

SOME SHADOWS OF A THOUGHT.

Now, like the silence at the heart of song,  
Art mars to make, hope's bow on life's rain-fall;  
A gilly-flower, she tops the garden-wall  
And shames the scare-crow weeds which, stunted, throng  
In peace their paddock; she, the seed of wrong,  
Maketh life's beauty's presence keen; a rope  
Of seven sinful withes, she wards the slope  
Which pilgrims to perfection climb along.

Her fittest likeness is a looking-glass :  
To seize on beauty as life's pageants pass  
She coldly, with a crystal ease, is skilled.  
She deigns nor toil nor in the work-shed swelt  
And strain; yet must gross metals glow and melt  
Before her latest freak of form be filled.

SONNET DE RONSARD POUR HELENE. LIVRE II.,  
NOS. XLII.

When you, quite old, by night with candles, well  
Up to the fire, wind skeins or spin, you'll keep  
Crooning my verse and, plunged in wonder deep,  
Say "Ronsard fames days when I was a belle."  
And you will have no servant hearing tell  
Such news, though bowed with labour half-asleep,  
But shall, at sound of Ronsard, waking leap,  
Blessing your name by praise made durable.

I, under ground and with nor bones nor thew,  
A shade shall rest near shadow myrtles; you  
Will by the hearth, old, crouching, scarce be blithe,  
My love, your proud disdain for constant sorrows.  
Live now, believe me, wait for no to-morrows;  
Pluck even to-day the roses of your life.