

## "THE LONELY BUGLE GRIEVES."

The trump hath blown,  
And now upon that reeking hill  
Slaughter rides screaming on the vengeful ball;  
While with terrific signal shrill,  
The vultures from their bloody eyries flown,  
Hang o'er them like a pall.  
Now deeper roll the maddening drums,  
And the mingling host like ocean heaves;  
While from the midst a horrid wailing comes,  
And high above the fight the lonely bugle grieves!

GRENVILLE MELLEN

## DEVOTION

The immortal gods  
Accept the meanest altars, that are raised  
By pure devotion; and sometimes prefer  
An ounce of frankincense, honey, or milk,  
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gems,  
Offered in ostentation.

PHILIP MASSINGER

## ULTIMA VERITAS

In the bitter waves of woe,  
Beaten and tossed about  
By the sullen winds that blow  
From the desolate shores of doubt,—  
That the rulers must obey;  
That the givers shall increase;  
That Duty lights the way  
For the beautiful feet of Peace;—

When the anchors that faith had cast  
Are dragging in the gale,  
I am quietly holding fast  
To the things that cannot fail:  
In the darkest night of the year,  
When the stars have all gone out,  
That courage is better than fear,  
That faith is truer than doubt;

I know that right is right;  
That it is not good to lie;  
That love is better than spite,  
And a neighbor than a spy;  
And fierce though the fiends may fight,  
And long though the angels hide,  
I know that Truth and Eight  
Have the universe on their side;

I know that passion needs  
The leash of a sober mind;  
I know that generous deeds  
Some sure reward will find;  
And that somewhere, beyond the stars,  
Is a Love that is better than fate;  
When the night unlocks her bars  
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

## SYMPATHY

'T is a little thing  
To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmournd 't will fall  
Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye  
With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand  
To know the bonds of fellowship again;  
And shed on the departing soul a sense,  
More precious than the benison of friends  
About the honored death-bed of the rich,  
To him who else were lonely, that another  
Of the great family is near and feels.

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

## FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT

Prune thou thy words; the thoughts control  
That o'er thee swell and throng;—  
They will condense within thy soul,  
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run  
In soft luxurious flow,  
Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,  
Where hearts and wills are weighed,  
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
Which bloom their hour, and fade.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

## HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL