

endeavor to misrepresent our real condition, either by concealing its gravity, by extolling our liberty, or by affirming that our authority is subject to no one; for, to sum up all in a few words, the Church of God in Italy is suffering violence and persecution, and the Vicar of Christ has neither liberty nor the free and full use of his power.

10. We therefore think it opportune', and We greatly desire, that the bishops, who in many ways have constantly shown their union in the defence of the rights of the Church, and their devotedness to this Apostolic See, should call upon the faithful under their jurisdiction to make every effort, as far as the laws of each country may permit, to induce their governments not only to examine carefully the serious condition of the Head of the Catholic Church, but also to take such measures as may ensure the removal of the obstacles which restrict his true and perfect *independence*. But as Almighty God alone can enlighten the minds and move the hearts of men, We beseech you, Venerable Brethren, to pray to Him fervently at this time; and We earnestly exhort the pastors of all Catholic peoples to assemble the faithful in the sacred temples, there to pray humbly and fervently for the safety of the Church, for the conversion of our enemies, and for the cessation of such great and widespread evils. And God, who is well pleased with those who fear Him and hope in His mercy, will, We firmly believe, hear the prayer of His people when they cry to Him.

11. Let us, Venerable Brethren, be strengthened in the Lord and in the might of His power; and putting on the armor of God, the breastplate of justice, and the shield of faith, let us fight strenuously and bravely against the power of darkness and the wickedness of this world. Already the spirit of disturbance and disorder threatens, like a torrent, to carry every thing before it; and not a few of the authors or promoters of the Revolution look back with terror on the effects of their work. God is with us, and will be with us till the end of the world. Let those fear of whom it is written: "I have seen those who work iniquity, and sow sorrows and reap them, perishing by the blast of God, and consumed by the spirit of His wrath."<sup>1</sup> But

<sup>1</sup> Job, ch. iv, vs. 8, 9.

the mercy and the help of God are with those who fear Him, and who fight in His name, and hope in His power; and it is not to be doubted that, when the cause is His and the battle is His, He will lead the combatants to victory.

## SECTION XXIII.

### I.

#### 100. INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem appareled in celestial light—  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore;  
Turn whereso'er I may, by night or day,  
The things which I have seen, I now can see no more,

2. The rainbow comes and goes, and lovely is the rose;  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.
3. Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief;  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong.  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep—  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.  
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;  
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea give themselves up to jollity;

And with the heart of May dóth every beast keep holiday ;  
 Thou child of joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shep-  
 herd boy !

4. Ye blessèd creatures ! I have heard the call

Ye to each other make ; I see  
 The heavens läugh with you in your jubilee ;  
 My heart is at your festival, my head hath its cōronal—  
 The fullness of your bliss I feel, I feel it all.

O evil day ! if I were sullen  
 While Earth herself is adorning, this sweet May-morning,  
 And the children are culling

On every side, in a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm—  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !

—But there's a tree, of many one,  
 A single field which I have looked upon—  
 Bóth of them speak of something that is gōne ;  
 The pansy at my feet doth the same tale repeat.  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glōry and the dream ?

5. Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,

And comèth from afar.

Not in entire forgètfulness, and not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glōry, do we come  
 From Gōd, who is our hōme.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing boy ;  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—  
 He sees it in his joy.

The youth, who daily farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is nature's priest,  
 And by the vision splendid is on his way attended :

At length the man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

6. Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.  
 Yéarnings she hath in her own natural kind ;  
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely nūrse doth all she can  
 To make her foster-child, her inmate man,  
 Forgèt the glōries he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

7. Behold the child among his new-born blisses—  
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size !

See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes !

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art—

A wedding or a festival, a mōurning or a funeral—  
 And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his sōng.

Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
 But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,  
 And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part—  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
 That life brings with her in her équipage ;  
 As if his whōle vocation were endless imitation.

8. Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 Thy soul's immensity !

Thou best philōsopher, who yèt dóst keep  
 Thy heritage ! thou eye among the blind,  
 That, dēaf and silent, rēad'st the eternal deep  
 Hāunted for ever by the eternal mind—

Mighty prophet! Seer blest,  
 On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave!  
 Thou over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A presence which is not to be put by!  
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

9. O joy! that in our embers is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers what was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest—  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—  
 Not for these I raise the song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings,  
 Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised—

10. But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing,  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,  
 To perish never—  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
 Nor man nor boy, nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
 Hence in a season of calm weather,  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 Which brought us hither—can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

11. Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
 And let the young lambs bound as to the tabor's sound!  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May!  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower—  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind:  
 In the primal sympathy which, having been, must ever be;  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring out of human suffering;  
 In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

12. And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
 I only have relinquished one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
 Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, one of the greatest of modern English poets, was born at Cocker-mouth, Cumberland county, England, April 7, 1770. He read much in boyhood, and wrote some verses. He received his early education at the endowed school of Hawkshead; entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787, and graduated in 1791. He died April 23, 1850. He was for some years poet-laureate of England—an office since held by Alfred Tennyson.

## II.

## 101. AT THE GRAVE.

AND do our loves all perish with our frames?  
 Do those that took their root and put forth buds,  
 And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth  
 Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,  
 Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers?  
 Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech  
 And make it send forth winning harmonies—  
 That to the cheek do give its living glow,  
 And vision in the eye the soul intense  
 With that for which there is no utterance—  
 Are these the body's accidents?—no more?  
 To live in it, and, when that dies, go out  
 Like the burnt taper's flame?

2

O, listen, man,  
 A voice within us speaks the startling word,  
 "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices  
 Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,  
 By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars  
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still

The song of our great immortality:  
 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,  
 Join in this solemn, universal song.

3. O, listen ye, our spirits; drink it in  
 From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;  
 'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,  
 Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step  
 Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:  
 Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,  
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,  
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touched  
 By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords  
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
 The dying hear it; and, as sounds of earth  
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.
4. Why call we, then, the square-built monument,  
 The upright column, and the low-laid slab,  
 Tokens of death, memorials of decay?  
 Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,  
 And learn thy proper nature; for thou seest,  
 In these shaped stones and lettered tablets, figures  
 Of life. Then be they to thy soul as those  
 Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with God  
 Brought to the old Judeans—types are these  
 Of thine eternity.
5. I thank Thee, Father,  
 That at this simple grave, on which the dawn  
 Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath  
 No close, Thou kindly unto my dark mind  
 Hast sent a sacred light, and that away  
 From this green hillock, whither I had come  
 In sorrow, Thou art leading me in joy.

R. H. DANA

## III.

## 102. THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

## PART FIRST.

GERONTIUS. Jesu,<sup>1</sup> Maria—I am near to death,  
 And Thou art calling me; I know it now.  
 Not by the token of this faltering breath,  
 This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow—  
 (Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)  
 'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,  
 (Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)  
 That I am going, that I am no more.  
 'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,  
 (Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee,)  
 This emptying out of each constituent  
 And natural force by which I come to be.  
 Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant  
 Is knocking his dire summons at my door,  
 The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,  
 Has never, never come to me before;  
 'Tis death—O loving friends, your prayers!—'tis he!  
 As though my very being had given way,  
 As though I was no more a substance now,  
 And could fall back on nought to be my stay,  
 (Help, loving Lord! Thou, my sole Refuge, Thou,)  
 And turn no whither, but must needs decay  
 And drop from out this universal frame  
 Into that shapeless, hopeless, blank abyss,  
 That utter nothingness, of which I came:  
 This is it that has come to pass in me;  
 O horror! this it is, my dearest, this;  
 So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.

*Assistants.* Kyr'ie ele'ison, Chris'te eleison, Kyrie eleison,  
 Holy Mary, pray for him.  
 All holy Angels, pray for him.

<sup>1</sup> Jesu (yā'zu).

Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.  
 Holy Abraham, pray for him.  
 St. John Baptist, St. Joseph, pray for him.  
 St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. John,  
 All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.  
 All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.  
 All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,  
 All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,  
 All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

*Geron.* Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man;  
 And through such waning span  
 Of life and thought as still has to be trod,  
 Prepare to meet thy God.  
 And while the storm of that bewilderment  
 Is for a season spent,  
 And, ere<sup>1</sup> afresh the ruin on thee fall,  
 Use well the interval.

*Assist.* Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.  
 Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.  
 From the sins that are past;  
 From Thy frown and Thine ire;  
 From the perils of dying;  
 From any complying  
 With sin, or denying  
 His God, or relying  
 On self, at the last;  
 From the nethermost fire;  
 From all that is evil;  
 From power of the devil;  
 Thy servant deliver,  
 For once and for ever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,  
 Rescue him from endless loss;  
 By Thy death and burial,  
 Save him from a final fall;

<sup>1</sup> Ere (âr), before.

By Thy rising from the tomb,  
By Thy mounting up above,  
By the Spirit's gracious love,  
Save him in the day of doom.

Geron.

Sānc'tus for'tis, sanctus De'us,  
De profūn'dis oro te,  
Mi'sere're, Judex (yu'dex) me'us,  
Pār'ce mi'hī, Dōm'ine.<sup>1</sup>  
Firmly I believe and truly  
God is Three, and God is One;  
And I next acknowledge duly  
Manhood taken by the Son.  
And I trust and hope most fully  
In that Manhood crucified;  
And each thought and deed unruļy  
Do to death, as He has died.  
Simply to His grace and whōlly  
Light and life and strength belong.  
And I love, supremely, solely,  
Him the holy, Him the strong.  
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.

And I hold in veneration,  
For the love of Him alone,  
Holy Church, as His creation,  
And her teachings, as His own.  
And I take with joy whatever  
Now besets me, pain or fear,  
And with a strong will I sever  
All the ties which bind me here.  
Adoration āye be given,  
With and through the angelic host,

<sup>1</sup> Holy Strong, holy God,  
From the depths I pray Thee,  
Have Thou mercy, O my Judge,  
Spare Thou me, O Lord.

To the God of earth and heaven,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
Sanctus fortis, sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Mortis in discrim'ine.<sup>1</sup>

I can no more; for now it comes again,  
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,  
That masterful negation and collapse  
Of all that makes me man; as though I went  
Over the dizzy brink  
Of some sheer infinite descent;  
Or worse, as though  
Down, down forever I was falling through  
The solid framework of created things,  
And needs must sink and sink  
Into the vast abyss. And, crueler still,  
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill  
The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,  
Some bodily form of ill  
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse  
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and flaps  
Its hideous wings,  
And makes me wild with terror and dismay.  
O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!  
Some angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee  
In Thine own agony.—Mary, pray for me.  
Joseph, pray for me. Mary, pray for me.

*Assist.* Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,  
As of old so many by Thy gracious power—(Amen.)  
Enoch and Elias from the common doom—(Amen.)  
Nō'e from the waters in a saving home—(Amen.)  
Abraham from th' abounding guilt of Heathenness—(Amen.)  
Job from all his multiform and fell distress—(Amen.)  
Isaac, when his father's knife was raised to slay—(Amen.)  
Lot from burning Sodom on its judgment day—(Amen.)

<sup>1</sup> At the point of death.

Moses from the land of bondage and despair—(Amen.)  
 Daniel from the hungry lions in their lair—(Amen.)  
 And the children Three amid the furnace-flame—(Amen.)  
 Chaste Sušännä from the slander and the shame—(Amen.)  
 David from Goli'ä and the wrath of Saul—(Amen.)  
 And the two Apostles from their prison-thrall—(Amen.)  
 Thëc'la from her torments—(Amen.)

—So, to show Thy power,  
 Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

*Geron.* Novís'simá hō'ra est ;<sup>1</sup> and I fain would sleep,  
 The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy hands,  
 O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

*The Priest.* Profiçis'çëre, ä'n'imä Christiä'nä, de hoc mün'do !<sup>2</sup>  
 Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul !  
 Go from this world ! Go, in the Name of Gōd,  
 The omnipotent Father who created thee !  
 Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
 Son of the Living God, who bled for thee !  
 Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who  
 Hath been pōured out on thee ! Go, in the name  
 Of Angels and Archangels ; in the name  
 Of Thrones and Dominations ; in the name  
 Of Princedoms and of Powers ; and in the name  
 Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go förth !  
 Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets ;  
 And of Apostles and Evangelists,  
 Of Martyrs and Confessors ; in the name  
 Of holy Mōnks and Hermits ; in the name  
 Of holy Virgins ; and all Saints of God,  
 Both men and women, go ! Go on thy cōurse ;  
 And may thy place to-day be found in peace,  
 And may thy dwelling be the holy Mount  
 Of Sion :—through the Name of Christ, our Lord.

<sup>1</sup> It is the last hour.

<sup>2</sup> Depart, O Christian soul, from this world !

## IV.

## 103. THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

## PART SECOND.

## SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

I went to sleep ; and now I am refreshed.  
 A strange refreshment : for I feel in me  
 An inexpressive lightness, and a sense  
 Of freedom, as I were at length myself,  
 And ne'er had been before. How still it is !  
 I hear no more the busy beat of time,  
 No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse ;  
 Nor does one moment differ from the next.  
 I had a dream ; yes : some one softly said,  
 "He's gone" ; and then a sigh went round the room.  
 And then I surely heard a priestly voice  
 Cry "Subvëni'te" ;<sup>1</sup> and they knelt in prayer.  
 I seem to hear him still ; but thin and low,  
 And fainter and more faint the accents come,  
 As at an ever-widening interval.  
 Ah ! whence is this ? What is this severance ?  
 This silence pours a solitariness  
 Into the very essence of my soul ;  
 And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,  
 Hath something too of sternness and of pain.  
 For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring  
 By a strange introversion,<sup>2</sup> and perforce  
 I now begin to feed upon myself,  
 Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead ? I am not dead,  
 But in the body still ; for I possess  
 A sort of confidence, which clings to me,  
 That each particular organ holds its place  
 As heretofore, combining with the rest  
 Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,  
 And makes me man ; and surely I could move,

<sup>1</sup> Come to his aid.

<sup>2</sup> In tro ver'sion, turning inward upon one's self.