

POEMS

BY MARGARET FULLER

BESTOWAL

KNOCK at my heart, and I will ope
To Unforgetfulness;
Breathe on my brows, and from your own
Will fail my hands' caress;

Ask of my eyes, and mine shall veil,
Too faint to seek or chide;
Kiss—and within your will I lie
Like seaweed in the tide.

TEMPE

MY lover's eyes my mirror are
Wherein I love to look.
Oh, who would sprite or dryad be
And only have a brook!

VALEDICTION

"BE tranquil, love, and face the truth:
The parting hour is here;
I cannot stay, you may not come,—
Death hath an heavy ear."

Her head from off his shoulder slipped,
And dropped down like a tear.

"EARTH'S FLOWERS MOST RARE"

UP troop the children to the hills,
While still the slopes are hoar,
To seek the first bud of the spring
Where it was found before;

And I, in whom remembrance is
The comforter of pain,
Come to you blindly, knowing this,
I never come in vain.

THE PASSION-FLOWER

MY love gave me a passion-flower.
I nursed it well—so brief its hour!
My eyelids ache, my throat is dry:
He told me not that it would die.

My love and I are one, and yet
Full oft my cheeks with tears are wet—
So sweet the night is, and the bower!
My love gave me a passion-flower.

So sweet! Hold fast my hands. Can God
Make all this joy revert to sod,
And leave to me but this for dower—
My love gave me a passion-flower.

LINES ON THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH SONG

THEY first who saw the day grow wan and die,
Guessed they at all that night in turn would go,
Or felt they aught but wonderment and woe,
Our rude foreparents, waiting in the shy,
Strange dusk? What then, when Song drops out the sky,
Song, and the singer who the last shall know
The greatness of the chosen, and the glow—
Will then the past have slipped forever by?
Shall spangled gloom melt in the rush of morn,
Light follow night, unlesened for the dark,
One sun eclipse all stars and the borrowing moon;
And yet shall not the hedge-row hush and swoon,
And earth and heaven in ecstasy be torn
While 'twixt their hearts once more upsoars the lark?

FOUR ROADS TO PARADISE

BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

Author of "Sir Christopher," "White Aprons," "Flint," "The Head of a Hundred," etc.

XVIII

WHAT THE BISHOP SAID

"Strange all this difference should be
"Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."



RS. BLYTHE and Fleming had returned from their ride, but had not yet changed their costumes. Anne sat in a lounging-chair, and Fleming sat on the coping of the balustrade, tapping the toe of his boot nervously with his riding-whip and looking at Anne Blythe as he had never dared to look at her before, with his heart in his eyes.

"Have you always been as beautiful as you are to-day?" he asked at length.

"Always," Anne replied, with pleasing confidence; "only you had not the wit to see it."

"I think," said Fleming, "it was because I was afraid to look at you long enough to form a lasting impression that I never could bring you up before me when I was away from you. I could hear your voice—I have every tone of it by heart; but when I tried to recall your face it was blurred, a mere catalogue of chestnut hair, hazel eyes, and little pointed chin. But if I imagined you speaking, then I could see the smile ripple along your lips and the half closing of your eyelids, as if they were trying to keep the fun in your eyes all to themselves. You should smile always, Anne."

"It will be your business in life to see that I have cause to," Mrs. Blythe answered, flicking at the dust on her skirt with her riding-crop. "Ah, here comes my uncle up the little path. He must have dismissed the carriage below there somewhere. Shall we say anything to him this afternoon?"

"By all means."

"Perhaps it would be better to wait."

"Not an hour. Suspense is worse than certainty. Do you know, Anne, that scene at Vincigliata begins already to seem like the one beautiful dream of my life, and now—now I am waking and the dream is over."

Tinkle, tinkle, went the Bishop's ring at the gate.

"Now, remember," said Fleming, "whatever his decision may be, we both agree to be bound by it."

"Yes."

"And I am to lay the case before him fairly and squarely?"

"Yes."

"And you will not interfere or interrupt until he has spoken?"

"No."

"Don't you think you'd better go away and let me have it out with him alone?"

"Decidedly, I do not. The matter concerns me as much as it does you, and I should think I might at least be permitted to hear—do you know, it begins to occur to me that you are quite likely to develop a dictatorial turn of mind when we are married?"

"Don't say 'when'; say 'if.' *When* makes it sound so distractingly possible, and it will be all the harder to give it up in the end. But if you will stay, at least let me move your chair."

"No, thank you; I am very comfortable here, where I can see the Duomo and the Bargello—and you."

"Yes; but I can see you, too."

"Do I offend your esthetic sense?"

"Anne, you are not so much in love as I—you don't know anything about it. When I look at you I wish to give myself up to the full luxury of the occasion."