

All the fires, long quenched and dim,
Flare, one moment, up.

I will sing you a last song,
I will pledge you a last health . . .
Here's to weakness seeming strong !
Herets to Want that follows
Wealth !
Here's to Right gone wrong !

Curse me now the Oppressor's roa,
And the meanness of the weak ;
And the fool that apes the nod ;
And the world at hide and seek
With the wrath of God.

Dreams of man's unvalued good
By mankind's unholy means !
Curse the people in their mud !
And the wicked Kings and Queens,
Lying by the Rood.

Fill ! to every plague . . . and first,
Love, that breeds its own decay ;
Rotten, ere the blossom burst.
Next, the friend that slinks away,
When you need him worst.

O the world's inhuman ways !
And the heartless social lie !
And the coward, cheapening praise !
And the patience of the sky,
Lighting such bad days !

Curséd be the heritage
Of the sins we have not sinned !
Curséd be this boasting age,
And the blind that lead the blind
O'er its creaking stage !

O the vice within the blood,
And the sin within the sense !
And the fallen angelhood,
With its yearnings, too immense
To be understood !

Curse the hound with beaten hide,
When he turns and licks the
hand.
Curse this woman at my side !
And the memory of the land
Where my first love died.

Curséd be the next and most
(With whatever curse most kills),
Me . . . the man whose soul is lost ;
Fouled by each of all these ills,—
Filled with death and dust !

Take away the harp of gold,
And the empty wine-cup too.
Lay me out : for I grow cold.
There is something dim in view,
Which must pass unfold :—

Something dim, and something
vast,—
Out of reach of all I say.
Language ceases . . . husht, aghast.
What am I, to curse or pray ?
God succeeds at last !

BOOK VI.—PALINGENESIS.

A PRAYER.

My Saviour, dare I come to Thee,
Who let the little children come ?
But I ? . . . my soul is faint in me !
I come from wandering to and fro
This weary world. There still his
round
The Accuser goes : but Thee I
found

Not anywhere. Both joy and woe
Have passed me by. I am too weak
To grieve or smile. And yet I know
That tears lie deep in all I do.
The homeless that are sick for home
Are not so wretched. Ere it break,
Receive my heart ; and for the sake,
Not of my sorrows, but of Thine,
Bend down Thy holy eyes on mine,
Which are too full of misery

To see Thee clearly, though they
seek.
Yet, if I heard Thy voice say . . .
"Come,"

So might I, dying, die near Thee.
It shames me not, to have passed by
The temple-doors in every street
Where men profaned Thee : but
that I
Have left neglected, choked with
weeds,

Defrauded of its incense sweet
From holy thoughts and loyal
deeds,

The fane Thou gavest me to en-
shrine
Thee in, this wretched heart of
mine.

The Satyr there hath entered in ;
The Owl that loves the darkened
hour ;
And obscene shapes of night and
sin

Still haunt, where God designed a
bower
For angels.

Yet I will not say
How oft I have aspired in vain,
How toiled along the rugged way,
And held my faith above my pain,
For this Thou knowest. Thou
knowest when
I faltered, and when I was strong ;
And how from that of other men
My fate was different : all the
wrong

Which devastated hope in me :
The ravaged years ; the excited
heart,

That found in pain its only part
Of love : the master misery
That shattered all my early years,
From which, in vain, I sought to
flee :

Thou knowest the long repentant
tears,
Thou heard'st me cry against the
spheres,

So sharp my anguish seemed to be !
All this Thou knowest. Though I
should keep

Silence, Thou knowest my hands
were free
From sin, when all things cried to
me

To sin. Thou knowest that, had I
rolled
My soul in hell-flame fifty-fold,
My sorrow could not be more deep.
Lord ! there is nothing hid from
Thee.

EUTHANASIA.

(WRITTEN AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS.)

SPRING to the world, and strength
to me, returns ;
And flowers return,—but not the
flowers I knew.

I live : the fire of life within me
burns ;
But all my life is dead. The land
I view

I know not ; nor the life which I re-
gain.
Within the hollow of the hand of
death

I have lain so long, that now I
draw the breath
Of life as unfamiliar, and with pain,
Of life : but not the life which is no
more ;—

That tender, tearful, warm, and
passionate thing ;
That wayward, restless, wistful life
of yore ;

Which now lies, cold, beneath the
clasp of Spring,
As last year's leaves : but such a life
as seems

A strange new-comer, coy and all-
afraid.
No motion leaves the heart where
it is laid,
Save when the past returns to me in
dreams.

In dreams, like memories of another
world :

The beauty, and the passion, and
the pain,

The wizardry by which my youth
was whirled
Round vain desires,—so violent,
yet so vain !
The love which desolated life, yet
made
So dear its desolation : and the
creeds
Which, one by one, snapped in my
hold like reeds,
Beneath the weight of need upon
them laid !

For each man dreams his own sand-
house secure
While life's wild waves are lulled ;
yet who can say,
If yet his faith's foundations do en-
dure,
It is not that no wind hath blown
that way ?
Must we even for their beauty's
sake, keep furled
Our fairest creeds, lest earth should
sully them,
And take what ruder help chance
sends, to stem
The rubs and wrenchings of this
boisterous world ?

Alas ! 'tis not the creed that saves
the man :
It is the man that justifies the
creed :
And each must save his own soul as
he can,
Since each is burthened with a
different need.
Round each the bandit passions
lurk ; and, fast
And furious, swarm to strip the
pilgrim bare ;
Then, oft, in lonely places un-
aware,
Fall on him, and do murder him at
last.

And oft the light of truth, which
through the dark
We fetched such toilsome compass
to detect,

Glares through the broken cloud on
the lost bark,
And shows the rock—too late,
when all is wrecked !
Not from one watch-tower o'er the
deep, alone,
It streams, but lightens there and
lightens here
With lights so numberless (like
heaven's eighth sphere)
That all their myriad splendors seem
but one.

Time was, when it seemed possible
to be
(Then, when this shattered prow
first felt the foam)
Columbus to some far Philosophy,
And bring, perchance, the golden
Indies home.
O siren isles of the enchanted main
Through which I lingered ! altars,
temples, groves,
Whelmed in the salt sea wave, that
rolls and roves
Around each desolated lost domain !

Over all these hath passed the deluge.
And,
Saved from the sea, forlornly face
to face
With the gaunt ruin of a world, I
stand.
But two alone of all that perisht
race
Survive to share with me my wan-
derings ;
Doubt and Experience. These
my steps attend,
Ever ; and oft above my harp they
bend,
And, weeping with me, weep among
its strings.

Yet,—saved, though in a land un-
consecrate
By any memory, it seems good to
me
To build an altar to the Lord ; and
wait
Some token, either from the land
or sea,

To point me to my rest, which
should be near.
Rude is the work, and simple is
my skill ;
Yet, if the hand could answer to
the will,
This pile should lack not incense.
Father, hear

My cry unto thee. Make thy cov-
enant
Fast with my spirit. Bind within
Thy bow
The whole horizon of my tears. I
pant
For Thy refreshing. Bid Thy
fountains flow
In this dry desert, where no springs
I see.
Before I venture in an unknown
land,
Here will I clear the ground on
which I stand,
And justify the hope Thou gavest
me.

I cannot make quite clear what
comes and goes
In fitful light, by waning gleams
descried.
The Spirit, blowing where it listeth,
blows
Only at times, some single fold
aside
Of that great veil which hangs o'er
the Unknown :
Yet do the feeble, fleeting lights
that fall,
Reveal enough, in part, for hope in
all :
And that seems surest which the
least is shown.

God is a spirit. It is also said
Man is a spirit. Can I therefore
deem
The two in nature separate ? The
made
Hath in it of the Maker. Hence I
seem
A step towards light ;—since 'tis the
property

Of spirit to possess itself in all
It is possess by ;—halved yet in-
tegral ;
One person, various personality.

To say the Infinite is that which lies
Beyond the Finite, . . . were it
not to set
A border mark to the immensities ?
Far as these mortal senses measure
yet
Their little region of the mighty
plan,
Through valves of birth and death
—are heard forever
The finite steps of infinite en-
deavor
Moving through Nature and the
mind of man.

If man,—the finite spirit,—in in-
finity
Alone can find the truth of his
ideal,
Dare I not deem that infinite Div-
inity
Within the finite must assume the
real ?
For what so feverish fancy, reckless
hurled
Through a ruined brain, did ever
yet descry
A symbol sad enough to signify
The conscious God of an unconscious
world ?

Wherefore, thus much perceived, to
recognize
In God, the infinite spirit of Unity,
In man, the finite spirit, here implies
An interchanged perception ;—
Deity
Within humanity made manifest :
Not here man lonely, there a lonely
God ;
But, in all paths by human nature
trod,
Infinity in Finitude express.

This interchange, upon man's part,
I call
Religion : revelation on the part

Of Deity : wherefrom there seems to fall
 'Tis consequence (the point from which I start)
 If God and man be one (a unity Of which religion is the human side)
 This must in man's religion be descried,
 A consciousness and a reality.

Whilst man in nature dwells, his God is still
 In nature ; thence, in time, there intervenes
 The Law : he learns to fortify his will
 Against his passions, by external means :
 And God becomes the Lawgiver: but when
 Corruption in the natural state we see,
 And in the legal hopeless tyranny, We seem to need (if needed not till then)

That which doth uplift nature, and yet makes
 More light the heavy letter of the law.
 Then for the Perfect the Imperfect aches,
 Till love is born upon the deeps of awe.
 Yet what of this, . . . that God in man may be,
 And man, though mortal, of a race divine,
 If no assurance lives which may incline
 The heart of man to man's divinity ?

"There is no God" . . . the Fool saith—to his heart,
 Yet shapes a godhead from his intellect.
 Is mind than heart less human, . . . that we part
 Thought from affection, and from mind erect
 A deity merely intellectual ?

If God there be, devoid of sympathy
 For man, he is not man's divinity.
 A God unloving were no God at all.

This felt, . . . I ask not . . . "What is God ?" but "What
 Are my relations with Him ?" this alone
 Concerns me now : since, if I know this not,
 Though I should know the sources of the sun,
 Or what within the hot heart of the earth
 Lulls the soft spirit of the fire, although
 The mandate of the thunder I should know,
 To me my knowledge would be nothing worth.

What message, or what messenger to man ?
 Whereby shall revelation reach the soul ?
 For who, by searching, finds out God ? How can
 My utmost steps, unguided, gain the goal
 Of necessary knowledge ? It is clear
 I cannot reach the gates of heaven, and knock
 And enter : though I stood upon the rock
 Like Moses, God must speak ere I can hear,

And touch me ere I feel him. He must come
 To me (I cannot join Him in the cloud), [home ;
 Stand at the dim doors of my mortal
 Lift the low latch of life ; and enter, bowed
 Unto this earthly roof ; and sit within
 The circle of the senses ; at the hearth
 Of the affections ; be my guest on earth,
 Loving my love, and sorrowing in my sin.

Since, though I stripped Divinity, in thought,
 From passion, which is personality,
 My God would still be human : though I sought
 In the bird's wing or in the insect's eye,
 Rather than in this broken heart of mine,
 His presence, human still: human would be
 All human thought conceives. Humanity,
 Being less human, is not more divine.

The soul, then, cannot stipulate or refuse [bassy.
 The fashion of the heavenly emissary.
 Since God is here the speaker, He must choose
 The words He wills. Already I descry
 That God and man are one, divided here,
 Yet reconcilable. One doubt survives.
 There is a dread condition to men's lives :
 We die : and, from its death, it would appear

Our nature is not one with the divine.
 Not so. The Man-God dies ; and by his death
 Doth with his own immortal life combine
 The spirit pining in this mortal breath. [ate
 Who from himself himself did alien-
 That he, returning to himself, might pave
 A pathway hence, to heaven from the grave,
 For man to follow—through the heavenly gate.

Wert thou, my Christ, not ignorant of grief ?
 A man of sorrows ? Not for sorrow's sake

(Lord, I believe : help thou mine unbelief !)
 Beneath the thorns did thy pure forehead ache :
 But that in sorrow only, unto sorrow,
 Can comfort come ; in manhood only, man
 Perceive man's destiny. In Nature's plan
 Our path is over Midnight to Tomorrow.

And so the Prince of Life, in dying, gave
 Undying life to mortals. Once he stood
 Among his fellows, on this side the grave,
 A man, perceptible to flesh and blood :
 Now, taken from our sight, he dwells no less
 Within our mortal memory and thought ;
 The mystery of all he was, and wrought,
 Is made a part of general consciousness.

And in this consciousness I reach repose.
 Spent with the howling main and desert sand
 Almost too faint to pluck the unfading rose
 Of peace, that bows its beauty to my hand.
 Here Reason fails, and leaves me ; my pale guide
 Across the wilderness—by a stern command,
 Shut out, like Moses, from the Promist Land.
 Touching its own achievement, it hath died.

Ah yet ! I have but wrung the victory
 From Thought ! Not passionless will be my path.

Yet on my life's pale forehead I can
see
The flush of squandered fires.
Passion hath
Yct, in the purpose of my days, its
place.
But changed in aspect : turned
unto the East,
Whence grows the dayspring from
on high, at least
A finer fervor trembles on its face.

THE SOUL'S SCIENCE.

CAN History prove the truth which
hath
Its record in the silent soul?
Or mathematics mete the path
Whereby the spirit seeks its goal?

Can Love of aught but Love inherit
The blessing which is born of
Love?
The spirit knoweth of the spirit :
The soul alone the soul can prove.

The eye to see : the ear to hear :
The working hand to help the
will :
To every sense his separate sphere :
And unto each his several skill.

The ear to sight, the eye to sound,
Is callous : unto each is given
His lorddom in his proper bound.
The soul, the soul to find out
heaven !

There is a glory veiled to sight ;
A voice which never ear hath
heard ;
There is a law no hand can write,
Yet stronger than the written
word.

And hast thou tidings for my soul,
O teacher ? to my soul intrust
Alone the purport of thy scroll :
Or vex me not with learned dust.

A PSALM OF CONFESSION.

FULL soon doth Sorrow make her
covenant

With Life ; and leave her shadow
in the door :

And all those future days, for which
we pant,

Do come in mourning for the days
of yore.

Still through the world gleams Mem-
ory seeking Love,

Pale as the torch which grieving
Ceres bore,

Seeking Proserpina, on that dark
shore

Where only phantoms through the
twilight move.

The more we change, the more is all
the same,

Our last grief was a tale of other
years

Quite outworn, till to our own hearts
it came.

Wishes are pilgrims to the Vale of
Tears.

Our brightest joys are but as airy
shapes

Of cloud, that fade on evening's
glimmering slope ;

And disappointment hawks the
hovering hope

Forever pecking at the painted
grapes.

Why can we not one moment pause,
and cherish

Love, though love turn to tears ?
or for hope's sake

Bless hope, albeit the thing we hope
may perish ?

For happiness is not in what we
take,

But what we give. What matter
though the thing

We cling to most should fail us ?
dust to dust,

It is the *feeling* for the thing,—the
trust

In beauty somewhere, to which souls
should cling.

My youth has failed, if failure lies
in aught

The warm heart dreams, or which
the working hand

Is set to do. I have failed in aidless
thought,

And steadfast purpose, and in self-
command.

I have failed in hope, in health, in
love : failed in the word,

And in the deed too I have failed.
Ah yet,

Albeit with eyes from recent weep-
ings wet,

Sing thou, my Soul, thy psalm unto
the Lord !

The burthen of the desert and the
sea !

The burthen of the vision in the
My threshing-floor, my threshing-
floor ! ah me,

Thy wind hath strewn my corn,
and spoiled the flail !

The burthen of Dumah and of Ded-
anim !

What of the night, O watchman,
of the night ?

The glory of Kedar faileth : and
the might

Of mighty men is minished and dim.

The morning cometh, and the night,
he cries.

The watchman cries the morning,
too, is nigher.

And, if ye would inquire, lift up
your eyes,

Inquire of the Lord, return, in-
quire !

I stand upon the watchtower all day
long :

And all the night long I am set in
Is it thy feet upon the mountains,
Lord ?

I sing against the darkness : hear
my song !

The majesty of Kedar hath been
spoiled :

Bound are the arrows : broken is
the bow.

I come before the Lord with gar-
ments soiled.

The ashes of my life are on my
brow.

Take thou thy harp, and go about
the city.

O daughter of Desire, with gar-
ments torn :

Sing many songs, wake melody,
and mourn,

That thou may'st be remembered
unto pity.

Just, awful God ! here at thy feet I
lay

My life's most precious offering :
dearly bought,

Thou knowest with what toil by
night and day :

Thou knowest the pain, the pas-
sion, and the thought.

I bring thee my youth's failure. I
have spent

My youth upon it. All I have is
here.

Were it worth all it is not, price
more dear

Could I have paid for its accomplish-
ment ?

Yet it is much. If I could say to
thee,

"Acquit me, Judge ; for I am
thus, and thus ;

And have achieved—even so much,"
—should I be

Thus wholly fearless and impetu-
ous

To rush into thy presence ? I might
weigh

The little done against the undone
much :

My merit with thy mercy : and, as
such,

Haggle with pardon for a price to
pay.

But now the fulness of its failure
makes

My spirit fearless ; and despair
grows bold.

My brow, beneath its sad self-knowledge, aches.
 Life's presence passes Thine a thousand-fold
 In contemplated terror. Can I lose
 Aught by that desperate temerity
 Which leaves no choice but to surrender Thee
 My life without condition? Could I choose
 A stipulated sentence, I might ask
 For ceded dalliance to some cherisht vice:
 Or half-remission of some desperate task:
 Now, all I have is hateful. What is the price?
 Speak, Lord! I hear the Fiend's hand at the door.
 Hell's slavery or heaven's service is it the choice?
 How can I palter with the terms?
 O voice,
 Whence do I hear thee . . . "Go: and sin no more"?

No more, no more? But I have kist
 dead white
 The cheek of Vicc. No more the
 harlot hides
 Her loathsomeness of lineament from
 my sight.
 No more within my bosom there
 abides
 Her poisoned perfume. O, the
 witch's mice
 Have eat her scarlet robe and
 diaper,
 And she fares naked! Part from
 her—from her?
 Is this the price, O Lord, is this the
 price?

Yet, though her web be broken,
 bonds, I know,
 Slow custom frames in the strong
 forge of time,
 Which outlast love, and will not wear
 with woe,
 Nor break beneath the cognizance
 of crime.

The witch goes bare. But he,—the
 father fiend,
 That roams the unthrifty furrows
 of my days,
 Yet walks the field of life; and,
 where he strays,
 The husbandry of heaven for hell is
 gleaned.

Lulls are there in man's life which
 are not peace.
 Tumults which are not triumphs.
 Do I take
 The pause of passion for the fiend's
 decease?
 This frost of grief hath numbed
 the drowsing snake;
 Which yet may wake, and sting me
 in the heat
 Of new emotions. What shall bar
 the door
 Against the old familiar, that of
 yore
 Came without call, and sat within
 my seat?

When evening brings its dim grim
 hour again,
 And hell lets loose its dusky brood
 awhile,
 Shall I not find him in the darkness
 then?
 The same subservient and yet insolent
 smile?
 The same indifferent ignominious
 face?
 The same old sense of household
 horror, come
 Like a tame creature, back into its
 home?
 Meeting me, haply, in my wonted
 place,

With the loathed freedom of an un-
 loved mate,
 Or crouching on my pillow as of
 old?
 Knowing I hate him, impotent in
 hate!
 Therefore more subtle, strenuous
 and bold.

Thus ancient habit will usurp young
 will,
 And each new effort rivet the old
 thrall.
 No matter! those who climb must
 count to fall,
 But each new fall will prove them
 climbing still.

O wretched man! the body of this
 death
 Which, groaning in the spirit, I
 yet bear [breath
 On to the end (so that I breathe the
 Of its corruption, even though
 breathing prayer),
 What shall take from me? Must I
 drag forever
 The cold corpse of the life which I
 have killed
 But cannot bury? Must my heart
 be filled
 With the dry dust of every dead en-
 deavor?

For often, at the mid of the long
 night,
 Some devil enters into the dead
 clay,
 And gives it life unnatural in my
 sight. [away,
 The dead man rises up; and roams
 Back to the mouldered mansions of
 the Past:
 And lights a lurid revel in the halls
 Of vacant years; and lifts his
 voice, and calls,
 Till troops of phantoms gather round
 him fast.

Frail gold-haired corpses, in whose
 eyes there lives
 A strange regret too wild to let
 them rest:
 Crowds of pale maidens, who were
 never wives
 And infants that all died upon the
 breast [revelry
 That suckled them. And these make
 Mingled with wailing all the mid-
 night through,

Till the sad day doth with stern
 light renew
 The toiling land, and the complain-
 ing sea.

Full well I know that in this world
 of ours
 The dreadful Commonplace suc-
 ceeds all change;
 We catch at times a gleam of flying
 powers
 That pass in storm some windy
 mountain range:
 But, while we gaze, the cloud returns
 o'er all.
 And each, to guide him up the
 devious height,
 Must take, and bless, whatever
 earthly light
 From household hearths, or shep-
 herd fires, may fall.

This wave, that groans and writhes
 upon the beach,
 To-morrow will submit itself to
 calm; [of reach,
 That wind that rushes, moaning, out
 Will die anon beneath some breath-
 less palm;
 These tears, these sighs, these mo-
 tions of the soul,
 This inexpressible pining of the
 mind,
 The stern indifferent laws of life
 shall bind,
 And fix forever in their old control.

Behold this half-tamed universe of
 things!
 That cannot break, nor wholly
 bear, its chain.
 Its heart by fits grows wild: it leaps,
 it springs;
 Then the chain galls, and kennels
 it again.

If man were formed with all his
 faculties
 For sorrow, I should sorrow for
 him less. [stress
 Considering a life so brief, the
 Of its short passion I might well
 despise:

But all man's faculties are for delight ;
 But all man's life is compassed with what seems
 Framed for enjoyment : but from all that sight
 And sense reveal a magic murmur streams
 Into man's heart, which says, or seems to say,
 "Be happy !" . . . and the heart of man replies,
 "Leave happiness to brutes : I would be wise :
 Give me, not peace, but science, glory, art."
 Therefore, age, sickness, and mortality [pain :
 Are but the lightest portion of his
 Therefore, shut out from joy, incessantly
 Death finds him toiling at a task that's vain. have :
 I weep the want of all he pines for
 I weep the loss of all he leaves behind :—
 Contentment, and repose, and peace of mind,
 Pawned for the purchase of a little grave :
 I weep the hundred centuries of time ;
 I weep the millions that have squandered them
 In error, doubt, anxiety, and crime,
 Here, where the free birds sing from leaf and stem :
 I weep . . . but what are tears ?
 What I deplore
 I knew not, half a hundred years ago :
 And half a hundred years from hence, I know
 That what I weep for I shall know no more.
 The spirit of that wide and leafless wind
 That wanders o'er the uncompanioned sea,

Searching for what it never seems to find,
 Stirred in my hair, and moved my heart in me,
 To follow it, far over land and main :
 And everywhere over this earth's scarred face
 The footsteps of a God I seemed to trace ;
 But everywhere steps of a God in pain.
 If, haply, he that made this heart of mine,
 Himself in sorrow walked the world erewhile,
 What then am I, to marvel or repine
 That I go mourning ever in the smile
 Of universal nature, searching ever
 The phantom of a joy which here I miss ?
 My heart inhabits other worlds than this,
 Therefore my search is here a vain endeavor.
 Methought, . . . (it was the midnight of my soul,
 Déad midnight) that I stood on Calvary :
 I found the cross, but not the Christ.
 The whole
 Of heaven was dark : and I went bitterly
 Weeping, because I found him not.
 Methought, . . .
 (It was the twilight of the dawn and mist)
 I stood before the sepulchre of Christ :
 The sepulchre was vacant, void of aught
 Saving the cere-clothes of the grave, which were
 Upfolden straight and empty : bitterly
 Weeping I stood, because not even there
 I found him. Then a voice spake unto me,

"Whom seekest thou ? Why is thy heart dismayed ?
 Jesus of Nazareth, he is not here :
 Behold, the Lord is risen. Be of cheer :
 Approach, behold the place where he was laid."
 And while he spake, the sunrise smote the world.
 "Go forth, and tell thy brethren," spake the voice :
 "The Lord is risen." Suddenly unfurled,
 The whole unclouded Orient did rejoice
 In glory. Wherefore should I mourn that here
 My heart feels vacant of what most it needs ?
 Christ is risen ! . . . the cere-clothes and the weeds
 That wrapped him lying in his sepulchre
 Of earth, he hath abandoned ; being gone
 Back into heaven, where we too must turn
 Our gaze to find him. Pour, O risen Sun
 Of Righteousness, the light for which I yearn
 Upon the darkness of this mortal hour,
 This track of night in which I walk forlorn :
 Behold the night is now far spent.
 The morn
 Breaks, breaking from afar through a night shower.

All single sweetnesss in one sweet face.
 I could not build it worthy her mute merit,
 Nor worthy her white brows and holy eyes,
 Nor worthy of her perfect and pure spirit,
 Nor of my own immortal memories.
 But as some wrapt artificer of old,
 To enshrine the ashes of a virgin saint,
 Might scheme to work with ivory, and fine gold,
 And carven gems, and legended and quaint
 Seraphic heraldries ; searching far lands,
 Orient and occident, for all things rare,
 To consecrate the toil of reverent hands,
 And make his labor, like her virtue, fair ;
 Knowing no beauty beautiful as she,
 And all his labor void, but to beguile
 A sacred sorrow ; so I worked. Ah, see
 Here are the fragments of my shattered pile !
 I keep them, and the flowers that sprang between
 Their broken workmanship—the flowers and weeds !
 Sleep soft among the violets, O my Queen,—
 Lie calm among my ruined thoughts and deeds.

EPILOGUE.

PART I.

CHANGE without term, and strife without result,
 Persons that pass, and shadows that remain,
 One strange, impenetrable, and occult

REQUIESCAT.
 I SOUGHT to build a deathless monument
 To my dead love. Therein I meant to place
 All precious things, and rare : as Nature blent