

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[From The Independent.]

"E venni dal martirio a questa pace."

THESE words the Poet heard in Paradise,
Uttered by one who, bravely dying here,
In the true faith, was living in that sphere
Where the Celestial Cross of sacrifice
Spread its protecting arms athwart the skies;
And, set thereon, like jewels crystal clear,
The souls magnanimous, that knew not fear,
Flashed their effulgence on his dazzled eyes.
Ah, me! how dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release!
This is our consolation; and again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense:
"I came from martyrdom unto this peace!"

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BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

WATCHMAN! what of the night?
The sky is dark, my friend,
And we in heavy grief await the end.
A light is burning in a silent room,
But we — we have no light in all the gloom.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, strong men watch the light
With the strange mist of tears before their sight,
And women at each hearthstone sob and pray
That the great darkness end at last in day.

Watchman! how goes the night?
Wearily, friend, for him,
Yet his heart quails not, though the light burns dim.

As bravely as he fought the field of life,
He bears himself in this, the final strife.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, we are left no word,
To tell of all the bitter sorrow stirred
In our sad souls. We stand and rail at Fate
Who leaves hands empty and hearts desolate.

“Are pure, great souls so many in the land
That we should lose the chosen of the band?”
We cry! But he who suffers lies,
Meeting sharp-weaponed Pain with steadfast eyes,
And makes no plaint, while on the threshold Death
Half draws his keen sword from its glittering sheath
And looking inward pauses — lingering long,
Faltering — himself the weak before the Strong.

Watchman! how goes the night?
In tears, my friend, and praise
Of his high truth and generous, trusting ways;
Of his warm love and buoyant hope and faith,
Which passed life's fires free from all blight or scath.
Strange! we forget the laurel-wreath we gave,
And only *love* him standing near his grave.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, when it is past
We wonder what our grief can bring at last,
To lay upon his broad, true, tender breast,
What flower whose sweetness shall outlast the rest?
And this we set from all the bloom apart:
“He woke new love and faith in every heart.”

Watchman! what of the night?
Would God that it were gone
And we might see once more the rising dawn!
The darkness deeper grows — the light burns low,
There sweeps o'er land and sea a cry of woe!

Watchman! What now? What now?
Hush, friend — we may not say
Only that — all the pain has passed away.