind me here,
I sigh, Alas that I am far away
 From scenes that are so dear.

Tracy Robinson.

A FRAGMENT.

THE air is full of fragrance, far and nigh,
Where'er the summer breeze goes tiptoeing,
From sunny wall and highest balcony,
Swept by his robe, a hundred censers swing.

Behold o'er yonder porch a golden shower,
While petals white as hurrying flakes drift by,
Or dainty pink, in some sequestered bower,—
Like shells of ocean see them scattered lie.

Behold them flashing red from yonder nook,
With heat oppressed, their glory fading fast,
Yet drinking in the sun with one long look,
With joy intense because it cannot last.

The kiss that called them forth to bud and bloom,
To dream of power and taste of ecstasy,
To climb and cling and gaze, contained their doom,
And with that kiss upon their lips they die.

Teeming with splendor, breathing of repose,
With gold and silver decked, with white and red,
Soft as a cushion, fragrant as the rose,
The gorgeous earth is like a marriage bed.

Lucy C. Bull.

ROSE-TIME.

LITTLE Nanny in and out,
Flits about, flits about,
Where the roses nodding down
Weave the summer's fragrant crown.
See her skipping, dainty tripping,
Reaching upward, downward dipping,
Like a little robin brisk,
Like a kid with leap and frisk ;
And she sings: "My lovely roses,—
Beautiful are all the posies,
But I love the roses best!"
Then a tone of sadness coming,
Blends withal the childish humming:
"Rose-leaves soon the ground will cover,
Rosy time will soon be over."
Never need that truth to tell,
Sweet heart, soon you'll know it well!
As, unheeded, rose-leaf showers,
Drop the hours, the rosy hours.

In their grand Eternity,
Do the angels laugh to see
Like a rose's life our measure,
And as frail each gathered treasure,
And as thornful every gain,
Paying for its sweet with pain?—
Nay, but they might weep to see,
Looking from Eternity,
Little children coming, going,
Oh, so soon from childhood growing;
Yet perhaps they're gently saying,
Sweet assurance with our praying,
"Heaven will keep and angels love her
When her rosy time is over!"

S. E. L. C.

THE LAST ROSE LEAF.

LIKE to rose-leaves one by one unfolding
From the rose's incense-laden heart,
Every one its gift of beauty holding,
Come the days of June, and so depart.

Soft the rose-leaves fall, in all their luster,
Till o'er earth a crimson pall is thrown;
Now the rose's heart where they did cluster
Stands uncurtained, all its secret shown;

Stands like golden altar incense bearing,
Offering still its gift of rare perfume;
Though no more its crown of beauty wearing,
Yet its urn enshrines the future bloom.

One by one, like rose-leaves in their beauty,
Come the days of youth, and so depart.
May they fall like them, all sweet with duty,
Leaving still an incense-laden heart.

M. E. Fellowes.





