

Whose morning unclouded, without stain or spot,
 Predicts a pure evening ; who, sun-like, in light
 Have traversed, unsullied, the world, and set bright !”

But she in response, “ Mark yon ship far away,
 Asleep on the wave, in the last light of day,
 With all its hushed thunders shut up ! Would you know
 A thought which came to me a few days ago,
 Whilst watching those ships ? . . . When the great Ship of Life,
 Surviving, though shattered, the tumult and strife
 Of earth’s angry element,—masts broken short,
 Decks drenched, bulwarks beaten,—drives safe into port,
 When the Pilot of Galilee, seen on the strand,
 Stretches over the waters a welcoming hand ;
 When, heeding no longer the sea’s baffled roar,
 The mariner turns to his rest evermore ;
 What will then be the answer the helmsman must give ?
 Will it be . . . ‘ Lo our log-book ! Thus once did we live
 In the zones of the South ; thus we traversed the seas
 Of the Orient ; there dwelt with the Hesperides ;
 Thence followed the west-wind ; here, eastward we turned ;
 The stars failed us there ; just here land we discerned
 On our lee ; there the storm overtook us at last ;
 That day went the bowsprit, the next day the mast ;
 There the mermen came round us, and there we saw bask
 A siren ?’ The Captain of Port will he ask

Any one of such questions ? I cannot think so !
 But . . . ‘ What is the last Bill of Health you can show ?’
 Not—How fared the soul through the trials she passed ?
 But—What is the state of that soul at the last ?”

“ May it be so !” he sighed. “ There ! the sun drops, behold !”
 And indeed, whilst he spoke, all the purple and gold
 In the west had turned ashen, save one fading strip
 Of light that yet gleamed from the dark nether lip
 Of a long reef of cloud ; and o’er sullen ravines
 And ridges the raw damps were hanging white screens
 Of melancholy mist.
 “ *Nunc dimittis !*” she said.
 “ O God of the living ! whilst yet ’mid the dead
 And the dying we stand here alive, and thy days
 Returning, admit space for prayer and for praise,
 In both these confirm us !
 “ The helmsman, Eugène,
 Needs the compass to steer by. Pray always. Again
 We two part : each to work out Heaven’s will : you, I trust,
 In the world’s ample witness ; and I, as I must,
 In secret and silence : you, love, fame, await ;
 Me, sorrow and sickness. We meet at one gate
 When all’s over. The ways they are many and wide,
 And seldom are two ways the same. Side by side
 May we stand at the same little door when all’s done !
 The ways they are many, the end it is one.
 He that knocketh shall enter : who asks shall obtain :

And who seeketh, he findeth. Remember, Eugène !”
 She turned to depart.
 “ Whither ? whither ?” . . . he said.
 She stretched forth her hand where, already outspread
 On the darkened horizon, remotely they saw
 The French camp-fires kindling.
 See yonder vast host, with its manifold heart
 Made as one man’s by one hope ! That hope ’tis your part
 To aid towards achievement, to save from reverse :
 Mine, through suffering to soothe, and through sickness to nurse.
 I go to my work : you to yours.’

XXXVIII.

Whilst she spoke,
 On the wide wasting evening there distantly broke
 The low roll of musketry. Straightway, anon,
 From the dim Flag-staff Battery belovèd a gun.
 “ Our chasseurs are at it !” he muttered.
 She turned,
 Smiled, and passed up the twilight.
 He faintly discerned
 Her form, now and then, on the flat lurid sky
 Rise, and sink, and recede through the mists ; by and by
 The vapors closed round, and he saw her no more.

XXX

Nor shall we. For her mission, accomplished, is o’er.
 The mission of genius on earth ! To uplift,
 Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift,
 The world, in despite of the world’s dull endeavor

To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it forever.
 The mission of genius : to watch, and to wait,
 To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.
 The mission of woman on earth ! to give birth
 To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
 The mission of woman : permitted to bruise
 The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,
 Through the sorrow and sin of earth’s registered curse,
 The blessing which mitigates all : born to nurse,
 And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal
 The sick world that leans on her.
 This was Lucile.

XL.

A power hid in pathos : a fire veiled in cloud :
 Yet still burning outward : a branch which, though bowed
 By the bird in its passage, springs upward again :
 Through all symbols I search for her sweetness—in vain !
 Judge her love by her life. For our life is but love
 In act. Pure was hers : and the dear God above,
 Who knows what His creatures have need of for life,
 And whose love includes all loves, through much patient strife
 Led her soul into peace. Love, though love may be given
 In vain, is yet lovely. Her own native heaven
 More clearly she mirrored, as life’s troubled dream
 Wore away ; and love sighed into rest, like a stream
 That breaks its heart over wild rocks toward the shore

Of the great sea which hushes it up
 evermore
 With its little wild wailing. No
 stream from its source
 Flows seaward, how lonely soever its
 course,
 But what some land is gladdened.
 No star ever rose
 And set, without influence some-
 where. Who knows
 What earth needs from earth's low-
 est creature? No life
 Can be pure in its purpose and strong
 in its strife
 And all life not be purer and strong-
 er thereby.
 The spirits of just men made perfect
 on high,
 The army of martyrs who stand by
 the Throne
 And gaze into the Face that makes
 glorious their own,
 Know this, surely, at last. Honest
 love, honest sorrow,
 Honest work for the day, honest hope
 for the morrow,

Are these worth nothing more than
 the hand they make weary,
 The heart they have saddened, the
 life they leave dreary?
 Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the
 voice of the Spirit
 Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all
 things inherit.

XLI.

The moon was, in fire, carried up
 through the fog;
 The loud fortress barked at her like
 a chained dog.
 The horizon pulsed flame, the air
 sound. All without,
 War and winter, and twilight, and
 terror, and doubt;
 All within, light, warmth, calm!
 In the twilight, long while
 Eugène de Luvois with a deep,
 thoughtful smile
 Lingered, looking, and listening,
 lone by the tent.
 At last he withdrew, and night
 closed as he went.

THE APPLE OF LIFE.

FROM the river Euphrates, the river whose source is in Paradise, far
 As red Egypt,—sole lord of the land and the sea, 'twixt the home of the
 star
 That is born in the blush of the East, and the porch of the chambers of
 rest
 Where the great sea is girded with fire, and Orion returns in the West,
 And the ships come and go in grand silence,—King Solomon reigned.
 And behold,
 In that time there was everywhere silver as common as stones be, and
 gold
 That for plenty was 'counted as silver, and cedar as sycamore-trees
 That are found in the vale, for abundance. For God to the King gave all
 these,
 With glory exceeding; moreover all kings of the earth to him came,
 Because of his wisdom, to hear him. So great was King Solomon's
 fame.

And for all this the King's soul was sad. And his heart said within
 him, "Alas!
 For man dies! if his glory abideth, himself from his glory shall pass.
 And that which remaineth behind him, he seeth it not any more:
 For how shall he know what comes after, who knoweth not what went
 before?
 I have planted me gardens and vineyards, and gotten me silver and
 gold,
 And my hand from whatever my heart hath desired I did not not with-
 hold:
 And what profit have I in the works of my hands which I take not away?
 I have searched out wisdom and knowledge: and what do they profit me,
 they?
 As the fool dieth, so doth the wise. What is gathered is scattered again.
 As the breath of the beasts, even so is the breath of the children of men:
 And the same thing befalleth them both. And not any man's soul is his
 own."

This he thought, as he sat in his garden and watched the great sun
 going down
 In the glory thereof; and the earth and the sky by the beam of the same
 Were clothed with the gladness of color, and bathed in the beauty of
 flame.
 And "Behold," said the King, "in a moment the glory shall vanish!"
 Even then,
 While he spake, he was 'ware of a man drawing near him, who seemed to
 his ken
 (By the hair in its blackness like flax that is burned in the hemp-dresser's
 shed,
 And the brow's smoky hue, and the smouldering eyeball more livid than
 lead)
 As the sons of the land lies under the sword of the Cherub whose wing
 Wraps in wrath the shut gateways of Paradise. He, being come to the
 King,
 Seven times made obeisance before him. To whom, "What art thou,"
 the King cried,
 "That thus unannounced to King Solomon comest?" The man, spread-
 ing wide
 The palm of his right hand, showed in it an apple yet bright from the
 Tree
 In whose stem springs the life never-failing which Sin lost to Adam,
 when he,
 Tasting knowledge forbidden, found death in the fruit of it. . . . So doth
 the Giver
 Evil gifts to the evil apportion. And "Hail! let the King live forever!"
 Bowing down at the feet of the monarch, and laughingly, even as one
 Whose meaning, in joy or in jest, hovers hid 'twixt the word and the
 tone.
 Said the stranger, "For lo ye" (and lightly he dropped in the hand of the
 King
 That apple), "from 'twixt the four rivers of Eden, God gave me to bring