# SCATTERED LEAVES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649329847

Scattered leaves by Henry Sewell Stokes

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

## **HENRY SEWELL STOKES**

# SCATTERED LEAVES



## SCATTERED LEAVES.

THE PLANT

HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

LONDON:

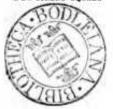
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS.
1862.

280. c. 100

#### POMDOR

### PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODS AND CO.

NEW-STREET SQUARE



10.00

## CONTENTS.

						AGE
THE GATE OF HEAVEN	101	50	*	0	*	3
THE BOY AND THE TREE		•		•	30	15
" THE PRIDE OF MY HEAD	et is c	"! arroi		712	20	21
GARIBALDI	1	8	÷	20		24
GOD FORBID!	4	18	Q.	340		27
A STATESMAN .	( <u>(</u>	\$8	<b>32</b>	12.00	320	30
THE PUNERAL OF LORD R	AGLAN	0.0	×	(4)		31
THE PRACE COMMEMORATI	on, ma	¥ 1856	13	(60)		34
PRACE: AN EPILOGUE	33	80	9		×	38
WHAT IS THE SECRET?	œ	(*)	2	7. <b>8</b> 8	*	41
IT DOES MOVE THOUGH!	*	*	*	3.53	(4)	45
BEATRICS		13	₹.	<b>2</b> (c)	2	48
LINES ON THE DEATH OF	THN P	RINCH CO	NSORT	58		49
NOTES	10	20			133	56



SCATTERED LEAVES.

¥37

53

#### THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Heaven's Gate — where is it? Up you orient height,
Where the lark's matin hails the dawning light,
Or where the Day-Star dips in Ocean's brim,
And surging billows peal the vesper hymn?
In the lone forest-aisles, or leafy cells,
Where Solitude like saintly hermit dwells?
Or where beneath the illimitable arch
In silence the Celestial armies march,
Filling with awe man's never-ending race,
But reaching not the confines of God's place?

Toward Haran went the Patriarch, and came
Unto a place the record does not name:
"Twas night, and pillow'd on the ground he lay,
And slept and strangely dream'd till break of day.