

MY SPIRIT'S HOME.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

'Tis a gigantic ruin, wild and lonely,
Yet glorious in its grandeur's dark decay—
A waste of misty splendor lighted only
By ancient lamps that burn with glimmering ray ;
Yet there are halls as yet unspoiled, unfading
Halls with gold, crimson, and proud purple hung,
And through the richness of their solemn shading,
From colored windows dreamy light is flung.

I can gaze westward on the setting splendor
Of suns that rise not nor show mid-day rays ;
Or glance above at stars that, bright yet tender,
Smile sweetly through a soft and silent haze.
Yet, though the skies are darkly blue there, never
That wide, mysterious landscape knows the night,
And though the stars are shining there forever,
Their beams melt through the dimness of twilight.

There many lovely birds of sweetest singing,
That seem like wanderers from the groves of heaven,
Through fadeless flowers and woods their flight are winging,
While far in day's cold world black storms are driven.
And through the twilight and the starlight blending,
A music, echoed from the angel choir,
Sighs soft ; and forms of marble magic lending
A classic charm, wake all the bosom's fire.

Heroes and Bards through each enchanted portal
Wander with silent step and solemn air ;
And eyes lit by a glory all immortal
Shed their wild light around the splendor there.
Heroes and Bards ! whose names gild song and story,
Whose spirits haunt the soft south's ancient fanes,
And lend to northern lands a sterner glory—
All these are found in those unstormy plains.

And in the halls where canvassed charms are glowing,
There is a picture—with a misty veil
Flung half around its beauty, and yet showing
A face carved like a Grecian god's, and pale,
Too, as the marble. Glory there is dreaming
In poet eyes, whose light I loved in heaven !
Yet voiceless is the lip—my idol seeming
As he would speak, were language only given