

As Birds of the Forest they found their way Home,
(Where Bookworms destroy not, nor Rust),
Each volume the Phoenix of some precious Tome
Consumed into ashes and dust.

Among them were Elzevirs, queens of their kind,
Of delicate beauty and grace,
And Aldines and Pick'rings, and, trailing behind,
The Kelmscotts, of fair Saxon face.

Rich Zehnsdorf apparel some Souls did enfold;
And some were in Sanderson dress.
Of th' Orient redolent, 'broidered in gold,
And fresh from the Binder's Caress.

For none were admitted to lie on the shelves,
O'erguarded by Gutenberg's care,
Except the Elect, the Immortals themselves,—
None save "First Editions" and "rare."

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The "Saints" quick forgot their confessions in mirth;
The "Sinners" their Rosaries spurned;
Such joy was in Limbo as when upon Earth
Millard from his journey returned.

They feasted their eyes on their Treasures new found,
Not knowing which ones they loved most;
They sang "bookish songs of hilarious sound,
And Field danced with Dibdin's glad ghost.

Then, tiring, they nestled themselves in the nooks
As "Sinners" & "Saints" did of old,
And thumbed o'er again the delectable Books
Which, haply, Millard had not sold.

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Mourn not o'er their Ashes in hopelessness, then,
Oh sorrowful Bibliophile,
In yonder far Corner we'll fondle again
These Books which we've lost for the while.

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY.