

**INTO LIGHT, AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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Into light, and other poems by Frederick K. Crosby

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**FREDERICK K. CROSBY**

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AND OTHER POEMS.

BY  
FREDERICK K. CROSBY,

Born in Newton, Mass., October 9th, 1845, Died December 3d, 1874.

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## INDEX.



INTO LIGHT, . . . . .	5
THE LILY AND THE LINDEN, . . . . .	14
LORRAINE, . . . . .	18
NIGHT AND MORNING, . . . . .	22
FLOWER TONES, . . . . .	23
LINES SUGGESTED BY A FAVORITE PICTURE, . . . . .	24
THE VELOCIPED, . . . . .	25
TWO MORNINGS, . . . . .	27
ANSWERED, . . . . .	28
AUTUMN, . . . . .	29
SLUMBER SONG, . . . . .	30
TWIN SISTERS, . . . . .	31
AT THE LAST, . . . . .	33
THE TRUANTS, . . . . .	35
EASTER, . . . . .	38
UNDER THE PALMS, . . . . .	40
HINTS ON GRAPE CULTURE, . . . . .	42
MIDNIGHT ON BERKSHIRE, . . . . .	44

THE BACHELOR'S PRAYER, . . . . .	46
APOTHEOSIS, . . . . .	48
THE RITUALIST, . . . . .	49
STEWART'S QUARTERLY. [In Memoriam,]. . . . .	51
UNCHANGEABLE, . . . . .	54
M. D. TO EM-MA, . . . . .	55
CHRISTMAS CAROL, . . . . .	57
DELICIOUS, . . . . .	59
L'INFERNO, . . . . .	62
LOVE AND INSURANCE, A TALE OF CHICAGO, . . . . .	64
SIR LAWRENCE, . . . . .	67
A CHAPTER OF ERIE [Canal.] . . . . .	68





INTO LIGHT, AND OTHER POEMS.



INTO LIGHT.

A SUMMER'S sunshine, a scene as fair  
A rural landscape pictured there,

Vale and meadow and mountain gray,  
Robed in the hues of the risen day.

A river swept o'er its shining sands,  
The corn grew ripe in the meadow lands,

Over the mountain slope between,  
A woodland lifted its wall of green ;

It hid in its heart an open glade,  
A fleck of light on a ground of shade.

Afar the wandering breezes crept,  
The sighing wind of the forest slept.



A brook hard by, in a hidden dell,  
Over its pebbles plashed and fell,  
Naught else the solemn stillness stirred  
Save distant echo or chirp of bird.  
The circling trees of the sylvan glade,  
In Summer's richest robes arrayed,  
Stood tall and grim in mystic guise,  
Like priests awaiting the sacrifice.  
For through a rift in the leafy screen  
An oriel slit in the vaulted green.  
The flickering sunlight streamed upon  
A rough-hewn altar of mossy stone ;  
Yet, though the spot was wild and rude,  
And weird and sombre the solitude,  
Meet home for rites of fetish-prayer,  
No untaught savage worshipped there.  
Unto the altar, day by day,  
Two earnest youths would wend their way,  
Of native insight broad and clear,  
And bred in Learning's atmosphere,

But, lured by mental tone inwrought,  
And warped and wrung by over-thought,  
By shifting currents beat about,  
And tossed from wave to wave of doubt,  
While shore-lights beckoned but to flee,  
Their sun went down on a trackless sea.  
Yet ever reached they in affright,  
Vague, trustless hands into the night,  
Now fixed in cold and stern despair,  
Now lost in broken, pleading prayer,  
Before the altar, bending low,  
The waves of intercession flow ;  
Wild words, with wilder meaning fraught,  
Strange spells by ancient magic taught.  
And high upon the rising breeze,  
Death-rimes and heathen litanies,  
In blending chorus mingled there  
With muffled wail and passion-prayer.  
The sun sinks down o'er the mountain gray,  
And the altar glows in its dying ray.

"Hail! emblem of the Hidden Soul!

"Farewell! in burning beauty roll

"Thy God-lit flame to the neither seas,

"Archflamen of all mysteries!"

Night settled round with a sullen shade,

And silence falls on the forest glade.

Far thro' the leafy arches dim

A wild, mysterious, mournful hymn,

On rising, sinking, swelling breeze,

Flung weird and ghost-like harmonics;

And still the darkness deepened fast,

And strange, unearthly voices passed,

And still the shuddering echo run,

"Oh, Ahriman! Oh, Ahriman!"

---

The mellow light of an afternoon,

Crowning a golden day in June.

Vale and river and meadow-lea

Swam in a sun-flushed purple sea.