

By virtue of a sense which lets us in
To know its troubles ere they have been told,
And take them home and lull them into rest
With mournfullest music. Time is given to us, —
Time past, time future. Who, good sooth, beside
Have seen it well, have walked this empty world
When she went steaming, and from pulpy hills
Have marked the spurting of their flamy crowns?

Have not we seen the tabernacle pitched,
And peered between the linen curtains, blue,
Purple, and scarlet, at the dimness there,
And, frightened, have not dared to look again?
But, quaint antiquity! beheld, we thought,
A chest that might have held the manna pot,
And Aaron's rod that budded. Ay, we leaned
Over the edge of Britain, while the fleet
Of Cæsar loomed and neared; then, afterwards,
We saw fair Venice looking at herself
In the glass below her, while her Doge went forth
In all his bravery to the wedding.

This,

However, counts for nothing to the grace
We wot of in time future: — therefore add,
And afterwards have done: "*Hence we may learn,*"
That though it be a grand and comely thing
To be unhappy — (and we think it is,
Because so many grand and clever folk
Have found out reasons for unhappiness,
And talked about uncomfortable things, —
Low motives, bores, and shams, and hollowness,
The hollowness o' the world, till we at last
Have scarcely dared to jump or stamp, for fear,
Being so hollow, it should break some day,
And let us in), — yet, since we are not grand,
O, not at all, and as for cleverness,

That may be or may not be, — it is well
For us to be as happy as we can!

Agreed: and with a word to the noble sex,
As thus: We pray you carry not your guns
On the full-cock; we pray you set your pride
In its proper place, and never be ashamed
Of any honest calling, — let us add,
And end: For all the rest, hold up your heads
And mind your English.

SONGS WITH PRELUDES.

WEDLOCK.

THE sun was streaming in: I woke, and said,
"Where is my wife, — that has been made my wife
Only this year?" The casement stood ajar:
I did but lift my head: The pear-tree dropped,
The great white pear-tree dropped with dew from
leaves
And blossom, under heavens of happy blue.

My wife had wakened first, and had gone down
Into the orchard. All the air was calm;
Audible humming filled it. At the roots
Of peony bushes lay in rose-red heaps,
Or snowy, fallen bloom. The crag-like hills
Were tossing down their silver messengers,
And two brown foreigners, called cuckoo-birds,
Gave them good answer; all things else were mute:
An idle world lay listening to their talk,
They had it to themselves.

What ails my wife?
 I know not if aught ails her; though her step
 Tell of a conscious quiet, lest I wake.
 She moves atween the almond-boughs, and bends
 One thick with bloom to look on it. "O love!
 A little while thou hast withdrawn thyself,
 At unaware to think thy thoughts alone:
 How sweet, and yet pathetic to my heart
 The reason. Ah! thou art no more thine own.
 Mine, mine, O love! Tears gather 'neath my lids, —
 Sorrowful tears for thy lost liberty,
 Because it was so sweet. Thy liberty,
 That yet, O love, thou wouldst not have again.
 No; all is right. But who can give, or bless,
 Or take a blessing, but there comes withal
 Some pain?"

She walks beside the lily bed,
 And holds apart her gown; she would not hurt
 The leaf-enfolded buds, that have not looked
 Yet on the daylight. O, thy locks are brown, —
 Fairest of colors! — and a darker brown
 The beautiful, dear, veiled, modest eyes.
 A bloom as of blush roses covers her [with her,
 Forehead, and throat, and cheek. Health breathes
 And graceful vigor. Fair and wondrous soul!
 To think that thou art mine!

My wife came in,
 And moved into the chamber. As for me,
 I heard, but lay as one that nothing hears,
 And feigned to be asleep.

I.

The racing river leaped, and sang
 Full blithely in the perfect weather,
 All round the mountain echoes rang,
 For blue and green were glad together.

II.

This rained out light from every part,
 And that with songs of joy was thrilling;
 But in the hollow of my heart,
 There ached a place that wanted filling.

III.

Before the road and river meet,
 And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,
 I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
 And paused to like it, and to listen.

IV.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
 The cushat's note, the bee's low humming, —
 Then turned the hedge, and did not know, —
 How could I? — that my time was coming.

V.

A girl upon the nighest stone,
 Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
 So far the shallow flood had flown
 Beyond the 'customed leap of landing.

VI.

She knew not any need of me,
 Yet me she waited all unweeting;
 We thought not I had crossed the sea,
 And half the sphere to give her meeting.

VII.

I waded out, her eyes I met.
 I wished the moments had been hours;
 I took her in my arms, and set
 Her dainty feet among the flowers.

VIII.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,
 Ah! still, methinks, I hear them calling;
 The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
 The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

IX.

But now it is a year ago,
 But now possession crowns endeavor;
 I took her in my heart, to grow
 And fill the hollow place forever.

REGRET.

O THAT WORD REGRET!
 There have been nights and morns when we have
 sighed,

“Let us alone, Regret! We are content
 To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
 For aye.” But it is patient, and it wakes;
 It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep,
 But plaineth on the bed that it is hard.

We did amiss when we did wish it gone
 And over: sorrows humanize our race;
 Tears are the showers that fertilize this world,
 And memory of things precious keepeth warm
 The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
 That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
 Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
 Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.
 For life is one, and in its warp and woof
 There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair.

And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
 Where there are sombre colors. It is true
 That we have wept. But O! this thread of gold,
 We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
 Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
 And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
 That memory is possession.

I.

When I remember something which I had,
 But which is gone, and I must do without,
 I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
 Even in crowslip time when hedges sprout;
 It makes me sigh to think on it, — but yet
 My days will not be better days, should I forget.

II.

When I remember something promised me,
 But which I never had, nor can have now,
 Because the promiser we no more see
 In countries that accord with mortal vow;
 When I remember this, I mourn, — but yet
 My happier days are not the days when I forget.

LAMENTATION.

I READ upon that book,
 Which down the golden gulf doth let us look
 On the sweet days of pastoral majesty;
 I read upon that book
 How, when the Shepherd Prince did flee
 (Red Esau's twin), he desolate took
 The stone for a pillow: then he fell on sleep.
 And lo! there was a ladder. Lo! there hung

A ladder from the star-place, and it clung
To the earth: it tied her so to heaven; and O!

There fluttered wings;
Then were ascending and descending things

That stepped to him where he lay low;
Then up the ladder would a-drifting go
This feathered brood of heaven, and show
Small as white flakes in winter that are blown
Together, underneath the great white throne.

When I had shut the book, I said:
"Now, as for me, my dreams upon my bed
Are not like Jacob's dream;
Yet I have got it in my life; yes, I,
And many more: it doth not us beseeem,
Therefore, to sigh.

Is there not hung a ladder in our sky?
Yea; and, moreover, all the way up on high
Is thickly peopled with the prayers of men.

We have no dream! What then?
Like wingèd wayfarers the height they scale
(By Him that offers them they shall prevail)—
The prayers of men.

But where is found a prayer for me;
How should I pray?

My heart is sick, and full of strife.
I heard one whisper with departing breath,
'Suffer us not, for any pains of death,
To fall from Thee.'

But O, the pains of life! the pains of life!
There is no comfort now, and naught to win,
But yet, — I will begin."

I.

"Preserve to me my wealth," I do not say,
For that is wasted away;
And much of it was cankered ere it went.

"Preserve to me my health," I cannot say,
For that, upon a day,
Went after other delights to banishment.

II.

What can I pray? "Give me forgetfulness?"
No, I would still possess
Past away smiles, though present fronts be stern.
"Give me again my kindred?" Nay; not so,
Not idle prayers. We know
They that have crossed the river cannot return.

III.

I do not pray, "Comfort me! comfort me!"
For how should comfort be?
O — O that cooling mouth, — that little white head!
No; but I pray, "If it be net too late,
Open to me the gate,
That I may find my babe when I am dead.

IV.

"Show me the path. I had forgotten Thee
When I was happy and free,
Walking down here in the gladsome light o' the sun;
But now I come and mourn; O set my feet
In the road to Thy blest seat,
And for the rest, O God, Thy will be done."

DOMINION.

WHEN found the rose delight in her fair hue?
Color is nothing to this world; 'tis I
That see it. Farther, I discover soul,
That trees are nothing to their fellow-trees;

It is but I that love their stateliness,
 And I that, comforting my heart, do sit,
 At noon beneath their shadow. I will step
 On the ledges of this world, for it is mine;
 But the other world ye wot of shall go too,
 I will carry it in my bosom. O my world,
 That was not built with clay!

Consider it
 (This outer world we tread on) as a harp, —
 A gracious instrument on whose fair strings
 We learn those airs we shall be set to play
 When mortal hours are ended. Let the wings,
 Man, of thy spirit move on it as wind,
 And draw forth melody. Why shouldst thou yet
 Lie grovelling? More is won than e'er was lost:
 Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night
 A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise
 Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,
 Shake off the dew and soar.

So take Joy home,
 And make a place in thy great heart for her,
 And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
 Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
 When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
 Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
 It is a comely fashion to be glad, —
 Joy is the grace we say to God.

Art tired?
 There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?
 There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head,
 The lovely world, and the over-world alike,
 Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,
 "THY FATHER LOVES THEE."

I.

Yon moorèd mackerel fleet
 Hangs thick as a swarm of bees,
 Or a clustering village street
 Foundationless built on the seas.

II.

The mariners ply their craft,
 Each set in his castle frail;
 His care is all for the draught,
 And he dries the rain-beaten sail.

III.

For rain came down in the night
 And thunder muttered full oft,
 But now the azure is bright,
 And hawks are wheeling aloft.

IV.

I take the land to my breast,
 In her coat with daisies fine;
 For me are the hills in their best,
 And all that's made is mine.

V.

Sing high! "Though the red sun dip,
 There yet is a day for me;
 Nor youth I count for a ship
 That long ago foundered at sea.

VI.

"Did the lost love die and depart?
 Many times since we have met;
 For I hold the years in my heart,
 And all that was — is yet.

VII.

“ I grant to the king his reign ;
 Let us yield him homage due ;
 But over the lands there are twain,
 O king, I must rule as you.

VIII.

“ I grant to the wise his meed,
 But his yoke I will not brook,
 For God taught me to read, —
 He lent me the world for a book.”

— ◆ —

 FRIENDSHIP.

ON A SUN-PORTRAIT OF HER HUSBAND, SENT BY HIS
 WIFE TO THEIR FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL eyes, — and shall I see no more
 The living thought when it would leap from them,
 And play in all its sweetness 'neath their lids?

Here was a man familiar with fair heights
 That poets climb. Upon his peace the tears
 And troubles of our race deep inroads made,
 Yet life was sweet to him ; he kept his heart
 At home. Who saw his wife might well have
 thought, —

“ God loves this man. He chose a wife for him, —
 The true one ! ” O sweet eyes, that seem to live,
 I know so much of you, tell me the rest !
 Eyes full of fatherhood and tender care
 For small, young children. Is a message here
 That you would fain have sent, but had not time ?
 If such there be, I promise, by long love
 And perfect friendship, by all trust that comes
 Of understanding, that I will not fail,
 No, nor delay to find it.

O, my heart

Will often pain me as for some strange fault, —
 Some grave defect in nature, — when I think
 How I, delighted, 'neath those olive-trees,
 Moved to the music of the tideless main,
 While, with sore weeping, in an island home
 They laid that much-loved head beneath the sod,
 And I did not know.

I.

I stand on the bridge where last we stood
 When young leaves played at their best.
 The children called us from yonder wood,
 And rock-doves crooned on the nest.

II.

Ah, yet you call, — in your gladness call, —
 And I hear your pattering feet ;
 It does not matter, matter at all,
 You fatherless children sweet, —

III.

It does not matter at all to you,
 Young hearts that pleasure besets ;
 The father sleeps, but the world is new,
 The child of his love forgets.

IV.

I too, it may be, before they drop,
 The leaves that flicker to-day,
 Ere bountiful gleams make ripe the crop,
 Shall pass from my place away :

V.

Ere yon gray eygnet puts on her white,
 Or snow lies soft on the wold,
 Shall shut these eyes on the lovely light,
 And leave the story untold.

VI.

Shall I tell it there? Ah, let that be,
 For the warm pulse beats so high;
 To love to-day, and to breathe and see, —
 To-morrow perhaps to die, —

VII.

Leave it with God. But this I have known,
 That sorrow is over soon;
 Some in dark nights, sore weeping alone,
 Forget by full of the moon.

VIII.

But if all loved, as the few can love,
 This world would seldom be well;
 And who need wish, if he dwells above,
 For a deep, a long death-knell.

IX.

There are four or five, who, passing this place
 While they live will name me yet;
 And when I am gone will think on my face,
 And feel a kind of regret.

WINSTANLEY.

THE APOLOGY.

Quoth the cedar to the reeds and rushes,
“Water-grass, you know not what I do;
Know not of my storms, nor of my hushes,
And — I know not you.”

Quoth the reeds and rushes, “Wind! O waken!
Breathe, O wind, and set our answer free,
For we have no voice, of you forsaken,
For the cedar-tree.”

Quoth the earth at midnight to the ocean,
“Wilderness of water, lost to view,
Naught you are to me but sounds of motion;
I am naught to you.”

Quoth the ocean, “Dawn! O fairest, clearest,
Touch me with thy golden fingers bland;
For I have no smile till thou appearest
For the lovely land.”

Quoth the hero, dying, whelmed in glory,
“Many blame me, few have understood;
Ah, my folk, to you I leave a story, —
Make its meaning good.”

Quoth the folk, “Sing, poet! teach us, prove us,
Surely we shall learn the meaning then;
Wound us with a pain divine, O move us,
For this man of men.”

WINSTANLEY'S deed, you kindly folk,
 With it I fill my lay,
 And a nobler man ne'er walked the world,
 Let his name be what it may.

The good ship “Snowdrop” tarried long,
 Up at the vane looked he;
 “Belike,” he said, for the wind had dropped,
 “Sh' lieth becalmed at sea.”

The lovely ladies flocked within,
 And still would each one say,
 “Good mercer, be the ships come up?”
 But still he answered “Nay.”

Then stepped two mariners down the street,
With looks of grief and fear ;

“ Now, if Winstanley be your name,
We bring you evil cheer !

“ For the good ship ‘ Snowdrop ’ struck — she
struck

On the rock, — the Eddystone,
And down she went with threescore men,
We two being left alone.

“ Down in the deep, with freight and crew,
Past any help she lies,
And never a bale has come to shore
Of all thy merchandise.”

“ For cloth o’ gold and comely frieze,”
Winstanley said, and sighed,
“ For velvet coif, or costly coat,
They fathoms deep may bide.

“ O thou brave skipper, blithe and kind,
O mariners, bold and true,
Sorry at heart, right sorry am I,
A-thinking of yours and you.

“ Many long days Winstanley’s breast
Shall feel a weight within,
For a waft of wind he shall be ’feared
And trading count but sin.

“ To him no more it shall be joy
To pace the cheerful town,
And see the lovely ladies gay
Step on in velvet gown.”

The “ Snowdrop ” sank at Lammas tide,
All under the yeasty spray ;
On Christmas Eve the brig “ Content ”
Was also cast away.

He little thought o’ New Year’s night,
So jolly as he sat then,
While drank the toast and praised the roast
The round-faced Aldermen, —

While serving-lads ran to and fro,
Pouring the ruby wine,
And jellies trembled on the board,
And towering pasties fine, —

While loud huzzas ran up the roof
Till the lamps did rock o’erhead,
And holly boughs from rafters hung
Dropped down their berries red, —

He little thought on Plymouth Hoe,
With every rising tide,
How the wave washed in his sailor lads,
And laid them side by side.

There stepped a stranger to the board :
“ Now, stranger, who be ye ? ”
He looked to right, he looked to left,
And “ Rest you merry,” quoth he ;

“ For you did not see the brig go down,
Or ever a storm had blown ;
For you did not see the white wave rear
At the rock, — the Eddystone.

“ She drave at the rock with sternsails set ;
Crash went the masts in twain ;
She staggered back with her mortal blow,
Then leaped at it again.

“ There rose a great cry, bitter and strong,
The misty moon looked out!
And the water swarmed with seamen’s heads,
And the wreck was strewed about.”

“ I saw her mainsail lash the sea
As I clung to the rock alone;
Then she heeled over, and down she went,
And sank like any stone.”

“ She was a fair ship, but all’s one!
For naught could bide the shock.”
“ I will take horse,” Winstanley said,
“ And see this deadly rock ;

“ For never again shall bark o’ mine
Sail over the windy sea,
Unless, by the blessing of God, for this
Be found a remedy.”

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town
All in the sleet and the snow,
And he looked around on shore and sound
As he stood on Plymouth Hoe,

Till a pillar of spray rose far away,
And shot up its stately head,
Reared and fell over, and reared again:
“ ’Tis the rock! the rock!” he said.

Straight to the Mayor he took his way,
“ Good Master Mayor,” quoth he,
“ I am a mercer of London town,
And owner of vessels three, —

“ But for your rock of dark renown,
I had five to track the main.”
“ You are one of many,” the old Mayor said.
“ That on the rock complain.”

“ An ill rock, mercer! your words ring right,
Well with my thoughts they chime,
For my two sons to the world to come
It sent before their time.”

“ Lend me a lighter, good Master Mayor,
And a score of shipwrights free,
For I think to raise a lantern tower
On this rock o’ destiny.”

The old Mayor laughed, but sighed also;
“ Ah, youth,” quoth he, “ is rash;
Sooner, young man, thou’lt root it out
From the sea that doth it lash.

“ Who sails too near its jagged teeth,
He shall have evil lot;
For the calmest seas that tumble there
Froth like a boiling pot.”

“ And the heavier seas few look on nigh,
But straight they lay him dead;
A seventy-gun-ship, sir! — they’ll shoot
Higher than her mast-head.

“ O, beacons sighted in the dark,
They are right welcome things,
And pitchpots flaming on the shore
Show fair as angel wings.

“ Hast gold in hand? then light the land,
It ’longs to thee and me;
But let alone the deadly rock
In God Almighty’s sea.”

Yet said he, “ Nay, — I must away,
On the rock to set my feet;
My debts are paid, my will I made,
Or ever I did thee greet.”

"If I must die, then let me die
By the rock and not elsewhere;
If I may live, O let me live
To mount my lighthouse stair."

The old Mayor looked him in the face,
And answered: "Have thy way;
Thy heart is stout, as if round about
It was braced with an iron stay:

"Have thy will, mercer! choose thy men,
Put off from the storm-rid shore;
God with thee be, or I shall see
Thy face and theirs no more."

Heavily plunged the breaking wave,
And foam flew up the lea,
Morning and even the drifted snow
Fell into the dark gray sea.

Winstanley chose him men and gear;
He said, "My time I waste,"
For the seas ran seething up the shore,
And the wrack drave on in haste.

But twenty years he waited and more,
Pacing the strand alone,
Or ever he set his manly foot
On the rock, — the Eddystone.

Then he and the sea began their strife,
And worked with power and might:
Whatever the man reared up by day
The sea broke down by night.

He wrought at ebb with bar and beam,
He sailed to shore at flow;
And at his side, by that same tide,
Came bar and beam alsò.

"Give in, give in," the old Mayor cried,
"Or thou wilt rue the day."
"Yonder he goes," the townsfolk sighed,
"But the rock will have its way."

"For all his looks that are so stout,
And his speeches brave and fair,
He may wait on the wind, wait on the wave,
But he'll build no lighthouse there."

In fine weather and foul weather
The rock his arts did flout,
Through the long days and the short days,
Till all that year ran out.

With fine weather and foul weather
Another year came in;
"To take his wage," the workman said,
"We almost count a sin."

Now March was gone, came April in,
And a sea-fog settled down,
And forth sailed he on a glassy sea,
He sailed from Plymouth town.

With men and stores he put to sea,
As he was wont to do;
They showed in the fog like ghosts full faint, —
A ghostly craft and crew.

And the sea-fog lay and waxed away,
For a long eight days and more;
"God help our men," quoth the women then;
"For they bide long from shore."

They paced the Hoe in doubt and dread:
"Where may our mariners be?"
But the brooding fog lay soft as down
Over the quiet sea,

A Scottish schooner made the port,
 The thirteenth day at e'en :
 "As I am a man," the captain cried,
 "A strange sight I have seen :
 "And a strange sound heard, my masters all,
 At sea, in the fog and the rain,
 Like shipwrights' hammers tapping low,
 Then loud, then low again.
 "And a stately house one instant showed,
 Through a rift, on the vessel's lee ;
 What manner of creatures may be those
 That build upon the sea?"
 Then sighed the folk, "The Lord be praised !"
 And they flocked to the shore amain ;
 All over the Hoe, that livelong night,
 Many stood out in the rain.
 It ceased, and the red sun reared his head,
 And the rolling fog did flee ;
 And, lo ! in the offing faint and far
 Winstanley's house at sea !
 In fair weather with mirth and cheer
 The stately tower arose ;
 In foul weather, with hunger and cold,
 They were content to close ;
 Till up the stair Winstanley went,
 To fire the wick afar ;
 And Plymouth in the silent night
 Looked out, and saw her star.
 Winstanley set his foot ashore :
 Said he, "My work is done ;
 I hold it strong to last as long
 As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail, as fail it may,
 Borne down with ruin and rout,
 Another than I shall rear it high,
 And brace the girders stout.
 "A better than I shall rear it high,
 For now the way is plain,
 And though I were dead," Winstanley said,
 "The light would shine again.
 "Yet were I fain still to remain,
 Watch in my tower to keep,
 And tend my light in the stormiest night
 That ever did move the deep ;
 "And if it stood, why, then, 'twere good,
 Amid their tremulous stirs,
 To count each stroke, when the mad waves broke
 For cheers of mariners.
 "But if it fell, then this were well,
 That I should with it fall ;
 Since, for my part, I have built my hearth
 In the courses of its wall.
 "Ay ! I were fain, long to remain,
 Watch in my tower to keep,
 And tend my light in the stormiest night
 That ever did move the deep."
 With that Winstanley went his way,
 And left the rock renowned,
 And summer and winter his pilot star
 Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.
 But it fell out, fell out at last,
 That he would put to sea,
 To scan once more his lighthouse tower
 On the rock o' destiny.

And the winds broke, and the storm broke,
 And wrecks came plunging in ;
 None in the town that night lay down
 Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling graves,
 And each flung up its dead ;
 The seething flow was white below,
 And black the sky o'erhead.

And when the dawn, the dull, gray dawn,
 Broke on the trembling town,
 And men looked south to the harbor mouth,
 The lighthouse tower was down, —

Down in the deep where he doth sleep
 Who made it shine afar,
 And then in the night that drowned its light ;
 Set, with his pilot star.

*Many fair tombs in the glorious glooms
 At Westminster they show ;
 The brave and the great lie there in state :
 Winstanley lieth low.*

THE
 MONITIONS OF THE UNSEEN.

THE MONITIONS OF THE UNSEEN.

There are who give themselves to work for men
 To raise the lost, to gather orphaned babes
 And teach them, pitying of their mean estate,
 To feel for misery, and to look on crime
 With ruth, till they forget that they themselves

THE

MONITIONS OF THE UNSEEN.

Are of the race, themselves among the crowd
 Under the remembrance and outside the gate,
 Cold is the world, they feel how cold it is,
 And wish that they could warm it — Hard a life
 For some. . . . They would that they could soften it ;
 And, in the doing of their work, they sigh
 As if it was their choice and not their lot ;
 And, in the raising of their prayer to God,
 They crave His kindness for the world He made,
 Till they, at last, forget that He, not they,
 Is the true lover of man.

Now, in an ancient town, that had sunk low, —
 Trade having drifted from it, while there stayed
 Too many, that it erst had fed, behind, —
 There walked a creature once, at early day.

It was the summer-time ; but summer air
 Came never, in its sweetness, down that dark
 And crowded alley, — never reached the door
 Whereat he stopped, — the sordid, shattered door.