

## AFTER RAIN.

AFTER rain, after rain,  
O sparkling Earth!  
All things are new again,  
Bathed as at birth.  
Now the lovely storm hath ceased,  
Drenched and released  
Upward springs the glistening bough,  
In sunshine now;  
And the raindrop from the leaf  
Runs and slips;  
Ancient forests have relief;  
Old foliage drips.  
All the Earth doth seem  
Like to Diana issuing from the stream,  
Her body flushing from the wave,  
Glistening in beauty grave;  
Or like perhaps to Venus, when she rose,  
And looked with dreamy stare across the sea,  
As yet unconscious of her woes,  
Her woes, and all her wounds that were to be.  
Or now again!  
After the rain,  
Earth like that early garden shines,  
Vested in vines.  
Oh, green, green  
Eden is seen!  
After weeping skies  
Rising Paradise!  
God there for his pleasure,  
In divinest leisure,  
Walking in the sun,  
Which hath newly run.  
Soon I might perceive  
The long-tressèd Eve,  
Startled by the shower,  
Venture from her bower,  
Looking for Adam under perilous sky;  
While he hard by  
Emerges from the slowly dropping blooms,  
And odorous green glooms.

*Stephen Phillips.*

## GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT.

At last the bird that sang so long  
 In twilight circles hushed his song;  
 Above the ancient square  
 The stars came here and there.

Good Friday night! Some hearts were bowed,  
 But some within the waiting crowd,  
 Because of too much youth,  
 Felt not that mystic ruth;

And of these hearts my heart was one:  
 Nor when beneath the arch of stone,  
 With dirge and candle-flame,  
 The cross of Passion came,

Did my glad being feel reproof;  
 Though on the awful tree aloof,  
 Unspiritual, dead,  
 Drooped the ensanguined Head.

To one who stood where myrtles made  
 A little space of deeper shade  
 (As I could half descry,  
 A stranger, even as I),

I said: "These youths who bear along  
 The symbols of their Saviour's wrong,—  
 The spear, the garment torn,  
 The flagel, and the thorn,—

"Why do they make this mummery?  
 Would not a brave man gladly die  
 For a much smaller thing  
 Than to be Christ and king?"

He answered nothing, and I turned:  
 Throned 'mid its hundred candles, burned  
 The jeweled eidolon  
 Of her who bore the Son.

The crowd was prostrate; still, I felt  
 No shame until the stranger knelt;  
 Then not to kneel, almost  
 Seemed like a vulgar boast.