

While Genius smiles, a happy prisoner, caught  
In silver iterance of one sweet thought.

II.

Our modern Muse hath fever in her veins ;  
Her lips, alas ! have known the tainted springs ;  
We turn afresh to where your fountain flings  
Its crystal challenge to all droughts and stains.  
Your white ideal, crowned with the truth, remains  
Steadfast amid the shock of baser things ;  
Your love the golden seal of witness brings  
To Nature's charter pure, whereto man strains.  
Ah, if the mighty quests that now possess you  
Permit one pause of earth-revealing sight,  
Surely the blessing ye have wrought must bless you,  
A keener glow inform the heavenly light,  
Some finer echo of our praise must ring  
In those infinitudes where Love is king !

*Marion Pelton Guild.*

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THE MYSTERY OF THE MIST.

THE Mystery of the mist is calling me  
Across the marshes' silvery solitudes,  
By phantom inlets and gray bordering woods  
To surging silence of a hidden sea.

Swathed in a twilight haze of amethyst,  
Beyond the salty sedges lies the verge  
Of immemorial oceans' endless surge,  
Entranced by the still Mystery of the mist.

Her hair, fog-woven, gleams across my gaze,  
I touch her garment by the silent sea,  
And would behold the face of Mystery,  
Close-clouded in the tender purple haze.

Low whispered voices of her wildering spell  
Allure me softly to the tremulous brink  
Of waters wide and strange, where souls may sink  
In waves mist-mantled, arms invisible.

If I could sway the curtain of the night,  
And pierce the vapory darknesses that rise  
To hide the revelation in her eyes,  
Soft quivering on the very marge of sight ;

*The Quiet.*

If I might disenchant the spellbound space,  
 To see beyond the veil that may not move  
 For mortals; if my soul and sense could prove  
 The beauty of her mist-enfolded face;

Perchance her loving penalty would be  
 To lay a darkness on my earthly sight,  
 And lead me forth to lands of other light  
 Far out beyond these marshes by the sea.

*Katharine Coolidge.*

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 THE QUIET.

Now the roads, hushed with dark,  
 Lead the homeward way,  
 I will rest; I will hark  
 What the weeds can say:  
 Wondering in the afterglow,—  
 Heart's-ease of the day.

One day more, one day more;  
 Ay, if it were new! . . .  
 There the city smoke goes soft,  
 Melting in the blue;  
 And the highways, vexed with dust,  
 Heal them in the dew.

Am I wise, — am I dull  
 To put off despair,  
 But because the mist floats up  
 From the pastures there,  
 Like a fellow breath of toil,  
 Warm upon the air?

One day more, — one day more.  
 Ay, and what to come?  
 Nothing answers, though I doubt,  
 All the trees are dumb:  
 But the primrose stands alight,  
 And the flocks are home.

Underneath the little moon,  
 Sharp and sweet to see,  
 All the warm, listless herbs  
 Send a breath to me;  
 And the fields bide in peace,  
 Harvest-time to be.