

THE SINLESS CHILD.  
A POEM, IN SEVEN PARTS.

INSCRIPTION.

Sweet Eva! shall I send thee forth,  
To other hearts to speak?  
With all thy timidness and love,  
Companionship to seek?  
Will any love thy abstract ways?  
Thy too unearthly tone?  
Oh! heed it not, but come to me,  
For thou art all mine own.

Thou art my spirit's cherished dream,  
Its pure ideal birth;  
And thou hast nestled in my heart,  
With love that's not of earth.  
Alas! for I have failed, methinks,  
To paint thee as thou art;  
That wild, enchanting grace of thine,  
That lingers round thy heart.

*(This stanza is not in 1842.)*

SWEET EVA! shall I send thee forth,  
To other hearts to speak?  
With all thy timidness and love,  
Companionship to seek?  
Send thee with all thy abstract ways  
Thy more than earthly tone—  
An exile, dearest, send thee forth,  
Thou, who art all mine own!

Thou art my spirit's cherished dream,  
Its pure ideal birth;  
And thou has nestled in my heart,  
With love that's not of earth.  
Alas! for I have failed, methinks,  
Thy mystic life to trace;  
Thy holiness of thought and soul,  
Thy wild enchanting grace.

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

[black 1842][blue 1843][purple 1845]

"I say unto you, that in heaven their  
angels do always behold the face of my  
Father, which is in heaven."— *Matthew*,  
xvii.

SWEET Eva! shall I send thee forth,  
to other hearts to speak?  
With all thy timidness and love,  
companionship to seek?  
Send thee with all they abstract ways,  
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An exile, dearest, send thee forth,  
thou, who art all mine own!

Thou art my spirit's cherished dream,  
its pure ideal birth;  
And thou hast nestled in my heart,  
with love that's not of earth.  
Alas! for I have failed, methinks, thy  
mystic life to trace;  
Thy holiness of thought and soul, thy  
wild enchanting grace.

Thou dwellest still within my heart,  
thy beauty all unsung;  
Like bells that wake the village ear,  
by echo sweeter rung;  
And as thy graces on by one  
upon my fancy steal,  
There lingereth yet another grace  
the soul alone can feel.

With thee I've wandered, cherished one,  
At twilight's dreamy hour,  
To learn the language of the bird,  
The mystery of the flower—

With thee I've wandered, cherished one,  
At twilight's dreamy hour,  
To learn the language of the bird,  
The mystery of the flower;  
And gloomy must that sorrow be,  
Which thou could'st not dispel,  
As thoughtfully we loitered on  
By stream or sheltered dell.

Thou fond Ideal! vital made,  
The trusting, earnest, true;  
Who fostered, sacred, undefiled  
My hearts pure, youthful dew;  
Thou woman-soul, all tender, meek,  
Thou wilt not leave me now  
To bear alone the weary thoughts  
That stamp an aching brow!

Yet go! I may not say farewell,  
For thou wilt not forsake,  
Thou'lt linger, Eva, wilt thou not,  
All hallowed thoughts to wake?  
Then go; and speak to kindred hearts  
In purity and truth;  
And win the spirit back again,  
To Love, and Peace, and Youth.

And gloomy must that sorrow be,  
That thou could'st not dispel,  
As thoughtfully we loitered on  
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Thou fond

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INTRODUCTION TO PART 1.

PART I

**EVA**, a simple cottage maiden, given to the world in the widowhood of one parent, and the angelic existence of the other, like a bud developed amid the sad sweet sunshine of autumn, when its sister-flowers are all sleeping, is found from her birth to be as meek and gentle as are those pale flowers that look imploringly upon us, blooming as they do apart from the season destined for their existence, and when those that should hold tender companionship with them have ceased to be. She is gifted with the power of interpreting much of the beautiful mysteries of our earth. The delicate penciling found upon the petals of the flowers, she finds full of gentle wisdom, as well as beauty. The song of the bird is not merely the gushing forth of a nature too full of blessedness to be silent, but she finds it responsive to the great harp of the universe, whose every tone is

wisdom and goodness. The humblest plant, the simplest insect, is each alive with truth. More than this, she beholds a divine agency in all things, carrying on the great purposes of love and wisdom by the aid of innumerable happy spirits, each delighting in the part assigned to it. She sees the world, not merely with mortal eyes, but looks within to the pure internal life, of which the outward is but a type. Her mother, endowed with ordinary perceptions, fails to understand the pure spiritual character of her daughter, but feels daily the truthfulness and purity of her life. The neighbors, too, feel that Eva is unlike her sex only in greater truth and elevation.

## PART I.

Whilom ago, in lowly life,  
Young Eva lived and smiled,  
A fair-haired girl, of wondrous truth,  
And blameless from a child.  
Gentle she was, and full of love,  
With voice exceeding sweet,  
And eyes of dove-like tenderness,  
Where smiles and sadness meet.

No Father's lip her brow had kissed,  
Or breathed for her a prayer;  
The widowed breast on which she  
slept Was full of doubt and  
care:And oft was Eva's little head  
Heaved by her mother's sigh—  
And oft the widow shrunk in fear  
From her sweet baby's eye;

For she would leave the flowing milk  
To look within her face,  
With something of reproachfulness,  
As well as infant grace—  
A trembling lip, an earnest eye,  
Half smiling, half in tears—  
As she would seek to comprehend  
The secret of her fears.

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And blameless from a child.  
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With voice exceeding sweet,  
And eyes of dove-like tenderness,  
Where joy and sadness meet

No Father's lip her brow had kissed,  
Or breathed for her a prayer;  
The widowed breast on which she slept,  
Was full of doubt and care;  
And oft was Eva's little cheek  
Heaved by her mother's sigh—  
And oft the widow shrunk in fear  
From her sweet baby's eye;

For she would lift her pillowed head  
To look within her face,  
With something of reproachfulness,  
As well as infant grace,  
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With something of reproachfulness,  
As well as infant grace,—  
A trembling lip, an earnest eye,  
Half smiling, half in tears,  
As she would seek to comprehend  
The secret of her fears.

Her ways were gentle while a babe—  
With calm and tranquil eye,  
That turned instinctively to seek  
The blueness of the sky.  
A holy smile was on her lip  
Whenever sleep was there—  
She slept, as sleeps the blossom, hushed  
Amid the silent air.

And ere she left with tottling steps  
The low-roofed cottage door,  
The beetle and the cricket loved  
The young child on the floor—  
And every insect dwelt secure  
Where little Eva played;  
And piped for her its blithest song  
When she in greenwood strayed;

With wing of gauze and mailed coat  
They gathered round her feet,  
Rejoiced as are all gladsome things  
A truthful soul to greet.  
They taught her infant lips to sing  
With them a hymn of praise—  
The song that in the woods is heard  
Through the long summer days.

And every where the child was heard  
With snatches of wild songs,  
That marked her feet along the vale  
Or hill-side, fleet and strong.  
She knew the haunts of every bird—  
Where bloomed the sheltered flower;  
So sheltered that the searching frost  
Might scarcely find its bower.

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A truthful soul to greet.  
They taught her infant lips to sing  
With them a hymn of praise,  
The song that in the woods is heard,  
Through the long summer days.

And everywhere the child was traced  
By snatches of wild song,  
That marked her feet along the vale,  
Or hill-side, fleet and strong.  
She knew the haunts of every bird—  
Where bloomed the sheltered flower,  
So sheltered, that the searching frost  
Might scarcely find its bower.

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So sheltered, that the searching frost  
Might scarcely find its bower.

No loneliness did Eva know,  
Though playmates she had none;  
Such sweet companionship was hers,  
She could not be alone;  
For everything in earth or sky  
Caressed the little child,  
The joyous bird upon the wing—  
The blossom in the wild:

Much dwelt she on the green hill-side,  
And under forest tree;  
Beside the running, bab'ling brook,  
Where lithe were trouts in glee—  
She saw them dart, like stringed gems,  
With many a curve and leap—  
And learned that peace and love alone  
A gladsome heart may keep.

The opening bud, that lightly swung  
Upon the dewy air,  
Moved in its very gladsomeness  
Beneath angelic care;  
For pearly fingers gently oped  
Each curved and painted leaf,  
And where the canker-worm had been  
Looked on with angel-grief.

She loved all simple flowers that sprung  
In grove or sun-lit dell,  
And of each streak and varied hue,  
A meaning deep would tell—  
For her a language was impressed  
On every leaf that grew,  
And lines revealing brighter worlds  
That angel fingers drew.

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Such sweet companionship was hers,  
She could not be alone;  
For everything in earth or sky  
Caressed the little child,  
The joyous bird upon the wing,  
The blossom in the wild:

Much dwelt she on the green hill-side,  
And under forest tree;  
Beside the running, babbling brook,  
Where lithe trout sported free—  
She saw them dart, like stringed gems,  
Where the tangled roots were deep,  
And learned that peace and love alone  
A joyous heart may keep.

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

She loved all simple flowers that spring  
In grove or sun-lit dell,  
And of each streak and varied hue,  
Would pretty meanings tell;  
For her a language was impressed  
On every leaf that grew,  
And lines revealing brighter worlds  
That seraph fingers drew.

No loneliness young Eva knew,  
Though playmates she had none;  
Such sweet companionship was hers,  
She could not be alone;  
For everything in earth or sky  
Caressed the little child,  
The joyous bird upon the wing,  
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And under forest tree;  
Beside the running, babbling brook,  
Where lithe trout sported free—  
She saw them dart, like stringed gems,  
Where the tangled roots were deep,  
And learned that love for evermore  
The heart will joyful keep.

*(This stanza is not in 1845.)*

She loved all simple flowers that spring  
In grove or sun-lit dell,  
And of each streak and varied hue,  
Would pretty meanings tell.  
For her a language was impressed  
On every leaf that grew,  
And lines revealing brighter worlds  
That seraph fingers drew.

*(This stanza is not in 1842.)*

Each tiny leaf became a scroll  
Inscribed with holy truth—

A lesson that around the heart  
Should keep the dew of youth;  
Bright missals from angelic throngs  
In every by-way left—

The opening bud that lightly swung  
Upon the dewy air,  
Moved in its very sportiveness  
She saw that pearly fingers oped  
Each curved and painted leaf,  
And where the canker-worm had been  
Were looks of angel grief.

Each tiny leaf became a scroll  
Inscribed with holy truth,  
A lesson that around the heart  
Should keep the dew of youth;  
Bright missals from angelic throngs  
In every by-way left,  
How were the earth of glory shorn  
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine height;  
The fissured rock they press;  
The desert wild, with heat and sand,  
Shares too, their blessedness,  
And wheresoe'er the weary heart  
Turns in its dim despair,  
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks  
Inviting it to prayer.

The widow's cot was rude and low,  
The sloping roof, moss-grown;  
And it would seem its quietude  
To every bird were known,  
The winding vine its tendrils wove  
Round roof and oaken door,  
And by the flickering light, the leaves  
Were painted on the floor.

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No noxious reptiles ever came  
Within this lowly Cot—  
The good and beautiful alone  
Delighted in the spot.  
The very winds were hushed to peace  
Within the quiet dell,  
Or murmured through the glancing leaves  
Like breathings of a shell.

The gay bird sang from sheltering tree,  
Bright blossoms clustered round—  
And one small brook came dancing by  
With its sweet tinkling sound—  
It stained the far-off meadow green  
It leaped a rocky dell—  
Then resting by the cottage door,  
In liquid music fell.

Upon its breast white lilies slept,  
Of pure and wax-like hue,  
And brilliant flowers upon its marge  
Luxuriantly grew.  
They were of rare and changeless birth,  
Nor needed toil nor care;  
And many marvelled earth could yield  
Aught so exceeding fair.

Young Eva said, all noisome weeds  
Would pass from earth away,  
When virtue in the human heart  
Held its predestined sway—  
Exalted thoughts were ever hers—  
Some deemed them strange and wild;  
And hence in all the hamlets round,  
Her name of SINLESS CHILD.

No noxious reptiles ever there  
A kindred being sought,  
The good and beautiful alone  
Delighted in the spot.  
The very winds were hushed to peace  
Within the quiet dell,  
Or murmured through the rustling bough  
Like breathings of a shell.

The red-breast sang from sheltering tree,  
Gay blossoms clustered round,  
And one small brook came dancing by,  
With its sweet tinkling sound.  
Staining the far-off meadow green  
It leaped a rocky dell  
Then resting by the cottage door,  
In liquid music fell.

Upon its breast white lilies slept,  
Of pure and wax-like hue,  
And brilliant flowers upon the marge  
Luxuriantly grew.  
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Nor needed toil nor care;  
And many marvelled earth could yield  
Aught so exceeding fair.

Young Eva said, all noisome weeds  
Would pass from earth away,  
When virtue in the human heart  
Held its predestined sway;  
Exalted thoughts were alway hers,  
Some deemed them strange and wild;  
And hence in all the hamlets round,  
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The good and beautiful alone  
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Exalted thoughts were alway hers,  
Some deemed them strange and wild;  
And hence in all the hamlets round,  
Her name of SINLESS CHILD.

Her mother said that Eva's lips  
Had never falsehood known;  
No angry word had ever marred  
The music of their tone.  
And truth spake out in every line  
Of her pure tranquil face,  
Where Love and Peace, twin-dwelling pair,  
Had found a resting place.

She felt the freedom and the light  
The pure in heart may know—  
Whose blessed privilege it is  
To walk with God below;  
To understand the hidden things  
That others may not see—  
To feel a life within the heart,  
And love and mystery.

## INTRODUCTION TO PART II.

THE widow, accustomed to forms, and content with the faith in which she has been reared, a faith which is habitual, rather than earnest and soul-requiring, leaves Eva to learn the wants and tendencies of the soul, by observing the harmony and beauty of the external world. Even from infancy she seems to have penetrated the spiritual through the material; to have beheld the heavenly, not through a glass darkly, but face to face, by means of that singleness and truth, that look within the veil. To the pure in heart alone is the promise, "They shall see God."

## PART II.

Untiring all the weary day

The widow toiled with care,  
And scarcely cleared her furrowed brow  
When came the hour of prayer—  
The voices, that on every side

Her mother said that Eva's lips  
Had never falsehood known;  
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Whose blessed privilege it is  
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Who see a hidden beauty traced,  
That others may not see,  
To feel a life within the heart,  
And love and mystery.

## PART II.

Untiring all the weary day  
The widow toiled with care,  
And scarcely cleared her furrowed brow  
When came the hour of prayer;  
The voices, that on every side,  
The prisoned soul call forth,  
And bid it in its freedom walk,  
Rejoicing in the earth;

Her mother said that Eva's lips  
Had never falsehood known;  
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The music of their tone.  
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The prisoned soul call forth,  
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And bid it in its freedom walk,  
Rejoicing in the earth;

Fall idly on a deafened ear,  
A heart untaught to thrill  
When music gusheth from the bird  
Or from the crystal rill—  
That moves unheeding by the flower  
With its ministry of love,  
That weeps not in the moonlight pale  
Nor silent stars above.

Alas! that round the human soul  
The cords of earth should bind,  
That they should bind in darkness down  
The light discerning mind—  
That all its freshness, freedom, gone,  
Its destiny, forgot,  
It should in gloomy discontent  
Bewail its bitter lot.

But Eva while she turned the wheel,  
Or toiled in homely guise,  
With buoyant heart was all abroad,  
Beneath the pleasant skies;  
And sang all day from joy of heart,  
For joy that in her dwelt,  
That unconfined the soul went forth—  
Such blessedness she felt.

All lowly and familiar things  
In earth, or air, or sky,  
A lesson brought to Eva's mind  
Of import deep and high:  
She learned, from blossom in the wild,  
From bird upon the wing,  
From silence and the midnight stars,  
Truth dwelt in every thing.

Fall idly on a deafened ear,  
A heart untaught to thrill  
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The light—discerning mind—  
That all its freshness, freedom, gone,  
Its destiny forgot,  
It should, in gloomy discontent,  
Bewail its bitter lot.

But Eva, while she turned the wheel,  
Or toiled in homely guise,  
With buoyant life was all abroad,  
Beneath the pleasant skies;  
And sang all day from lightsome heart,  
For joy that in her dwelt,  
That evermore the soul is free,  
To go where joys is felt.

All lowly and familiar things  
In earth, or air, or sky,  
A lesson brought to Eva's mind  
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From bird upon the wing,  
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A lesson brought to Eva's mind  
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She learned, from blossom in the wild,  
From bird upon the wing,  
From silence and the midnight stars,  
Truth dwelt in everything.

The careless winds that round her played  
Brought voices to her ear,  
But Eva, pure in thought and soul,  
Dreamed never once of fear—  
The whispered words of angel lips  
She heard in forest wild,  
And many a holy spell they wrought,  
About the Sinless Child.

And much she loved the forest walk,  
Where round the shadows fell,  
The solitude of mountain height,  
Or green and lovely dell—  
The brook dispensing verdure round,  
And singing on its way;  
Now coyly hid in fringe of green,  
Now sparkling in its play.

She early marked the butterfly,  
That gay mysterious thing,  
That, bursting from its prison-house  
Appeared on golden wing—  
It had no voice to speak delight,  
Yet on the flowret's breast,  
She saw it mute and motionless,  
In long, long rapture rest.

She said, that while the little shroud  
Beneath the casement hung,  
A kindly spirit lingered near,  
As lightly there it swung;  
That music sweet and low was heard  
To hail its perfect life—  
And Eva felt that insect strange  
With wondrous truth was rife.

The careless winds that round her played  
Brought voices to her ear,  
But Eva, pure in thought and soul,  
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A kindly spirit lingered near,  
As dimly there it swung;  
That music sweet and low was heard  
To hail its perfect life,  
And Eva felt that insect strange  
With wondrous truth was rife.

It crawled no more a sluggish thing  
Upon the noisome earth;  
A brief, brief sleep, and then she saw  
A new and radiant birth—  
And thus she learned without a doubt,  
That man from death would rise  
As did the butterfly on wings,  
To claim its native skies.

The rainbow, bending o'er the storm,  
A beauteous language told;  
For angels, twined with loving arms,  
She plainly might behold—  
And in their glorious robes they bent  
To earth in wondrous love,  
As they would lure the human soul  
To brighter things above.

The bird would leave the rocking branch  
Upon her hand to sing,  
And upward turn its fearless eye  
And plume its glossy wing—  
And Eva listened to its song,  
Till all the sense concealed  
In that deep gushing forth of joy,  
Became to her revealed.

And when the bird would build its nest,  
A spirit from above  
Directed all the pretty work,  
And filled its heart with love.  
And she within the nest would peep  
Its colored eggs to see,  
But never touch the pretty thing,  
For a thoughtful child was she.

It crawled no more a sluggish thing  
Upon the lowly earth;  
A brief, brief sleep, and then she saw  
A new and radiant birth,  
And thus she learned without a doubt,  
That man from death would rise,  
As did the butterfly on wings,  
To claim its native skies.

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And when the bird would build its nest,  
A spirit from above  
Directed all the pretty work,  
And filled its heart with love.  
And she within the nest would peep  
The colored eggs to see,  
But never touch the dainty thing,  
For a thoughtful child was she.

It crawled no more a sluggish thing  
Upon the lowly earth;  
A brief, brief sleep, and then she saw  
A new and radiant birth;  
And thus she learned without a doubt,  
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And Eva listened to its song,  
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Became to her revealed.

And when the bird a nest would build,  
A spirit from above  
Directed all the pretty work,  
And filled its heart with love.  
And she within the nest would peep  
The colored eggs to see,  
But never touch the dainty things,  
For a thoughtful child was she.

Much Eva loved the twilight hour,  
When shadows gather round,  
And softer sings the little bird,

Much Eva loved the twilight hour,  
When shadows gather round  
And softer sings the little bird,  
And insect from the ground;  
She felt that this within the heart  
Must be the hour of prayer,  
For earth in its deep quietude  
Did own its Maker there.

Much Eva loved the twilight hour,  
When shadows gather round,  
And softer sings the little bird,  
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She felt that this within the heart  
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The still moon in the saffron sky  
Hung out her silver thread,  
And the bannered clouds in gorgeous folds  
A mantle round her spread.  
The gentle stars came smiling out  
Upon the brilliant sky,  
That looked a meet and glorious dome,  
For worship pure and high;

The still moon in the saffron sky  
Hung out her silver thread,  
And the bannered clouds in gorgeous folds  
A mantle round her spread.  
The gentle stars came smiling out  
Upon the brilliant sky,  
That looked a meet and glorious dome,  
For worship pure and high;

And Eva lingered, though the gloom  
Had deepened into shade;  
And many thought that spirits came  
To teach the Sinless Maid,  
For oft her mother sought the child  
Amid the forest glade,  
And marvelled that in darksome glen,  
So tranquilly she stayed.

And Eva lingered, though the gloom  
Had deepened into shade;  
And many thought that spirits came  
To teach the Sinless Maid,  
For oft her mother sought the child  
Amid the forest glade,  
And marvelled that in darksome glen,  
So tranquilly she stayed.

For every jagged limb to her  
A shadowy semblance hath,  
Of spectres and distorted shapes,  
That frown upon her path,  
And mock her with their hideous eyes;  
For when the soul is blind  
To freedom, truth, and inward light,  
Vague fears debase the mind:

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But Eva, like a dreamer waked,  
Looked off upon the hill,  
And murmured words of strange, sweet sound,  
As if there lingered still  
Ethereal forms with whom she talked,  
Unseen by all beside;  
And she, with earnest looks, besought  
The vision to abide.

Oh Mother! Mother! do not speak,  
Or all will pass away—  
The spirits leave the green-hill side,  
Where light the breezes play—  
They sport no more by ringing brook,  
With flowrets dreaming by;  
Nor float upon the fleecy cloud  
That steals along the sky.

It grieves me much they never will  
A human look abide,  
But veil themselves in silver mist  
By vale or mountain side.  
I feel their presence round me still,  
Though none to sight appear;  
I feel the motion of their wings,  
Their whispered language hear.

With silvery robe, and wings outspread,  
They passed me even now;  
And gems and starry diadems,  
Decked every radiant brow.  
Intent were each on some kind work  
Of pity or of love,  
Dispensing from their healing wings  
The blessings from above;

But Eva, like a dreamer walked,  
Looked off upon the hill,  
And murmured words of strange, sweet sound,  
As if there lingered still  
Ethereal forms with whom she talked,  
Unseen by all beside;  
And she, with earnest looks, besought  
The vision to abide

‘Oh Mother! Mother! do not speak,  
Or all will pass away,  
The spirits leave the green-hill side,  
Where light the breezes play;  
They sport no more by ringing book,  
With daisy dreaming by;  
Nor float upon the fleecy cloud  
That steals along the sky.

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Decked every radiant brow.  
Intent were each on some kind work  
Of pity or of love,  
Dispensing from their healing wings  
The blessings from above.

For angels fold their wings of love  
Round hearts surcharged with woe,  
And fan with balmy wing the eye  
Whence tears of sorrow flow:

And bear, in golden censers up,  
That sacred thing, a tear;  
By which is registered the griefs,  
Hearts may have suffered here.

All holy things they upward bear,  
Of bleeding hearts the sigh,  
The groan wrung out by penitence,  
Bowed down with burning eye.  
That proof of thought when first the babe  
Smiles to the lip that smiled;  
And the first warm prayer that upward steals  
From the heart of the little child.

For angels fold their wings of love  
Round hearts surcharged with woe,  
And fan with balmy wing the eye  
Whence tears of sorrow flow:  
And bear, in golden censers up,  
That sacred thing, a tear;  
By which is registered the griefs,  
Hearts may have suffered here.

*(This stanza is not in 1843).*

With downy pinion they enfold  
The heart surcharged with wo,  
And fan with balmy wing, the eye

*(This stanza is not in 1845.)*

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With downy pinion they enfold  
The heart surcharged with wo,  
And fan with balmy wing the eye  
Whence floods of sorrow flow;  
They bear, in golden censers up,  
That sacred gift, a tear;  
By which is registered the griefs,  
Hearts may have suffered here.

No inward pang, no yearning love  
Is lost to human hearts,  
No anguish that the spirit feels,  
When bright-winged hope departs;  
Though in the mystery of life  
Discordant powers prevail;  
That life itself be weariness,  
And sympathy may fail:

*(This stanza is not in 1842.)*

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They bear, in golden censers up,  
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*(This stanza is not in 1842.)*

Yet all becomes a discipline,  
To lure us to the sky;  
And angels bear the good it brings  
With fostering care on high;  
Though others, weary at the watch,  
May sink to toil-spent sleep,  
And we are left in solitude,  
And agony to weep:

*(This stanza is not in 1842.)*

Yet *they* with ministering zeal,  
The cup of healing bring,  
And bear our love and gratitude  
Away, on heavenward wing;  
And thus the inner life is wrought,  
The blending earth and heaven;  
The love more earnest in its glow,  
Where much has been forgiven!

I would, dear Mother, thou could'st see  
Within this darksome veil,  
That hides the spirit-land from thee,  
And makes our sunlight pale—  
The toil of earth, its doubt and care,  
Would trifles seem to thee;  
Repose would rest upon thy soul,  
And holy mystery.

I would, dear Mother, thou could'st see  
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The toil of earth, its doubt and care,  
Would trifles seem to thee;  
Repose would rest upon thy soul,  
And holy mystery.

Thou would'st behold protecting care  
To shield thee on thy way—  
And ministers to guard thy feet,  
Lest erring, they should stray.  
And order, sympathy and love,  
Would open to thine eye,  
From simplest creatures of the earth  
To seraphs throned on high.

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Though human hearts may weary grow,  
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Lest erring, they should stray;  
And order, sympathy, and love,  
Would open to thine eye,  
From simplest creatures of the earth  
To seraph throned on high.

E'en now I marked a radiant throng,  
On pinions sailing by,  
To soothe with hope the trembling heart,  
And cheer the dying eye;  
They smiling passed the lesser sprites,  
Each on his work intent;  
And love, and holy joy, I saw  
In every face were blent.

The meek-eyed violets smiling bowed—  
For angels sported by—  
Rolling in balls the fragrant dew  
To scent the evening sky.  
They kissed the rose in love and mirth,  
And its petals fairer grew  
A shower of pearly dust they brought,  
And over the lily threw.

A host flew over the mowing field,  
And they were showering down  
The little drops on the tender grass,  
Like diamonds o'er it thrown;  
They gem'd each leaf and quivering spear  
With pearls of liquid dew,  
And bathed the stately forest tree,  
Till its robe was fresh and new.

I saw a meek-eyed angel curve  
The tulip's painted cup,  
And bless with one soft kiss the urn:  
Then fold its petals up.  
Another rocked the young bird's nest  
As high on a branch it hung.  
And the tinkling dew-drops rattled down  
Where the old dry leaf was flung.

E'en now I marked a radiant throng,  
On soft wing sailing by,  
To soothe with hope the trembling heart,  
And cheer the dying eye;  
They smiling passed the lesser sprites,  
Each on his work intent;  
And love and holy joy I saw  
In every face were blent.

The tender violets bent in smiles  
To the elves that sported nigh,  
Tossing the drops of fragrant dew  
To scent the evening sky.  
They kissed the rose in love and mirth,  
And its petals fairer grew,  
A shower of pearly dust they brought,  
And over the lily threw.

A host flew round the mowing field,  
And they were showering down,  
The cooling spray on the early grass  
Like diamonds o'er it thrown;  
They gemmed each leaf and quivering spear  
With pearls of liquid dew,  
And bathed the stately forest tree,  
Till its robe was fresh and new.

I saw a meek-eyed creature curve  
The tulip's painted cup,  
And bless with one soft kiss the urn,  
Then fold its petals up.  
A finger rocked the young bird's nest  
As high on a branch it hung.  
And the gleaming night-dew rattled down  
Where the old dry leaf was flung.

E'en now I marked a radiant throng,  
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Then fold its petals up.  
A finger rocked the young bird's nest  
As high on a branch it hung.  
And the gleaming night-dew rattled down  
Where the old dry leaf was flung.

Each and all, as its task is done,  
Soars up with a joyous eye,  
Bearing aloft some treasured gift—  
An offering to God on high.

Each and all, as its task is done,  
Soars up with a joyous eye,  
Bearing aloft some treasured gift—  
An offering to God on HIGH.  
They bear the breath of the odorous flower,  
The sound of the bright-sea shell;  
And thus they add to the holy joys  
Of the home where spirits dwell.

Each and all, as its task is done,  
Soars up with a joyous eye,  
Bearing aloft some treasured gift—  
An offering on HIGH.  
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They bear the breath of the odorous flower,  
The sound of the pearly shell;  
And thus they add to the holy joys  
Of the home where spirits dwell.

### PART III.

**THE** grace of the soul is sure to impart expressiveness and beauty to the face. It must beam through its external veil; and daily, as the material becomes subordinate to the spiritual, will its transparency increase. Eva was lovely, for the spirit of love folded its wings upon her breast. All nature administered to her beauty; and angelic teachings revealed whence came the power that winneth all hearts. The mother is aware of the spell resting upon her daughter, or rather, that which seemed a spell to her, but which, in truth, was nothing more than fidelity to the rights of the soul, obedience to the voice uttered in that holy of holies. Unable to comprehend the truthfulness of her character, she almost recoils from its gentle revealments. Alas! that to assimilate to the good and the beautiful should debar us from human sympathy.(!) Eva walked in an atmosphere of light, and images of surpassing sweetness were ever presented to her eye. The dark and distorted shapes that haunt the vision of the unenlightened and the erring, dared not approach her. She wept over the blindness of her mother, and tenderly revealed to her the great truths pressed upon her own mind, and the freedom and the light in which the soul might be preserved. She blamed not the errors into which weak humanity is prone to be betrayed, but deplored that it should thus blind its own spiritual vision, thus impress dark and ineffaceable characters upon the soul; **and** *[conjunction removed in 1845]* thus sink, where it should soar.

As years passed on, no wonder, each  
An inward grace revealed;  
For where the soul is peace and love,  
It may not be concealed.  
They stamp a beauty on the brow,  
A softness on the face,  
And give to every wavy line  
A tenderness and grace.

Long golden hair in many curls  
Waved o'er young Eva's brow;  
Imparted depth to her soft eye,  
And pressed her neck of snow:

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Long golden hair in many curls  
Waved o'er young Eva's brow;  
Imparted depth to her soft eye,  
And pressed her neck of snow:

Her cheek was pale with lofty thought,  
And calm her maiden air;  
And all who heard her birdlike voice,  
Felt harmony was there.

And winning were her household ways,  
Her step was prompt and light,  
To save her mother's weary tread  
Till came the welcome night;  
And though the toil might useless be,  
The housewife's busy skill,  
Enough for Eva that it bore  
Inscribed a mother's will;

For humble things exalted grow  
By sentiment impressed;  
The love that bathes the way worn-feet,  
Or leans upon the breast.  
For love, whate'er its offering be,  
Lives in a hallowed air,  
And holy hearts before its shrine,  
Alone may worship there.

Young Eva's cheek was lily pale,  
Her look was scarce of earth,  
And doubtingly the mother spoke,  
Who gave to Eva birth—  
“O Eva, leave thy thoughtful ways,  
And dance and sing, my child;  
For thy pallid cheek is tinged with blue—  
Thy words are strange and wild.

Thy father died, a widow left,  
An orphan birth was thine,  
I longed to see thy baby eyes  
Look upward into mine.

Her cheek was pale with lofty thought,  
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For winning were her household ways,  
Her step was prompt and light,  
To save her mother's weary tread,  
Till came the welcome night;  
And though the toil might useless be,  
The housewife's busy skill,  
Enough for Eva that it bore  
Inscribed a mother's will;

All humble things exalted grow  
By sentiment impressed—  
The love that bathes the way worn-feet,  
Or leans upon the breast;  
For love, whate'er the offering be,  
Lives in a hallowed air,  
And holy hearts before its shrine,  
Alone may worship there.

Young Eva's cheek was lily pale,  
Her look was scarce of earth,  
And doubtingly the mother spoke,  
Who gave to Eva birth.  
“O Eva, leave thy thoughtful ways,  
And dance and sing, my child;  
For thy pallid cheek is tinged with blue,  
Thy words are strange and wild.

Thy father died—a widow left,  
An orphan birth was thine,  
I longed to see thy baby eyes  
Look upward into mine.



I hoped upon thy infant face,

Thy father's look to see—  
But Eva, Eva, sadly strange  
Are all thy ways to me.

I hoped upon thy sweet young face,  
Thy father's look to see;  
But Eva, Eva, sadly strange  
Are all thy ways to me.

While yet a child, thy look would hold  
Communion with the sky;  
Too tranquil is thy maiden air;  
The glances of thine eye  
Are such as make me turn away,  
E'en with a shuddering dread,  
As if my very soul might be  
By thy pure spirit read.”

Slow swelled a tear from Eva's lid,  
She kissed her mother's cheek,  
She answered with an earnest look,  
And accents low and meek:—  
“Dear mother, why should mortals seek  
Emotions to conceal?  
As if to be revealed were worse  
Than inwardly to feel.

The human eye I may not fear,  
It is the light within,  
That traces on the growing soul  
All thought, and every sin.  
That mystic book, the human soul,  
Where every trace remains  
The record of all thoughts and deeds,  
The record of all stains.

Dear mother! in ourselves is hid  
The holy spirit-land,  
Where Thought, the flaming cherub, stands  
With its relentless brand;

;

I hoped upon thy sweet young face,  
Thy father's look to see;  
But Eva, Eva, sadly strange  
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Where every trace remains,—  
The record of all thoughts and deeds—  
The record of all stains.  
The record of all stains.

Dear mother! in ourselves is hid  
The holy spirit-land,  
And thought, the flaming cherub, stands  
With its recording hand.

While yet a child , thy look would hold  
;

Too tranquil is thy maiden air;

*(Long dash omitted.)*

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,

Where Thought, the flaming cherub, stands  
With its relentless brand;

We feel the pang when that dread sword  
Inscribes the hidden sin,  
And turneth every where to guard  
The paradise within.”

“Nay, Eva, leave these solemn words,  
Fit for a churchman's tongue,  
And let me see thee deck thy hair,  
A maiden blithe and young.  
When others win admiring eyes,  
And looks that speak of love,  
Why dost thou stand in thoughtful guise?  
So cold and tranquil move?

Thy beauty sure should win for thee  
Full many a lover's sigh,  
But on thy brow there is no pride,  
Nor in thy placid eye.  
Dear Eva! learn to look and love,  
And claim a lover's prayer,  
Thou art too cold for one so young,  
So gentle and so fair.”

“Nay, mother! I must be alone,  
With no companion here,  
None, none to joy when I am glad,  
With me to shed a tear;  
For who would clasp a maiden's hand  
In grot or sheltering grove,  
If one unearthly gift should bar  
All sympathy and love!

Such gift is mine, the gift of thought,  
Whence all will shrink away—  
E'en thou from thy poor child dost turn,  
With doubting and dismay.

We feel the pang when that dread sword  
Inscribes the hidden sin,  
And turneth every where to guard  
The paradise within.”

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Fit for a churchman's tongue,  
And let me see thee deck thy hair,  
A maiden blithe and young.  
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Why dost thou stand in thoughtful guise?  
Why cold and silent move?

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From sympathy and love!

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Whence all will shrink away,  
E'en thou from thy poor child dost turn,  
With doubting and dismay.

And who shall love, and who shall trust,  
Since she who gave me birth,  
Knows not the child that prattled once  
Beside her lonely hearth?

I would I were, for thy dear sake,  
What thou would'st have me be;  
Thou dost not comprehend the bliss  
That's given unto me;  
That union of the thought and soul  
With all that's good and bright,  
The blessedness of earth and sky,  
The growing truth and light.

That reading of all hidden thought—  
All mystery of life—  
Its many hopes, its many fears,  
Its sorrow and its strife.  
A spirit to behold in all,  
To guide, admonish, cheer—  
Forever in all time and place,  
To feel an angel near.”

“Dear Eva! lean upon my breast,  
And let me press thy hand,  
That I may hear thee talk awhile  
Of thy own spirit-land.  
And yet I would the pleasant sun  
Here shining in the sky,  
The blithe birds singing through the air,  
And busy life, were by.

For when in converse, like to this,  
Thy low, sweet voice I hear,  
Strange shudderings o'er my senses creep,  
Like touch of spirits near—

And who shall love, and who shall trust,  
Since she who gave me birth,  
Knows not the child that prattled once  
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Strange shudderings o'er my senses creep,  
Like touch of spirits near,

And fearful grow familiar things,  
In silence and the night—

And fearful grow familiar things,  
In silence and the night,  
The cricket piping in the hearth,  
Half fills me with affright.

I hear the old trees creak and sway,  
And shiver in the blast;  
I hear the wailing of the wind,  
As if the dead swept past.  
Dear Eva! 'tis a world of gloom,  
The grave is dark and drear,  
We scarce begin to taste of life  
Ere death is standing near.”

Then Eva kissed her mother's cheek,  
And look'd with saddened smile,  
Upon her terror-stricken face,  
And talked with her the while;  
And O! her face was pale and sweet,  
Though deep, deep thought was there,  
And sadly calm her low-toned voice  
For one so young and fair.

“Nay mother, everywhere is hid  
A beauty and delight,  
The shadow lies upon the heart,  
The gloom upon the sight;  
Send but the spirit on its way  
Communion high to hold,  
And bursting from the earth and sky,  
A glory we behold!

And did we but our primal state  
Of purity retain,  
We might as in our Eden days,

And fearful grow familiar things,  
In silence and the night,  
The cricket piping in the hearth,  
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With angels walk again.  
And memories strange of other times  
Would break upon the mind,  
The linkings, that the present join  
To what is left behind.

The little child in its first state  
A holy impress bears—  
The signet mark by heaven affixed  
Upon his forehead wears—  
And nought that impress can efface,  
Save his own wilful sin,  
Which first begins to draw the veil  
That shuts the spirit in.

And one by one its lights decay,  
Its visions tend to earth,  
Till all those holy forms have fled  
That gathered round his birth;  
Or dim and faintly may they come  
Like memories of a dream—  
Or come to blanch his cheek with fear,  
So shadow-like they seem.

And thus all doubtingly he lives  
Amid his gloomy fears,  
And feels within his inmost soul,  
Earth is a vale of tears:  
And scarce his darkened thoughts may trace  
The mystery within;  
For darkly gleams the spirit forth  
When shadowed o'er by sin.

Unrobed, majestic, should the soul  
Before its God appear,  
Undim'd the image He affix'd,

With angels walk again.  
And memories strange of other times  
Would break upon the mind,  
The linkings, that the present join,  
To what is left behind.

The little child at dawn of life  
A holy impress bears,  
The signet mark by heaven affixed  
Upon his forehead wears;  
And nought that impress can efface,  
Save his own wilful sin,  
Which first begins to draw the veil  
That shuts the spirit in.

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Unrobed, majestic, should the soul  
Before its God appear,  
Undimmed the image He affixed,

Unknowing doubt or fear—  
And open converse should he hold,  
With meek and trusting brow;  
Such as man was in Paradise  
He may be even now.

But when the deathless soul is sunk  
To depths of guilt and woe,  
It then a dark communion holds  
With spirits from below.”  
And Eva shuddered as she told  
How every heaven-born trace  
Of goodness in the human soul  
Might wickedness efface.

Alas! unknowing what he doth,  
A judgment-seat man rears,  
A stern tribunal throned within,  
Before which he appears;  
And conscience, minister of wrath,  
Approves him or condemns,  
He knoweth not the fearful risk,  
Who inward light contemns.

“O veil thy face, pure child of God,”  
With solemn tone she said,  
“And judge not thou, but lowly weep,  
That virtue should be dead.  
Weep thou with prayer and holy fear,  
That o'er thy brother's soul,  
Effacing life, and light and love,  
Polluting waves should roll.

Weep for the fettered slave of sense,  
For passion's minion weep—  
For him who nurtureth the worm,

Unknowing doubt or fear;  
And open converse should it hold,  
With meek and trusting brow;  
Such as man was in Paradise  
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Weep for the fettered slave of sense,  
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For him who nurtureth the worm,



In death that may not sleep;  
And tears of blood, if it may be,  
For him, who plunged in guilt,  
Perils his own and victim's soul,  
When human blood is spilt.

For him no glory may abide  
In earth or tranquil sky—

In death that may not sleep;  
And tears of blood, if it may be,  
For him, who plunged in guilt,  
Perils his own and victim's soul,  
When human blood is spilt.

For him no glory may abide  
In earth or tranquil sky,  
Fearful to him the human face,  
The searching human eye.  
A light beams on him everywhere;  
Revealing in its ray,  
An erring, terror-stricken soul,  
Launched from its orb away.

Turn where he will, all day he meets  
That cold and leaden stare;  
His victim pale, and bathed in blood,  
Is with him everywhere;  
He sees that shape upon the cloud,  
It glares from up the brook,  
The mist upon the mountain side,  
Assumes that fearful look.

He sees, in every simple flower,  
Those dying eyes gleam out;  
And starts to hear that dying groan,  
Amid some merry shout.  
The phantom comes to chill the warmth,  
Of every sunlight ray,  
He feels it slowly glide along,  
Where forest shadows play.

And when the solemn night comes down,  
With silence dark and drear,  
His curdling blood and rising hair

In death that may not sleep;  
And tears of blood, if it may be,  
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Amid some merry shout.  
The phantom comes to chill the warmth  
Of every sunlight ray,  
Of every sunlight ray,  
He feels it slowly glide along,  
Where forrest shadows play.

Where forest shadows play.

And when the solemn night comes down,  
With silence dark and drear,  
His curdling blood and crawling hair

Attest the victim near.  
With hideous dreams and terrors wild,  
His brain from sleep is kept—  
For on his pillow, side by side,

Attest the victim near.  
With hideous dreams and terrors wild,  
His brain from sleep is kept,  
For on his pillow, side by side,  
That gory form hath slept.”

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With hideous dreams and terrors wild,  
His brain from sleep is kept,  
For on his pillow, side by side,  
A gory form hath slept.”

“O Eva, Eva, say no more,  
For I am filled with fear;  
Dim shadows move along the wall;  
Dost thou not see them here?—  
Dost thou not mark the gleams of light,  
The shadowy forms move by?”  
“Yes, mother, beautiful to see!  
And they are always nigh.

“O Eva, Eva, say no more,  
For I am filled with fear;  
Dim shadows move along the wall;  
Dost thou not see them here?—  
Dost thou not mark the gleams of light,  
The shadowy forms move by?”  
“Yes, mother, beautiful to see!  
And they are always nigh.

O, would the veil for thee were raised  
That hides the spirit-land,  
For we are spirits draped in flesh,  
Communing with that band;  
And it were weariness to me,  
Were only human eyes  
To meet my own with tenderness,  
In earth or pleasant skies.”

O, would the veil for thee were raised  
That hides the spirit-land,  
For we are spirits draped in flesh,  
Communing with that band;  
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In earth or pleasant skies.”

#### PART IV.

**THE** widow, awe-struck at the revelations of her daughter, is desirous to learn more; for it is the nature of the soul to search into its own mysteries: however dim may be its spiritual perception, it still earnestly seeks to look into the deep and the hidden. The light is within itself, and it becomes more and more clear at every step of its progress, in search of the true and the beautiful. The widow, hardly discerning this light, which is to grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day, calls for the material lights that minister to the external eye; that thus she may be hid from those other lights that delight the vision of her child. Eva tells of that mystic book—the human soul—upon which, thoughts, shaped into deeds, whether externally, or only in its own secret chambers, inscribes a character that must be eternal. But it is not every character that is thus clearly defined as good or evil. Few, indeed, seize upon thought, and bring its properties palpably before them. Impressions **are allowed to** come and go with a sort of lethargic indifference, leaving no definite lines behind, but only a moral haziness. The widow recollects the story of old Richard, and Eva supplies portions unknown to her mother, and enlarges upon the power of conscience, that fearful judge placed by the Infinite within the soul, with the two-fold power of decision, [*Comma removed*] and punishment.

“Then trim the lights, my strange, strange child,  
And let the faggots glow;  
For more of these mysterious things  
I fear, yet long, to know.  
I glory in thy lofty thought,  
Thy beauty and thy worth,  
But, Eva, I should love thee more,  
Did'st thou seem more like earth.”

A pang her words poor Eva gave,  
And tears were in her eye—  
She kissed her mother's anxious brow,  
And answered with a sigh:—  
“Alas! I may not hope on earth  
Companionship to find,  
Alone must be the pure in heart,  
Alone the great in mind.

We toil for earth, its shadowy veil  
Envelops soul and thought,  
And hides that discipline and life,  
Within our being wrought.  
We chain the thought, we shroud the soul,  
And backward turn our glance,  
When onward should its vision be,  
And upward its advance.

I may not scorn the spirit's rights,  
For I have seen it rise,  
All written o'er with thought, thought, thought—  
As with a thousand eyes—  
The records dark of other years,  
All uneffaced remain;  
Unchecked desire, forgotten long,  
With its eternal stain

“Then trim the lights, my strange, strange child,  
And let the faggots glow;  
For more of these mysterious things  
I fear, yet long, to know.  
I glory in thy lofty thought,  
Thy beauty and thy worth,  
But, Eva, I should love thee more,  
Didst thou seem more like earth.”

A pang her words poor Eva gave  
And tears were in her eye,  
She kissed her mother's anxious brow,  
And answered with a sigh:—  
“Alas! I may not hope on earth  
Companionship to find,  
Alone must be the pure in heart,  
Alone the high in mind!

We toil for earth, its shadowy veil  
Envelops soul and thought,  
And hides that discipline and life,  
Within our being wrought.  
We chain the thought, we shroud the soul,  
And backward turn our glance,  
When onward should its vision be,  
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All written o'er with thought, thought, thought,  
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The records dark of other years,  
All uneffaced remain;  
Unchecked desire forgotten long  
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“THEN trim the lights, my strange, strange child,  
And let the faggots glow;  
For more of these mysterious things  
I fear, yet long, to know.  
I glory in thy lofty thought,  
Thy beauty and thy worth,  
But, Eva, I should love thee more,  
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Companionship to find,  
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I may not scorn the spirit's rights,  
For I have seen it rise,  
All written o'er with thought, thought, thought,  
As with a thousand eyes!  
The records dark of other years,  
All uneffaced remain;  
The unchecked wish forgotten long,  
With its eternal stain.

Recorded thoughts, recorded deeds,  
Its character attest—

Recorded thoughts, recorded deeds,  
Its character attest,  
No garment hides the startling truth,  
Nor screens the naked breast.  
The thought, fore-shaping evil deeds,  
The spirit may not hide,  
It stands amid that searching light,  
Which sin may not abide.

And never may spirit turn  
From that effulgent ray,  
It lives for ever in the glare  
Of an eternal day;  
Lives in that penetrating light,  
A kindred glow to raise,  
Or every withering sin to trace  
Within its searching blaze.

Few, few the shapely temple rear,  
For God's abiding place—  
That mystic temple, where no sound  
Within the hallowed space  
Reveals the skill of builder's hand;  
Yet with a silent care  
That holy temple riseth up,  
And God is dwelling there.

Then weep not when the infant lies  
In its small grave to rest,  
With scented flowers springing forth  
From out its quiet breast;  
A pure, pure soul to earth was given,  
Yet may not thus remain;  
Rejoice that it is rendered back,  
Without a single stain.

Recorded thoughts, recorded deeds,  
A character attest,  
No garment hides the startling truth,  
Nor screens the naked breast.  
The thought, fore-shaping evil deeds,  
The spirit may not hide,  
It stands amid that searching light,  
Which sin may not abide.

And never may spirit turn  
From that effulgent ray,  
It lives for ever in the glare  
Of an eternal day;  
Lives in that penetrating light,  
A kindred glow to raise,  
Or every withering sin to trace  
Within its scorching blaze.

Few, few the shapely temple rear,  
For God's abiding place—  
That mystic temple, where no sound  
Within the hallowed space  
Reveals the skill of builder's hand;  
Yet with a silent care  
That holy temple riseth up,  
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Yet with silent care  
Yet with a silent care  
That holy temple riseth up,  
And God is dwelling there.

Then never weep when the infant lies  
In its small grave to rest,  
In its small grave to rest,  
With the scented flowerets springing up  
From out its baby breast;  
From out its baby breast;  
A pure, pure soul to earth was given,  
Yet may not thus remain;  
Rejoice that it is rendered back,  
Without a single stain.

,

It lives **for ever** in the glare

;

And God is dwelling there. (*a*)

Then weep **not** when the infant lies

With scented **flowers** springing **forth**  
From out its **quiet** breast;

Bright cherubs bear the babe away  
With many a fond embrace,  
And beauty, all unknown to earth,  
Upon its features trace.  
They teach it knowledge from the fount,  
And holy truth and love;  
The songs of praise the infant learns,  
As angels sing above.”

The widow rose, and on the blaze  
The crackling faggots threw—  
And then to her maternal breast  
Her gentle daughter drew.  
“Dear Eva! when old Richard died,  
In madness fierce and wild,  
Why did he in his phrenzy rave  
About a murdered child!

*(This stanza is not in 1842.)*

HE died in beggary and rags,  
Friendless and grey, and old;  
Yet he was once a thriving man,  
Light-hearted, too, I'm told.  
Dark deeds were whispered years ago,  
But nothing came to light;  
He seemed the victim of a spell,

Bright cherubs bear the babe away  
With many a fond embrace,  
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And then to her maternal breast  
Her gentle daughter drew.  
“Dear Eva! when old Richard died,  
In madness fierce and wild,  
Why did he in his phrenzy rave  
About a murdered child!”

“Dear mother, I have something heard  
Of Richard's fearful life,  
Hints of a child that disappeared,  
And of heart-broken wife—  
If thou the story wilt relate,  
A light on me will grow  
That I shall feel if guilt were his  
Or only common wo.

#### THE STORY OF OLD RICHARD.

HE died in beggary and rags,  
Friendless and grey, and old;  
Yet he was once a thriving man,  
light-hearted, too, I'm told.  
Dark deeds were whispered years ago,  
but nothing came to light;  
He seemed the victim of a spell,



That nothing would go right.

His young wife died, and her last words  
Were breathed to him alone,  
But 'twas a piteous sound to hear  
Her faint, heart-rending moan.  
Some thought, in dreams he had divulged  
A secret hidden crime,  
Which she concealed with breaking heart,  
Unto her dying time.

*(This stanza is not in 1842.)*

From that day forth he never smiled;  
Morose and silent grown,  
He wandered unfrequented ways,  
A moody man and lone.  
The schoolboy shuddered in the wood,  
When he old Richard passed,  
And hurried on, while fearful looks  
He o'er his shoulder cast.

And nought could lure him from his mood,  
Save his own trusting child,  
Who climb'd the silent father's neck,

And kissed his cheek and smiled.  
That gentle boy, unlike a child,  
Companions never sought—

That nothing would go right.

His young wife died, and her last words  
Were breathed to him alone,  
But 'twas a piteous sound to hear  
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And nought could lure him from his mood,  
Save his own trusting boy,

Who climbed the silent father's neck,  
With ministry of joy,  
That gentle boy, unlike a child,  
Companions never sought.

That nothing would go right.

His young wife died, and her last words  
were breathed to him alone,  
But 'twas a piteous sound to hear her faint,  
heart-rending moan.  
Some thought, in dreams he had divulged  
a secret hidden crime,  
Which she concealed with breaking heart,  
Unto her dying time.”

“Ah, mother, tis a fearful thing,  
When human bonds unite  
Unwedded hearts, and they are doomed  
For ever, day and night,  
Companionship to hold,  
Yet feeling every hour,  
A beauty fading from the earth,  
Thought losing half its power.”

From that day forth he never smiled;  
morose and silent grown,  
He wandered unfrequented ways,  
a moody man and lone.  
The schoolboy shuddered in the wood,  
when he old Richard passed,  
And hurried on, while fearful looks he o'er  
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And naught could lure him from his  
mood, save hi:  
own trusting boy, Who  
climbed the silent father's neck,  
with ministry of joy,  
That gentle boy, unlike a child,  
companions never sought.

Content to share his father's crust,  
His father's gloomy lot.

With weary foot and tattered robe,  
Beside him, day by day,  
He roamed the forest and the hill,  
And o'er the rough highway;  
And he would prattle all the time  
Of things to childhood sweet;  
Of singing bird, of lovely flower,  
That sprang beneath their feet.

Sometimes he chid the moody man,  
With childhood's fond appeal:—  
'Dear father, talk to me awhile—  
How very lone I feel!  
My mother used to smile so sad,  
And talk and kiss my cheek,  
And sing to me such pretty songs;  
So low and gently speak:'

Then Richard took him in his arms  
With passionate embrace,  
And with an aching tenderness  
He gazed upon his face;—  
Tears rushed unto his glazed eyes,  
He murmured soft and wild,  
And kissed with more than woman's love,  
The fond but frightened child.

He died, that worn and weary  
boy; And those that saw him die,  
Said, on his father's rigid brow,  
Was fixed his fading eye.  
His little stiffening hand was laid  
Within poor Richard's grasp;—

Content to share his father's crust's  
His father's gloomy lot.

With weary foot and tattered robe,  
Beside him, day by day,  
He roamed the forest and the hill,  
And o'er the rough highway;  
And he would prattle all the time  
Of things to childhood sweet;  
Of singing bird, or lovely flower,  
That sprang beneath their feet.

Sometimes he chid the moody man,  
With childhood's fond appeal:—  
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And talk and kiss my cheek,  
And sing to me such pretty songs;  
So low and gently speak:'

Then Richard took him in his arms  
With passionate embrace,  
And with an aching tenderness  
He gazed upon his face;—  
Tears rushed unto his hollow eyes,  
He murmured soft and wild,  
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He died, that worn and weary boy;  
and they that saw him die,  
Said on his father's rigid brow  
was fixed his fading eye.  
His little stiffening hand was laid  
within poor Richard's grasp;—

And when he stooped for one last kiss,  
He took his dying gasp.

It crazed his brain, poor Richard rose  
A maniac fierce and wild,  
Who mouthed, and muttered every where,  
About a murdered child.”

“And well he might,” young Eva said,  
“For conscience, day by day,  
Commenced that retribution here,  
That filled him with dismay.

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

Unwedded, but a mother grown,  
Poor Lucy pressed her child,  
With blushing cheek and drooping lid,  
And lip that never smiled.  
Their wants were few; but Richard's purse  
Must buy them daily bread,  
And fain would Lucy have been laid  
In silence with the dead.

For want, and scorn, and blighted fame  
Had done the work of years,

And when he stooped for one last kiss,  
He took his dying gasp.

It crazed his brain—poor Richard rose  
A maniac fierce and wild,  
Who mouthed, and muttered everywhere,  
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a maniac fierce and wild,  
who mouthed, and muttered everywhere,  
about a murdered child.”

“And well he might,” young Eva said,  
“For conscience, day by day,  
Commenced that retribution here,  
That filled him with dismay.  
A girl beguiled in her young years  
From all of youthful joy,  
And unto solitary life,  
Is doomed her stricken boy.”

Nor was this all the widow said,  
for in his early youth,  
There was a tale of love and wrong,  
of vows and perjured truth.  
The storm I do remember well  
that brought the bones to light;  
I was a maiden then myself, with  
curly hair and bright.

Unwedded, but a mother grown,  
poor Lucy pressed her child,  
With blushing cheek and drooping lid,  
and lip that never smiled.  
Their wants were few; but Richard's hand  
must buy them daily bread,  
And fain would Lucy have been laid  
in silence with the dead.

For want, and scorn, and blighted fame  
had done the work of years,

And oft she knelt in lowly prayer  
In penitence and tears—  
That undesired child of shame,  
Brought comfort to her heart,  
A childlike smile to her pale lip,  
By its sweet baby art.

And yet, as years their passage told,  
Faint shadows slowly crept  
Upon the blighted maiden's mind,  
That oft she knelt and wept  
Unknowing why, her wavy form  
So thin and reed-like grew,  
And so appealing her blue eyes,  
They tears from others drew.

Years passed away, and, Lucy's child  
A noble stripling grown;  
A daring boy with chestnut hair,  
And eyes of changing brown,  
Had won the love of every heart,  
So gentle was his air—  
All felt, whate'er might be his birth,  
A stainless heart was there.

The boy was missing, none could tell  
Where last he had been seen;—  
They searched the river many a day,  
And every forest screen—  
But never more his filial voice  
Poor Lucy's heart might cheer;  
Pale in her grief, and dull with woe,  
she never shed a tear.

And every day, whate'er the sky,

And oft she knelt in lowly prayer,  
In penitence and tears;  
That undesired child of shame,  
Brought comfort to her heart,  
A childlike smile to her pale lip,  
By its sweet baby art.

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Years passed away and Lucy's child  
A noble stripling grown;  
A daring boy with chestnut hair,  
And eyes of changeful brown,  
Had won the love of every heart,  
So gentle was his air,  
All felt, whate'er might be his birth,  
A manly soul was there.

The boy was missing, none could tell  
Where last he had been seen;  
They searched the river many a day,  
And every forest screen;  
But never more his filial voice  
poor Lucy's heart might cheer;  
Pale in her grief, and full with wo,  
She never shed a tear.

And every day, whate'er the sky,

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Unknowing why, her wavy form  
so thin and reed-like grew,  
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Years passed away, and Lucy's child,  
a noble stripling grown;  
A daring boy with chestnut hair,  
and eyes of changful brown,  
Had won the love of every heart,  
so gentle was his air,  
All felt, whate'er might be his birth,  
a manly soul was there.

The boy was missing, none could tell  
where last he had been seen;  
They searched the river many a day,  
And every forest screen;  
But never more his filial voice  
poor Lucy's heart might cheer;  
Lorn in her grief, and full with wo,  
she never shed a tear.

And every day, whate'er the sky,

With head upon her knees,  
And hair neglected, streaming out  
Upon the passing breeze,  
She sat beneath a slender tree  
That near the river grew,  
And on the stream its pendent limbs  
Their penciled shadows threw.

The matron left her busy toil,  
And called the child from play,  
And gifts for that lone mourner there  
She sent with him away.  
The boy with nuts and fruit returned,  
He sought in forest deep,  
A portion of his little store  
Would for poor Lucy keep.

That tree with wonder, all beheld,  
Its growth was strange and rare;  
The wintry winds, that wailing passed,  
Scarce left its branches bare,  
And round its roots a verdant spot  
Knew neither change nor blight,  
And so poor Lucy's resting place  
Was always green and bright.

Some said its bole more rapid grew  
From Lucy's bleeding heart,  
For, sighs from out the heart, 'tis said,  
A drop of blood will start.\*

With head upon her knees,  
And hair neglected, streaming out  
Upon the passing breeze,  
She sat beneath a slender tree  
That near the river grew,  
And on the stream its pendant limbs  
Their penciled shadows threw.

The matron left her busy toil,  
And called the child from play,  
And gifts for the lone mourner there  
She sent with him away.  
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from Lucy's bleeding heart,  
For, sighs from out the heart, 'tis said,  
a drop of blood will start.\*\*

\*It is a common belief amongst the vulgar, that a sigh always forces a drop of blood from the heart, and many curious stories are told to that effect; as, for instance: a man wishing to be rid of his wife, in order to marry one more seductive, promised her the gift of six new dresses and sundry other articles of female finery, provided she would sigh three times every morning before breakfast, for three months. She complied, and before the time had expired, was in her grave. Many others of a like import might be recorded. \*\*This asterisk footnote has been removed from 1843 and on.

It was an instinct deep and high  
That led that mother there,

It was an instinct deep and high  
Which led that Mother there,  
And that tall tree aspiring grew,  
By more than dew or air.

The winds were hushed, the little bird  
Scarce gave a nestling sound,  
The warm air slept along the hill,  
The blossoms drooped around;  
The shrill-toned insect scarcely stirred  
The dry and crispéd leaf;  
The laborer laid his sickle down  
Beside the bending sheaf.

A dark, portentous cloud is seen  
To mount the eastern sky,  
The deep-toned thunder rolling on,  
Proclaims the tempest nigh!  
And now it breaks with deafening crash,  
And lightning's livid glow;  
The torrents leap from mountain crags  
And wildly dash below.

Behold the tree! its strength is bowed,  
A shattered mass it lies;  
What brings old Richard to the spot,  
With wild and blood-shot eyes?  
Poor Lucy's form is lifeless there,  
And yet he turns away,  
To where a heap of mouldering bones  
Beneath the strong roots lay.

Why takes he up, with shrivelled hands,  
The riven root and stone,  
And spreads them with a trembling haste  
Upon each damp, grey bone,

And that tall tree aspiring grew,  
By more than dew or air.

It was an instinct deep and high  
which led that Mother there,  
And that tall tree aspiring grew,  
by more than dew or air.

The winds were hushed, the little bird  
scarce gave a nestling sound,  
The warm air slept along the hill,  
the blossoms drooped around;  
The shrill-toned insect scarcely stirred  
The dry and crispéd leaf;  
The laborer laid his sickle down  
beside the bending sheaf.

A dark, portentous cloud is seen  
to mount the eastern sky,  
The deep-toned thunder rolling on,  
proclaims the tempest nigh!  
And now it breaks with deafening crash,  
And lightning's livid glow;  
The torrents leap from mountain crags  
and wildly dash below.

Behold the tree! its strength is bowed,  
a shattered mass it lies;  
What brings old Richard to the spot,  
with wild and blood-shot eyes?  
Poor Lucy's form is lifeless there,  
and yet he turns away,  
To where a heap of mouldering bones  
beneath the strong roots lay.

Why takes he up, with shrivelled hands,  
the riven root and stone,  
And spreads them with a trembling haste  
upon each damp, grey bone?

The winds were hushed, the little bird  
Scarce gave a nestling sound,  
The warm air slept along the hill,  
The blossoms drooped around;  
The shrill-toned insect scarcely stirred  
The dry and crisped leaf—  
The laborer laid his sickle down  
Beside the bending sheaf.

A dark, portentous cloud is seen  
To mount the eastern sky,  
The deep-toned thunder rolling on,  
Proclaims the tempest nigh.  
And now it breaks with deafening crash,  
And lightnings livid glow;  
The torrents leap from mountain crags  
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What brings old Richard to the spot,  
With wild and blood-shot eyes?  
Poor Lucy's form is lifeless there,  
And yet he turns away,  
To where a heap of mouldering bones  
Beneath the strong roots lay.

Why takes he up, with shrivelled hands,  
The riven root and stone,  
And spreads them with a trembling haste  
Upon each damp, grey bone?

It may not be, the whirlwind's rage  
Again hath left them bare—  
Earth hides no more the horrid truth,  
A murdered child lies there.

Of wife, and child, and friends bereft—  
And all that inward light,  
Which calmly guides the white-haired man,  
Who listens to the right;  
Old Richard laid him down to die,  
Himself his only foe,—  
His wronged nature groaning out  
Its weight of inward woe.”

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

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It may not be, the whirlwind's rage  
Again hath left them bare,  
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And all that inward light,  
Which calmly guides the white-haired man,  
Who listens to the right;  
Old Richard laid him down to die,  
Himself his only foe,  
His baffled nature groaning out  
Its weight of inward wo.”

Oh there are wrongs that selfish hearts  
Inflict on every side,  
And swell the depths of human ill  
Unto a surging tide,  
And there are things that blight the soul,  
As with a mildew blight,  
And in the temple of the Lord  
Put out the blessed light.”

There are, who mindless God hath given,  
To mark each human soul,  
Distinctive laws, distinctive rights,  
Its being to control,  
Would, in their blind and selfish zeal,  
Remove God's wondrous gift,  
And, that their image might have place,  
God's altar veil would lift:

They call it Love, forgetful they,  
That 'twas this hallowed screen,  
Concealing, half revealing too,  
The seen and the unseen.  
That first suggested deathless love,

It may not be, the whirlwind's rage  
again hath left them bare,  
All bare, and mingled with the locks  
of Lucy's tangled hair.”

Of wife, and child, and friends bereft,  
And all that inward light,  
Which calmly guides the white-haired man,  
Who listens to the right;  
Old Richard laid him down to die,  
Himself his only foe  
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Concealing, half revealing too,  
The seen and the unseen.  
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The infinite in grace,  
This inward and seraphic charm,  
That floated o'er the face.

The infinite in grace,  
This inward and seraphic charm,  
That floated o'er the face.

## PART V.

THE storm is raging without the dwelling of the widow, but all is tranquil within. Eva hath gone forth in spiritual vision, and beheld the cruelty engendered by wealth and luxury—the cruelty of a selfish and unsympathizing heart. She relates what she has seen to her mother—The vision of the neglected children and their affluent stepmother. Sins of omission are often as terrible in their consequences, and as frightful in the retribution as crimes committed intentionally. Certain qualities of the heart are of such a nature, that, when in excess, they resolve themselves into appropriate forms. The symbol of evil becomes mentally identified with its substance, and the fearful shapes thus created haunt the vision like realities. The injurer is always fearful of the injured. No wrong is ever done with a sense of security; least of all, wrong to the innocent and unoffending. The belief of a Protecting Power watching over infancy, is almost universal; its agency being recognized even by those who have forgone the blessing in their own behalf. The little child is a mystery of gentleness and love, while it is preserved in its own atmosphere; and it is a fearful thing to turn its young heart to bitterness; to infuse sorrow and fear, where the elements should be only joy and faith. In maturer years, it is ever the state of the soul, the prevailing motive—the essential character that involves human peace or wretchedness. “The Kingdom of Heaven is within you,” said the Great Teacher; and as we wander from the innocence of children, and allow selfishness or vice to increase upon the domain of the holy, distrust usurps the place of confidence and joy.

The pair wile away the hours in domestic chat, Eva ever uttering her sweet mission of truth and fidelity to the internal life. The story of the Miser follows. No human law may be violated, all the claims of justice, and the common observances of society respected, and yet the soul be dead to its own real needs: may be defrauded of its “bread of life.” The miser wakes to a perception of these things, and bewildered in his helpless gloom and ignorance commits suicide.

The loud winds rattled at the door—  
The shutters creaked and shook,  
While Eva, by the cottage hearth,  
Sat with abstracted look.  
With every gust, the big rain-drops  
Upon the casement beat,—  
How doubly, on a night like this,  
Are homes and comfort sweet!

The loud winds rattled at the door—  
The shutters creaked and shook,  
While Eva, by the cottage hearth,  
Sat with abstracted look.  
With every gust, the big rain-drops  
Upon the casement beat,  
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THE loud winds rattled at the door—  
The shutters creaked and shook,  
While Eva, by the cottage hearth,  
Sat with abstracted look.  
With every gust, the big rain-drops  
Upon the casement beat,  
How doubly, on a night like this,  
Are homes and comfort sweet!

The maiden slowly raised her eyes,  
And pressed her pallid brow:—  
“Dear mother! I have been far hence;  
My sight is absent now,—

The maiden slowly raised her eyes,  
And pressed her pallid brow:—  
“Dear mother! I have been far hence:  
My sight is absent now!

The maiden slowly raised her eyes,  
And pressed her pallid brow:—  
“Dear mother! I have been far hence:  
My sight is absent now!

O mother! 'tis a fearful thing,  
A human heart to wrong—  
To plant a sadness on the lip,  
Where smiles and peace belong.

In selfishness or callous pride,  
The sacred tear to start—  
Or lightest finger dare to press  
Upon the burdened heart.  
And doubly fearful, when a child  
Lifts its imploring eye,  
And deprecates the cruel wrath  
With childhood's pleading cry.

The child is made for smiles and joy,  
Sweet emigrant from heaven—  
The sinless brow and trusting heart,  
To lure us there, were given.  
Then who shall dare its simple faith  
And loving heart to chill—

Or its meek, upward, beaming eye  
With sorrowing tears to fill!

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

I look within a gorgeous room  
A lofty dame behold—  
A lady with forbidding air,  
And forehead, high and cold—  
I hear an infant's plaintive voice,

O mother! 'tis a fearful thing,  
A human heart to wrong,  
To plant a sadness on the lip,  
Where smiles and peace belong.

In selfishness or callous pride,  
The sacred tear to start,  
Or lightest finger dare to press  
Upon the burdened heart.  
And doubly fearful, when a child  
Lifts its imploring eye,  
And deprecates the cruel wrath  
With childhood's pleading cry.

The child is made for smiles and joy,  
Sweet emigrant from Heaven,  
The sinless brow and trusting heart,  
To lure us there, were given.  
Then who shall dare its simple faith

And loving heart to chill,  
Or its frank, upward, beaming eye  
With sorrowing tears to fill!

*(This stanza is not in 1843).*

I look within a gorgeous room  
A lofty dame behold,  
A lady with forbidding air,  
And forehead, high and cold;  
I hear an infant's plaintive voice,

O mother! 'tis a fearful thing,  
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Sweet emigrant from Heaven,  
The sinless brow and trusting heart,  
To lure us there, were given.  
Then who shall dare its simple faith  
And loving heart to chill,

Or its frank, upward, beaming eye  
With sorrowing tears to fill!

'Twas thus young Eva silence broke,  
While still the dame, intent  
On household thrift, crouched at her work—  
Her soundless needles blent  
With flapping of the eager flame,  
Nor raised she once her eyes,  
But to her daughter's musing thought,  
In answering tale replies.

*(This stanza is not in 1845.)*

For grief hath brought it fears—  
None soothe it with a kind caress,  
Nor wipe away its tears.

His sister hears with pitying heart  
Her brother's wailing cry,  
And to the stately matron turns  
Her earnest, tearful eye.  
'O mother, chilling is the air,  
And fearful is the night—  
Dear brother fears to be alone—  
I'll bring him to the light.

*(This stanza not in 1842.)*

On our dead mother hear him call;  
I hear him weeping say,  
Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's cheek,  
And wipe his tears away.'  
Red grew the lady's brow with rage,  
And yet she feels a strife  
Of anger and of terror too,  
At thought of that dead wife.

Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue,  
The watch-dog howls with fear—  
Loud neighs the steed from out the stall:  
What form is gliding near?

For grief hath brought it fears,  
None soothe it with a kind caress,  
Nor wipe away its tears.

His sister hears with pitying heart  
Her brother's wailing cry,  
And on the stately step-dame turns  
O Lady, chilling is the air,  
And fearful is the night,  
Dear brother fears to be alone,  
I'll bring him to the light.

*(This stanza not in 1843.)*

On our dead mother hear him call;  
I hear him weeping say,  
Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's  
cheek, And wipe his tears away.'  
Red grew the lady's brow with rage,  
And yet she feels a strife  
Of anger and of terror too,  
At thought of that dead wife.

Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue,  
The watch-dog howls with fear,  
Loud neighs the steed from out the stall:  
What form is gliding near?

*(This stanza is not in 1845.)*

#### THE STEPMOTHER

You speak of Hobert's second wife,  
a lofty dame and bold,  
I like not her forbidding air  
and forehead high and cold,  
The orphans have no cause for grief,  
she dare not give it now,  
Though nothing but a ghostly fear,  
her heart of pride could bow.

One night the boy his mother called,  
They heard him weeping say,  
"Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's cheek,  
and wipe his tears away."  
Red grew the lady's brow with rage,  
and yet she feels a strife  
Of anger and of terror too,  
at thought of that dead wife.

Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue,  
the watch-dog howls with fear,  
Loud neighs the steed from out the stall:  
what form is gliding near?

No latch is raised, no step is heard,  
But a phantom glides within,—  
A sheeted spectre from the dead,  
With a cold and leaden skin.

What boots it that no other eye  
Beheld the shade appear!  
The guilty lady's guilty soul  
Beheld it plain and clear,—  
It slowly glides within the room,  
And sadly looks around—  
And stooping, kissed her daughter's cheek,  
With lips that gave no sound.

Then softly on the lady's arm  
She laid a death-cold hand—  
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh  
Like to a burning brand.  
And gliding on with noiseless foot,  
O'er winding stair and hall,  
She nears the chamber where is heard  
Her infant's trembling call.

She smoothed the pillow where he lay,  
She warmly tucked the bed—  
She wiped his tears, and stroked the curls  
That clustered round his head.  
The child, caressed, unknowing fear,  
Hath nestled him to rest;  
The mother folds her wings beside—  
The mother from the blest.

Fast by the eternal throne of God  
Celestial beings stand,—  
Beings, who guide the little child  
With kind and loving hand—

No latch is raised, no step is heard,  
But a phantom fills the space,—  
A sheeted spectre from the dead,  
With a cold and leaden face.

What boots it that no other eye  
beheld the shade appear!  
The guilty lady's guilty soul  
beheld it plain and clear,  
It slowly glides within the room,  
and sadly looks around—  
And stooping, kissed her daughter's cheek  
with lips that gave no sound.

Then softly on the step-dame's arm  
she laid a death-cold hand,  
Yet it hath scorched within the flesh Like to a  
burning brand.  
And gliding on with noiseless foot,  
o'er winding stair and hall,  
She nears the chamber where is heard  
her infant's trembling call.

She smoothed the pillow where he lay,  
she warmly tucked the bed,  
She wiped his tears, and stroked the curls  
that clustered round his head.  
The child, caressed, unknowing fear,  
hath nestled him to rest;  
The Mother folds her wings beside—  
the Mother from the Blest!

“Fast by the eternal throne of God  
Celestial beings stand,  
Beings, who guide the little child  
With kind and loving hand:

No latch is raised, no step is heard,  
but a phantom fills the space—  
A sheeted spectre from the dead,  
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She wiped his tears, and stroked the curls  
that clustered round his head.  
The child, caressed, unknowing fear,  
hath nestled him to rest;  
The Mother folds her wings beside—  
the Mother from the Blest!

“Fast by the eternal throne of God  
Celestial beings stand,  
Beings, who guide the little child  
With kind and loving hand:

And woe to him who dares to turn  
The infant foot aside,—  
Or shroud the light that ever should  
Within his soul abide.”

*(This stanza not in 1842.)*

*(This stanza not in 1842.)*

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And wo to him who dares to turn  
The infant foot aside,  
Or shroud the light that ever should  
Within his soul abide.”

*(This stanza not in 1843.)*

*(This stanza not in 1843.)*

*(This stanza not in 1843.)*

And wo to him who dares to turn  
The infant foot aside,  
Or shroud the light that ever should  
Within his soul abide.

All evils of the outer world,  
The strong heart learns to bear,  
Bears proudly up the heavy weight,  
Or makes it light by prayer;  
But when it passes through the door,  
To touch the life within,  
God shield the soul that dared to give  
An impulse unto sin.”

“Twas thus the pair the hours beguiled,  
In lowliness content,  
For Eva to the humblest things,  
A grace and beauty lent,  
And half she wiled the thrifty dame  
From toil and vapid thought,  
To see how much of mystery  
In common life is wrought;

And daily learning deeper truth,  
She Eva ceased to chide;  
Whose simple mission only sought  
The lowly fireside;  
To cleanse the heart from selfishness,  
From coldness, pride, and hate;  
That Love might be a dweller there,  
And Peace his dove-eyed mate.

She saw that round her daughter grew,  
In all her guileless youth,

*(This stanza not in 1842.)*

*(This stanza not in 1843.)*

The depth and grace of womanhood,  
The nobleness of truth;  
And coarser natures shrank away,  
Awed by a strange rebuke,  
That lived within the purity  
Of every tone and look.

*(This stanza not in 1842.)*

*(This stanza not in 1843.)*

And something like instinctive light,  
Broke feebly on her mind,  
That Love, the love of common hearts,  
Might not young Eva bind;  
That she was made for ministry,  
To lofty cheer impart,  
And yet live on in tranquillness,  
And maidenhood of heart.

*(This stanza not in 1842.)*

*(This stanza not in 1843.)*

And thence content around her grew,  
Content, that placid grace  
That clears the furrows of the cheek,  
And smooths the matron face;  
And now she laid her knitting by,  
And quaint old legends told,  
About a miser years ago,  
A miser dull and old.

#### THE DEFRAUDED HEART.

For fifty years the old man's feet had crossed the oaken sill,  
No human eye his own to greet—the room is damp and chill—  
Silent he comes and silent goes, with cold and covert air,  
Around a searching look he throws, then mounts the creaking stair.  
He's a sallow man, with narrow heart, and feelings all of self—

His thoughts he may to none impart; they all are thoughts of self.  
But now he enters not the door, he lingers on the stone,  
What think you has come the old man o'er, that he loiters in the sun?

“Come hither, child,”—he stretched his hand and held a boy from play—  
“The green old woods throughout the land—are they passing all away?  
I remember now 'tis a bye-gone joy since birds were singing here—  
“Twas a merry time, and I a boy to list their spring-time cheer.”  
And then he loosed the wondering child, and fiercely closed the door,  
For there was something new and wild, that come his nature o'er—  
A crowding of unwonted thought, that might not be repressed,  
An inward pang that aching sought a sympathizing breast.

The long-lost years of sullen life apart from human kind,  
Long torpid powers awaked to strife are struggling in his mind:  
The child still near the threshold stays and ponders o'er and o'er,  
With a perplexed and dull amaze the words of him of yore.  
A stealthy foot beneath the sill—a dry hand pale and thin—  
And thus the old man hushed and still has drawn the boy within.  
“How long is't, child, since that cross-road the greenwoods severed wide?  
A pool there was—'twas dark and broad with black and sluggish tide.

It seems but yesterday that I was hunting bird's eggs there—  
To-day it chanced to meet mine eye, a dusty thoroughfare.”  
Breathed freely once again the child, “That road was always so.”  
And half in fear the urchin smiled, and made as he would go.  
“Nay once a goodly wood was there—wild blossoms in the spring,  
And darted thence the crouching hare and bird upon the wing,  
But now a lengthened dusty way—a cross-road—mile-stone too—  
Things that to you have been alway, to me are strange and new.”

“I have not slept these long blank years, for store of gold is here,  
Apart from joy, apart from tears, with neither grief nor cheer,

And never on my conscience left the stain of any wrong,  
Why should I feel as one bereft, with yearnings new and strong?  
Why hear a voice for ever cry, 'Unfaithful steward thou!'  
Come tell me, child, the sun is high—do chills oppress *thee* now?"  
The boy glanced wistfully about the damp and lonely place,  
Then at the warm bright sun without, then in the old man's face.

A moment shook his wasted frame as by a palsy touch,  
The white hair thither went and came, the bony fingers clutch  
Each other with an eager speed; and then his thin lips part—  
"Come, child, canst thou the omen read? cheer up an old man's  
heart."  
The boy, half pitying, half in dread, looked in his pale cold face,  
"My grandam says, when footsteps tread upon our burial-place,  
Tread on the spot our grave to be, we feel a sudden cold;  
She's often said the thing to me, and she is very old."

"Now get thee hence," the old man cried, "thou bringest little cheer."  
And then he thrust the boy aside as with a deadly fear;  
Who wondering cast his eyes about to drink in life and air,  
And burst his lips in one wild shout, for both were buoyant there.  
Three days from thence a mound of earth the cross road marked  
anew,  
And children stayed their voice of mirth when they beside it drew—  
Unhallowed though the old man's rest, where men pass to and fro,  
The rudest foot aside is pressed from him who sleeps below.\*

## PART VI.

**IT** is the noon of summer, and the noonday of Eva's earthly existence. She hath held communion with all that is great and beautiful in nature, till it hath become a part of her being; till her spirit hath acquired strength and maturity, and been reared to a beautiful and harmonious temple, in which the true and the good delight to dwell. Then cometh the mystery of womanhood; its gentle going forth of the affections seeking for that holiest of companionship, a kindred spirit, responding to all its finer essences, and yet lifting it above itself. Eva had listened to this voice of her woman's nature; and sweet visions had visited her pillow. Unknown to the external vision, there was one ever present to the soul; and when he erred, she had felt a lowly sorrow that, while it still more perfected her own nature, went forth to swell likewise the amount of good in the great universe of God. At length Albert Linne, a gay youth, whose errors are those of an ardent and inexperienced nature, rather than of an assenting will, meets Eva



sleeping under the canopy of the great woods, and he is at once awed by the purity that enshrouds her. He is lifted to the contemplation of the good—to a sense of the wants of his better nature. Eva awakes and recognizes the spirit that forever and ever is to be one with hers; that is to complete that mystic marriage, known in the Paradise of God; that marriage of soul with soul, [that demandeth no external right]\*. Eva the pure minded, the lofty in thought, and great in soul, recoiled not from the errors of him who was to be made mete meet for the kingdom of Heaven, through her gentle agency; for the mission of the good and the [lovely, is not to the good, but to the sinful. The mission of woman, is to the erring of man.]\*\* loving is not to the good, but to the erring. \*Omitted from 1843 and on. \*\*Omitted from 1845.

'Tis the summer prime, when the noiseless air  
In perfumed chalice lies,  
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum  
Beneath the sleeping skies:  
When the brook is low, and the ripples bright,  
As down the stream they go;  
The pebbles are dry on the upper side,  
And dark and wet below.

The tree that stood where the soil is thin,  
And the bursting rocks appear,  
Hath a dry and rusty colored bark,  
And its leaves are curled and sear.  
But the dog-wood and the hazel bush,  
Have clustered round the brook—  
Their roots have stricken deep beneath,  
And they have a verdant look.

To the juicy leaf the grasshopper clings,  
And he gnaws it like a file—  
The naked stalks are withering by,  
Where he has been erewhile.  
The cricket hops on the glistening rock,  
Or pipes in the faded moss—  
From the forest shade the voice is heard  
Of the locust shrill and hoarse.

The widow donn'd her russet robe,  
Her cap of snowy hue,

'Tis the summer prime, when the noiseless air  
In perfumed chalice lies,  
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum,  
Beneath the sleeping skies:  
When the brook is low, and the ripples bright,  
As down the stream they go;  
The pebbles are dry on the upper side,  
And dark and wet below.

The tree that stood where the soil's athirst,  
And the mulleins first appear,  
Hath a dry and rusty colored bark,  
And its leaves are curled and sere;  
But the dog-wood and the hazel bush,  
Have clustered round the brook—  
Their roots have stricken deep beneath,  
And they have a verdant look.

To the juicy leaf the grasshopper clings,  
And he gnaws it like a file,  
The naked stalks are withering by,  
Where he has been erewhile.  
The cricket hops on the glistening rock,  
Or pipes in the faded grass,  
The beetle's wings are folded mute,  
Where the steps of the idler pass.

The widow donned her russet robe,  
Her cap of snowy hue,

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In perfumed chalice lies,  
And the bee goes by with a lazy hum,  
Beneath the sleeping skies:  
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Where he has been erewhile.  
The cricket hops on the glistening rock,  
Or pipes in the faded grass,  
The beetle's wings are folded mute,  
Where the steps of the idler pass.

The widow donned her russet robe,  
Her cap of snowy hue,

And o'er her staid maternal form  
A sober mantle threw;  
And she, while fresh the morning light,  
Hath gone to pass the day,  
And ease an ailing neighbor's pain  
Across the meadow way.

Young Eva closed the cottage door;  
And wooed by bird and flower,  
She loitered on beneath the wood,  
Till came the noon-tide hour.  
The sloping bank is cool and green,  
Beside the tinkling rill;  
The cloud that slumbers in the sky,  
Is painted on the hill.

The angels poised their purple wings  
O'er blossom, brook and dell,  
And loitered in the quiet nook  
As if they loved it well.  
Young Eva laid one snowy arm  
Upon a violet bank,  
And pillow'd there her downy cheek  
While she to slumber sank.

A smile is on her gentle lip,  
For she the angels saw,  
And felt their wings a covert make  
As round her head they draw.  
A maiden's sleep, how pure it is!  
The soul's inwrought repose—  
It enters to its chamber in,  
Then onward stronger goes.

A huntsman's whistle, and anon  
The dogs come fawning round—

And o'er her staid maternal form  
A sober mantle threw;  
And she, while fresh the morning light,  
Hath gone to pass the day,  
And ease an ailing neighbor's pain  
Across the meadow way.

Young Eva closed the cottage door;  
And wooed by bird and flower,  
She loitered on beneath the wood,  
Till came the noon-tide hour.  
The sloping bank is cool and green,  
Beside the sparkling rill;  
The cloud that slumbers in the sky,  
Is painted on the hill.

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And felt their wings a covert make  
As round her head they draw.  
A maiden's sleep, how pure it is!  
The innocent repose  
That knows no dark nor troublous dream,  
Nor love's wild waking knows!

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The dogs come fawning round,

And o'er her staid maternal form  
A sober mantle threw;  
And she, while fresh the morning light,  
Hath gone to pass the day,  
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Across the meadow way.

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And felt their wings a covert make  
As round her head they draw.  
A maiden's sleep, how pure it is!  
The innocent repose  
That knows no dark nor troublous dream,  
Nor love's wild waking knows!

A huntsman's whistle; and anon  
The dogs come fawning round,

And now they raise the pendent ear,  
And crouch along the ground.  
The hunter leapt the shrunken brook,  
The dogs hold back with awe,  
For they upon the violet bank  
The slumbering maiden saw.

A reckless youth was Albert Linne,  
With licensed oath and jest,  
Who little cared for woman's fame,  
Or peaceful maiden's rest.  
Light things to him, were broken vows—  
The blush, the sigh, the tear;  
What hinders he should steal a kiss,  
From sleeping damsel here?

He looks, yet stays his eager foot;  
For, on that spotless brow,  
And that closed lid, a something rests  
He never saw till now;  
He gazes, yet he shrinks with awe  
From that fair wondrous face,  
Those limbs so quietly disposed,  
With more than maiden grace.

He seats himself upon the bank  
And turns his face away—  
And Albert Linne, the hair-brained youth,  
Wished in his heart to pray.  
But thronging came his former life,  
What once he called delight—  
The goblet, oath, and stolen joy,  
How palled they on the sight.

He looked within his very soul,  
Its hidden chamber saw,

And now they raise the pendent ear,  
And crouch along the ground.  
The hunter leaped the shrunken brook,  
The dogs hold back with awe,  
For they upon the violet bank  
The slumbering maiden saw.

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He gazes, yet he shrinks with awe  
From that fair wondrous face,  
Those limbs so quietly disposed,  
With more than maiden grace.

He seats himself upon the bank  
And turns his face away—  
And Albert Linne, the hair-brained youth,  
Wished in his heart to pray.  
He looked within his very soul,  
Its hidden chamber saw,  
Inscribed with records dark and deep  
Of many a broken law.

For thronging came his former life,  
What once he called delight,

Inscribed with records dark and deep  
Of many a broken law.  
No more he thinks of maiden fair,  
No more of ravished kiss—  
Forgets he that pure sleeper nigh  
Hath brought his thoughts to this.

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

Now Eva opes her childlike eyes  
And lifts her tranquil head,  
And Albert, like a guilty thing,  
Had from her presence fled.  
But Eva held her kindly hand  
And bade him stay awhile;—  
He dared not look upon her eyes,  
He only marked her smile;

Inscribed with records dark and deep  
Of many a broken law.  
No more he thinks of maiden fair,  
No more of ravished kiss,  
Forgets he that pure sleeper nigh  
Hath brought his thoughts to this?

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

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Now Eva opens her childlike eyes  
And lifts her tranquil head,  
And Albert, like a guilty thing,  
Had from her presence fled.  
But Eva held her kindly hand  
And bade him stay awhile;—  
He dared not look upon her eyes,  
He only marked her smile;

The goblet, oath, and stolen joy,  
How palled they on the sight!  
No more he thinks of maiden fair,  
No more of ravished kiss,  
Forgets he that pure sleeper nigh  
Hath brought his thoughts to this.

Unwonted thought it was for him  
Whose eager stirring life,  
Panted for action and renown, High  
deeds and daring strife;  
Who scorning times of work-day zeal  
When thought may power impart;  
In manly pastime sought to quell,  
The beatings of his heart.

Unwonted thought, unwonted calm,  
Upon his spirit fell;  
For he unwittingly had sought  
Young Eva's hallowed dell,  
And breathed that atmosphere of love,  
Around her path that grew;  
That evil from her steps repelled,  
The good unto her drew.

Now Eva opes her childlike eyes  
And lifts her tranquil head;  
And Albert, like a guilty thing,  
Had from her presence fled.  
But Eva marked his troubled brow,  
His sad and thoughtful eyes,  
As if they sought, yet shrank to hold  
Their converse with the skies.

And all her kindly nature stirred,  
She prayed him to remain;  
Well conscious that the pure have power,

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

And that, so pure and winning beamed,  
So calm and holy too,  
That o'er his troubled thoughts at once  
A quiet charm it threw.  
Light thoughts, light words were all forgot—  
He breathed a holier air—  
He felt the power of womanhood—  
Its purity was there.

And soft beneath their silken fringe  
Beamed Eva's dovelike eyes—  
In hue and softness made to hold  
Communion with the skies.  
Her gentle voice a part did seem,  
Of air, and brook, and bird—  
And Albert listened, as if he  
Such music only heard.

O Eva! thou the pure in heart,  
Why falls thy trembling voice?  
A blush is on thy maiden cheek,

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

And that so pure and winning beamed,  
So calm and holy too,  
That o'er his troubled thoughts at once  
A quiet charm it threw.  
Light thoughts, light words were all forgot,  
He breathed a holier air,  
He felt the power of womanhood—  
Its purity was there.

And soft beneath their silken fringe  
Beamed Eva's dovelike eyes,  
That seemed to claim a sisterhood,  
With something in the skies.  
Her gentle voice a part become  
Of air, and brook, and bird,  
And Albert listened, as if he  
Such music only heard.

O Eva! thou the pure in heart,  
Why falls thy trembling voice?  
A blush is on thy maiden cheek,

To balm much human pain.  
There mingled too, as in a dream,  
About brave Albert Linne,  
A real and ideal form.  
Her soul had framed within.

And he whose ready jest had met  
The worldling in her pride,  
Felt all his reckless nature hushed,  
By hallowed Eva's side;  
And when she held her wavy hand,  
And bade him stay awhile;  
He looked into her sinless eyes,  
And marked her child-like smile:

And that, so pure and winning beamed,  
So calm and holy too,  
That o'er his troubled thoughts at once  
A quiet charm it threw.  
Light thoughts, light words were all forgot,  
He breathed a holier air,  
He felt the power of womanhood—  
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And soft beneath their silken fringe  
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With something in the skies.  
Her gentle voice a part become  
Of air, and brook, and bird,  
And Albert listened, as if he  
Such music only heard.

O Eva! thou the pure in heart,  
Why falls thy trembling voice?  
A blush is on thy maiden cheek,

And yet thine eyes rejoice.  
Another glory wakes for thee  
Where'er thine eyes may rest;  
And deeper, holier thoughts arise  
Within thy peaceful breast.

Thine eyelids droop in tenderness,  
New smiles thy lips combine,  
For thou dost feel another soul  
Is blending into thine.  
Thou upward raisest thy meek eyes,  
And it is sweet to thee;  
To feel the weakness of thy sex,  
Is more than majesty.

To feel thy shrinking nature claim  
The stronger arm and brow—

And yet thine eyes rejoice.  
Another glory wakes for thee  
Where'er thine eyes may rest;  
And deeper, holier thoughts arise  
Within thy peaceful breast.

Thine eyelids droop in tenderness,  
New smiles thy lips combine,  
For thou dost feel another soul  
Is blending into thine.  
Thou upward raisest thy meek eyes,  
And it is sweet to thee;  
To feel the weakness of thy sex,  
Is more than majesty.

To feel thy shrinking nature claim  
The stronger arm and brow—  
Thy weapons, smiles, and tears, and prayers,  
And blushes such as now.  
A woman, gentle Eva thou,  
Thy lot were incomplete,  
Did not all sympathies of soul  
Within thy being meet.

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

Thy weapons, smiles, and tears, and prayers,  
And blushes such as now.  
A woman, gentle Eva thou,

And yet thine eyes rejoice.  
Another glory wakes for thee  
Where'er thine eyes may rest;  
And deeper, holier thoughts arise  
Within thy peaceful breast.

Thine eyelids droop in tenderness,  
New smiles thy lips combine,  
For thou dost feel another soul  
Is blending into thine.  
Thou upward raisest thy meek eyes,  
And it is sweet to thee;  
To feel the weakness of thy sex,  
Is more than majesty.

To feel thy shrinking nature claim  
The stronger arm and brow—  
Thy weapons, smiles, and tears, and prayers,  
And blushes such as now.  
A woman, gentle Eva thou,  
Thy lot were incomplete,  
Did not all sympathies of soul  
Within thy being meet.

But Faith was thine, the angel gift,  
And Love untouched by earth,  
For Albert was the crown affixed  
To thine immortal birth;  
And not for thee the heavy pangs  
Of those, who, doomed by fate,  
Learn, through the lapse of weary years,  
To love, to watch, and wait.

Oh not for thee for such as thee,  
To tremble with dismay,  
Lest baser hands pollute thy crown,  
And rieve its light away.

Thy lot were incomplete,  
Did not all sympathies of soul  
Within thy being meet.

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

Those deep dark eyes, that open brow,  
That proud and manly air,  
How have they mingled with thy dreams  
And with thine earnest prayer!  
And how hast thou, all timidly, Cast down  
thy maiden eye,  
When visions have revealed to thee That  
figure standing nigh!

Two spirits launched companionless,  
A kindred essence sought—  
And one in all its wanderings

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

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That proud and manly air,  
How have they mingled with thy dreams  
And with thine earnest prayer!  
And how hast thou, all timidly,  
Cast down thy maiden eye,  
When visions have revealed to thee  
That figure standing nigh!

Two spirits launched companionless,  
A kindred essence sought,  
And one in all its wanderings

Oh not for thee, the anguished prayer,  
The struggle long and late,  
The pleading of the still small voice,  
That bids thee trust and wait.

Thou didst o'er-step this fleeting space,  
And grasp the higher world;  
And angel-like thy pinions here,  
Their glory half unfurled.  
All evil to thy clear, calm eyes,  
Was but of transient date.  
'Tis not for such, like us to sit,  
And weep, and love, and wait;

Wait with a vain and mournful gaze  
For feet that linger long,  
Wait for the voice more dear to us,  
Than aught of mirth and song;  
And grieving much, lest over-wronged,  
The spirit lose its mate;  
And sit in deathful solitude,  
Alone, to watch and wait.

No Eva, for those eyes, that brow,  
That proud and manly air,  
How have they mingled with thy dreams  
And with thine earnest prayer!  
And how hast thou, all timidly,  
Cast down thy maiden eye,  
When visions have revealed to thee  
That figure standing nigh!

Two spirits launched companionless,  
A kindred essence sought,  
And one in all its wanderings



Of such as Eva thought.

The good, the beautiful, the true,  
Should nestle in his heart—  
Should lure him by her gentle voice,  
To choose the better part.

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

Of such as Eva thought.  
The good, the beautiful, the true,  
Should nestle in his heart,  
Should lure him by her gentle voice,  
To choose the better part.

And he that kindred being sought,  
Had searched with restless care  
For that true, earnest, woman-soul  
Among the bright and fair—  
He might not rest, he felt for him,  
One such had been created,  
Whose maiden soul in quietude  
For his call meekly waited.

And oft when beaming eyes were nigh,  
And beauty's lip was smiling,  
And bird-like tones were breathing round  
That fevered sense beguiling;  
He felt this was not what he sought—  
The soul such mockery spurned,  
And evermore with aching zeal,  
For that one being yearned.

And she whose loving soul went forth  
Wherever beauty dwelt;  
Who with the truthful and the good  
A genial essence felt,  
Oh! often in her solitude,  
By her own soul oppressed,  
She fain had nestled like a dove  
Within one stranger breast.

Though higher, holier far than those

Of such as Eva thought.  
The good, the beautiful, the true,  
Should nestle in his heart,  
Should lure him by her gentle voice,  
To choose the better part.

And he that kindred being sought,  
Had searched with restless care  
For that true, earnest, woman-soul  
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One such had been created,  
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He felt this was not what he sought—  
The soul such mockery spurned,  
And evermore with aching zeal,  
For that one being yearned.

And she whose loving soul went forth  
Wherever beauty dwelt;  
Who with the truthful and the good  
A genial essence felt,  
Oh! often in her solitude,  
By her own soul oppressed,  
She fain had nestled like a dove  
Within one stronger breast.

Though higher, holier far than those  
Who listening to her voice,  
A something caught of better things,

Who listening to her voice,  
A something caught of better things,

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

That make the heart rejoice;  
Yet *teaching* thus her spirit lone  
Aweary would have knelt,  
And *learned* with child-like reverence,  
Where deeper wisdom dwelt.

That make the heart rejoice;  
Yet *teaching* thus her spirit lone  
Aweary would have knelt,  
And *learned* with child-like reverence,  
Where deeper wisdom dwelt.

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

And now that will of stronger growth,  
That spirit firmer made,  
Instinctive holds her own in check,  
Her timid footsteps stayed;  
And Eva in her maidenhood,  
Half trembles with new fear,  
And on her lip that strange, deep smile,  
The handmaid of a tear.

And now that will of stronger growth,  
That spirit firmer made,  
Instinctive holds her own in check,  
Her timid footsteps stayed;  
And Eva in her maidenhood,  
Half trembles with new fear,  
And on her lip that strange, deep smile,  
The handmaid of a tear.

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

Oh, Eva, child of life and light,  
Did angel missions part,  
When half way in its flight to God,  
Was stayed thy maiden heart?  
Thine eyes, that unarrested sought  
Their kindred in the sky,  
Now, with a gentle searchingness,  
Read first brave Albert's eye.

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

And was their glance undimmed from thence?  
Was heaven as near to thee?  
Did folding pinions guard thee still,  
Thou child of mystery?  
Did no dim shadows from without  
Darken thine inner light?  
Didst thou in thy white meekness stand,  
As ever, calm and bright?

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

Oh, human Love! thou seal of life,  
Link to the good and true,  
Strength to the fainting and infirm,  
And youth's perpetual dew;

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

*(This stanza is not in 1842).*

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

While doubting thus, a seraph stayed  
His radiant course awhile;  
And with a heavenly sympathy,  
Looked on with beaming smile:  
And thus his words of spirit-love  
Trust and assurance brought,  
And bade her where the soul finds birth,  
To weakly question not.

Content to feel—care not to know,  
The sacred source whence its arise—  
Respect in *modesty of soul*,  
This mystery of mysteries:  
Mere mind with all its subtle arts,  
Hath only learned when thus it gazed  
The inmost veil of human hearts,  
E'en to themselves must not be raised.

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

So oft art thou allied to tears,  
To deep and hidden pain,  
That in our weakness we are prone,  
To deem thy mission vain:

Too much remembering of thy griefs,  
Thy wildness and despair,  
We seek to God with streaming eyes,  
And agony of prayer.  
Far better did we fold our hands,  
The blessed boon above,  
Nor, heeding incidental pangs,  
Shield thus the gift of Love.

While doubting thus, a seraph stayed  
His radiant course awhile;  
And with a heavenly sympathy,  
Looked on with beaming smile:  
And thus his words of spirit-love  
Trust and assurance brought,  
And bade her where the soul finds birth,  
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“Content to feel—care not to know,  
The sacred source whence LOVE arise—  
Respect in *modesty of soul*,  
This mystery of mysteries:  
Mere mind with all its subtle arts,  
Hath only learned when thus it gazed  
The inmost veil of human hearts,  
E'en to themselves must not be raised!”

But Eva doubted, questioned not,  
Content to only feel,  
The music of a manly voice,  
Upon her senses steal—

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

Her trusting hand, young Eva laid,  
In that of Albert Linne,  
And for one trembling moment turned  
Her gentle thoughts within.  
Deep tenderness was in the glance  
That rested on his face,  
As if her woman-heart had found  
Its own abiding place.

And when she turned her to depart  
Her voice more liquid fell—  
“Dear youth, thy thoughts and mine are one;  
When I have said farewell!  
Our souls must mingle evermore;—  
Thy thoughts of love and me,  
Will, as a light, thy footsteps guide  
To life and mystery.”

And then she bent her timid eyes,  
And as beside she knelt,  
The pressure of her sinless lips  
Upon his brow he felt.  
Low, heart-breathed words she uttered then:

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

Her trusting hand, then Eva laid  
In that of Albert Linne,  
And for one trembling moment turned  
Her gentle thoughts within.  
Deep tenderness was in the glance  
That rested on his face,  
As if her woman-heart had found  
Its own abiding place.

And when she turned her to depart  
Her voice more liquid grew,  
“Dear youth, thy thoughts and mine are one;  
Once source their being drew!  
Our souls must mingle evermore;—  
Thy thoughts of love and me,  
Will, as a light, thy footsteps guide  
To life and mystery.”

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

To find one heart instinctive learn  
The beatings of her own,  
And read afar unuttered thought  
Known unto his alone.

And firmer grew her heavenward life,  
Thus with another blent;  
They, twin-born souls, the wedded twain,  
One in God's covenant:  
And she in modesty of soul,  
Received the seal and smiled;  
The crowning grace of womanhood,  
Upon the sinless child.

Her trusting hand fair Eva laid  
In that of Albert Linne,  
And for one trembling moment turned  
Her gentle thoughts within.  
Deep tenderness was in the glance  
That rested on his face,  
As if her woman-heart had found  
Its own abiding place.

And evermore to him it seemed  
Her voice more liquid grew,  
“Dear youth, thy soul and mine are one;  
Once source their being drew!  
Our souls must mingle evermore—  
Thy thoughts of love and me,  
Will, as a light, thy footsteps guide  
To life and mystery.”

*(This stanza is not in 1845.)*

For him she breathed a prayer;—  
He turned to look upon her face,—  
The maiden was not there.

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

There was no sadness in her tone,  
But Love unfathomed deep;  
As from the centre of the soul,  
Where the Divine may sleep:  
Prophetic was the tone and look,  
And Albert's noble heart,  
Sank with a strange foreboding dread,  
Lest Eva should depart.

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

And when she bent her timid eyes  
As she beside him knelt,  
The pressure of her sinless lips  
Upon his brow he felt,  
And all of earth, and all of sin,  
Fled from her sainted side;  
She, the pure virgin of the soul,  
Ordained young Albert's bride.

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

Low were her sweet and heart-breathed words,  
Low was her voice of prayer,  
Balmy and gentle was her love,  
Like dew in summer air;  
And Love, unto the Infinite,  
Like Eva's is allied,  
We say of such, "'tis gone before,"  
But not that it hath died.

## PART VII.

Eva hath fulfilled her destiny. Material things can no further minister to the growth of her spirit. That waking of the soul to its own deep mysteries—its oneness with another—has been accomplished. A human soul is perfected. She had moved amid the beings around her one, but unlike them—in the world, but not of it. Those who had felt the wisdom of her sweet teachings, yet felt repelled, as by a sacred influence. They dared not crave companionship with a spirit so lofty, and yet so meek. And thus, though the crowd, as it were, might press upon her, she was yet

alone in her true spiritual atmosphere. To them she became a light, a guide, but to Albert Linne alone, was her mission of Womanhood. In her he learned that no one seeketh in vain, the good and the true—that as our faith is, it is given unto us. He confidently sought for the Divine, and it was given unto him. He but touched her garment and she perceived the soul test.

Sorrow and pain—hope, with its kin-spirit fear, are not for the sinless. She hath walked in an atmosphere of light, and her faith hath looked within the veil. The true woman, with woman's love and gentleness, and trust and childlike simplicity, yet with all her noble aspirations and spiritual discernments, she hath known them all without sin, and sorrow may not visit such. She ceased to be present—she passed away like the petal that hath dropped from the rose—like the last sweet note of the singing bird, or the dying close of the wind harp. Eva is the lost pleiad in the sky of womanhood. Has her spirit ceased to be upon the earth? Does it not still brood over our woman hearts?—and doth not her voice blend ever with the sweet utterance of Nature! Eva, mine own, my beautiful, I may not say—farewell.

'Twas night—bright beamed the silver moon,  
And all the stars were out;  
The widow heard within the dell  
Sweet voices all about.  
The loitering winds were made to sound  
Her sinless daughter's name,  
While to the roof a rare toned-bird  
With wondrous music came.

And long it sat upon the roof  
And poured its mellow song,  
That rose upon the stilly air,  
And swelled the vales along.  
It was no earthly thing she deemed,  
That, in the clear moonlight,  
Sat on the lowly cottage roof,  
And charmed the ear of night.\*

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And all the stars were out;  
The widow heard within the dell  
Sweet voices all about.  
The loitering winds were made to sound  
Her sinless daughter's name,  
While to the roof a rare toned-bird  
With wondrous music came.

And long it sat upon the roof  
And poured its mellow song,  
That rose upon the stilly air,  
And swelled the vales along.  
It was no earthly thing she deemed,  
That, in the clear moonlight,  
Sat on the lowly cottage roof,  
And charmed the ear of night.\*\*

'Twas night—bright beamed the silver moon,  
And all the stars were dim;  
The widow heard within the dell  
Sweet voices of a hymn,  
As loitering winds were made to sound  
Her sinless daughter's name,  
While to the roof a rare-toned bird  
With wonderous music came.

And long it sat upon the cot  
And poured its mellow song,  
That rose upon the silly air,  
And swelled the vales along.  
It was no earthly thing she deemed,  
That in the clear moonlight,  
Sat on the lowly cottage roof,  
And charmed the ear of night.\*\*

\*We are indebted to the Aborigines for this beautiful superstition. The Indian believes that if the wekolis or whippoorwill alights upon the roof of his cabin and sings its sweet plaintive song, it portends death to one of its inmates. The omen is almost universally regarded in New England. The author recollects once hearing an elderly lady relate with singular pathos an incident of the kind. She was blest with a son of rare endowments and great piety. In the absence of his father he was wont to minister at the family altar; and unlike the stern practices of the Pilgrims, from whose stock he was lineally descended, he prostrated himself in prayer in the lowliest humility. It was touching to hear his clear low voice, and see his spiritual face while kneeling at this holy duty. One quiet moonlight night while thus engaged, the mother's heart sank within her to hear the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill blending with the voice of prayer. It sat upon the roof and continued its song long after the devotions had ceased. The tears rushed to her eyes, and she

embraced her son in a transport of grief. She felt it must be ominous. In one week he was borne away, and the daisies grew, and the birds sang over his grave.

**\*\*Removed from 1843 and on.**

The sun is up, the flowerets raise  
Their folded leaves from rest;  
The bird is singing in the branch  
Hard by its dewy nest.  
The spider's thread, from twig to twig,  
Is glittering in the light—  
With dew-drops has the web been hung  
Through all the starry night.

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Why tarries Eva long in bed,  
For she is wont to be  
The first to greet the early bird,  
The waking bud to see?  
Why stops her mother o'er the couch  
With half-suppressed breath,  
And lifts the deep-fringed eyelid up?—  
That frozen orb is death.

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The first to greet the early bird,  
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With half-suppressed breath,  
And lifts the deep-fringed eyelid up?—  
That frozen orb is death!

Why tarries Eva long in bed,  
For she is wont to be  
The first to greet the early bird,  
The waking bud to see?  
Fresh as the dew of rose-lipped morn  
Her sweet young face was seen,  
Early amid the clustering blooms.  
And woodbine's tendrilled screen.

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

*(This stanza is not in 1843.)*

Why tarries she in secret bower,  
Where lightly to and fro,  
The curtain rustles in the air,  
And shadows come and go?  
Why stoops her mother o'er the couch  
With half-suppressed breath,  
And lifts the deep-fringed eyelid up?—  
That frozen orb is death!

Why raises she the small pale hand,  
And holds it to the light?  
There is no clear transparent hue  
To meet her dizzy sight.  
She holds the mirror to her lips  
To catch the moistened air:—

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The widowed mother stands alone  
With her dead daughter there.

And yet so placid is the face,  
So sweet its lingering smile,  
That one might deem the sleep to be  
The maiden's playful wile.  
No pain the quiet limbs had racked,  
No sorrow dimm'd the brow—

The widowed mother stands along  
With her head daughter there!

And yet so placid is the face,  
So sweet its lingering smile,  
That one might deem the sleep to be  
The maiden's playful wile.  
No pain the quiet limbs had racked,  
No sorrow dimm'd the brow,  
So tranquil had the life gone forth,  
She seemed but slumbering now.

They laid her down beside the brook  
Upon the sloping hill,  
And that strange bird with its rare note,  
Is singing o'er her still.  
The sunbeam warmer loves to rest  
Upon the heaving mound,  
And those unearthly blossoms spring,  
Uncultured from the ground.

There Albert Linne, an altered man,  
Oft bowed in lowly prayer,  
And pondered o'er those mystic words  
Which Eva uttered there.  
That pure compassion, angel-like,  
Which touched her soul when he,  
A guilty and heart-stricken man,  
Would from her presence flee;

Her sinless lips from earthly love,  
So tranquil and so free;  
And that low, fervent prayer for him,  
She breathed on bended knee.  
As Eva's words and spirit sank  
More deeply in his heart,

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As Eva's words and spirit sank  
More deeply in his heart,

Young Albert Linne went forth to act  
The better human part.

*(This stanza is not in 1842,)*

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Nor yet alone did Albert strive;—  
For, blending with his own,  
In every voice of prayer or praise  
Was heard young Eva's tone.  
He felt her lips upon his brow,  
Her angel form beside;  
And nestling nearest to his heart,  
Was she, THE SPIRIT-BRIDE.

The Sinless Child, with mission high,  
Awhile to earth was given,  
To show us that our world should be  
The vestibule of Heaven.  
Did we but in the holy light  
Of truth and goodness rise,  
We might communion hold with God  
And spirits from the skies.

Young Albert Linne went forth to act  
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Young Albert Linne went forth to act  
The better human part.

Oft in stillness of the night  
Sweet Eva's Jove-like eyes,  
Beamed through the darkness of his room  
Like stars in dusky skies.  
Oft came a tranquil light diffused  
That darkness to beguile,  
And Albert felt within his heart,  
It was but Eva's smile.

Not lost, his Eva, though her form  
The elements concealed,  
Within the chambers of the soul,  
Her meek form stood revealed;  
And there he felt her heavenly eye,  
Her downy arms caressed,  
And like a living presence there,  
She stole into his breast.

Oh not alone did Albert strive;  
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