

TWO SONNETS.

ANIMA ABITURA

How stern and strong the sense that still doth brood;  
    Grief's heavy-lidded, luminous, clouded eyes  
    In pain and wonder half materialise  
From out the dark the spirit that is woo'd  
By silence from the world's deep solitude;  
    As a dank vapour from the earth doth rise  
    Death's presence, while the living angel flies  
Invisibly downward o'er the house imbued

Now faintlier with the elemental strife.  
    Silence and light make him who passes mute;  
    No word he knows, no word is his to say,  
But, hovering o'er the broken house of life,  
    He sees its ruins in the light of day,  
    And lo! the flower of life in death hath root.