

AURELIA.

Beautiful, and spirit-like,
She stands before me now,
An infantine intelligence,
With sweetness on her brow.
Her bright-blue eyes Elysian
Sparkle with some gentle vision
Of earliest human sinlessness,
Such as spirit forms might press,
With a soft and sweet caress,
To their souls of light and love,
In the heaven of heavens above.
Now these flashing orbs are swimming
In a calmy sea of Thought,
With a mystic glory fraught,
Silently but sweetly hymning
Many an anthem mild and holy,
Many a song, divine and lowly—
Hymns and anthems deeply teaching
How immortal is the soul ;
Thoughts, that are intently preaching
Truths, as vast as those that roll
Ceaselessly from pole to pole,
On the meteoric pinions
That spread light through night's dominions.

Here and there golden ringlets shadow
Her fair brow with witching grace,

HENRY'S GRAVE.

Standing beside the consecrated mound,
That marked the narrow grave wherein he lay,
I thought upon the Trumpet's welcome sound,
That would arouse him in the latter day.

I thought of the young spirit, that had fled
Beyond the keenest search of human eye—
Beyond the limits of a world of dread—
Beyond the reach of man's philosophy.

And as I strove to lift the distant veil—
To track the spirit in its upward flight—
My mind was awed—my vision seemed to fail,
And all became confused as blackest night!

I was an atom of mere mortal mould,
Too weak to pierce the depths that soul had trod;
Backward to earth my wandering senses rolled,
And my eye rested on the crumbling sod—

Part of myself—poor perishable clay!
The child whose corse beneath my feet did lie,
Was, like myself, but mortal, yesterday,
And now, a dweller with the blest on high!

Oh! Mystery of Mysteries! Oh, Death!
I sit and muse in deep solemnity,
And wonder how the dust that perisheth
Must pass to life eternal but through thee!

THE PAST.

Erase it from my memory ! for, lo !
As I look backward on the devious track,
Unhappy images are seen to pass,
Like the wild shapes in a Magician's glass,
Making the brain grow dizzy as they go
And come again, as if employed to rack
The human mind, and cause the tears to flow
From Life's own fountain. Yes, erase the Past !—
But, no !—not all—for some green spots are there ;
Small, twinkling stars, out-peering through the gloom ;
Warm gleams of sunlight, which do sometimes cast
Their mellow tints within. These will entomb
Each sullen shadow in its secret lair,
And Hope may make the future prospect fair.

Yea ; let them rest ! I would not banish one
Stern recollection from its chosen cell.
Thick clouds may for a moment hide the sun,
But lessen not his glory ; even so,
We hold within us what of dark and bright
By our own wills have been implanted there.
And we can purge from the mind's crucible
The scum of Error that excludes the light
Of Truth. Experience teacheth us to know
That light and darkness—moral day and night—
Are incident to mortals here below.
Yes ; let me rather muse on errors past,
The silent monitors that bring us peace at last.