HELE'S Motto.

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?
Or wilt thou go ask the Mole:
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?
Or Love in a golden bowl?
THE BOOK OF THE...
The daughters of Mne Seraphim led round their sunny flocks,
All but the youngest; she in balanis sought the secret air.
To fade away, like morning beauty from her mortal day:
Down by the river of Adona, her soft voice is heard:
And thus her gentle lamentation falls, like morning dew.

O life of this our spring! why fades the lotus of the water
Why fade these children of the spring? born but to smile & fall.
Ah! Thiel is like a watry bow, and like a parting cloud.
Like a reflection in a glass, like shadows in the water.
Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon an infants face.
Like the doves voice, like transient day, like music in the air.
Ah, gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my head.
And gentle sleep, the sleep of death; and gentle hear the voice
Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time.

The Lilly of the valley breathing in the humble gras,
Answered the lovely maid and said, I am a watry wood.
And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly vales;
So weak the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my head.
Yet I am visited from heaven, and he that smiles on all.
Walks in the valley, and each morn over me spreads his hand.
Saying, rejoice thou humble gras, thou new born lilly flower.
Thou gentle maid of silent valleys, and of modest brooks;
For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with morning manna;
Till summers heat melts thee beside the fountains and the springs
To flourish in eternal vales; then why should Thiel complain,
Why should the mistress of the vales of Har, utter a sigh?
She ceased to weep in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine.

Thel answered, O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley,
Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the derelict.
Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he sniffs thy milky garments,
He crops thy flowers, while thou sittest smiling in his face.
Wiping his mild and meeken mouth from all contagious taints.
Thy wing doth purify the golden honey, thy perfume,
Which thou dost scatter on every little blade of grass that springs.
Reves the milked cow, & tames the fire-breathing stoved.
But Thel is like a curling cloud kindled at the rising sun;
I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find my place.

Queen of the vales, the Lilly answered, ask the tender cloud.
And it shali tell thee why it glitters in the morning sky.
And why it scatters its bright beauty thru the humid air.
Descend O little cloud & hover before the eyes of Thel.

The Cloud descended, and the Lilly bowed her modest head;
And went to mind her numerous charge among the verdant graz.
O little Cloud, the virgin said, I charge thee tell to me. 
Why thou complainest not when in one hour thou fade away:
Then we shall seek thee but not find, ah Thel is like to thee.
I pass away, yet I complain, and no one hears my voice.

The Cloud then show'd his golden head & his bright form emerged, 
Flowering and glittering on the air before the face of Thel.

O virgin, knowest thou not, our steeds drink of the golden springs
Where Luvah doth renew his horses: lookest thou on my youth,
And fear'st thou because I vanish and am seen no more.
Nothing remains; O maid! I tell thee when I pass away,
It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, and raptures holy:
Unseen descending, weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers;
And court the fair-eyed dew, to take me to her shining tent;
The weeping virgin, trembling kneels before the risen sun,
Till we arise loth in a golden band, and never part;
But walk united, bearing food to all our tender flowers.

Dear thou O little Cloud? I fear that I am not like thee:
For I walk through the vales of Har, and smell the sweetest flowers;
But I feed not the little flowers; I hear the warbling birds,
But I feed not the warbling birds, they fly and seek their food;
But Thel delights in these no more because I fade away
And all shall say, without a use this shining woman livil.
Or did she only live to be at death the food of worms.

The Cloud reclined upon his own throne and answered thus.

Then if thou art the food of worms, O virgin of the skies,
How great thy use, how great thy blessing; every thing that lives,
Lives not alone, nor for itself; fear not and I will call
The weak worm from its lonely bed, and thou shalt bear its woe.
Come forth worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive queen.

The helpless worm arose, and sat upon the Lily's leaf,
And the bright Cloud said on, to bud his partner in the vale.
III.

Then Thel astonished viewed the Worm upon its dewy bed.

"Art thou a Worm? image of weakness, art thou but a Worm? I see thee like an infant wrapped in the Lily's leaf;
Ah, weep not little voice, thou cannot speak but thou canst weep;
Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless & naked: weeping,
And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mothers smiles."

"The God of Clay heard the Worm's voice, as raised her pining head;
She bowed over the weeping infant, and her love exalted
In slyly tenderness; then on Thel she fixed her humble eyes."

"O beauty of the vale's of Har, we live not for ourselves.
Thou seest me the meanest thing, and so I am indeed;
My bosom of itself is cold, and of itself is dark,."

But
But he that loves the lowly, pours his oil upon my head,
And kisses me, and binds his nuptial bands around my breast.
And says: Thou mother of my children, I have loved thee.
And I have given thee a crown that none can take away.
But how this is sweet maid, I know not, and I cannot know.
I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I love and love.

The daughter of beauty wipe'd her pitying tears with her white veil,
And said, Alas! I knew not this, and therefore did I weep:
That God would love a Worm I knew, and punish the evil foot
That would have bruised its helpless form; but that he cherish'd it
With milk and oil I never knew; and therefore did I weep,
And I complain'd in the mild air, because I fade away,
And lay me down in thy cold bed, and leave my shining lot.

Queen of the vales, the matron Clay answer'd; I heard thy sighs,
And all thy moans flew o'er my roof, but I have called them down:
Wilt thou O Queen enter my house, it's given thee to enter,
And to return; fear nothing, enter with thy virgin feet.
The eternal gates terri-fic porter lifted the northern bar;  
She entered in & saw the secrets at the land unknown;  
She saw the couches of the dead, & where the flowers roots  
Of every heart on earth unites deep its restless bursts;  
A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen.

She wandered in the land of clouds thro' valleys dark listening  
Dolours & laments: waiting off beside a dewy grave  
She stood in silence listening to the voices of the ground,  
Till to her own grave plot she came, & there she sat down,  
And heard this voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit:

Why cannot the Ear be closed to its own destruction.  
Or the listening Eye to the poison of a smile  
Why are Eyelids stord with arrows ready drawn,  
Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie.  
Or an Eye of gods & graces showing fruits & coined gold.

Why a Tongue impaled with honey from every wind?  
Why an Ear, a whirlpool fierce to draw creations in?  
Why a Nostril wide inhaling terror trembling & alarm?  
Why a tender ear upon the youthful burning boy?  
Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?

The Virgin started from her seat, & with a Shriek  
Fled back unhindered till she came into the valest of

The End.