

IDYL.

(Written upon a visit to the old home upon the river bluff in Atchison.)

Was it on this planet we lived alone, and loved in youth's enchanted kingdom amid the forests and by the great lonely river, looking with mingled gaze at the eastern bluffs purpled by the autumnal sunset, or at the face of the moon climbing with sad steps the midnight sky; or was it on some remote star in some other life, recalled with rapture and longing unutterable and unavailing?

"Oh, death in life; the days that are no more!"

The crumbling excavation scarce discernible among the vines and weeds and brambles, deserted and inaccessible, ancient as Palmyra or Persepolis in seeming—was this the theatre whereon was enacted the intoxicating drama, the sweet tragedy of human passion, grief, joy, and endless separation? Since then, what devious wanderings of the soul, what darkened vistas, what trepidation, what struggle and solace, what achievements and defeat—what splendor and what gloom! The river flows, and the landscape is unchanged. Nature mocks with her permanence the mutability of man; and the steadfast presence recalling life's vanished glory and bloom and dew of morning—how worthless and empty appear all that time gives, compared with what it takes away! How gladly would we exchange the prizes of ambition and fame and wealth for the splendid consecration of youth and—

"Wild with all regret—the days that are no more."