

ADMONITION

IF clean thy heart, no bird's
Sweet voice shall shrill in vain;
And quick shall be thine ear for words
The woods sing after rain.

No willow in the wind
Shall bend and thou not see—
O sensitive and happy mind!—
Glow earth and sky for thee.

No horse shall arch his neck
And thou not dream of Troy;
And fluttering doves for thee bedeck
Venus and her Blind Boy.

No star shall ever shine
Save over Bethlehem;
Each rose shall bloom the Rose Divine;
Each bud from Jesse's stem.

Scour but thy spirit clear
Of the world's sensual rust;
Keep heart and mind and eye and ear
Sweet, candid, joyous, just.

THEODORE MAYNARD.