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Title

Oxford book of English myst

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The
Oxford Book
Of English Mystical
Verse

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The
Oxford Book
Of English Mystical
Verse

Chosen by

D. H. S. Nicholson

and

A. H. E. Lee

Oxford

At the Clarendon Press

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INTRODUCTION

IN the early days of English mysticism the first translation of Dionysius' *Mystical Theology* was so readily welcomed that it is said, in a "quaintly expressive phrase, to have crun across England like deere'. Since that time the fortunes of mysticism in these islands have been various, but, despite all the chances of repute and disrepute which it has undergone, there has been a continual undercurrent of thought by which it has been not only tolerated but welcomed. There have been, of course, heights of enthusiasm as well as profound depths of apathy in regard to it, but even if the limitations of the greatest enthusiasm have always been evident, so also has been the continuing readiness of some portion of the religious consciousness of the people to respond to what has been most vital in it. It is, in fact, the hypothesis of mysticism that it is not utterly without its witness in any age, even though the voice of that witness be lost in the turmoil of surrounding things.

And now it appears—it has in fact been appearing for some years—that the fortunes of mysticism are mending.

It has emerged from the morass of apathy which characterized the eighteenth and the greater part of the nineteenth century; it is reawakening to the value of its own peculiar treasure of thought and word : on all sides there are signs that it is on the verge of entering into a kingdom of such breadth and fertility as it has perhaps never known. It is as though the world were undergoing a spiritual revitalization, spurring it on to experience—even through destruction and death—a further measure of Reality and Truth.

At such a time it is of interest to look back over the past and discover something of what has been already accomplished in the way of poetic expression of mystical themes and feelings. The most essential part of mysticism cannot, of course, ever pass into expression, inasmuch as it consists in an experience which is in the most literal sense ineffable. The secret of the inmost sanctuary is not in danger of profanation, since none but those who penetrate into that sanctuary can understand it, and those even who penetrate find, on passing out again, that their lips are sealed by the sheer insufficiency of language as a medium for conveying the sense of their supreme adventure. The speech of every day has no terms for what they have seen and known, and least of

they hope for adequate expression through the phrases and apparatus of logical reasoning. In

despair of moulding the stubborn stuff of prose into a form that will even approximate to their need, many of them turn, therefore, to poetry as the medium which will convey least inadequately some hint of their experience. By the rhythm and the glamour of their verse, by its peculiar quality of suggesting infinitely more than it ever says directly, by its very elasticity, they struggle to give what hints they may of the Reality that is eternally underlying all things. And it is precisely through that high enchantment of their writing that some rays gleam from the Light which is supernal.

The ways in which mystical experience will translate itself into such measure of expression as is possible must evidently vary, both in kind and degree, with the experience itself. In sending out this anthology we have no desire to venture on a definition of what actually constitutes mysticism and what does not, since such an attempt would be clearly outside our province. Our conception of mysticism must be found in the poetry we have gathered together. But it may serve as a ground for comprehension to say that in making our selection we have been governed by a desire to include only such poems and extracts from poems as contain intimations of a consciousness wider and deeper than the normal. This is the connecting link between them—the thread,

as it were, on which the individual pieces are strung. It is less a question of a common subject than of a common standpoint and in some sense a common atmosphere, and our attempt has been to steer a middle course between the twin dangers of an uninspired piety on the one hand and mere intellectual speculation on the other. The claim to inclusion has in no case been that any particular poet is of sufficient sufficient to demand representation as such, but that a poet of no matter what general rank has written one or more poems which testify to the greater things and at the same time reach a certain level of expression. For similar reasons we have not included the work of any poet when there seemed no better reason for so doing than that he was representative of some particular period or style.

It should be remembered, further, that this anthology makes no claim to be representative even of any poet whose work is included, since the great mass of writing by which he or she is commonly known may fall without our limits, and some little known poem or poems may have seemed to answer our requirements. The difficulty of selection has of course been greatest in the cases, like that of Thomas Traherne, where nearly all the poems are definitely mystical, and it is evident that, here and elsewhere, we have been compelled to choose from among many possible pieces. We cannot, therefore, pretend

to have made an exhaustive collection of the mystical poetry of the English language or of any poet, but hope rather that our selections may be found to be adequately representative both of the one and the other.

Beyond this question of the immediate ground for choice, it may be well to set ourselves in other directions. We have felt it desirable to admit any poetry written in English, from whatever country the poet may have hailed, as well as any native poetry written in Great Britain and Ireland in some other tongue than English, and subsequently translated. Thus translations from any European language have been excluded, often with very great regret, but translations from the Gaelic have been gladly admitted. In point of time we have set ourselves no limits, but have rather sought to show that the torch of the Inner Light has been handed down from age to age until the present day, when, as we believe, the world is near to a spiritual vitalization hitherto unimagined.

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This completes the record of our indebtedness. We would simply add an expression of our regret that it has been impossible to obtain permission to include any of Sidney Lanier's writing, owing to copyright restrictions. But if we cannot reprint 'A Ballad of Trees and the Master', which is the chief object of our regret, we can at least point to it as deserving inclusion in any such anthology as the present, and we can further draw attention to such other poems as 'The Marshes of Glynn' and 'A Florida Sunday'. We would gladly have included all these and even more, but we must now content ourselves with this mention of them. It is with equal regret that we offer a mere extract from George Meredith's 'Outer and Inner', but in his case the rules now laid down for quotation from his poems make it impossible to do him justice.

There are a very few poems the copyright-holders of which we have been unable to discover or to trace in spite of repeated efforts. To these unknown owners of treasure we would offer our acknowledgements and our apologies, as to those, if any, whose claims we have unknowingly overlooked.

D. H. S. NICHOLSON.

A. H. E. LEE.

ANONYMOUS

Date unknown

Amergin

I AM the wind which breathes upon the sea,
I am the wave of the ocean,
I am the murmur of the billows,
I am the ox of the seven combats,
I am the vulture upon the rocks,
I am a beam of the sun,
I am the fairest of plants,
I am a wild boar in valour,
I am a salmon in the water,
I am a lake in the plain,
I am a word of science,
I am the point of the lance in battle,
I am the God who creates in the head the fire.
Who is it who throws light into the meeting on the
mountain ?
Who announces the ages of the moon ?
Who teaches the place where couches the sun ?

RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE

1290?-1349

Love is Life

I

LUF es lyf pat lastes ay, par it in Criste es feste,
For wele ne wa itchaunge may, als wryten has men
wyseste.

pe nyght it tournes in til pe day, pi trauel in tyll reste;
If you wil luf pus as I say, pou may be wyth pe beste.

par] when feste] fastened trauel] toil
MYST. B

II

Lufe es thocht, wyth grete desyre, of a fayre louyng ;
 Lufe I lyken til a fyre pat sloken may na thyng ;
 Lufe vsclenses of oure syn, lufe vs bote sall bryng ;
 Lufe pe keynges hert may wyn, lufe of ioy may syng.

III

pe settel of lufe es lyft hee, for in til heuen it ranne ;
 Me thynk in erth it es sle, pat makes men pale and wanne.
 pe bede of blysse it gase ful nee, I tel pe as I kanne,
 pof vs thynk Jæ way be dregh ; lufcopuls god & manne.

IV

Lufe es hatter pen pecole, lufe may nane be-swyke ;
 pe flawme of lufe wha myght it thole, if it war ay I-lyke ?
 Luf vscomfortes, & mase in qwart, & lyftes tyl heuen-ryke ;
 Luf rauys'hes Cryste in tylowr hert, I wate na lust it lyke.

V

Lere to luf, if pou wyl lyfe when pou sall hethen fare.
 All pi thocht til hym pou gyf, pat may pe kepe fra kare ;
 Loke pi hert fra hym noght twyn, if pou in wandreth ware,
 Sa pou may hym welde & wyn and luf hym euer-mare.

VI

Ihesu pat me lyfe hase lent, In til pi lufe me bryng,
 Take til pe al myne entent, pat pow be my 5hernyng.
 Wa fra me away war went & comne war mycouyting,
 If pat my sawle had herd & hent pe sang of pi louyng.

louyng]	object of love,	beloved	sloken]	quench	bote]	remedy		
settel]	seat	lyft]	lifted	hee]	high	sle]	de'eit-	
ful ?	bede]	bed ?	nee]	nigh	pof]	Though	dregh]	long
hatter]	hotter	be-swyke]	deceive	thole]	bear	I-lyke]		
the same	mase in qwart]	makes	healthy	heuen-ryke]				
heaven's kingdom	lust]	desire	Lere]	Learn	hethen]			
hence	twyn]	separate	in wandreth ware]	shouldst be				
in trouble	welde]	possess	lent]	given	3hernyng]			
desire	hent]	grasped,	apprehended					

VII

pi lufe es ay lastand, fra pat we may it fele :
 pare-in make me byrnand, pat na thyng gar it tele.
 My thoght take in to pi hand, & stabyl it ylk a dele,
 pat I be noght heldand to luf pis worldes wele.

VIII

If I lufe any erthly thyng pat payes to my wyll,
 & settes my ioy & my lykyng when it may com me tyll,
 I mai drede of partyng, pat wyll be hate and yll :
 For al my welth es bot wepyng, when pyne mi saule sal
 spyll.

IX

pe ioy pat men hase sene, es ly'kend tyl pe haye,
 pat now es fayre & grene, and now wytes awaye.
 Swylk es pis worlde, I wene, & bees till dom's-daye,
 All in trauel & tene, fle pat na man it maye.

X

If pou luf in all pi thoght, and hate pe fylth of syn,
 And gyf hym pi sawle pat it boght, pat he pe dwell with-in :
 Als Crist pi sawle hase soght & per-of walde noght blyn,
 Sa pou sal to blys be broght, & heuen won with-in.

XI

pe kynd of luf es pis, par it es trayst and trew :
 To stand styll in stabylnes, & chaunge it for na new.
 pe lyfe pat lufe myght fynd or euer in hert it knew,
 Fra kare it tornes pat kyend, & lendes in myrth & glew.

fra fat] from the time that gar it kele] may cause it
 to cool ylk a dele] every whit, completely [lit. every one part]
 heldand] inclined payes to] pleases hate] grievous
 pyne] pain spyll] destroy haye] grass ready for mowing
 wytes] passes Swylk] such tene] affliction pat... it]
 which blyn] cease won] dwell kynd] nature, quality
 par] when trayst] faithful pe lyfe] The man, the soul
 kyend] nature, quality lendes] places glew] joy

XII

For now lufe pow, I rede, Cryste, as I pe tell:
 And with aungels take pi stede—pat ioy loke pou noght
 sell!

In erth pow hate, I rede, all pat pi lufe may fell:
 For luf es stalworth as pe dede, luf es hard as hell.

XIII

Luf es a lyght byrthen, lufe gladdes 3ong and alde,
 Lufe es with-owten pyne, als lofers hase me talde ;
 Lufe es a gastly wynne, pat makes men bygge & balde,
 Of lufe sal he na thyng tyne pat hit in hert will halde.

XIV

Lufe es pe swettest thyng pat man in erth hase tane,
 Lufe es goddes derlyng, lufe byndes blode & bane.
 In lufe be owre lykyng, Ine wate na better wane,
 For me & my lufyng lufe makes bath be ane.

XV

Bot fles'hly lufe sal fare as dose pe flowre in may,
 And lastand be na mare pan ane heure of a day,
 And sythen syghe ful sare par lust, par pride, jar play,
 When pai ercasten in kare, til pyne pat lastes ay.

XVI

When pair bodys lyse in syn, pair sawls mai qwake & drede :
 For vp sal ryse al men, and answer for]?air dede ;
 If pai be fonden in syn, als now pair lyfe pai lede,
 pai sall sytt hel within, & myrknes hafe to mede.

For now]	Therefore	rede]	advise	stede]	place	fell]
abate	pe	dede]	death	gastly]	spiritual	wynne]
bygge]	strong	tyne]	lose	wane]	dwelling	sythen]
afterwards		syghe]	lament	myrknes]	darkness	

XVII

Ri'he men pair handes sal wryng, & wicked werkes sal by
In flawme of fyre bath knyght & keyng, with sorow
s'hamfully.

If pou wil lufe, | an may pou syng til Cryst in melody,
pe lufe of hym ouer'oms al thyng, parto pou traiste trewly.

XVIII

[I] sygh & sob, bath day & nyght, for ane sa fayre of hew.
par es na thyng my hert mai light, bot lufe, | at es ay new.
Wha sa had hym in his syght, or in his hert hym knew,
His mournyng turned til ioy ful bryght, his sang in til glew.

XIX

In myrth he lyfes, nyght & day, pat lufes pat swetechylde:
It es Ihesu, forsoth I say, of all mekest & mylde.
Wreth fra hym walde al a-way, pof he wer neuer sa wylde;
He pat in hert lufed hym, pat day fra euel he wil hym
s'hylde.

XX

Of Ihesu mast lyst me speke, pat al my bale may bete.
Me thynk my hert may al to-breke, when I thynk on pat
swete.
In lufe la'yd he hase my thocht, pat I sal neuer forgete :
Ful dere me thynk he hase me boght, with blodi hende
& fete.

XXI

For luf my hert es bowne to brest, when I pat faire behalde.
Lufe es fair pare it es fest, pat neuer will becalde.
Lufe vs reues pe nyght rest, in grace it makes vs balde;
Of al warkes luf es pe best, als haly men me talde.

by]	pay	dearly	for	hew]	form,	aspect	turned]
would	turn	Wreth]	Anger	pof]	though		bale]
woe	bete]	amend	la'yd]	caught		hende]	hands
bowne	to	brest]	ready	to	burst	reues]	bereaves

XXII

Na wonder gyf I syghand be & sipen in sorow be sette :
 Ihesu was nayled apon pe tre, & al bloody for-bette ;
 To *pynk* on hym es grete pyte, how tenderly he grette—
 pis hase he sufferde, man, for pe, if pat pou syn wyll lette.

XXIII

pare es na tonge in erth may tell of lufe pe swetnesse ;
 pat stedfastly in lufe kan dwell, his ioy es endlesse.
 God s'hylde pat he sulde til hell pat lufes & langand es,
 Or euer his enmys sulde hym qwell, or make his luf be
 lesse!

XXIV

Ihesu es lufe pat lastes ay : til hym es owre langyng ;
 Ihesu pe nyght turnes to pe day, pe dawyng in til spryng.
 Ihesu, *pynk* on vs, now & ay : for pe we halde oure keyng ;
 Ihesu, gyf vs grace, as pou wel may, to luf pe with-owten
 endyng.

ANONYMOUS

? 15th century

Quia Amore Languo

IN the vaile of restles mynd
 I sowght in mownteyn & in mede,
 trustyng a treulofe for to fynd :
 vpon an hyll than toke I hede ;
 a voise I herd (and nere I yede)

in gret dolourcomplaynyng tho^c see, dere soule, my sydes blec
Quia amore languo.'

for-bette]	scourged	grette]	wept	lette]	leave
sulde]	should [go]	qwell]	destroy, slay	dawyng]	dawn
spryng]	day-spring	nere]	nearer	yede]	went

Vpon thys mownt I fand a tree ;
 vndir thys tree a man sitt yng ;
 from hede to fote wowndyd was he,
 hys hert blode I saw bled yng ;
 A semely man to be a kyng,
 A gra'iose face to loke vnto.
 I askyd hym how he had paynyng,
 he said,c *Quia amore langueo.*'

I am treulove that fals was neuer ;
 my sistor, mannys soule, I loued hyr thus ;
 By-cause I wold on no wyse disseuere,
 I left my kyngdome gloriouse ;
 I purueyd hyr a place full pre'ious ;
 she flytt, I folowyd, I luffed her soo
 that I suffred thes paynes piteuouse
Quia amore langueo.

My faire love and my spouse bryght,
 I saued hyr fro b'tyng, and she hath me bett ;
 I clothed hyr in grace and heuenly lyght,
 this bloody sur'ote she hath on me sett ;
 for langyng love I will not lett ;
 swete strokys be thes, loo ;
 I haf loued euer als I hett,
Quia amore langueo.

Icrownyd hyr with blysse and she me with thorne,
 I led hyr to chambre and she me to dye ;
 I browght hyr to worship and she me to skorne,
 I dyd hyr reueren'e and she me velanye.
 To love that loueth is no maistrye,
 hyr hate made neuer my love hyr foo
 ask than no moo questions whye,
 but *Quia amore langueo.*

hett] promised

Loke vnto myn handys, man !

thes gloues were geuen me whan I hyr sowght;
they be nat white, but rede and wan,
embrodred with blode my spouse them bowght;
they wyll not of, I lefe them nowght,

I wowe hyr with them where euer she goo ;
thes handes full frendly for hyr fowght,

Quia amore langueo.

Maruell not, man, thof I sitt styll,

my love hath shod me wondyr strayte;

she boklyd my fete as was hyr wyll

with sharp nailes, well thow maist waite !

in my love was neuer dissaite,

for all my membres I haf opynd hyr to ;

my body I made hyr hertys baite,

Quia amore langueo.

In my syde I haf made hyr nest,

loke, in me how wyde a wound is here!

this is hyrchambre, here shall she rest,

that she and I may slepe in fere.

here may she wasshe, if any filth were ;

here is so'our for all hyr woo ;

cum if she will, she shall hafchere,

Quia amore langueo.

I will abide till she be redy,

I will to hyr send or she sey nay ;

If she be re'helesse I will be gredi,

If she be dawngerouse I will hyr pray.

If she do wepe, than byd I nay ;

myn armes ben spred toclypp hyr to ;

crye onys, 'I cum !' now, soule, assaye !

Quia amore langueo.

waite] take heed
in fere] together
haughty

baite] enticement, nourishment
dawngerouse] difficult of approach,

I sitt on an hille for to se farre,
 I loke to the vayle, my spouse I see ;
 now rynneth she awayward, nowcummyth she narre,
 yet fro myn eye syght she may nat be ;
 sum waite ther pray, to make hyr flee,
 I rynne tofore to chastise hyr foo ;
 re'ouer, my soule, agayne to me,
Quia amore langueo.

My swete spouse, will we goo play ?
 apples ben rype in my gardine ;
 I shall clothe the in new array,
 thy mete shall be mylk, honye, & wyne ;
 now, dere soule, latt us go dyne,
 thy sustenance is in my skrypp, loo !
 tary not now, fayre spouse myne,
Quia amore langueo.

Yf thou be fowle, I shall make theeclene,
 if thou be seke, I shall the hele ;
 yf thou owght morne, I shall be-mene ;
 spouse, why will thou nowght with me dele ?
 thou fowndyst neuer love so lele ;
 what wilt thou, sowle, that I shall do ?
 I may of vnkyndnes the appele,
Quia amore langueo.

What shall I do now with my spouse ?
 abyde I will hyre iantilnesse ;
 wold she loke onys owt of hyr howse
 of fleshely affe''ions and vn'lennesse ;
 hyr bed is made, hyr bolstar is in blysse,
 hyrchambre is chosen, suche ar no moo ;
 loke owt at the wyndows of kyndnesse.
Quia amore langueo.

farre] farther narre] nearer

Long and love thow neuer so hygh,
yit is my love more than thyn may be ;
thow gladdyst, thow wepist, I sitt the bygh,
yit myght thow, spouse, loke onys at me !
spouse, shuld I alway fede the
withchildys mete ? nay, love, nat so !
I pray the, love, with aduersite,
Quia amore langueo.

My spouse is inchambre, hald 3oure pease !
make no noyse, but lat hyr slepe ;
my babe shall sofre noo disease,
I may not here my derechilde wepe,
for with my pappe I shall hyr kepe ;
no wondyr thowgh I tend hyr to,
thys hoole in my side had neuer ben so depe,
but *Quia amore langueo.*

Wax not wery, myn owne dere wyfe !
what mede is aye to lyffe in comfort ?
for in tribula'ion, I ryn more ryfe
offer tymes than in disport ;
In welth, in woo, euer I support ;
than, dere soule, go neuer me fro !
thy mede is markyd, whan thow art mort,
in blysse ; *Quia amore langueo.*

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

?1561-1595

I dye alive

O LIFE ! what lett's thee from a qui'ke decease ?
 O death ! what drawea thee from a present praye?
 My feast is done, my soule would be at ease,
 My grace is saide ; O death ! come take awaye.

I live, but such a life as ever dyes ;
 I dye, but such a death as never endes;
 My death to end my dying life denyes,
 And life my living death no whitt amends.

Thus still I dye, yet still I do revive;
 My living death by dying life is fedd ;
 Grace more then nature kepes my hart alive,
 Whose idle hopes and vayne desires are deade.

Not where I breath, but where I love, I live;
 Not where I love, but where I am, I die;
 The life I wish, must future glory give,
 The deaths I feele in present daungers lye.

Of the Blessed Sacrament of the Aulter

THE angells' eyes, whome veyles cannot deceive,
 Might best disclose that best they do des'erne;
 Men must with sounde and silent faith receive
 More then they can by sen'e or reason lerne ;
 God's poure our proofes, His workes our witt ex'eede,
 The doer's might is reason of His deede.

A body is endew'd with ghostly rightes ;
And Nature's worke from Nature's law is free;
In heavenly sunne lye hidd eternall lightes,
Lightescleere and neere, yet them no eye can see ;
Dedd formes a never-dyinge life do shroude;
A boundlesse sea lyes in a littlecloude.

The God of hoastes in slender hoste doth dwell,
Yea, God and man with all to ether dewe,
That God that rules the heavens and rifled hell,
That man whose death did us to life renewe :
That God and man that is the angells' blisse,
In forme of bredd and wyne our nurture is.

Whole may His body be in smallest breadd,
Whole in the whole, yea whole in everycrumme ;
With which be one or be tenn thowsand fedd,
All to e'h one, to all but one dothcumme;
And though e'h one as much as all receive,
Not one too much, nor all too little have.

One soule in man is all in everye part;
One face at once in many mirrhors shynes;
One fearefull noyse doth make a thowsand start;
One eye at once ofcountlesse thinges defynes;
If proofes of one in many, Nature frame,
God may in straunger sort performe the same.

God present is at once in everye place,
Yett God in every place is ever one ;
So may there be by giftes of ghostly grace,
One man in many roomes, yett filling none
Sith angells may effects of bodyes shewe,
God angells' giftes on bodyes may bestowe.

HENRY CONSTABLE

? 1562-? 1613

To the Blessed Sacrament

WHEN thee (O holy sacrificed Lambe)
 In severed sygnes I whyte and liquide see,
 As on thy body slayne I thynke on thee,
 Which pale by sheddyng of thy bloode became.

And when agayne I doe behold the same
 Vayled in whyte to be re'eav'd of mee,
 Thou seemest in thy syndon wrapt to bee
 Lyke to a corse, whose monument I am.

Buried in me, vnto my sowle appeare,
 Pryson'd in earth, and bannisht from thy syght,
 Lyke our forefathers who in lyombo were,
 Cleere thou my thoughtes, as thou did'st gyve them light,
 And as thou others freed from purgyng fyre
 Quen'he in my hart the flames of badd desyre.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER

1563-1618

The Father

ALPHA and Omega, God alone :
 Eloï, My God, the Holy-One ;
 Whose Power is Omnipotence :
 Whose Wisedome is Omni-s'ien'e :
 Whose Beeing is All Sovereigne Blisse:
 Whose Worke Perfection's Fulnesse is;
 Under All things, not under-cast;
 Over All things, not over-pla''t ;

Within All things, not there included ;
Without All things, not thence excluded :

Above All, over All things raining ;
Beneath All, All things aye sustayning :
Without All, Allconteyning sole :
Within All, filling-full the Whole :

Within All, no where comprehended ;
Without All, no where more extended ;
Under, by nothing over-topped :
Over, by nothing under-propped :

Unmov'd, Thou mov'st the World about ;
Unpla't, Within it, or Without :
Unchanged, time-lesse, Time Thouchangest :
Th' unstable, Thou, still stable, rangest ;
No outward Force, nor inward Fate,
Can Thy drad Essence alterate :

To-day, To-morrow, yester-day,
With Thee are One, and instant aye ;
Aye undivided, ended never :
To-day, with Thee, indures for-ever.

Thou, Father, mad'st this mighty Ball ;
Of nothing thoucreated'st All,
After th' *Idea* of thy Minde,
Conferring Forme to every kinde.

Thou wert, Thou art, Thou wilt be ever :
And Thine *Elect*, reje'test never.

JOHN DONNE

1573-1631

Sonnet

BATTER my heart, three person'd God; for, you
 As yet but kno'ke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee,'and bend
 Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
 I, like an usurpt towne, to'another due,
 Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end,
 Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
 But iscaptiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
 Yet dearly'I love you,'and would be loved faine,
 But am betroth'd unto your enemye :
 Divorce mee,'untie, or breake that knot againe,
 Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
 Except you'enthrall mee, never shall be free,
 Nor everchast, except you ravish mee.

From 'The Crosse'

WHO can blot out the Crosse, whichth'instrument
 Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament ?
 Who can deny mee power, and liberty
 To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be ?
 Swimme, and at every stroake, thou art thy Crosse ;
 The Mast and yard make one, where seas do tosse;
 Looke downe, thou spiest out Crosses in small things ;
 Looke up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings ;
 All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else
 But the Meridians crossing Parallels.
 Material Crosses then, good physi'ke bee,
 But yet spirituall havechiefe dignity.
 These for extra'tedchimique medicine serve,
 And cure much better, and as well preserve ;

Then are you your own physi'ke, or need none,
 When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation.
 For when that Crosse ungrudg'd, unto you sti'kes,
 Then are you to your selfe, a Cru'ifixe.
 As perchance, Carvers do not faces make,
 But that away, which hid them there, do take ;
 Let Crosses, soe, take what hid Christ in thee,
 And be his image, or not his, but hee.

Resurre'tion, imperfe't

SLEEP sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast
 As yet, the wound thou took'st on friday last;
 Sleepe then, and rest; The world may beare thy stay,
 A better Sun rose before thee to day,
 Who, not content to'enlighten all that dwell
 On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell,
 And made the darke fires languish in that vale,
 As, at thy presen'e here, our fires grow pale.
 Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now
 Hasting to Heaven, would, that he might allow
 Himselfe unto all stations, and fill all,
 For these three daies be'ome a minerall;
 Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rose
 All tin'ture, and doth not alone dispose
 Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
 Of power to make even sinfull flesh like his.
 Had one of those, whose credulous pietie
 Thought, that a Soule one might dis'erne and see
 Goe from a body, 'at this sepul'her been,
 And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen,
 He would have justly thought this body a soule,
 If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt cætera

Goodfriday, 1613. Riding Westward

LET mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,
The intelligen'e that moves, devotion is,
And as the other Spheares, by being growne
Subje't to forraigne motions, lose their owne,
And being by others hurried every day,
S'ar'e in a yeare their naturall forme obey :
Pleasure or businesse, so, our Soules admit
For their first mover, and are whirld by it.
Hen'e is't, that I amcarried towards the West
This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the East.
There I should see a Sunne, by rising set,
And by that setting endl'sse day beget ;
But that Christ on this Crosse, did rise and fall,
Sinne had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spe'ta'le of too mu'h weight for mee.
Who sees Gods face, that is selfe life, must dye ;
What a death were it then to see God dye ?
It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shrinke,
It made his footstoolecra'k, and the Sunne winke.
Could I behold those hands whichspan the Poles,
And turne all spheares at on'e, peir'd with those holes ?
Could I behold that endlesse height whichis
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us ? or that blood whichis
The seat of all our Soules, if not of his,
Made durt of dust, or that flesh whichwas worne
By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and torne ?
If on these things I durst not looke, durst I
Upon his miserable mothercast mine eye,
Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus
Halfe of that Sa'rifi'e, whichransom'd us ?

Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
 They're present yet unto my memory,
 For that looks towards them ; and thou look'st towards
 mee,

O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
 I turne my ba'ke to thee, but to ceceive
 Corre'tions, till thy mer'ies bid thee leave.
 O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,
 Burne off my rusts, and my deformity,
 Restore thine Image, so mu'h, by thy gra'e,
 That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my fa'e.

*A Hymne to Christy at the Authors last
 going into Germany*

IN what torne ship soever I embarke,
 That ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke;
 What sea soever swallow mee, that flood
 Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood ;
 Though thou withclouds of anger do disguise
 Thy fa'e; yet through that maske I know those eyes,
 Whi'h, though they turne away sometimes,
 They never will despise.

I sa'rifi'e this Hand unto thee,
 And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee;
 When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,
 Put thou thy sea betwixt my sinnes and thee.
 As the trees sap doth seeke the root below
 In winter, in my winter now I goe,
 Where none but thee, th'Eternall root
 Of true Love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule,
 The amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule,
 But thou would'st have that love thy selfe : As thou
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
 That lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
 My soule : Who ever gives, takes libertie :

O, if thou car'st not whom I love

Alas, thou lov'st not mee.

Seale then this bill of my Divor'e to All,
 On whom those fainter beames of love did fall ;
 Marry those loves, which in youth s'attered bee
 On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
 Chur'hes are best for Prayer, that have least light:
 To see God only, I goe out of sight :

And to s'ape stormy dayes, I chuse

An Everlasting night.

PHINEAS FLETCHER

1580-1650

The Divine Lover

I

ME Lord ? can'st thou mispend
 One word, mispla'e one look on me ?

Call'st me thy Love, thy Friend ?

Can this poor soul the obje't be
 Of these love-glan'es, those life-kindling eyes ?
 What ? I the Centre of thy arms embra'es ?

Of all thy labour I the prize ?

Love never mo'ks, Truth never lies.

Oh how I quake : Hope fear, fear hope displa'es :

I would, but cannot hope : such wondrous love amazes.

II

See, I am black as night,
 See I am darkness : dark as hell.
 Lord thou more fair than light ;
 Heav'ns Sun thy Shadow ; can Sunns dwell
 With Shades ?ctwixt light, and darkness whatcommer'e ?
 True : thou art darkness, I thy Light : my ray
 Thy mists, and hellish foggs shall pier'e.
 With me, bla'k soul, with meconverse.
 I make the foul *December* flowry *May*,
 Turn thou thy night to me : I'le turn thy night to day.

III

See Lord, see I am dead :
 Tomb'd in my self: my self my grave.
 A drudge : so born, so bred :
 My self even to my self a slave.
 Thou Freedome, Life : can Life, and Liberty
 Love bondage, death ? Thy Freedom I: I tyed
 To loose thy bonds : be bound to me :
 My Yoke shall ease, my bonds shall free.
 Dead soul, thy Spring of life, my dying side :
 There dye with me to live : to live in thee I dyed.

ROBERT HERRICK

1591 — 1674

Eternitie

O YEARES! and Age! Farewell:
 Behold I go,
 Where I do know
 Infinitie to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
 Al' times, how they
 Are lost i' th' Sea
 Of st Eternitie.

e never Moone shall sway
 The Starres; but she,
 And Night, shall be
 n'd in one endlesse Day.

FRANCIS QUARLES

1592—1644

Christ and Our Selves

I WISH a greater knowledge, then t'attaine
 The knowledge of *my selfe* : A greater Gaine
 Then to augment *my selfe*; A greater Treasure
 Then to enjoy *my selfe* : A greater Pleasure
 Then to content *my selfe*; How slight, and vain'
 Is all selfe-Knowledge, Pleasure, Treasure, Gaine;
 Vnlesse my better knowledge could retriue
My Christ ; unles my better Gain could thrive
In Christ ; unles my better Wealth grow ri'h
In Christ ; unles my better Pleasure pitch
On Christ ; Or else my Knowledge will proclaime
 To my owne heart how ignorant I am :
 Or else my Gaine, so ill improv'd, will shame
 My Trade, and shew how much de'lin'd I am ;
 Or else my Treasure will but blurre my name
 With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poore I am ;
 Or else my Pleasures, that so much *inflame*
 My Thoughts, will blabb how full of sores I am :
 Lord, keepe me from *my Selfe*; cTis best for me,
 Never to owne my *Selfe*, if not in *Thee*.

*My helmed is mine, and I am his ;
He feedeth among the Iilies*

EV'N like two little bank-dividing broo
That wash the pebbles with their war streams,
And having rang'd and sear'h'd a thousand oks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Tl s,
Where in a greater current they conjoin
So I my best-beloved's am ; so he is mine.
Ev'n so we met ; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joyn'd ; we both be'ame enti
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire :
Our firm-united souls did more than twice ;
So I my best-beloved's am ; so he is mine.
If all those glitt'ring Monar'hs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in ex'hange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all :
Their wealth is but acounter to my coin :
The world's but theirs ; but my beloved's mine.
Nay, more ; If the fair Thespian Ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treasure :
That treasure should be deem'd a pri'e too small
To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure ;
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his, from being mine.
Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chan'e, nor Death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove ;
He's firmly mine by oath ; I his by vow ;
He's mine by faith ; and I am his by love ;
He's mine by water ; I am his by wine ,
Thus I my best-beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

He is my Altar ; I, his Holy Place ;
 I am his guest ; and he, my living food ;
 I'm his by peniten'e ; he mine by grace ;
 I'm his by purchase ; he is mine, by blood 5
 Hecs my supporting elm ; and I his vine ;
 Thus I my best beloved's am ; thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth ; I give him all my vows :
 I give him songs ; he gives me length of dayes;
 With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows,
 And I his temples with a crown of Praise,
 Whi'h he accepts as an everlasting signe,
 That I my best-beloved's am ; that he is mine.

GEORGE HERBERT

1593-1632

Easter Song

I GOT me flowers to straw Thy way,
 I got me boughs off many a tree ;
 But Thou wast up by break of day,
 And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

The sunne arising in the East,
 Though he give light, and th' East perfume,
 If they should offer to contest
 With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
 Though many sunnes to shine endeavour ?
 We count three hundred, but we misse:
 There is but one, and that one ever,

Affli'tion

MY heart did heave, and therecame forthc O God !c
 By that I knew that Thou wast in the grief,
 To guide and govern it to my relief,
 Making a s'epter of the rod :
 Hadst Thou not had Thy part,
 Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But sin'e Thy breath gave me both life and shape,
 Thou know'st my tallies ; and when therecs assign'd
 So mu'h breath to a sigh, what's then behinde ?
 Or if some yeares with it escape,
 The sigh then onely is
 A gale to bring me sooner to my blisse.

Thy life on earth was grief, and Thou art still
 Constant unto it, making it to be
 A point of honour now to grieve in me,
 And in Thy members suffer ill.
 They who lament onecrosse,
 Thou dying dayly, praise Thee to Thy losse.

Man

MY God, I heard this day
 That none doth build a stately habitation
 But he that means to dwell therein.
 What house more stately hath there been,
 Or can be, then is Man ? to whose creation
 All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
 And more : he is a tree, yet bears no fruit ;
 A beast, yet is, or should be, more :
 Reason and speech we onely bring ;
 Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
 They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetri',
 Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
 And all to all the world besides;
 Ea'h part maycall the farthest brother,
 For head with foot hath private amitie,
 And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre
 But Man hathcaught and kept it as his prey ;
 His eyes dismount the highest starre ;
 He is in little all the sphere ;
 Herbs gladly cure our flesh, be'ause that they
 Find their a'quaintan'e there.

For us the windes do blow,
 The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow;
 Nothing we see but means our good,
 As our delight or as our treasure ;
 The whole is either ourcupboard of food
 Orcabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed,
 Night draws thecurtain, whichthe sunne withdraws ;
 Musi'k and light attend our head,
 All things unto our flesh are kinde
 In their descent and being ; to our minde
 In their ascent andcause.

Each thing is full of dutie :
 Waters united are our navigation ;
 Distinguished, our habitation ;
 Below, our drink ; above, our meat ;
 Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beautie?
 Then how are all things neat !

More servants wait on Man
 Than he'll take notice of : in ev'ry path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him
 When si'knesse makes him pale and wan.
 Oh mightie love ! Man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him.

Sin'e then, my God, Thou hast
 So brave a pala'e built, O dwell in it,
 That it may dwell with Thee at last !
 Till then afford us so much wit,
 That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
 And both Thy servants be.

Dialogue

Man

SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul
 Were but worth the having,
 Quickly should I then controul
 Any thought of waving.
 But when all my cares and pains
 Cannot give the name of gains
 To Thy wret'h so full of stains,
 What delight or hope remains ?

Saviour

What, childe, is the ballan'e thine,
 Thine the poise and measure ?
 If I say, c Thou shalt be Mine,'
 Finger not My treasure.
 What the gains in having thee
 Do amount to, onely He
 Who for man was sold can see ;
 That transferred th' a'ounts to Me.

Man

But as I can see no merit
 Leading to this favour,
 So the way to fit me for it
 Is beyond my savour.
 As the reason, then, is Thine,
 So the way is none of mine :
 I disclaim the whole design ;
 Sinne disclaims and I resigne.

Saviour

That is all :—if that I could
 Get without repining ;
 And My clay, My creature, would
 Follow my resigning ;
 That as I did freely part
 With my glorie and desert,
 Left all joyes to feel all smart-----

Man

Ah, no more : Thou break'st my heart.

Clasping of Hands

LORD, Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
 If mine I am : and Thine much more
 Then I or ought or can be mine.
 Yet to be Thine doth me restore,
 So that again I now am mine,
 And with advantage mine the more,
 Sin'e this being mine brings with it Thine,
 And Thou with me dost Thee restore :
 If I without Thee would be mine,
 I neither should be mine nor Thine.

Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine ;
 So mine Thou art, that something more
 I may presume Thee mine then Thine,
 For Thou didst suffer to restore
 Not Thee, but me, and to be mine :
 And with advantage mine the more,
 Sin'e Thou in death wast none of Thine,
 Yet then as mine didst me restore :
 O, be mine still; still make me Thine ;
 Or rather make no Thine and Mine.

The Pulley

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glasse of blessings standing by,
 Let us,' said He, c poure on him all we can ;
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contra't into a span.'

So strength first made a way ;
 Then beautie flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure ;
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Per'eiving that, alone of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottome lay.

' For if I should,' said He,c Bestow this jewell also on My creatur
He would adore My gifts in stead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :

So both should losers be.

' Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlesnesse;
Let him be ri'h and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to My breast.'

The Elixer

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in any thing
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To runne into an action ;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glasse,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heav'n espie.

All may of Thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean
Which with his tin'ture,c for Thy sake,'
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgerie divine ;
 Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
 Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold ;
 For that which God doth tou'h and own
 Cannot for lesse be told.

The Collar

I STRUCK the board, and cry'd, c No more ;
 I will abroad.'
 What, shall I ever sigh and pine ?
 My lines and life are free ; free as the rode,
 Loose as the winde, as large as store.
 Shall I be still in suit ?
 Have I no harvest but a thorn
 To let me bloud, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordiall fruit ?
 Sure there was wine
 Before my sighs did drie it ; there was corn
 Before my tears did drown it.
 Is the yeare onely lost to me ?
 Have I no bayes to crown it,
 No flowers, no garlands gay ? all blasted,
 All wasted?
 Not so, my heart ; but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures ; leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is fit and not ; forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,

Which pettie thoughts have made ; and made to thee
 Goodcable, to enfor'e and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away ! take heed ;
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears;
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need
 Deserves his load.
 But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde
 At every word,
 Me thought I heard onecalling,c Childe';
 And I reply'd,c My Lord.'

CHRISTOPHER HARVEY

1597-1663

The Nativity

UNFOLD thy face, unmaske thy ray,
 Shine forth, bright Sunne, double the day.
 Let no malignant misty fume,
 Nor foggy vapour, once presume
 To interpose thy perfe't sight
 This day, whichmakes us love thy light
 For ever better, that wecould
 That blessed obje't on'e behold,
 Whi'h is both thecir'umferen'e,
 Andcenter of all ex'ellen'e :
 Or rather neither, but a treasure
 Un'onfined without measure,
 Whosecenter andcir'umferen'e,
 In'luding all preheminen'e,

Ex'luding nothing but defe't,
 And infinite in ea'h respe't,
 Is equally both here and there,
 And now and then and every where,
 And alwaies, one, himselfe, the same.
 A beeing farre above a name.
 Draw neer then, and freely poure
 Forth all thy light into that houre,
 Which wascrowned with his birth,
 And made heaven envy earth.
 Let not his birth-dayclouded be,
 By whom thou shinest, and we see.

RICHARD CRASHAW

?1613-1649

' I am not worthy that thou should'st come under my rooffe.'

THY God was making hast into thy rooffe,
 Thy humble faith, and feare, keeps him aloofe:
 Hee'l be thy guest, because he may not be,
 Hee'l come—into thy house ? no, into thee.

The Re'ommendation

THESE Houres, and that which hovers o're my End,
 Into thy hands, and hart, lord, I commend.

Take Both to Thine Account, that I and mine
 In that Hour, and in these, may be all thine.

That as I dedicate my devoutest Breath
 To make a kind of Life for my lord's Death,

So from his living, and life-giving Death,
 My dying Life may draw a new, and never fleeting Breath.

*To the Name above every Name, the
Name of Jesus*

A HYMN

I SING the Name which None can say
But thou'lt with An interiour Ray :
The Name of our New Peace ; our Good :
Our Blisse : and Supernaturall Blood :
The Name of All our Lives and Loves.
Hearken, And Help, ye holy Doves !
The high-born Brood of Day ; you bright
Candidates of blissefull Light,
The Heirs Elect of Love ; whose Names belong
Unto The everlasting life of Song ;
All ye wise Soules, who in the wealthy Brest
Of This unbounded Name build your warm Nest.
Awake, My glory. Soul, (if such thou be,
And That fair Word at all referr to Thee)

Awake and sing
And be All Wing;

Bring hither thy whole Self; and let me see
What of thy Parent Heavn yet speakes in thee,

O thou art Poore

Of noble Powres, I see,

And full of nothing else but empty Me,

Narrow, and low, and infinitely lesse

Then this Great mornings mighty Busynes.

One little World or two

(Alas) will never doe.

We must have store,

Goe, Soul, out of thy Self, and seek for More.

Goe and request

Great Nature for the Key of her huge Chest

MYST.

Of Heavns, the self involving Sett of Sphears
 (Which dull mortality more Feeles then heares)

Then rouse the nest
 Of nimble Art, and traverse round
 The Aiery Shop of soul-appeasing Sound :
 And beat a summons in the Same

All-soveraign Name
 To warn each severall kind
 And shape of sweetnes, Be they such
 As sigh with supple wind
 Or answer Artfull Touch,
 That theyconvene andcome away
 To wait at the love-'rownd Doores of
 This Illustrious Day.

Shall we dare This, my Soul ? we'l doe't and bring
 No Other note for't, but the Name we sing.

Wake Lute and Harp
 And every sweet-lipp't Thing
 That talkes with tunefull string ;
 Start into life, And leap with me
 Into a hasty Fitt-tunM Harmony.

Nor must you think it much
 T'obey my bolder touch ;
 I have Authority in Love's name to take you
 And to the worke of Love this morning wake you ;

Wake ; In the Name
 Of Him who never sleeps, All Things that Are,
 Or, what's the same,
 Are Musi'all;
 Answer my Call
 Andcome along ;

Help me to meditate mine Immortall Song.
 Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
 Bring All your houshold stuffe of Heavn on earth ;

O you, my Soul's most certain Wings,
 Complaining Pipes, and prattling Strings,
 Bring All the store
 Of Sweets you have ; And murmur that you have no
 more.
 Come, nere to part,
 Nature and Art !
 Come ; and come strong,
 To the conspira'y of our Spacious song.
 Bring All the Powres of Praise
 Your Provin'es of well-united Worlds can raise ;
 Bring All your Lutes and Harps of Heavn and Earth ;
 What ere cooperates to The common mirth
 Vessells of vo'all Ioyes,
 Or You, more noble Ar'hite'ts of Intelle'tuall Noise,
 Cymballs of Heav'n, or Humane sphears,
 Solli'kers of Soules or Eares ;
 And when you'are come, with All
 That you can bring or we can call ;
 O may you fix
 For ever here, and mix
 Your selves into the long
 And everlasting series of a deathlesse Song ;
 Mix All your many Worlds, Above,
 And loose them into One of Love.
 Chear thee my Heart !
 For Thou too hast thy Part
 And Place in the Great Throng
 Of This unbounded All-imbra'ing Song.
 Powres of my Soul, be Proud !
 And speake lowd
 To All the dear-bought Nations This Redeeming Name,
 And in the wealth of one Rich Word proclaim
 New Similes to Nature,

May it be no wrong
Blest Heavns, to you, and your Superiour song,
That we, dark Sons of Dust and Sorrow,
A while Dare borrow
The Name of Your Dilights and our Desires,
And fitt it to so farr inferior Lyres.
Our Murmurs have their Musi'k too,
Ye mighty Orbes, as well as you,
Nor yeilds the noblest Nest
Of warbling Seraphim to the eares of Love,
Achoi'er Lesson then the joyfull Brest
Of a poor panting Turtle-Dove,
And we, low Wormes have leave to doe
The Same bright Busynes (ye Third Heavens) with you.
Gentle Spirits, doe notcomplain.
We will havecare
To keep it fair,
And send it back to you again.
Come, lovely Name ! Appeare from forth the Bright
Regions of pea'efull Light,
Look from thine own Illustrious Home,
Fair King of Names, andcome.
Leave All thy native Glories in their Georgeous Nest,
And give thy Self a while The gracious Guest
Of humble Soules, that seek to find
The hidden Sweets
Which man's heart meets
When Thou art Master of the Mind.
Come, lovely Name ; life of our hope!
Lo we hold our Hearts wide ope !
Unlock thy Cabinet of Day
Dearest Sweet, andcome away.
Lo how the thirsty Lands
Gasp for thy Golden Showres ! with longstret'h't Hands,

Lo how the laboring Earth
 That hopes to be
 All Heaven by Thee,
 Leapes at thy Birth.
 The' attending World, to wait thy Rise,
 First turn'd to eyes ;
 And then, not knowing what to doe ;
 Turn'd Them to T'ar's, and spent Them too.
 Come Royall Name, and pay the expen"
 Of All this Pr'tious Patien'e.
 Ocome away
 And kill the Death of This Delay.
 O see, so many Worlds of barren yeares
 Melted and measur'd out in Seas of Teares.
 O see, The Weary liddes of wakefull Hope
 (Love's Eastern windowes) All wide ope
 With Curtains drawn,
 Tocat'h The Day-break of Thy Dawn.
 O dawn, at last, long look't for Day !
 Take thine own wings, andcome away.
 Lo, where Aloft itcomes ! Itcomes, Among
 The Condu't of Adoring Spirits, that throng
 Like diligent Bees, And swarm about it.
 O they are wise ;
 And know what Sweetes are su'k't from out it.
 It is the Hive,
 By whichthey thrive,
 Where All their Hoard of Hony lyes.
 Lo where itcomes, upon The snowy Dove's
 Soft Ba'k'; And brings a Bosom big with Loves.
 Wel'ome to our dark world, Thou
 Womb of Day !
 Unfold thy fair Con'ceptions ; And display
 The Birth of our Bright Ioyes.

O thou compa'ted
 Body of Blessings : spirit of Soules extra'ted !
 O dissipate thy spicy Powres
 (Clowd of condensed sweets) and break upon us
 In balmy shows ;
 O fill our senses, And take from us
 All force of so Prophane a Falla'y
 To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee,
 Fair, flowry Name ; In none but Thee
 And Thy Ne'tareall Fragan'y,
 Hourly there meetes
 An universall Synod of All sweets ;
 By whom it is defined Thus
 That no Perfume
 For ever shall presume
 To passe for Odoriferous,
 But such alone whose sacred Pedigree
 Can prove it Self some kin (sweet name) to Thee.
 Sweet Name, in Thy each Syllable
 A Thousand Blest Arabias dwell ;
 A Thousand Hills of Frankin'ense ;
 Mountains of myrrh, and Beds of species,
 And ten Thousand Paradises,
 The soul that tasts thee takes from thence.
 How many unknown Worlds there are
 Of Comforts, which Thou hast in keeping J
 How many Thousand Mer'yes there
 In Pitty's soft lap ly a sleeping !
 Happy he who has the art
 To awake them,
 And to take them
 Home, and lodge them in his Heart.
 O that it were as it was wont to be !
 When thy old Freinds **of Fire, All full of Thee,**

Fought against Frowns with smiles ; gave Gloriouschase
 To Perse'utions ; And against the Face
 Of Death and feir'est Dangers, durst with Brave
 And sober pace mar'h on to meet A Grave.
 On their Bold Brests about the world they bore thee
 And to the Teeth of Hell stood up to teach thee,
 In Center of their inmost Soules they wore thee,
 Where Ra'k's and Torments striv'd, in vain, to reach thee.

Little, alas, thought They
 Who tore the Fair Brests of thy Freinds,
 Their Fury but made way
 For Thee ; And serv'd them in Thy glorious ends.
 What did Their weapons but with wider pores
 Inlarge thy flaming-brested Lovers

More freely to transpire
 That impatient Fire
 The Heart that hides Thee hardlycovers.
 What did their Weapons but sett wide the Doores
 For Thee : Fair, purple Doores, of love's devising ;
 The Ruby windowes whichinri'h't the East
 Of Thy so oft repeated Rising.
 Each wound of Theirs was Thy new Morning ;
 And reinthron'd thee in thy Rosy Nest,
 With blush of thine own Blood thy day adorning,
 It was the witt of love oreflowd the Bounds
 Of Wrath, and made thee way through All Those wounds,
 Well'ome dear, All-Adored Name !

For sure there is no Knee
 That knowes not Thee.
 Or if there be such sonns of shame,
 Alas what will they doe
 When stubborn Ro'ks shall bow
 And Hills hang down their Heavn-saluting Heads
 To seek for humble Beds

Of Dust, where in the Bashfull shades of night
 Next to their own low Nothing they may ly,
 Andcou'h before the dazeling light of thy dread majesty.
 They that by Love's mild Di'tate now
 Will not adore thee,
 Shall Then with Just Confusion, bow
 And break before thee.

*A Hymn to the Name and Honor of the
 Admirable Sainte Teresa*

Fovndresse of the Reformation of the Dis'al'ed Carmelites, both
 men and Women ; a Woman for Angeli'all heighth of speculation,
 for Mas'ulinecourage of performan'e, more then a woman. Who
 yet achild, out ran maturity, and duist plott a Martyrdome.

LOVE, thou art Absolute sole lord
 Of Life and Death. To prove the word,
 Wee'l now appeal to none of all
 Those thy old Souldiers, Great and tall,
 Ripe Men of Martyrdom, thatcould reach down
 With strong armes, their triumphantcrown;
 Su'h ascould with lusty breath
 Speak lowd into the fa'e of death
 Their Great Lord's glorious name, to none
 Of those whose spatious Bosomes spread a throne
 For Love at larg to fill, spare blood and sweat ;
 And see him take a private seat,
 Making his mansion in the mild
 And milky soul of a softchild.

S'arse has she learn't to lisp the name
 Of Martyr ; yet she thinks it shame
 Life should so long play with that breath
 Which spentcan buy so brave a death.

She never undertook to know
 What death with love should have to doe ;
 Nor has she e're yet understood
 Why to show love, she should shed blood
 Yet though she cannot tell you why,
 She can Love, and she can Dy.

S'arse has she Blood enough to make
 A guilty sword blush for her sake ;
 Yet has she a Heart dares hope to prove
 How much lesse strong is Death then Love.

Be love but there ; let poor six yeares
 Be pos'd with the maturest F'ares
 Man trembles at, you straight shall find
 Love knowes no nonage, nor the Mind. cTis Love, not Yeares or Limbs
 Make the Martyr, or the man.

Love thou'h't her Heart, and lo it beates
 High, and burnes with such brave heates ;
 Such thirsts to dy, as dares drink up,
 A thousand cold deaths in one cup.
 Good reason. For she breathes All fire.
 Her weake brest heaves with strong desire
 Of what she may with fruitles wishes
 Seek for amongst her Mother's kisses.

Sin'ectis not to be had at home
 She'l travail to a Martyrdom.
 No home for hers confesses she
 But where she may a Martyr be.

Sh'el to the Moores ; And trade with them,
 For this unvalued Diadem.
 She'l offer them her dearest Breath,
 With Christ's Name in't, inchange for death,
 Sh'el bargain with them ; and will give
 Them God ; teach them how to live

In him : or, if they this deny,
 For him she'l teach them how to Dy.
 So shall she leave amongst them sown
 Her Lord's Blood ; or at lest her own.

Farewel then, all the world ! Adieu.
 Teresa is no more for you.
 Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and ioyes,.
 (Never till now esteemed toyes)
 Farewell what ever deare may be,
 Mother's armes or Father's knee.
 Farewell house, and farewell home 1
 She's for the Moores, and Martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast lo thy fair Spouse
 Whom thou seekst with so swift vowes,
 Calls thee back, and bids thee come
 T'embra'e a milder Martyrdom.

Blest powres forbid, Thy tender life
 Should bleed upon a barborous knife ;
 Or some base hand have power to race
 Thy Brest'schastcabinet, and uncase
 A soul kept there so sweet, 6 no ;
 Wise heavn will never have it so.
 Thou art love's vi'time ; and must dy
 A death more mysti'all and high.
 Into love's armes thou shalt let fall
 A still-surviving funerall.
 His is the Dart must make the Death
 Whose stroke shall tast thy hallow'd breath ;
 A Dart thrice dip't in that rich flame
 Which writes thy spouse's radiant Name
 Upon the roof of Heav'n ; where ay
 It shines, and with a soveraign ray
 Beates bright upon the burning faces
 Of soules whichin that name's sweet graces

Find everlasting smiles. So rare,
 So spiritual!, pure, and fair
 Must be th'immortall instrument
 Upon whose choi'e point shall be sent
 A life so lov'd ; And that there be
 Fitt exe'utioners for Thee,
 The fair'st and first-born sons of fire
 Blest Seraphim, shall leave their quire
 And turn love's souldiers, upon Thee
 To exer'ise their ar'heri'.

O how oft shalt thou complain
 Of a sweet and subtle Pain.
 Of intolerable Ioyes;
 Of a Death, in which who dyes
 Loves his death, and dyes again.
 And would for ever so be slain.
 And lives, and dyes; and knowes not why
 To live, But that he thus may never leave to

How kindly will thy gentle Heart
 Kisse the sweetly-killing Dart !
 And close in his embra'es keep
 Those deli'ious Wounds, that weep
 Balsom to heal themselves with. Thus
 When These thy Deaths, so numerous,
 Shall all at last dy into one,
 And melt thy Soul's sweet mansion ;
 Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
 By too hott a fire, and wasted
 Into perfuming clouds, so fast
 Shalt thou exhale to Heavn at last
 In a resolving Sigh, and then
 O what ? Ask not the Tongues of men.
 Angells cannot tell, suffice,
 Thy selfe shall feel thine own full ioyes

And hold them fast for ever there
 So soon as you first appear,
 The Moon of maiden starrs, thy white
 Mistresse, attended by such bright
 Soules as thy shining self, shall come
 And in her first rankes make thee room ;
 Wherec mongst her snowy family
 Immortall well'omes wait for thee.

O what delight, when reveal'd Life shall stand
 And teach thy lipps heav'n with his hand ;
 On which thou now maist to thy wishes
 Heap up thy conse'rated kisses.
 What ioyes shall seize thy soul, when she
 Bending her blessed eyes on thee
 (Those second Smiles of Heav'n) shall dart
 Her mild rayes through thy melting heart !

Angels, thy old freinds, there shall greet thee
 Glad at their own home now to meet thee.

All thy good Workes which went before
 And waited for thee, at the door,
 Shall own thee there ; and all in one
 Weave a constellation
 Of Crowns, with which the King thy spouse
 Shall build up thy triumphant browes.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee
 And thy paines sitt bright upon thee,
 All thy Suffrings be divine.
 Teares shall take comfort, and turn gemms
 And Wrongs repent to Diademms.
 Ev'n thy Death shall live ; and new
 Dresse the soul that erst they slew.
 Thy wounds shall blush to such bright s'arre3
 As keep account of the Lamb's warres.

Those rare Workes where thou shalt leave writt

Love's noble history, with witt
 Taught thee by none but him, while here
 They feed our soules, shallcloth Thine there.
 Each heavnly word by whose hid flame
 Our hard Hearts shall strike fire, the same
 Shall flourish on thy browes, and be
 Both fire to us and flame to thee ;
 Whose light shall live bright in thy Face
 By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see
 Thousands ofcrown'd Soules throng to be
 Themselves thycrown. Sons of thy vows
 The virgin-births with whichthy sovereign spouse
 Made fruitfull thy fair soul, goe now
 And with them all about thee bow
 To Him, put on (hee'l say) put on
 (My rosy love) That thy rich zone
 Sparkling with the sacred flames
 Of thousand soules, whose happy names
 Heav'n keep upon thy score. (Thy bright
 Life brought them first to kisse the light
 That kindled them to starrs.) and so
 Thou with the Lamb, thy lord, shalt goe ;
 And whereso'ere he sett's his white
 Steps, walk with Him those wayes of light
 Which who in death would live to see,
 Must learn in life to dy like thee.

The Flaming Heart

*Vpon the book and Pi'ture of the seraphi'all saint Teresa,
(as she is vsually expressed with a Seraphim beside her)*

WELL meaning readers ! you that come as freinds
And cat'h the pretious name this pei'e pretends ;
Make not too much hast to' admire
That fair-'heek't falla'y of fire.
That is a Seraphim, they say
And this the great Teresia.
Readers, be rul'd by me ; and make
Here a well-pla't and wise mistake.
You must transpose the picture quite,
And spell it wrong to read it right ;
Read Him for her, and her for him ;
And call the Saint the Seraphim.

Painter, what didst thou understand
To put her dart into his hand !
See, even the yeares and size of him
Shoves this the mother Seraphim.
This is the mistresse flame ; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see,
O most poor-spirited of men !
Had thy cold Pen'il kist her Pen
Thou couldst not so unkindly err
To show us This faint shade for Her.
Why man, this speakes pure mortall frame;
And mo'kes with female Frost love's manly flame.
One would suspe't thou meant'st to print
Some weak, inferiour, woman saint.
But had thy pale-fa't purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright Booke
Thou wouldst on her have heap't up all
That could be found Seraphi'all;

What e're this youth of fire weares fair,
 Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
 Glowingcheek, and glistering wings,
 All those fair and flagrant things,
 But before all, that fiery Dart
 Had fill'd the Hand of this great Heart.

Doe then as equall right requires,
 Since His the blushes be, and her's the fires,
 Resume and rectify thy rude design ;
 Undresse thy Seraphim into Mine.
 Redeem this injury of thy art ;
 Give Him the vail, give her the dart.

Give Him the vail ; that he maycover
 The Redcheeks of a rivall'd lover.
 Asham'd that our world, now, can show
 Nests of new Seraphims here below.

Give her the Dart for it is she
 (Fair youth) shootes both thy shaft and Thee
 Say, all ye wise and well-peir't hearts
 That live and dy amidst her darts,
 What is't your tastfull spirits doe prove
 In that rare life of Her, and love i
 Say and bear wittnes. Sends she not
 A Seraphim at every shott ?
 What magazins of immortall Armes there shine!
 Heavn's great artillery in each love-spun line.
 Give then the dart to her who gives the flame ;
 Give him the veil, who gives the shame.

But if it be the frequent fate
 Of worst faults to be fortunate ;
 If all's præ'sription ; and proud wrong
 Harkens not to an humble song ;
 For all the gallantry of him,
 Give me the suffring Seraphim.

His be the bravery of all those Bright things.
The glowingcheekes, the glistering wings ;
The Rosy hand, the radiant Dart ;
Leave Her alone The Flaming Heart,

Leave her that ; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft but love's whole quiver.

For in love's feild was never found

A nobler weapon then a Wound.

Love's passives are his a'tiv'st part.

The wounded is the wounding heart.

O Heart! the æquall poise of love's both parts

Bigge alike with wound and darts.

Live in theseconquering leaves ; live all the same ;

And walk through all tongues one triumphant Flame.

Live here, great Heart; and love and dy and kill;

And bleed and wound ; and yeild andconquer still.

Let this immortall life wherere itcomes

Walk in acrowd of loves and Martyrdomes.

Let mysti'k Deaths wait on't ; and wise soules be

The love-slain wittnesses of this life of thee.

O sweet in'endiary I shew here thy art,

Upon thiscar'asse of a hard,cold, hart,

Let all thy s'atter'd shafts of light, that play

Among the leaves of thy larg Books of day,

Combin'd against this Brest at once break in

And take away from me my self and sin,

This gracious Robbery shall thy bounty be ;

And my best fortunes such fair spoiles of me.

O thou undanted daughter of desires !

By all thy dower of Lights and Fires ;

By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;

By all thy lives and deaths of love ;

By thy larg draughts of intelle'tuall day,

And by thy thirsts of love more large then **they** ;

By all thy brim-fiird Bowles of feir'e desire
By thy last Morning's draught of liquid fire ;
By the full kingdome of that finall kisse
That s'iz'd thy parting Soul, and seal'd thee his ;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in him
(Fair sister of the Seraphim !)
By all of Him we have in Thee ;
Leave nothing of my Self in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may dy.

A Song

LORD, when the sense of thy sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek thy face.
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I dy in love's delicious Fire.
O love, I am thy Sacrifi'e.
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes.
Still shine on me, fair suns ! that I
Still may behold, though still I dy.

Though still I dy, I live again;
Still longing so to be still slain,
So gainfull is such losse of breath.
I dy even in desire of death.

Still live in me this loving strife
Of living Death and dying Life.
For while thou sweetly slayest me
Dead to my selfe, I live in Thee.

Prayer

*An Ode which was prefixed to a little Prayer-book given
to a young Gentle-woman*

L ^ohere a little volume, but great Book
 A nest of new-born sweets ;
 Whose native fires disdaining
 To ly thus folded, andcomplaining
 Of these ignoble sheets,
 Affe't morecomly bands
 (Fair one) from the kind hands
 Andconfidently look
 To find the rest
 Of a ri'h binding in your Brest.
 It is, in onechoise handfull, heavenn ; and all
 Heavn's Royall host; in'amp't thus small
 To prove that true s'hooles use to tell,
 Ten thousand Angels in one pointcan dwell.
 It is love's great artillery
 Whi'h herecontra'ts itself, andcomes to ly
 Closecou'h't in their white bosom: and from thence
 As from a snowy fortresse of defence,
 Against their ghostly foes to take their part,
 And fortify the hold of theirchast heart.
 It is an armory of light
 Letconstant use but keep it bright,
 You'l find it yeilds
 To holy hands and humble hearts
 More swords and sheilds
 Then sin hath snares, or Hell hath darts.

Only be sure
The hands be pure
That hold these weapons ; and the eyes
Those of turtles, chast and true ;
Wakefull and wise;
Here is a freind shall fight for you,
Hold but this book before their heart ;
Let prayer-alone to play his part,
But 6 the heart
That studyes this high Art
Must be a sure house-keeper ;
And yet no sleeper.
Dear soul, be strong.
Mercy willcome e're long
And bring his bosom fraught with blessings.
Flowers of never fading graces
To make immortall dressings
For worthy soules, whose wise embra'es
Store up themselves for Him, who is alone
The Spouse of Virgins and the Virgin's son.
But if the noble Bridegroom, when he come
Shall find the loytering Heart from home :
Leaving herchast aboad
To gadde abroad
Among the gay mates of the god of flyes ;
To take her pleasure and to play
And keep the devill's holyday;
To dance th'sunshin' of some smiling
But beguiling
Spheares of sweet and sugred Lyes,
Some slippery Pair
Of false, perhaps as fair,
Flattering but forswearing eyes ;

Doubtlesse some other heart
 Will gett the start
Mean while, and stepping in before
Will take possession of that sacred store
Of hidden sweets and holy ioyes.
Words whichare not heard with Eares
(Those tumultuous shops of noise)
Effe'tuall wispers, whose still voice
The soul it selfe more feeles then heares ;
Amorous languishments ; luminous trances ;
Sights whichare not seen with eyes
Spirituell and soul-peir'ing glances
Whose pure and subtil lightning flies
Home to the heart, and setts the house on fire
And melts it down in sweet desire
 Yet does not stay
To ask the windows leave to passe that way ;
Deli'ious Deaths ; softcxalations
Of soul ; dear and divine annihilations ;
 A thousand unknown rites
Of ioyes and rarefy'd delights ;
A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces,
 And many a mysti'k thing
 Which the divine embraces
Of the deare spouse of spirits with them will bring
 For whichit is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name.
 Of all this store
Of blessings and ten thousand more
 (If when hecome
 He find the Heart from home)
Doubtlesse he will unload
Himself some other where,
And poure abroad

His pretious sweets
On the fair soul whom first he meets.
O fair, 6 fortunate ! O ri'he, o dear !
O happy and thrice happy she
 Selected dove
 Who ere she be,
 Whose early love
 With winged vows
Makes hast to meet her morning spouse
And close with his immortall kisses.
Happy indeed, who never misses
To improve that pretious hour,
 And every day
 Seize her sweet prey
All fresh and fragrant as he rises
Dropping with a baulmy Showr
A deli'ious dew of spices ;
O let the blissfull heart hold fast
Her heavnly arm-full, she shall tast
At once ten thousand paradises ;
 She shall have power
 To rifle and deflour
The rich and roseall spring of those rare sweets
Which with a swelling bosome there she meets
 Boundles and infinite
 Bottomles treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures
Happy proof ! she shal discover
 What ioy, what blisse,
How many Heav'ns at once it is
To have her God become her Lover,

ANDREW MARVELL

1621-1678

On a Drop of Dew

SEE how the orient dew
 Shed from the bosom of the Morn
 Into the blowing roses,
 Yet careless of its mansion new,
 For the clear region where it was born,
 Round in its self in'loses:
 And in its little globe's extent
 Frames, as it can, its native element.
 How it the purple flow'r does slight,
 Scarce tou'ning where it lies,
 But gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light,
 Like its own tear,
 Because so long divided from the spear.
 Restless it rouses, and unse'ure,
 Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
 Till the warm sun pitties its pain
 And to the skies exhales it back again.
 So the soul, that drop, that ray,
 Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
 (Could it within the humane flow'r be seen)
 Rememb'ring still its former height,
 Shuns the sweat leaves and blossoms green,
 And, recollecting its own light,
 Does in its pure and cir'ling thoughts express
 The greater heaven in a heaven less.
 In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away ;
 (So the world-excluding round)
 Yet receiving in the day.

Dark beneath, but bright above,
 Here disdaining, there in love.
 How loose and easie hen'e to go ;
 How girt and ready to ascend ;
 Moving but on a point below,
 It all about does upwards bend.
 Such did the manna's sacred dew destil,
 White and intire, though congeal'd and chill ;
 Congeal'd on Earth ; but does, dissolving, run
 Into the glories of th' almighty sun.

The Coronet

WHEN for the thorns with which I long, too long,
 With many a pier'ing wound, •
 My Saviour's head have crown'd,
 I seek with garlands to redress that wrong ;
 Through every garden, every mead,
 I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs),
 Dismantling all the fragrant towers
 That once adorn'd my shepherdesse's head :
 And now, when I have summ'd up all my store,
 Thinking (so I my self deceive)
 So rich a chaplet thence to weave
 As never yet the King of Glory wore,
 Alas ! I find the Serpent old,
 That, twining in his speckled breast
 About the flowers disguis'd, does fold,
 With wreaths of fame and interest.
 Ah, foolish man, that would'st debase with them
 And mortal glory, Heaven's diadem !
 But Thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,
 Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie.

And disintangle all his winding snare ;
 Or shatter too with him my curious frame,
 And let these wither—so that he may die—
 Though set with skill, and chosen out with care ;
 That they, while Thou on both their spoils dost tread,
 May crown Thy feet, that could not crown Thy head.

HENRY VAUGHAN

1621-1695

The Sear'h

LEAVE, leave, thy gadding thoughts ;
 Who Pores
 and spies
 Still out of Doores,
 desires
 Within them nought.

The skinne, and shell of things
 Though faire,
 are not
 Thy wish, nor pray'r,
 but got
 By meer Despair
 of wings.

To rack old Elements,
 or Dust
 and say
 Sure here he must
 needs stay,
 Is not the way,
 nor just.

Search well another world ; who studies this,
 Travels in Clouds, seeks *Manna*, where none is.

The Retreat

HAPPY those early dayes ! when I
Shin'd in my Angell-infan'y.
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, Celestiall thought ;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile, or two, from my first love,
And looking back (at that short space,)
Could see a glimpse of his bright-fa'e;
When on some *gilded Cloud*, or *flowre*
My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My Cons'ien'e with a sinfull sound,
Or had the black art to dispen'e
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sen'e,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.

O how I long to travel] back
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left *my* glorious traine,
From whence th' Inlightned spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees;
But (ah !) my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, **and** staggers in the way.
Some men **a** forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And when **this** dust falls to the urn
In that state I came return.

The Morning Watch

O JOYES ! Infinite sweetnes! with what flowres,
 And shoots of glory, my soul breakes, and buds !
 All the long houres
 Of night, and Rest,
 Through the still shrouds
 Of sleep, and Clouds,
 This Dew fell on my Breast ;
 O how it *Blouds*,
 And *Spirits* all my Earth ! heark ! In what Rings,
 And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world
 Awakes, and sings;
 The rising winds,
 And falling springs,
 Birds, beasts, all things
 Adore him in their kinds.
 Thus all is hurl'd
 In sacred *Hymnes*, and *Order* , The great *Chime*
 And *Symphony* of nature. Prayer is
 The world in tune,
 A spirit-voy'e,
 And vo'all joyes
 Whose *E'ho* is heav'ns blisse.
 O let meclimbe
 When I lye down ! The Pious soul by night
 Is like aclouded starre, whose beames though sed
 To shed their light
 Under some Cloud
 Yet are above,
 And shine, and move
 Beyond that mistie shrowd.
 So in my Bed
 That Curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
 My lamp, and life, both shall in thee abide.

Rules and Lessons

WHEN first thy Eies unveil, give thy Soul leave
 To do the like ; our Bodies but forerun
 The spirits duty ; True hearts spread, and heave
 Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the Sun.

Give him thy first thoughts then ; so shalt thou keep
 Himcompany all day, and in him sleep....

Walk with thy fellow-'reatures : note the *hush*
 And *whispers* amongst them. Therecs not a *Spring*,
 Or *Leafe* but hath his *Morning-hymn* ; Each *Bush*
 And *Oak* doth know I AM ; canst thou not sing i
 O leave thy Cares, and follies ! go this way
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day. . . .

Spend not an hour so, as to weep another,
 For tears are not thine own ; If thou giv'st words
 Dash not *thy friend*, nor *Heav'n* ; O smother
 A vip'rous thought ; some *Syllables* are *Swords*.
 Unbitted tongues are in their penan'e double,
 They shame their owners, and the *hearers* trouble....

When Seasonschange, then lay before thine Eys
 His wondrous *Method* ; mark the various *Scenes*
 In heav'n ; *Hail*, *Thunder*, *Rain-bows*, *Snow*, and *Ice*,
Calmes, *Tempests*, *Light*, and *darknes* by his means ;
 Thoucanst not misse his Praise; Each *tree*, *herb*,
 flowre
 Are shadows of his *wisedome*, and his Pow'r,

The World

I SAW Eternity the other night
 Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light,
 Allcalm, as it was bright,

And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
 Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, In which the world
 And all her train were hurl'd;
The doting Lover in his quaintest strain
 Did their Complain,
Neer him, his Lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 Wits sour delights,
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of pleasure
 Yet his dear Treasure
All s'atter'd lay, while he his eys did pour
 Upon a flowr

The darksome States-man hung with weights and woe
Like a thick midnight-fog mov'd there so slow
 He did nor stay, nor go ;
Condemning thoughts (like sad E''lipses) scowl
 Upon his soul,
And Clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
Yet dig'd the Mole, and lest his ways be found
 Workt under ground,
Where he did Clut'h his prey, but one did sec
 That poli'ie,
Chur'hes and altars fed him, Perjuries
 Were gnats and flies,
It rain'd about him bloud and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

The fearfull miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scar'e trust
 His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one pee'e above, but lives
 In feare of theeves.

Thousands there were as franti'k as himself
 And hug'd each one his pelf,
 The down-right Epicure pla''d heav'n in sense
 And s'ornd pretence
 While others slipt into a wide Ex'esse
 Said little lesse ;
 The weaker sort slight, triviall wares Inslave
 Who think them brave,
 And poor, despised truth sate Counting by
 Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the *Ring*,
 But most would use no wing.
 O fools (said I,) thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light,
 To live in grots, andcaves, and hate the day
 Because it shews the way,
 The way whichfrom this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God,
 A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
 More bright than he.
 But as I did their madnes so dis'usse
 One whisper'd thus,
This Ring the Bride-groome did for none provide
But for his bride.

The Knot

BRIGHT Queen of Heaven ! Gods Virgin Spouse
 The glad worlds blessed maid !
 Whose beauty tyed life to thy house,
 And brought us saving ayd,

Thou art the true Loves-knot ; by thee
 God is made our Allie,
 And mans inferior Essen'e he
 With his did dignifie.

For Coales'ent by that Band
 We are his body grown,
 Nourished with favors from his hand
 Whom for our head we own.

And such a Knot, what arm dares loose,
 What life, what death can sever ?
 Which us in him, and him in us
 United keeps for ever.

The Dwelling-pla'e

WHAT happy, secret fountain,
 Fair shade, or mountain,
 Whose undis'over'd virgin glory
 Boasts it this day, though not in story,
 Was then thy dwelling ? did some cloud
 Fix'd to a Tent, descend and shroud
 My distrest Lord ? or did a star,
 Be'ken'd by thee, though high and far,
 In sparkling smiles haste gladly down
 To lodge light, and increase her own ?
 My dear, dear God ! I do not know
 What lodgd thee then, nor where, nor how ;
 But I am sure, thou dost now come
 Oft to a narrow, homely room,
 Where thou too hast but the least part,
 My God, I mean *my sinful heart*.

Quickness

FALSE life ! a foil and no more, when
 Wilt thou be gone ?
 Thou foul deception of all men
 That would not have the truecome on.

Thou art a Moon-like toil; a blinde
 Self-posing state;
 A darkcontest of waves and winde;
 A meer tempestuous debate.

Life is a fix'd, discerning light,
 A knowing Joy ;
 Nochan'e, or fit : but ever bright,
 Andcalm and full, yet doth notcloy.

'Tis such a blissful thing, that still
 Doth vivifie,
 And shine and smile, and hath the skill
 To please without Eternity.

Thou art a toylsom Mole, or less
 A moving mist
 But life is, what nonecan express,
 A *quickness, whichmy God hath kist.*

THOMAS TRAHERNE

?1636-1674

Wonder

HOW like an Angelcame I down !
 How bright are all things here !
 When first among His works I did appear
 O how their glory me didcrown !

The world resembled His Eternity,
 In which my soul did walk ;
 And every thing that I did see
 Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
 The lively, lovely air,
 Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair !
 The stars did entertain my sense,
 And all the works of God, so bright and pure,
 So rich and great did seem,
 As if they ever must endure
 In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
 Within my bones did grow,
 And while my God did all his Glories show,
 I felt a vigour in my sense
 That was all Spirit. I within did flow
 With seas of life, like wine ;
 I nothing in the world did know
 But 'twas divine.

Harsh ragged objects were concealed,
 Oppressions, tears and cries,
 Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes
 Were hid, and only things revealed
 Which heavenly Spirits and the Angels prize.
 The state of Innocence
 And bliss, not trades and poverties,
 Did fill my sense.

The streets were paved with golden stones,
 The boys and girls were mine,
 Oh how did all their lovely faces shine !
 The sons of men were holy ones,

In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
And every thing whichere I found,
While like an Angel I did see,
Adorned the ground.

Rich diamond and pearl and gold
In every place was seen ;
Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white and green,
Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
Great wondersclothed with glory did appear,
Amazement was my bliss,
That and my wealth was everywhere ;
No joy to this !

Cursed and devised proprieties,
With envy, avarice
And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,
Flew from the splendour of mine eyes,
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,
I dreamed not aught of those,
But wandered over all men's grounds,
And found repose.

Proprieties themselves were mine,
And hedges ornaments ;
Walls, boxes,coffers, and their richcontents
Did not divide my joys, but allcombine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
My joys by others worn :
For me they all to wear them seemed
When I was born.

The Vision

FLIGHT is but the preparative. The sight
 Is deep and infinite,
 Ah me ! tis all the glory, love, light, space,
 Joy, beauty and variety
 That doth adorn the Godhead's dwelling-pla'e;
 'Tis all that eyecan see.
 Even trades themselves seen incelestial light,
 Andcares and sins and woes are bright.

Order the beauty even of beauty is,
 It is the rule of bliss,
 The very life and form andcause of pleasure ;
 Which if we do not understand,
 Ten thousand heaps of vainconfused treasure
 Will but oppress the land.
 In blessedness itself we that shall miss,
 Being blind, whichis thecause of bliss.

First then behold the world as thine, and well
 Note that where thou dost dwell.
 See all the beauty of the spacious case,
 Lift up thy pleas'd and ravisht eyes,
 Admire the glory of the Heavenly place
 And all its blessings prize.
 That sight well seen thy spirit shall prepare,
 The first makes all the other rare.

Men's woes shall be but foils unto thy bliss,
 Thou once enjoying this :
 Trades shall adorn and beautify the earth,
 Their ignorance shall make thee bright ;

Were not their griefs Demo'ritus his mirth ?
 Their faults shall keep thee right :
Ali shall be thine, because they allconspire
 To feed and make thy glory higher.

To see a glorious fountain and an end,
 To see allcreatures tend
To thy advan'ement, and so sweetlyclose
 In thy repose : to see them shine
In use, in worth, in servi'e, and even foes
 . Among the rest made thine :
To see all these unite at once in thee
 Is to behold felicity.

To see the fountain is a blessed thing,
 It is to see the King
Of Glory face to face : but yet the end,
 The glorious, wondrous end is more ;
And yet the fountain there wecomprehend,
 The spring we there adore :
For in the end the fountain best is shown,
 As by effects thecause is known.

From one, to one, in one to see all things,
 To see the King of Kings
But once in two ; to see His endless treasures
 Made all mine own, myself the end
Of all his labours ! cTis the life of pleasures !
 To see myself His friend !
Who all things findsconjoined in Him alone,
 Sees and enjoys the Holy One.

The Rapture

SWEET Infan'y !
 O fire of heaven ! O sacred Light
 How fair and bright,
 How great am I,
 Whom all the world doth magnify !

O Heavenly Joy !
 O great and sacred blessedness
 Which I possess !
 So great a joy
 Who did into my arms convey ?

From God above
 Being sent, the Heavens me enflame :
 To praise his Name
 The stars do move !
 The burning sun doth shew His love.

O how divine
 Am I ! To all this sacred wealth,
 This life and health,
 Who raised ? Who mine
 Did make the same ? What hand divine ?

Dumbness

SURE Man was born to meditate on things,
 And to contemplate the eternal springs
 Of God and Nature, glory, bliss, and pleasure ;
 That life and love might be his Heavenly treasure ;
 And therefore speechless made at first, that He
 Might in himself profoundly busied be :

And not vent out, before he hath ta'en in
Those antidotes that guard his soul from sin.

Wise Nature made him deaf, too, that He might
Not be disturbed, while he doth take delight
In inward things, nor be depraved with tongues,
Nor injured by the errors and the wrongs
That mortal words convey. For sin and death
Are most infused by accursed breath,
That flowing from corrupted entrails, bear
Those hidden plagues which souls may justly fear.

This, my dear friends, this was my blessed case ;
For nothing spoke to me but the fair face
Of Heaven and Earth, before myself could speak,
I then my Bliss did, when my silence break.
My non-intelligence of human words
Ten thousand pleasures unto me affords;
For while I knew not what they to me said,
Before their souls were into mine conveyed,
Before that living vehicle of wind
Could breathe into me their infected mind,
Before my thoughts were leavened with theirs, before
There any mixture was ; the Holy Door,
Or gate of souls was close, and mine being one
Within itself to me alone was known.
Then did I dwell within a world of light,
Distinct and separate from all men's sight,
Where I did feel strange thoughts, and such things see
That were, or seemed, only revealed to me,
There I saw all the world enjoyed by one ;
There I was in the world myself alone;
No business serious seemed but one ; no work
But one was found; and that did in me lurk.

D'ye ask me what ? It was with clearer eyes
To see all creatures full of Deities;

Especially one's self : And to admire
The satisfaction of all true desire :
'Twas to be pleased with all that God hath done;
'Twas to enjoy even all beneath the sun :
'Twas with a steady and immediate sense
To feel and measure all the excellen'e
Of things ; ctwas to inherit endless treasure,
And to be filled with everlasting pleasure :
To reign in silence, and to sing alone,
To see, love,covet, have, enjoy and praise, in one :
To prize and to be ravished ; to be true,
Sincere and single in a blessed view
Of all His gifts. Thus was I pent within
A fort, impregnable to any sin :
Until the avenues being open laid
Whole legions entered, and the forts betrayed :
Before whichtime a pulpit in my mind,
A temple and a teacher I did find,
With a large text tocomment on. No ear
But eyes themselves were all the hearers there,
And every stone, and every star a tongue,
And every gale of wind acurious song.
The Heavens were an oracle, and spake
Divinity : the Earth did undertake
The office of a priest; and I being dumb
(Nothing besides was dumb), all things didcome
With voices and instru'tions ; but when I
Had gained a tongue, their power began to die.
Mine ears let other noises in, not theirs,
A noise disturbing all my songs and prayers.
My foes pulled down the temple to the ground;
They my adoring soul did deeply wound
Andcasting that into a swoon, destroyed
The Oracle, and all I there enjoyed:

And having once inspired me with a sense
Of foreign vanities, they march out thence
In troops that cover and despoil my coasts,
Being the invisible, most hurtful hosts.

Yet the first words mine infancy did hear,
The things which in my dumbness did appear,
Preventing all the rest, got such a root
Within my heart, and stick so close untact,
It may be trampled on, but still will grow
And nutriment to soil itself will owe.
The first Impressions are Immortal all,
And let mine enemies hoop, cry, roar, or call,
Yet these will whisper if I will but hear,
And penetrate the heart, if not the ear.

My Spirit

MY naked simple Life was I;
That Act so strongly shin'd
Upon the earth, the sea, the sky,
It was the substan'e of my mind ;
The sense itself was I.
I felt no dross nor matter in my soul,
No brims nor borders, such as in a bowl
We see. My essen'e was capa'ity,
That felt all things;
The thought that springs
Therefromcs itself. . It hath no other wings
To spread abroad, nor eyes to see,
Nor hands distin't to feel,
Nor knees to kneel;
But being simple like the Deity
In its own centre is a sphere
Not shut up here, but everywhere.

It acts not from a centre to
Its object as remote,
But present is when it doth view,
Being with the Being it doth note
Whatever it doth do.
It doth not by another engine work,
But by itself ; whichin the act doth lurk.
Its essen'e is transformed into a true
And perfe't a't.
And so exa't
Hath God appeared in this mysterious fact,
Thatctis all eye, all act, all sight,
And what it pleasecan be,
Not only sec,
Or do ; forc'tis more voluble than light,
Whi'hcan put on ten thousand forms,
Beingcloth'd with what itself adorns.
This made me present evermore
With whatsoe'er I saw.
An obje't, if it were before
My eye, was by Dame Nature's law,
Within my soul. Her store
Was all at on'e within me ; all Her treasures
Were my immediate and internal pleasures,
Substantial joys, whichdid inform my mind.
With all she wrought
My soul was fraught,
And every obje't in my heart a thought
Begot, or was ; I could not tell,
Whether the things did there
Themselves appear,
Whi'h in my Spirit truly seem'd to dwell ;
Or whether myconforming mind
Were not even all that therein shin'd.

But yet of this I was most sure,
 That at the utmost length,
 (So worthy was it to endure)
 My soul could best express its strength.
 It was so qui'k and pure,
 That all my mind was wholly everywhere,
 Whate'er it saw, 'twas ever wholly there ;
 The sun ten thousand legions off, was nigh :
 The utmost star,
 Though seen from far,
 Was present in the apple of my eye.
 There was my sight, my life, my sense,
 My substan'e, and my mind ;
 My spirit shin'd
 Even there, not by a transient influen'e :
 The act was immanent, yet there :
 The thing remote, yet felt even here.
 O Joy ! O wonder and delight !
 O sacred mystery !
 My Soul a Spirit infinite !
 An image of the Deity !
 A pure substantial light !
 That Being greatest which doth nothing seem !
 Why, 'twas my all, I nothing did esteem
 But that alone. A strange mysterious sphere
 A deep abyss
 That sees and is
 The only proper place of Heavenly Bliss.
 To its Creator 'tis so near
 In love and ex'ellen'e,
 In life and sense,
 In greatness, worth, and nature ; and so dear,
 In it, without hyperbole,
 The Son and friend of God we see.

A strange extended orb of Joy,
 Proceeding from within,
 Which did on every side, convey
 Itself, and being nigh of kin
 To God did every way
 Dilate itself even in an instant, and
 Like an indivisible centre stand,
 At once surrounding all eternity. cTwas not a sphere,
 Yet did appear,
 One infinite. cTwas somewhat every where
 And though it had a power to see
 Far more, yet still it shin'd
 And was a mind
 Exerted, for it saw Infinity.

'Twas not a sphere, but ctwas a might
 Invisible, and yet gave light.
 O wondrous Self ! O sphere of light,
 O sphere of joy most fair
 O act, O power infinite ;
 O subtile and unbounded air J
 O living orb of sight !
 Thou which within me art, yet me ! Thou eye,
 And temple of His whole infinity !
 O what a world art Thou ! A world within !
 All things appear,
 All objects are
 Alive in Thee ! Supersubstantial, rare,
 Above themselves, and nigh of kin
 To those pure things we find
 In His great mind
 Who made the world ! Tho' now eclipsed by sin
 There they are useful and divine,
 Exalted there they ought to shine.

Amendment

THAT all things should be mine,
This makes His bounty most divine.
But that they all more rich should be,
And far more brightly shine,
As used by me ;
It ravishes my soul to see the end,
To which this work so wonderful doth tend.

That we should make the skies
More glorious far before Thine eyes
Than Thou didst make them, and even Thee
Far more Thy works to prize,
As used they be
Than as they're made, is a stupendous work,
Wherein Thy wisdom mightily doth lurk.

Thy greatness, and Thy love,
Thy power, in this, my joy doth move ;
Thy goodness, and felicity
In this exprest above
All praise I see :
While Thy great Godhead over all doth reign,
And such an end in such a sort attain.

What bound may we assign,
O God, to any work of Thine !
Their endlessness discovers Thee
In all to be divine ;
A Deity,
That will for evermore exceed the end
Of all that creature's wit can comprehend.

Am I a glorious spring
 Of joys and riches to my King ?
 Are men made Gods ? And may they see
 So wonderful a thing
 As God in me ?
 And is my soul a mirror that must shine
 Even like the sun and be far more divine ?

Thy Soul, O God, doth prize
 The seas, the earth, our souls, the skies ;
 As we return the same to Thee
 They more delight Thine eyes,
 And sweeter be
 As unto Thee we offer up the same,
 Than as to us from Thee at first they came.

O how doth Sacred Love
 His gifts refine, exalt, improve !
 Our love to creatures makes them be
 In Thine esteem above
 Themselves to Thee !
 O here His goodness evermore admire !
 He made our souls to make His creatures higher.

The Anti'ipation

MY contemplation dazzles in the End
 Of all I comprehend,
 And soars above all heights,
 Diving into the depths of all delights.
 Can He be'ome the End,
 To whom all creatures tend,
 Who is the Father of all Infinites ?
 Then may He benefit receive from things,
 And be not Parent only of all springs.

The End doth want the means, and is the cause,
 Whose sake, by Nature's laws,
 Is that for which they are.
 Such sands, such dangerous rocks we must beware :
 From all Eternity
 A perfect Deity
 Most great and blessed He doth still appear;
 His essence perfect was in all its features,
 He ever blessed in His joys and creatures.

From everlasting He those joys did need,
 And all those joys proceed
 From Him eternally.
 From everlasting His felicity
 Complete and perfect was,
 Whose bosom is the glass,
 Wherein we all things everlasting see.
 His name is Now, His Nature is For-ever :
 None can His creatures from their Maker sever.

The End in Him from everlasting is
 The fountain of all bliss :
 From everlasting it
 Efficient was, and influence did emit,
 That caused all. Before
 The world, we do adore
 This glorious End. Be'ause all benefit
 From it proceeds : both are the very same,
 The End and Fountain differ but in Name.

That so the End should be the very Spring
 Of every glorious thing ;
 And that which seemeth last,
 The fountain and the cause ; attained so fast

That it was first; and mov'd
The Efficient, who so lov'd
All worlds and made them for the sake of this;
It shews the Endcomplete before, and is
A perfe't token of His perfe't bliss.

The Endcomplete, the means must needs be so,
By whichwe plainly know,
From all Eternity
The means whereby God is, must perfect be.
God is Himself the means
Whereby He doth exist :
And as the Sun by shining cloth'd with beams,
So from Himself to all His glory streams,
Who is a Sun, yet what Himself doth list.

His endless wants and His enjoyments be
From all Eternity
Immutable in Him :
They are His joys before the Cherubim.
His wants appreciate all,
And being infinite,
Permit no being to be mean or small
That He enjoys, or is before His sight.
His satisfactions do His wants delight.

Wants are the fountains of Felicity ;
No joy could ever be
Were there no want. No bliss,
No sweetness perfect, were it not for this.
Want is the greatest pleasure
Because it makes all treasure.
O what a wonderful profound abyss
Is God ! In whom eternal wants and treasures
Are more delightful since they both are pleasures.

He infinitely wanteth all His joys;
 (No want the soul ecercloys.)
 And all those wanted pleasures
 He infinitely hath. What endless measures,
 What heights and depths may we
 In His felicity
 Conceive ! Whose very wants are endless pleasures.
 His life in wants and joys is infinite,
 And both are felt as His Supreme Delight.

Hecs not like us ; possession doth notcloy,
 Nor sense of want destroy ;
 Both always are together ;
 No forcecan either from the other sever.
 Yet therecs a space between
 That's endless. Both are seen
 Distinctly still, and both are seen for ever.
 As soon as e'er He wanteth all His bliss,
 His bliss, tho' everlasting, in Him is.

His Essen'e is all A 't : He did that He
 All A 't might always be.
 His nature burns like fire ;
 His goodness infinitely does desire
 To be by all possesst;
 His love makes others blest.
 It is the glory of His high estate,
 And that whichI for evermore admire,
 He is an A 't that dothcommuni'ate.

From all to all Eternity He is
 That Act : an Act of bliss :
 Wherein all bliss to all
 That will receive the same, or on Himcall,

Is freely given : from whence
 'Tis easy even to sense
 To apprehend that all receivers are
 In Him, all gifts, all joys, all eyes, even all
 At once, that ever will or shall appear.
 He is the means of them, they not of Him.
 The Holy Cherubim,
 Souls, Angels from Him came
 Who is a glorious bright and living Flame,
 That on all things doth shine,
 And makes their face divine.
 And Holy, Holy, Holy is His Name :
 He is the means both of Himself and all,
 Whom we the Fountain, Means, and End docall.

Love

O NECTAR ! O delicious stream !
 O ravishing and only pleasure ! Where
 Shall such another theme
 Inspire my tongue with joys or please mine ear !
 Abridgement of delights!
 And Queen of sights!
 O mine of rarities ! O Kingdom wide !
 O more ! O cause of all ! O glorious Bride !
 O God ! O Bride of God ! O King !
 O soul and crown of everything !

Did not I covet to behold
 Some endless monar'h, that did always live
 In pala'es of gold,
 Willing all kingdoms, realms, and crowns to give
 Unto my soul ! Whose love
 A spring might prove

Of endless glories, honours, friendships, pleasures,
Joys, praises, beauties and celestial treasures !

Lo, now I see there's such a King,
The fountain-head of everything !

Did my ambition ever dream
Of such a Lord, of such a love ! Did I
Expe't so sweet a stream
As this at any time ! Could any eye
Believe it ? Why all power
Is used here ;

Joys down from Heaven on my head do shower,
And Jove beyond the fiction doth appear
Once more in golden rain to come
To Danae's pleasing fruitful womb.

His Ganymede ! His life ! His joy !
Or He comes down to me, or takes me up
That I might be His boy,
And fill, and taste, and give, and drink the cup.
But those (tho' great) are all
Too short and small,
Too weak and feeble pictures to express
The true mysterious depths of Blessedness.
I am His image, and His friend,
His son, bride, glory, temple, end.

An Hymn upon St. Bartholomew's Day

WHAT powerful Spirit lives within !
What active Angel doth inhabit here !
What heavenly light inspires my skin,
Which doth so like a Deity appear !

A living Temple of all ages, I
Within me see
A Temple of Eternity !
All Kingdoms I descry-
In me.

An inward Omnipresen'e here
Mysteriously like His within me stands,
Whose knowledge is a Sacred Sphere
That in itself at once includes all lands.
There is some Angel that within me can
Both talk and move,
And walk and fly and see and love,
A man on earth, a man
Above.

Dull walls of clay my Spirit leaves,
And in a foreign Kingdom doth appear,
This great Apostle it receives,
Admires His works and sees them, standing here.
Within myself from East to West I move
As if I were
At once a Cherubim and Sphere,
Or was at once above
And here.

The Soul's a messenger whereby
Within our inward Temple we may be
Even like the very Deity
In all the parts of His Eternity.
O live within and leave unwieldy dross !
Flesh is but clay !
O fly my Soul and haste away
To Jesus' Throne or Cross'
Obey'

ISAAC WATTS

1674-1748

The In'omprehensible

FAR in the Heavens my God retires :
 My God, the mark of my desires,
 And hides his lovely fa'e ;
 When he des'ends within my view,
 Hecharms my reason to pursue,
 But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequalchase.

Or if I reach unusual height
 Till near his presen'e brought,
 There floods of gloryche'k my flight,
 Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
 And all untune my thought;
 Plunged in a sea of light I roll,
 Where wisdom, justi'e, mer'y, shines;
 Infinite rays incrossing lines
 Beat thi'kconfusion on my sight, and overwhelm my
 soul. . . .

Great God ! behold my reason lies
 Adoring : yet my love would rise
 On pinions not her own :
 Faith shall dire't her humble flight,
 Through all the tra'kless seas of light,
 To Thee, th' Eternal Fair, the infinite Unknown.

ALEXANDER POPE

1688-1744

From An Essay on Man'

ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent.
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent :
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part ;
 As full, as perfe't, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfe't, in vile man that mourns
 As the rapt Seraphim, that sings and burns :
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small—
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. . . .
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee :
 All chance, dire'tion, which thou canst not see:
 All dis'ord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good.

JOHN BYROM

1691-1763

*A Poetical Version of a Letter from
 Ja'ob Behmen*

IT is Man's own Nature, which in its own Life,
 Or Centre, stands in Enmity and Strife,
 And anxious, selfish, doing what it lists,
 (Without God's Love) that tempts him, and resists ;
 The Devil also shoots his fiery Dart,
 From Gra'e and Love to turn away the Heart.

This is the greatest Trial; tis the Fight
 Whi'h Christ, with His internal Love and Light,
 Maintains within Man's Nature, to dispel
 God's Anger, Satan, Sin, and Death, and Hell;
 The human Self, or Serpent, to devour,
 And raise an Angel from it by His Pow'r.

Now if God's Love in Christ did not subdue
 In some Degree this Selfishness in you,
 You would have no such Combat to endure ;
 The Serpent, then, triumphantly se'ure,
 Would unoppos'd exert its native Right,
 And no such Conflit in your Soul ex'ite.

For all the huge Temptation and Distress
 Rises in Nature, tho' God seeks to bless;
 The Serpent feeling its tormenting State,
 (Whi'h of itself is a mere anxious Hate,)
 When God's amazing Love comes in, to fill
 And change the selfish to a God-like Will.

Here Christ, the Serpent-bruise, stands in Man,
 Storming the Devil's hellish, self-built Plan ;
 And hen'e the Strife within the human Soul,—
 Satan's to kill, and Christ's to make it whole ;
 As by Experien'e, in so great Degree,
 God in His Goodness causes you to see.

The next Temptation, which befalls of Course
 From Satan and from Nature's selfish For'e,
 Is, when the Soul has tasted of the **Love**
 And been illuminated from above ;
 Still in its Self-hood it would seek to shine,
 And as its own possess the Light Divine.

That is, the soulish Nature,—take it right,
 As mu'h a Serpent, if without God's Light,
 As Lu'ifer,—this Nature still would claim
 For own Propriety the Heav'nly Flame,
 And elevate its Fire to a Degree
 Above the Light's Good Pow'r, which'annot be

This domineering Self, this Nature-Fire,
 Must be transmuted to a Love-Desire.
 Now, when this Change is to be undergone,
 It looks for some own Pow'r, and, finding none,
 Begins to doubt of Gra'e, unwilling quite
 To yield up its self-willing Nature's Right.

It never quakes for Fear, and will not die
 In Light Divine, tho' to be blest thereby :
 The Light of Gra'e it thinks to be De'it,
 Be'ause it worketh gently without Heat;
 Mov'd too by outward Reason, which is blind,
 And of itself sees nothing of this Kind.

Who knows, it thinketh, whether it be true
 That God is in thee, and enlightens too ?
 Is it not Fan'y ? For thou dost not see
 Like other People, who as well as thee
 Hope for Salvation by the Gra'e of God,
 Without such Fear and Trembling at his Rod. . . .

The own Self-will must die away, and shine,
 Rising thro' Death, in Saving Will Divine ;
 And from the Opposition which it tries
 Against God's Will such great Temptations rise;
 The Devil too is loth to lose his Prey,
 And see his Fortcast down, if it obey.

For, if the Life of Christ within arise,
 Self-Lust and false Imagination dies,—
 Wholly, it cannot in this present Life,
 But by the Flesh maintains the daily Strife,—
 Dies, and yet lives ; as they alone can tell
 In whom Christ fights against the Pow'rs of Hell.

The third Temptation is in Mind and Will,
 And Flesh and Blood, if Satan enter still;
 Where the false Centres lie in Man, the Springs
 Of Pride and Lust, and Love of earthly Things,
 And all the Curses wish'd by other Men,
 Whi'h are o'asion'd by this Devil's Den.

These in the Astral Spirit make a Fort,
 Whi'h all the Sins con'entre to support ;
 And human Will, esteeming for its Joy
 What Christ, to save it, combats to destroy,
 Will not resign the Pride-ere'ted Tow'r,
 Nor live obedient to the Saviour's Pow'r. . . .

Let go all earthly Will, and be resign'd
 Wholly to Him with all your Heart and Mind !
 Be Joy or Sorrow, Comfort or Distress,
 Re'eiv'd alike, for He alike can bless,
 To gain the Vi'tory of Christian Faith
 Over the World and all Satani' Wrath !

WILLIAM COWPER

1731-1800

From the Task

THE Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,
 Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
 Nature is but a name for an effe't,
 Whose cause is God. He feeds the se'et fire

By which the mighty pro'ess is maintain'd,
Who sleeps not, is not weary ; in whose sight
Slow cir'ling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour ; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no diffi'ulty thwarts;
And whose benefi'en'e no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profan'd, not serv'd,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods
That were not; and commending, as they would,
To ea'h some provin'e, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One spirit—His
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows—
Rules universal nature. Not a flow'r
But shows some tou'h, in fre'kle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pen'il. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues.
And bathes their eyes with ne'tar, and in'ludes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him ! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of s'ent in fruit or flow'r,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majesti' oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembran'e of a present God 1

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757-1827

The Divine Image

TO Mercy, Pity, Pea'e, and Love
All pray in their distress ;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mer'y, Pity, Pea'e, and Love
Is God, our Father dear,
And Mer'y, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is man, Hischild andcare.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human fa'e,
And Love, the human form divine.
And Pea'e, the human dress.

Then every man, of everyclime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mer'y, Pity, Pea'e.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew ;
Where Mer'y, Love, and Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.

Night

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine ;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright ;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy withoutceasing,
On ea'h bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds arecover'd warm ;
They visitcaves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep ;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.

But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful.
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tendercries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying :c Wrath, by His meekness,
And, by His health, si'kness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

' And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep ;
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For, wash'd in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold.'

Broken Love

MY Spectre around me night and day
Like a wild beast guards my way :
My Emanation far within
Weeps in'essantly for my sin.

' A fathomless and boundless deep,
There we wander, there we weep;
On the hungrycraving wind
My Spe'tre follows thee behind.

' He scents thy footsteps in the snow
Wheresoever thou dost go,
Thro' the wintry hail and rain.
When wilt thou return again ?

' Dost thou not in pride and scorn
Fill with tempests all my morn,
And with jealousies and fears
Fill my pleasant nights with tears i

' Seven of my sweet loves thy knife
Has bereaved of their life.
Their marble tombs I built with tears,
And withcold and shuddering fears.

' Seven more loves weep night and day
Round the tombs where my loves lay,
And seven more loves attend each night
Around my couch with torches bright.

' And seven more loves in my bed
Crown with wine my mournful head,
Pitying and forgiving all
Thy transgressions great and small.

' When wilt thou return and view
My loves, and them to life renew ?
When wilt thou return and live ?
When wilt thou pity as I forgive ?'

' O'er my sins thou sit and moan :
Hast thou no sins of thy own ?
O'er my sins thou sit and weep,
And lull thy own sins fast asleep.

' What transgressions I commit
Are for thy transgressions fit.
They thy harlots, thou their slave ;
And my bed becomes their grave.

' Never, never, I return :
Still for victory I burn.
Living, thee alone I'll have ;
And when dead I'll be thy grave.

' Thro' the Heaven and Earth and Hell
Thou shalt never, never quell :
I will fly and thou pursue :
Night and morn the flight renew.'

* Poor, pale, pitiable form
That I follow in a storm ;
Iron tears and groans of lead
Bind around my aching head.

' Till I turn from Female love
And root up the Infernal Grove,
I shall never worthy be
To step into Eternity.

* And, to end thy cruel mo'ks,
Annihilate thee on the rocks,
And another form create
To be subservient to my fate.

' Let us agree to give up love,
And root up the Infernal Grove ;
Then shall we return and see
The worlds of happy Eternity.

' And throughout all Eternity
 I forgive you, you forgive me.
 As our dear Redeemer said :
 " This the Wine, and this the Bread." c

The Everlasting Gospel

THE Vision of Christ that thou dost see
 Is my vision's greatest enemy.
 Thine has a great hook nose like thine ;
 Mine has a snub nose like to mine.
 Thine is the Friend of all Mankind ;
 Mine speaks in parables to the blind.
 Thine loves the same world that mine hates ;
 Thy heaven doors are my hell gates.
 Socrates taught what Meletus
 Loath'd as a nation's bitterest curse,
 And Caiaphas was in his own mind
 A benefa'tor to mankind.
 Both read the Bible day and night,
 But thou read'st black where I read white.

Was Jesus gentle, or did He
 Give any marks of gentility ?
 When twelve years old He ran away,
 And left His parents in dismay.
 When after three days' sorrow found,
 Loud as Sinai's trumpet-sound : c No earthly parents I con
 My Heavenly Father's business !
 Ye understand not what I say,
 And, angry, force Me to obey.
 Obedience is a duty then,
 And favour gains with God and men.¹

John from the wilderness loudcried ;
Satan gloried in his pride.
' Come,' said Satan, ccome away,
I'll soon see if you'll obey !
John for disobedi'en'e bled,
But you can turn the stones to bread.
God's high king and God's high priest
Shall plant their glories in your breast,
If Caiaphas you will obey,
If Herod you with bloody prey
Feed with the sacrifice, and be
Obedient, fall down, worship me.'
Thunders and lightnings broke around,
And Jesus' voice in thunders' sound :
' Thus I seize the spiritual prey.
Ye smiters with disease, make way.
I come your King and God to seize,
Is God a smiter with disease ?'
The God of this world rag'd in vain :
He bound old Satan in His chain,
And, bursting forth, His furious ire
Be'ame a chariot of fire.
Throughout the land He took His course,
And tra'e'd diseases to their source.
He curs'd the Scribe and Pharisee,
Trampling down hypocrisy.
Where'er His chariot took its way,
There Gates of Death let in the Day,
Broke down from every chain and bar ;
And Satan in His spiritual war
Dragg'd at His chariot-wheels ; loud howl'd
The God of this world : louder roll'd
The chariot-wheels, and louder still
His voice was heard from Zion's Hill,

And in His hand the scourge shone bright ;
 He s'ourg'd the merchant Canaanite
 From out the Temple of His Mind,
 And in his body tight does bind
 Satan and all his hellishcrew ;
 And thus with wrath He did subdue
 The serpent bulk of Nature's dross,
 Till He had nail'd it to the Cross.
 He took *on* sin in the Virgin's womb
 And put it off on the Cross and tomb
 To be worshipp'd by the Church of Rome.

Was Jesus humble ? or did He
 Give any proofs of humility ?
 Boast of high things with humble tone,
 And give with charity a stone *i*
 When but a child He ran away,
 And left His parents in dismay.
 When they had wander'd three days long
 These were the words upon His tongue :
 * No earthly parents I confess ;
 I am doing My Father's business.'
 When the rich learned Pharisee
 Came to consult Him secretly,
 Upon his heart with iron pen
 He wrote Ye must be born again.'
 He was too proud to take a bribe ;
 He spoke with authority, not like a Scribe.
 He says with most consummate art
 ' Follow Me, I am meek and lowly of heart,
 As that is the only way to escape
 The miser's net and the glutton's trap.'
 What can be done with such desperate fools
 Who follow after the heathen schools ?

I was standing by when Jesus died ;
 What I call'd humility, they call'd pride.
 He who loves his enemies betrays his friends.
 This surely is not what Jesus intends ;
 But the sneaking pride of heroic schools,
 And the S'ribes' and Pharisees' virtuous rules ;
 For He acts with honest, triumphant pride,
 And this is the cause that Jesus died.
 He did not die with Christian ease,
 Asking pardon of His enemies :
 If He had, Caiaphas would forgive ;
 Sneaking submission can always live.
 He had only to say that God was the Devil,
 And the Devil was God, like a Christian civil ;
 Mild Christian regrets to the Devil confess
 For affronting him thri'e in the wilderness ;
 He had soon been bloody Caesar's elf,
 And at last he would have been Caesar himself,
 Like Dr. Priestly and Bacon and Newton—
 Poor spiritual knowledge is not worth a button !
 For thus the Gospel Sir Isaac confutes :
 ' God can only be known by His attributes ;
 And as for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost,
 Or of Christ and His Father, it's all a boast
 And pride, and vanity of the imagination,
 That disdains to follow this world's fashion.'
 To teach doubt and experiment
 Certainly was not what Christ meant.
 What was He doing all that time,
 From twelve years old to manly prime ?
 Was He then idle, or the less
 About His Father's business ?
 Or was His wisdom held in scorn
 Before His wrath began to burn

In miracles throughout the land,
That quite unnerv'd the Seraph band ?
If He had been Antichrist, Creeping Jesus,
He'd have done anything to please us ;
Gone sneaking into synagogues,
And not us'd the Elders and Priests like dogs;
But humble as a lamb or ass
Obey'd Himself to Caiaphas.
God wants not man to humble himself :
That is the trick of the Ancient Elf.
This is the race that Jesus ran :
Humble to God, haughty to man,
Cursing the Rulers before the people
Even to the Temple's highest steeple,
And when He humbled Himself to God
Then descended the cruel rod.
' If Thou Humblest Thyself, Thou humblest Me.
Thou also dwell'st in Eternity.
Thou art a Man : God is no more :
Thy own Humanity learn to adore,
For that is My spirit of life.
Awake, arise to spiritual strife,
And Thy revenge abroad display
In terrors at the last Judgement Day.
God's mercy and long suffering
Is but the sinner to judgement to bring.
Thou on the Cross for them shalt pray—
And take revenge at the Last Day.'
Jesus replied, and thunders hurl'd :
' I never will pray for the world.
Once I did so when I pray'd in the Garden ;
I wish'd to take with Me a bodily pardon.'
Can that which was of woman born,
In the absence of the morn,

When the Soul fell into sleep,
 And Archangels round it weep,
 Shooting out against the light
 Fibres of a deadly night,
 Reasoning upon its own dark fiction,
 In doubt which is self-'ontradi'tion ?
 Humility is only doubt,
 And does the sun and moon blot out,
 Rooting over with thorns and stems
 The buried soul and all its gems.
 This life's five windows of the soul
 Distorts the Heavens from pole to pole,
 And leads you to believe a lie
 When you see with, not thro', the eye
 That was born in a night, to perish in a night,
 When the soul slept in the beams of light.

Did Jesus teach doubt ? or did He
 Give any lessons of philosophy,
 Charge Visionaries with deceiving,
 Or call men wise for not believing ? .. .

Was Jesus born of a Virgin pure
 With narrow soul and looks demure ?
 If He intended to take on sin
 The Mother should an harlot been,
 Just such a one as Magdalen,
 With seven devils in her pen.
 Or were Jew virgins still more curs'd,
 And more sucking devils nurs'd ?
 Or what was it which He took on
 That He might bring salvation ?
 A body subject to be tempted,
 From neither pain nor grief exempted ;
 Or such a body as might not feel
 The passions that with sinners deal ?

Yes, but they say He never fell.
Ask Caiaphas ; for he can tell.—
' He mo'k'd the Sabbath, and He mo'k'd
The Sabbath's God, and He unlo'k'd
The evil spirits from their shrines,
And turn'd fishermen to divines ;
O'erturn'd the tent of se'ret sins,
And its goldencords and pins,
In the bloody shrine of war
Pour'd around from star to star,—
Halls of just'i'e, hating vice,
Where the Devilcombs his li'e.
He turn'd the devils into swine
That He might tempt the Jews to dine;
Since which, a pig has got a look
That for a Jew may be mistook.
" Obey your parents."—What says He ?
" Woman, what have I to do with thee ?
No earthly parents I confess :
I am doing my Father's business."
He s'orn'd Earth's parents, s'orn'd Earth's God,
And mo'k'd the one and the other's rod ;
His seventy Disciples sent
Against Religion and Government—
They by the sword of Justice fell,
And Him their cruel murderer tell.
He left His father's trade to roam,
A wand'ring vagrant without home ;
And thus He others' labour stole,
That He might live above control.
The publi'ans and harlots He
Sele'ted for His company,
And from the adulteress turn'd away
God's righteous law, **that** lost its prey.'

Was Jesus chaste ? or did He
Give any lessons of chastity ?
The Morning blushed fiery red :
Mary was found in adulterous bed ;
Earth groan'd beneath, and Heaven above
Trembled at dis'overy of Love.
Jesus was sitting in Moses' chair.
They brought the trembling woman there.
Moses commands she be ston'd to death
What was the sound of Jesus' breath ?
He laid His hand on Moses' law ;
The an'ient Heavens, in silent awe,
Writ with curses from pole to pole,
All away began to roll.
The Earth trembling and naked lay
In se'ret bed of mortal clay ;
On Sinai felt the Hand Divine
Pulling ba'k the bloody shrine ;
And she heard the breath of God,
As she heard by Eden's flood :
' Good and Evil are no more !
Sinai's trumpets cease to roar !
Cease, finger of God, to write !
The Heavens are not clean in Thy sight.
Thou art good, and Thou alone ;
Nor may the sinner cast one stone.
To be good only, is to be
A God or else a Pharisee.
Thou Angel of the Presen'e Divine,
That didst create this Body of Mine,
Wherefore hast thou writ these laws
And created Hell's dark jaws ?
My Presen'e I will take from thee :
A cold leper thou shalt be.

Tho' thou wast so pure and bright
That Heaven was impure in thy sight,
Tho' thy oath turn'd Heaven pale,
Tho' thy covenant built Hell's jail,
Tho' thou didst all to chaos roll
With the Serpent for its soul,
Still the breath Divine does move,
And the breath Divine is Love.
Mary, fear not ! Let me see
The seven devils that torment thee.
Hide not from My sight thy sin,
That forgiveness thou may'st win.
Has no man condemned thee ? c
' No man, Lord.' c Then what is he
Who shall a' use thee ? Come ye forth*,
Fallen fiends of heavenly birth,
That have forgot your ancient love,
And driven away my trembling Dove.
You shall bow before her feet ;
You shall lick the dust for meat ;
And tho' you cannot love, but hate,
Shall be beggars at Love's gate.
What was thy love ? Let Me see it ;
Was it love or dark deceit ? c
' Love too long from me has fled ;
'Twas dark deceit, to earn my bread ;
'Twas covet, or c'twas custom, or
Some trifle not worth caring for ;
That they may call a shame and sin
Love's temple that God dwelleth in,
And hide in se' ret hidden shrine
The naked Human Form Divine,
And render that a lawless thing
On which the Soul expands its wing.

But this, O Lord, this was my sin,
When first I let these devils in,
In dark preten'e tochastity
Blaspheming Love, blaspheming Thee,
Then'e rose se'ret adulteries,
And then'e didcovet also rise.
My sin Thou hast forgiven me ;
Canst Thou forgive my blasphemy ?
Canst Thou return to this dark hell,
And in my burning bosom dwell ?
Andcanst Thou die that I may live ?
Andcanst Thou pity and forgive ?c
Then roll'd the shadowy Man away
From the limbs of Jesus, to make them His prey,
An ever devouring appetite,
Glittering with festering venoms bright;
Cryingc Cru'ify thiscause of distress,
Who don't keep the se'rets of holiness!
The mental powers by diseases we bind;
But He heals the deaf, the dumb, and the blind.
Whom God has affli'ted for se'ret ends,
Hecomforts and heals andcalls them friends.'
But, when Jesus wascru'ified,
Then was perfe'ted His galling pride.
In three nights He devour'd His prey,
And still He devours the body ofclay ;
For dust andclay is the Serpent's meat,
Whi'h never was made for Man to eat.

Seeing this False Christ, in fury and passion
I made my voi'e heard all over the nation.
What are those. . .

I am sure this Jesus will not do,
Either for Englishman or Jew.

The Crystal Cabinet

THE Maidencaught me in the wild,
Where I was dan'ing merrily ;
She put me into her Cabinet,
And lo'k'd me up with a golden key.

This Cabinet is form'd of gold
And pearl and crystal shining bright,
And within it opens into a world
And a little lovely moony night.

Another England there I saw,
Another London with its Tower,
Another Thames and other hills,
And another pleasant Surrey bower,

Another Maiden like herself,
Translu'ent, lovely, shining clear,
Threefold each in the other clos'd—
O, what a pleasant trembling fear !

O, what a smile ! a threefold smile
Fill'd me, that like a flame I burn'd ;
I bent to kiss the lovely Maid,
And found a threefold kiss return'd.

I strove to seize the inmost form
With ardour fierce and hands of flame,
But burst the Crystal Cabinet,
And like a weeping Babe became—

A weeping Babe upon the wild,
And weeping Woman pale re'lin'd,
And in the outward air again
I fill'd with woes the passing wind.

Auguries of Innocence

TO see a World in a grain of sand,
 And a Heaven in a wild flower,
 Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
 And Eternity in an hour. • • •

The bat that flits at close of eve
 Has left the brain that won't believe.
 The owl that calls upon the night
 Speaks the unbeliever's fright. . . .

Joy and woe are woven fine,
 A clothing for the soul divine ;
 Under every grief and pine
 Runs a joy with silken twine. . . .

Every tear from every eye
 Be'omes a babe in Eternity. • • •

The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar
 Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore. . . •

He who doubts from what he sees
 Will ne'er believe, do what you please.
 If the Sun and Moon should doubt,
 They'd immediately go out. . . .

God appears, and God is Light,
 To those poor souls **who** dwell in **Night** ;
 But does **a Human Form display**
To those who dwell in realms of Day.

To Thomas Butts

TO my friend Butts I write
My first vision of light,
On the yellow sands sitting.
The sun was emitting
His glorious beams
From Heaven's high streams.
Over sea, over land,
My eyes did expand
Into regions of air,
Away from allcare ;
Into regions of fire,
Remote from desire;
The light of the morning
Heaven's mountains adorning:
In parti'les bright,
The jewels of light
Distin't shone and clear.
Amaz'd and in fear
I ea'h parti'le gazed,
Astonish'd, amazed ;
For ea'h was a Man
Human-form'd. Swift I ran,
For they be'kon'd to me,
Remote by the sea,
Saying : c Ea'h grain of sand,
Every stone on the land,
Ea'h ro'k and ea'h hill,
Ea'h fountain and rill,
Ea'h herb and ea'h tree,
Mountain, hill, earth, and sea,
Cloud, meteor, and star,
Are men seen afar.'

I stood in the streams
Of Heaven's bright beams,
And saw Felpham sweet
Beneath my bright feet,
In soft Female charms ;
And in her fair arms
My Shadow I knew,
And my wife's Shadow too,
And my sister, and friend.
We like infants des'end
In our Shadows on earth,
Like a weak mortal birth.
My eyes, more and more,
Like a sea without shore,
Continue expanding,
The Heavens commanding ;
Till the jewels of light,
Heavenly men beaming bright,
Appear'd as One Man,
Whocompla'ent began
My limbs to enfold
In His beams of bright gold ;
Like dross purg'd away
All my mire and my clay.
Softconsum'd in delight,
In His bosom sun-bright
I remain'd. Soft He smil'd,
And I heard His voi'e mild,
Saying : c This is My fold,
O thou ram horn'd with gold.
Who awakest from sleep
On the sides of the deep.
On the mountains around
The roarings resound

Of the lion and wolf,
 The loud sea, and deep gulf.
 These are guards of My fold,
 O thou ram horn'd with gold !c
 And the voi'e faded mild ;
 I remain'd as achild ;
 All I ever had known
 Before me bright shone :
 I saw you and your wife
 By the fountains of life.
 Su'h the vision to me
 Appear'd on the sea.

From Milton'

AND did those feet in an'ient time
 Walk upon England's mountains green ?
 And was the holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenan'e Divine
 Shine forth upon ourclouded hills ?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among these dark Satani' Mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
 Bring me my arrows of desire !
 Bring me my spear ! Oclouds, unfold !
 Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 •In England's green and pleasant land.

*From Jerusalem'**To the Christians*

I GIVE you the end of a golden string ;
 Only wind it into a ball,
 It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
 Built in Jerusalem's wall. . . .

England ! awake ! awake ! awake !
 Jerusalem thy sister calls !
 Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
 And close her from thy an'ient walls i

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
 Gently upon their bosoms move:
 Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways;
 Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again ;
 Our souls exult, and London's towers
 Re'eive the Lamb of God to dwell
 In England's green and pleasant bowers.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

From The Ex'ursion c

I

SUCH was the Boy—but for the growing Youth
 What soul was his, when, from the naked top
 Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
 Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He looked—
 O'ean and earth, the solid frame of **earth**
And ocean's liquid mass, in **gladness** lay

Beneath him :—Far and wide the clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank
The spectacle : sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him ; they swallowed up
His animal being ; in them did he live,
And by them did he live ; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him ; it was blessedness and love !

II

Thou, who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that thyself,
Therein, with our simplicity awhile
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed ;
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense
And reason's steadfast rule—thou, thou alone
Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,
Which thou in'ludest, as the sea her waves :
For adoration thou endur'st ; endure
For conscious the motions of thy will ;
For apprehension those transcendent truths
Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
(Submission constituting strength and power)

Even to thy Being's infinite majesty !
This universe shall pass away—a work
Glorious ! because the shadow of thy might,
A step, or link, for intercourse with thee.
Ah ! if the time must come, in which my feet
No more shall stray where meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
Loved haunts like these ; the unimprisoned Mind
May yet have scope to range among her own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
Still, it may be allowed me to remember
What visionary powers of eye and soul
In youth were mine ; when, stationed on the top
Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld
The sun rise up, from distant climes returned
Darkness to chase, and sleep ; and bring the day
His bounteous gift ! or saw him toward the deep
Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
Attended ; then, my spirit was entranced
With joy exalted to beatitude ;
The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with light.
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

III

I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy ; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed

Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authenti' tidings of invisible things ;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power ;
And central pea'e, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

IV

To every Form of being is assigned
An *a'tive* Prin'iple :—howe'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures ; in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary ro'ks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air.
Whate'er exists hath properties that spread
Beyond itself, communi'ating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed ;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude ; from link to link
It circulates, the Soul of all the worlds.
This is the freedom of the universe ;
Unfolded still the more, more visible,
The more we know ; and yet is reveren'ed least,
And least respec'ted in the human Mind,
Its most apparent home.

From On the Power of Sound'

BY one pervading spirit
 Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
 As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
 Initiation in that mystery old.
 The heavens, whose aspe't makes our minds as still
 As they themselves appear to be,
 Innumerable voi'es fill
 With everlasting harmony ;
 The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
 Their feet among the billows, know
 That O'ean is a mighty harmonist ;
 Thy pinions, universal Air,
 Ever waving to and fro,
 Are delegates of harmony, and bear
 Strains that support the Seasons in their round ;
 Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
 Ye banded instruments of wind and chords ;
 Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
 Your inarti'ulate notes with the voi'e of words!
 Nor hushed be servi'e from the lowing mead,
 Nor mute the forest hum of noon ;
 Thou too be heard, lone eagle ! freed
 From snowy peak and cloud, attune
 Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
 Of joy, that from her utmost walls
 The six-days' Work by flaming Seraphim
 Transmits to Heaven ! As Deep to Deep
 Shouting through one valley calls,
 All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
 For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured

Into the ear of God, their Lord !

A Voice to Light gave Being ;
 To Time, and Man his earth-born chroni'ler ;
 A Voi'e shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
 And sweep away life's visionary stir ;
 The trumpet (we, intoxi'ate with pride,
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
 To ar'hangel'i' lips applied,
 The grave shall open, quen'h the stars.
 O Silen'e ! are Man's noisy years
 No more than moments of thy life ?
 Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
 With her smooth tones and dis'ords just,
 Tempered into rapturous strife,
 Thy destined bond-slave ? No ! though earth be dust
 And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
 Is in the WORD,, that shall not pass away.

*Ode: Intimations of Immortality from
 Re'olle'tions of Early Childhood*

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

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 past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone therecame a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong :
The catara'its blow their trumpets from the steep ;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
I hear the E'hoes 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
Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—
 Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
 Shepherd-boy !

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,

This sweet May-morning,
And the Children areculling
 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 therecs a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field whichI have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

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 cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infan'y !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and when'e 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 per'eives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all shecan
To make her Foster-'hild, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial pala'e when'e hecame.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
See, wherecmid 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 orchart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;

 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
 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 A'torcons another part ;
Filling from time to time hisc humorous stagec
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vo'ation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblan'e doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity ;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,
 Whi'h 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 Presen'e 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 !

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 benedi'tion : 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 :
 But for those first affe'tions,
 Those shadowy re'olle'tions,
 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 male
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silen'e : truths that wake,
 To perish never :
 Whi'h neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hen'e in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Whi'h brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

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 radian'e which was once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring ba'k the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind ;
 In the primal sympathy
 Whi'h 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 philosophi' mind.

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 inno'ent brightness of a new-born Day
 Is lovely yet ;
 The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept wat'h 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.

*From Lines composed a few miles above
Tintern Abbey'*

FOR I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad musi' of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presen'e that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round o'ean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all obje'ts of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they halfcreate,
And what per'eive ; well pleased to re'ognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The an'hor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

From The Prelude

I

THUS while the days flew by, and years passed on,
From Nature and her overflowing soul
I had re'eived so mu'h, that all my thoughts
Were steeped in feeling ; I was only then

Contented, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still ;
O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought
And human knowledge, to the human eye
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart ;
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,
Or beats the gladsome air ; o'er all that glides
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
Towards the Un'reated with a countenance
Of adoration, with an eye of love.
One song they sang, and it was audible,
Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,
O'er'ome by humblest prelude of that strain,
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

II

—Of that external scene which round me lay,
Little, in this abstraction, did I see ;
Remembered less ; but I had inward hopes
And swellings of the spirit, was rapt and soothed,
Conversed with promises, had glimmering views
How life pervades the unde'aying mind ;
How the immortal soul with God-like power
Informs, creates, and thaws the deepest sleep
That time can lay upon her ; how on earth,
Man, if he do but live within the light
Of high endeavours, daily spreads abroad
His being armed with strength that cannot fail.

III

Visionary power

Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
 Embodied in the mystery of words :
 There, darkness makes abode, and all the host
 Of shadowy things work endless changes,—there,
 As in a mansion like their proper home,
 Even forms and substances are cir'umfused
 By that transparent veil with light divine,
 And, through the turnings intricate of verse,
 Present themselves as objects recognized,
 In flashes, and with glory not their own.

IV

Imagination—here the Power so called
 Through sad in'ompeten'e of human spee'h,
 That awful Power rose from the mind's abyss
 Like an unfathered vapour that enwraps,
 At on'e, some lonely traveller, I was lost ;
 Halted without an effort to break through ;
 But to my cons'ious soul I now can say—c I re'ognize thy gloryc: in such strength
 Of usurpation, when the light of sense
 Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
 The invisible world, doth greatness make abode,
 There harbours; whether we be young or old,
 Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
 Is with infinitude, and only there ;
 With hope it is, hope that can never die,
 Effort, and expe'tation, and desire,
 And something evermore about to be.
 Under such banners militant, the soul
 Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils
 That may attest her prowess, blest in thoughts

That are their own perfection and reward,
 Strong in herself and in beatitude
 That hides her, like the mighty flood of Nile
 Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds
 To fertilize the whole Egyptian plain.

v

The brook and road ¹

Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,
 And with them did we journey several hours
 At a slow pace. The immeasurable height
 Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
 The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
 And in the narrow rent at every turn
 Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
 The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
 The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
 Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
 As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
 And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
 The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,
 Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
 Were all like workings of one mind, the features
 Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree ;
 Characters of the great Apocalypse,
 The types and symbols of Eternity,
 Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

VI

In some green bower
 Rest, and be not alone, but have thou there
 The One who is thy choice of all the world :
 There linger, listening, gazing, with delight

¹ The passage refers to the Simplon Pass.

Impassioned, but delight how pitiable !
 Unless this love by a still higher love
 Be hallowed, love that breathes not without awe ;
 Love that adores, but on the knees of prayer,
 By heaven inspired ; that frees from chains the soul,
 Lifted, in union with the purest, best,
 Of earth-born passions, on the wings of praise
 Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's Throne.

VII

This spiritual Love a'ts not nor can exist
 Without Imagination, whi'h, in truth,
 Is but another name for absolute power
 And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
 And Reason in her most exalted mood.
 This faculty hath been the feeding source
 Of our long labour ¹ : we have tra'd the stream
 From the blind cavern when 'e is faintly heard
 Its natal murmur ; followed it to light
 And open day ; accompanied its course
 Among the ways of Nature, for a time
 Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed ;
 Then given it greeting as it rose once more
 In strength, reflecting from its placid breast
 The works of man and fa'e of human life ;
 And lastly, from its progress have we drawn
 Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought
 Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

¹ The labour shared between the writer and the reader of the
 Prelude,

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772-1834

From Religious Musings'

I

THERE is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
 Omnifi'. His most holy name is Love.
 Truth of subliming import ! with the which Who feeds and saturates
 He from his small particular orbit flies
 With blest outstarting ! From himself he flies,
 Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
 Views all creation ; and he loves it all,
 And blesses it, and calls it very good !
 This is indeed to dwell with the Most High !
 Cherubs and rapture-trembling Seraphim
 Can press no nearer to the Almighty's throne.
 But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
 Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
 And that in His vast family no Cain
 Injures uninjured (in her best-aimed blow
 Vi'torious Murder a blind Sui'ide)
 Haply for this some younger Angel now
 Looks down on Human Nature : and, behold !
 A sea of blood bestrewed with wre'ks, where mad
 Embattling Interests on ea'h other rush
 With unhelmed rage!

'Tis the sublime of man,
 Our noontide Majesty, to know ourselves
 Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole !
 This fraternizes man, this constitutes
 Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
 Diffused through all, that doth make all one whole;
 This the worst superstition, him ex'ept
 Aught to desire, Supreme Reality !
 The plenitude and permanen'e of bliss !

II

Toy-bewit'hed,
 Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
 No commoncentre Man, no common sire
 Knoweth ! A sordid solitary thing,
 Midcountless brethren with a lonely heart
 Throughcourts andcities the smooth savage roams
 Feeling himself, his own low self the whole ;
 When he by sa'red sympathy might make
 The whole one Self ! Self, that no alien knows !
 Self, far diffused as Fan'y's wingcan travel !
 Self, spreading still ! Oblivious of its own,
 Yet all of all possessing ! This is Faith !
 This the Messiah's destined vi'tory !

From cDeje'tion : an Ode'

MY genial spirits fail ;
 And what can these¹ avail
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?
 It were a vain endeavour,
 Though I should gaze for ever
 On that green light that lingers in the west:
 I may not hope from outward forms to win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.
 O Lady ! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does Nature live :
 Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud !
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 The clouds, the stars, and the moon, at which the poet was

Enveloping the Earth—
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

Hymn to Intelle'tual Beauty

I

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
 Floats though unseen among us,—visiting
 This various world with as in'constant wing
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower,—
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
 It visits with inconstant glan'e
 Ea'h human heart and countenan'e ;
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
 Like memory of musi' fled,—
 Like aught that for its gra'e may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

II

Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost conse'rate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 Of human thought or form,—where art thou gone ?
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
 This dim vast vale of tears, va'ant and desolate ?
 Ask why the sunlight not for ever
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain-river,
 Why aught should fail and fade that on'e is shown,
 Why fear and dream and death and birth
 Cast on the daylight of this earth
 Su'h gloom,—why man has such a s'ope
 For love and hate, desponden'y and hope ?

III

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
 To sage or poet these responses given—
 Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
 Remain the records of their vain endeavour,
 Frail spells—whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,
 From all we hear and all we see,
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.
 Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,
 Or music by the night-wind sent
 Through strings of some still instrument,
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

IV

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart
 And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
 Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
 Thou messenger of sympathies,
 That wax and wane in lovers' eyes—
 Thou—that to human thought art nourishment,
 Like darkness to a dying flame !
 Depart not as thy shadow came,
 Depart not—lest the grave should be,
 Like life and fear, a dark reality.

V

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
 I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed ;

I was not heard—I saw them not—
 When musing deeply on the lot
 Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
 All vital things that wake to bring
 News of birds and blossoming,—
 Sudden, thy shadow fell on me ;
 I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

VI

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
 To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow ?
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
 Ea'h from his voi'less grave: they have in visioned bowers
 Of studious zeal or love's delight
 Outwat'hed with me the envious night—
 They know that never joy illumed my brow
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
 This world from its dark slavery,
 That thou—O awful LOVELINESS,
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

VII

The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past—there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been !
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Des'ended, to my onward life supply
 Its calm—to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

From cAdonais'

HE is made one with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her musi', from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presen'e to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Whi'h has withdrawn his being to its own ;
Whi'h wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Whi'h on'e he made more lovely : he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plasti' stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,
All new su"essions to the forms they wear ;
Torturing th' unwilling dross thatche'ks its flight
To its own likeness, as ea'h mass may bear ;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be e'lipsed, but are extinguished not ;
Like stars to their appointed height theyclimb
And death is a low mist which'annot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and lifecontend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The One remains, the manychange and pass ;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
Life, like a dome of many-'oloured glass,
Stains the white radian'e of Eternity,

Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
 Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart !
 Thy hopes are gone before : from all things here
 They have departed ; thou shouldst now depart !
 A light is passed from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman ; and what still is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near : 'Tis Adonais
 No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the evil-lipsing Curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst ; now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven,
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;
 The massy earth and sphered skies are riven !
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar ;
 Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN

1801-1890

Mel'hizedek

Without father, without mother, without descent ; having neither
beginning of days, nor end of life.

THRICE bless'd are they, who feel their loneliness:
To whom nor voi'e of friends nor pleasant s'ene
Brings that on which the sadden'd heart can lean;
Yea, the ri'h earth, garb'd in her daintiest dress
Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high ;
Till, si'k at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
Seeking His Presen'e, who alone can bless.
Su'h, in strange days, the weapons of Heaven's gra'e ;
When, passing o'er the high-born Hebrew line,
He forms the vessel of His vast design ;
Fatherless, homeless, reft of age and pla'e,
Sever'd from earth, and careless of its wreck,
Born through long woe His rare Mel'hizedek.

Fromc The Dream of Gerontius'

Choir of Angeli'als.

A DOUBLE debt he has to pay—
The forfeit of his sins:
The chill of death is past, and now
The penan'e-fire begins.

Glory to Him, who evermore
By truth and justi'e reigns ;
Who tears the soul from out its case,
And burns away its stains !

Angel.

They sing of thy app'roa'ching agony,
 Whi'h thou so eagerly didst question of :
 It is the fa'e of the In'arnate God
 Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain ;
 And yet the memory whichit leaves will be
 A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound ;
 And yet withal it will the wound provoke,
 And aggravate and widen it the more.

Soul.

Thou speakest mysteries : still methinks I know
 To disengage the tangle of thy words :
 Yet rather would I hear thy angel voi'e,
 Than for myself be thy interpreter.

Angel.

When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy Judge,
 The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart
 All tender, gra'ious, reverential thoughts.
 Thou wilt be si'k with love, and yearn for Him,
 And feel as though thoucouldst but pity Him,
 That one so sweet should e'er have pla'ed Himself
 At disadvantage such, as to be used
 So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
 There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
 Will pier'e thee to the qui'k, and trouble thee.
 And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself ; for, though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinn'd,
 As **never** thou didst feel ; and wilt desire
 To slink away, and hide thee **from** His sight :
And yet wilt have a longing ay to dwell
Within the beauty of Hiscountenan'e.

And these two pains, socounter and so keen,—
 The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
 The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—
 Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

The Pillar of the Cloud

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the en'ir'ling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home---
 Lead Thou me on !
 Keep Thou my feet : I do not ask to see
 The distant s'ene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved tochoose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on !
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'ercrag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
 And with the morn those angel fa'es smile
 Whi'h I have loved long sin'e, and lost awhile.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

1803-1849

S. Patri'k's Hymn before Tara

(FROM THE IRISH)

CHRIST, as a light,
 Illumine and guide me !
 Christ, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me !
 Christ be under me ! Christ be over me !
 Christ be beside me
 On left hand and right !
 Christ be before me, behind me, about me !
 Christ this day be within and without me !

Christ, the lowly and meek,
 Christ, the All-powerful, be
 In the heart of ea'h to whom I speak,
 In the mouth of ea'h who speaks to me !
 In all who draw near me,
 Or see me or hear me !

At Tara to-day, in this awful hour,
 I call on the Holy Trinity !
 Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
 The God of the Elements, Father, and Son,
 And Para'lete Spirit, which Three are the One,
 The ever-existing Divinity !

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
 With Christ, the Omnipotent Word.
 From generation to generation
 Grant us, O Lord, Thy grace and salvation !

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803-1882

The Problem

I LIKE achur'h ; I like acowl ;
 I love a prophet of the soul ;
 And on my heart monasti' aisles
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles ;
 Yet not for all his faith can see
 Would I that cowled chur'hman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
 Whi'h I could not on me endure ?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought ;
 Never from lips of cunning fell
 The thrilling Delphi' ora'le ;
 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old ;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the vol'ano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below,—
 The canti'les of love and woe ;
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sin'erity ;
 Himself from God he could not free ;
 He builded better than he knew ;—
 The cons'ious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
 Of leaves, and feathers from her breast ?
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell",
 Painting with morn ea'h annual cell ?

Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads ?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone ;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids ;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye ;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air ;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass ;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned ;
And the same power that reared the shrine,
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Tran'ses the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One a''ent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.

I know what say the fathers wise,—
 The Book itself before me lies,
 Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
 And he who blent both in his line,
 The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
 Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.
 His words are music in my ear,
 I see his cowed portrait dear ;
 And yet, for all his faith could see,
 I would not the good bishop be.

Ode to Beauty

WHO gave thee, O Beauty,
 The keys of this breast,—
 Too credulous lover
 Of blest and unblest ?
 Say, when in lapsed ages
 Thee knew I of old ?
 Or what was the service
 For which I was sold ?
 When first my eyes saw thee,
 I found me thy thrall,
 By magi'al drawings,
 Sweet tyrant of all !
 I drank at thy fountain
 False waters of thirst ;
 Thou intimate stranger,
 Thou latest and first !
 Thy dangerous glances
 Make women of men ;
 New-born, we are melting
 Into nature again.

Lavish, lavish promiser,
Nigh persuading gods to err !
Guest of million painted forms,
Whi'h in turn thy glory warms!
The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
The a'orn'scup, the raindrop's ar',
The swinging spider's silver line,
The ruby of the drop of wine,
The shining pebble of the pond,
Thou ins'ribest with a bond,
In thy momentary play,
Would bankrupt nature to repay.

Ah, what avails it
To hide or to shun
Whom the Infinite One
Hath granted His throne ?
The heaven high over
Is the deep's lover ;
The sun and sea,
Informed by thee,
Before me run,
And draw me on,
Yet fly me still,
As Fate refuses
To me the heart Fate for mechooses.
Is it that my opulent soul
Was mingled from the generous whole ;
Sea-valleys and the deep of skies
Furnished several supplies ;
And the sands whereof I'm made
Draw me to them, self-betrayed ?
I turn the proud portfolios
Whi'h hold the grand designs

Of Salvator, of Guer'ino,
And Piranesi's lines.
I hear the lofty pæans
Of the masters of the shell,
Who heard the starry musi'
And re'ount the numbers well ;
Olympian bards who sung
Divine Ideas below,
Whi'h always find us young,
And always keep us so.
Oft, in streets or humblest pla'es,
I dete't far-wandered gra'es,
Whi'h, from Eden wide astray,
In lonely homes have lost their way.

Thee gliding through the sea of form,
Like the lightning through the storm,
Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to becaressed.
No feet so fleet could ever find,
No perfe't form could ever bind.
Thou eternal fugitive,
Hovering over all that live,
Qui'k and skilful to inspire
Sweet, extravagant desire,
Starry spa'e and lily-bell
Filling with thy roseate smell,
Wilt not give the lips to taste
Of the ne'tar which thou hast.

All that's good and great with thee
Works in close conspira'y ;
Thou hast bribed the dark and lonely
To report thy features only,

And the cold and purple morning
 Itself with thoughts of thee adorning ;
 The leafy dell, the city mart,
 Equal trophies of thine art ;
 E'en the flowing azure air
 Thou hast tou'ed for my despair ;
 And, if I languish into dreams,
 Again I meet the ardent beams.
 Queen of things ! I dare not die
 In Being's deeps past ear and eye ;
 Lest there I find the same de'eiver,
 And be the sport of Fate for ever.
 Dread Power, but dear ! if God thou be,
 Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me !

Brahma

IF the red slayer think he slays,
 Or if the slain think he is slain,
 They know not well the subtle ways
 I k'ep, and pass, and turn again.
 Far or forgot to me is near ;
 Shadow and sunlight are the same ;
 The vanished gods to me appear ;
 And one to me are shame and fame.
 They reckon ill who leave me out ;
 When me they fly, I am the wings ;
 I am the doubter and the doubt,
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings*
 The strong gods pine for my abode,
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;
 But thou, meek lover of the good !
 Find me and turn thy back on heaven.

Worship

THIS is he, who, felled by foes,
 Sprung harmless up, refreshed by blows
 He to captivity was sold,
 But him no prison-bars would hold :
 Though they sealed him in a ro'k,
 Mountain chains he can unlo'k :
 Thrown to lions for their meat,
 The crouching lion kissed his feet :
 Bound to the stake, no flames appalled,
 But arched o'er him an honouring vault.
 This is he men mis'all Fate,
 Threading dark ways, arriving late,
 But evercoming in time to crown
 The truth, and hurl wrong-doers down.
 He is the oldest, and best known,
 More near than aught thou call'st thy own,
 Yet, greeted in another's eyes,
 Dis'on'erts with glad surprise.
 This is Jove, who, deaf to prayers,
 Floods with blessings unawares.
 Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
 Severing rightly his from thine,
 Which is human, which divine.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

1803

Aishah She'hinah

ASHAPE, like folded light, embodied air,
 Yet wreathed with flesh, and warm :
 \11 that of heaven is feminine and fair,
 Moulded in visible form,

She stood, the Lady She'hinah of earth,
Achancel for the sky :
Where woke, to breath and beauty, God's own Birth,
For men to see Him by.

Round her, too pure to mingle with the day,
Light, that was life, abode ;
Folded within her fibres meekly lay
The link of boundless God.

So linked, so blent, that when, with pulse fulfilled,
Moved but that Infant Hand,
Far, far away, Hisconscious Godhead thrilled,
And stars might understand.

Lo ! where they pause, with inter-gathering rest,
The Threefold, and the One ;
And lo, He binds them to her orient breast,
His manhood girded on.

The zone, where two glad worlds for ever meet.
Beneath that bosom ran :
Deep in that womb theconquering Para'lete
Smote Godhead on to man.

Sole s'ene among the stars, where, yearning, glide
The Threefold and the One ;
Her God upon her lap, the Virgin Bride,
Her awful Child, her Son !

Fromc The Quest of the Sangraalc

THEN came Sir Joseph, hight, of Arimathee,
Bearing that awful vase, the Sangraal!
The vessel of the Pas'h, Shere Thursday night :
The selfsame Cup, wherein the faithful Wine
Heard God, and was obedient unto Blood !
Therewith he knelt, and gathered blessed drops
From his dear Master's Side that sadly fell,
The ruddy dewes from the great Tree of Life :
Sweet Lord ! what treasures ! like the pri'eless gems,
Hid in the tawny casket of a king—
A ransom for an army, one by one.
That wealth he cherished long ; his very soul
Around his ark ; bent, as before a shrine !
He dwelt in orient Syria : God's own land :
The ladder-foot of heaven—where shadowy shapes
In white apparel glided up and down !
His home was like a garner, full of corn
And wine and oil : a granary of God !
Young men, that no one knew, went in and out,
With a far look in their eternal eyes!
All things were strange and rare : the Sangraal
As though it clung to some ethereal chain,
Brought down high heaven to earth at Arimathee.
He lived long centuries ! and prophesied.
A girded pilgrim ever and anon :
Cross-staff in hand, and folded at his side,
The mysti' marvel of the feast of blood !
On'e in old time he stood in this dear land,
Enthralled :—for lo ! a sign ! his grounded staff
Took root, and bran'hed, and bloomed, like Aaron's rod,
Then'ecame the shrine, the cell : therefore he dwelt,
The vassal of the vase, at Avalon !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1806-1861

Chorus of Eden Spirits

*(Chanting from Paradise, while Adam and Eve
fly a'ross the Sword-glare)*

HEARKEN, oh hearken ! let your souls behind you
 Turn, gently moved !
 Our voi'es feel along the Dread to find you,
 O lost, beloved !
 Through the thi'k-shielded and strong-marshalled angels,
 They press and pier'e :
 Our requiems follow fast on our evangels,—
 Voi'e throbs in verse.
 We are but orphaned spirits left in Eden
 A time ago :
 God gave us goldencups, and we were bidden
 To feed you so.
 But now our right hand hath nocup remaining,
 No work to do,
 The mysti' hydromel is spilt, and staining
 The whole earth through.
 Most ineradi'able stains, for showing
 (Not interfused!)
 That brightercolours were the world's foregoing,
 Than shall be used.
 Hearken, oh hearken ! ye shall hearken surely
 For years and years,
 The noise beside you, drippingcoldly, purely,
 Of spirits' tears.
 The yearning to a beautiful denied you,
 Shall strain your powers.

Ideal sweetnesses shall over-glide you,
 Resumed from ours.
 In all your music, our patheti' minor
 Your cars shall cross ;
 And all good gifts shall mind you of diviner,
 With sense of loss.
 We shall be near you in your poet-languors
 And wild extremes,
 What time ye vex the desert with Vain angers,
 Or mock with dreams.
 And when upon you, weary after roaming,
 Death's seal is put,
 By the foregone ye shall discern the coming,
 Through eyelids shut.

From 'The Soul's Travelling'

GOD, God !
 With a child's voice I cry,
 Weak, sad, confidingly—
 God, God !
 Thou knowest, eyelids, raised not always up
 Unto Thy love (as none of ours are), droop
 As ours, o'er many a tear !
 Thou knowest, though Thy universe is broad,
 Two little tears suffice to cover all :
 Thou knowest, Thou, who art so prodigal
 . Of beauty, we are oft but striken deer
 Expiring in the woods—that care for none
 Of those delightful flowers they die upon.

O blissful Mouth which breathed the mournful breath
 We name our souls, self-spoilt!—by that strong passion

Whi'h paled Thee on'e with sighs,—by that strong death
 Whi'h made Thee on'e unbreathing—from the wra'k
 Themselves havecalled around them, call them ba'k,
 Ba'k to Thee incontinuous aspiration !

For here, O Lord,
 For here they travel vainly,—vainly pass
 From city-pavement to untrodden sward,
 Where the lark finds her deep nest in the grass
 Cold with the earth's last dew. Yea, very vain
 The greatest speed of all these souls of men
 Unless they travel upward to the throne
 Where sittest THOU, the satisfying ONE,
 With help for sins and holy perfe'tings
 For all requirements—while the ar'hangel, raising
 Unto Thy face his full e'stati' gazing,
 Forgets the rush and rapture of his wings.

Human Life's Mystery

WE sow the glebe, we reap the corn,
 We build the house where we may rest,
 And then, at moments, suddenly,
 We look up to the great wide sky,
 Inquiring wherefore we were born . . .
 For earnest or for jest ?

The senses folding thi'k and dark
 About the stifled soul within,
 We guess diviner things beyond,
 And yearn to them with yearning fond ;
 We strike out blindly to a mark
 Believed in, but not seen.

We vibrate to the pant and thrill
Wherewith Eternity has curled
In serpent-twine about God's seat ;
While, freshening upward to His feet,
In gradual growth His full-leaved will
Expands from world to world.

And, in the tumult and ex'ess
Of a't and passion under sun,
We sometimes hear—oh, soft and far,
As silver star did touch with star,
The kiss of Peace and Righteousness
Through all things that are done.

God keeps His holy mysteries
Just on the outside of man's dream ;
In diapason slow, we think
To hear their pinions rise and sink,
While they float pure beneath His eyes,
Like swans adown a stream.

Abstra'tions, ar' they, from the forms
Of His great beauty ?—exaltations
From His great glory ?—strong previsions
Of what we shall be ?—intuitions
Of what we are—incalms and storms,
Beyond our pea'e and passions ?

Things nameless ! whi'h, in passing so,
Do stroke us with a subtle gra'e.
We say, Who passes ?'—they are dumb.
We cannot see them go or come :
Their tou'hes fall soft, cold, as snow
Upon a blind man's fa'e.

Yet, tou'ning so, they draw above
 Our common thoughts to Heaven's unknown,
 Our daily joy and pain advan'e
 To a divine signifi'an'e,
 Our human love—O mortal love,
 That light is not its own !

And sometimes horrorchills our blood
 To be so near such mysti' Things,
 And we wrap round us for defen'e
 Our purple manners, moods of sense—
 As angels from the fa'e of God
 Stand hidden in their wings.

And sometimes through life's heavy swound
 We grope for them !—with strangled breath
 We stret'h our hands abroad and try
 To reach them in our agony,—
 And widen, so, the broad life-wound
 Whi'h soon is large enough for death.

From Aurora Leigh'

TRUTH, so far, in my book ;—the truth which draws
 Through all things upwards,—that a twofold world
 Must go to a perfe'tcosmos. Natural things
 And spiritual,—who separates those two
 In art, in morals, or the so'ial drift
 Tears up the bond of nature and brings death,
 Paints futile pi'tures, writes unreal verse,
 Leads vulgar days, deals ignorantly with men,
 Is wrong, in short, at all points. We divide
 This apple of life, and cut it through the pips,—
 The perfe't round whichfitted Venus' hand
 Has perished as utterly as if we ate
 Both halves. Without the spiritual, observe,

The natural's impossible,—no form,
 No motion : without sensuous, spiritual
 Is inappre'iable,—no beauty or power :
 And in this twofold sphere the twofold man
 (For still the artist is intensely a man)
 Holds firmly by the natural, to reach
 The spiritual beyond it,—fixes still
 The type with mortal vision, to pierce through,
 With eyes immortal, to the antetype
 Somecall the ideal,—bettercall the real,
 And certain to becalled so presently
 When things shall have their names. Look long enough
 On any peasant's fa'e here,coarse and lined,
 You'llcat'h Antinous somewhere in thatclay,
 As perfe't featured as he yearns at Rome
 From marble pale with beauty ; then persist,
 And, if your apprehensioncscompetent,
 You'll find some fairer angel at his ba'k,
 As mu'h ex'eeding him as he the boor,
 And pushing him with empyreal disdain
 For ever out of sight. Aye, Carrington
 Is glad of such acreed : an artist must,
 Who paints a tree, a leaf, a common stone
 With just his hand, and finds it suddenly
 A-pie'e with andconterminous to his soul.
 Why else do these things move him, leaf, or stone ?
 The bird's not moved, that pe'ks at a spring-shoot ;
 Nor yet the horse, before a quarry, a-graze :
 But man, the twofoldcreature, apprehends
 The twofold manner, in and outwardly,
 And nothing in the worldcomes single to him,
 A mere itself,—'up,column, orcandlesti'k,
 All patterns of what shall be in the Mount ;
 The whole temporal show related royally,

And built up to eterne signifi'an'e
 Through the open arms of God. c There's nothing great
 Nor small', has said a poet of our day,
 Whose voi'e will ring beyond thecurfew of eve
 And not be thrown out by the matin's bell :
 And truly, I reiterate, nothing's small !
 No lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee,
 But finds somecoupling with the spinning stars ;
 No pebble at your foot, but proves a sphere ;
 Nochaffin'h, but implies thecherubim ;
 And (glan'ing on my own thin, veined wrist),
 In such a little tremor of the blood
 The whole strongclamour of a vehement soul
 Doth utter itself distin't. Earth'scrammed with heaven,
 And every common bush afire with God ;
 But only he who sees, takes off his shoes,
 The rest sit round it and plu'k bla'kberries,
 And daub their natural faces unaware
 More and more from the first similitude.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, ARCHBISHOP
 OF DUBLIN

1807-1886

' If there had anywhere'

IF there had anywhere appeared in space
 Another place of refuge, where to flee,
 Our hearts had taken refuge in that place,
 And not with Thee.

For we againstcreation's bars had beat
 Like prisoned eagles, through great worlds had sought
 Though but a foot of ground to plant our feet,
 Where Thou wert not.

And only when we found in earth and air,
 In heaven or hell, that such might nowhere be—
 That we could not flee from Thee anywhere,
 We fled to Thee.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809-1849

The Goddess's Song from Al Aaraaf'

SPIRIT! that dwellest where,
 In the deep sky,
 The terrible and fair,
 In beauty vie !
 Beyond the line of blue—
 The boundary of the star
 Whi'h turneth at the view
 Of thy barrier and thy bar—
 Of the barrier overgone
 By the comets who were cast
 From their pride and from their throne
 To be drudges till the last—
 To be carriers of fire
 (The red fire of their heart)
 With speed that may not tire
 And with pain that shall not part—
 Who livest—that we know—
 In Eternity—we feel—
 But the shadow of whose brow
 What spirit shall reveal ?
 Though the beings whom thy Nesa'e,
 Thy messenger hath known,
 Have dreamed for thy Infinity
 A. model of their own—

Thy will is done, O God !
 The star hath ridden high
 Through many a tempest, but she rode
 Beneath thy burning eye ;
 And here, in thought, to thee—
 In thought that can alone
 Ascend thy empire, and so be
 A partner of thy throne—
 By winged Fantasy,
 My embassy is given,
 Till secrecy shall knowledge be
 In the environs of Heaven.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD
 HOUGHTON

1809-1885

The Sayings of Rabia

I

A PIOUS friend one day of Rabia asked,
 How she had learnt the truth of Allah wholly ?
 By what instru'tions was her memory tasked—
 How was her heart estranged from this world's folly ?

She answered—' Thou, who knowest God in parts,
 Thy spirit's moods and pro'esses can tell;
 I only know that in my heart of hearts
 I have despised myself and loved Him well.'

II

Some evil upon Rabia fell,
 And one who loved and knew her well
 Murmured that God with pain undue
 Should strike a child so fond and true :

But she replied—' Believe and trust
 That all I suffer is most just ;
 I had in contemplation striven
 To realize the joys of heaven ;
 I had extended fan'y's flights
 Through all that region of delights,—
 Had counted, till the numbers failed,
 The pleasures on the blest entailed,—
 Had sounded the e'stati' rest
 I should enjoy on Allah's breast ;
 And for those thoughts I now atone
 That were of something of my own,
 And were not thoughts of Him alone.'

III

When Rabia unto Mekkeh came,
 She stood awhile apart—alone,
 Nor joined the crowd with hearts on flame
 Collected round the sacred stone.

She, like the rest, with toil had crossed
 The waves of water, rock, and sand,
 And now, as one long tempest-tossed,
 Beheld the Kaabeh's promised land.

Yet in her eyes no transport glistened ;
 She seemed with shame and sorrow bowed ;
 The shouts of prayer she hardly listened,
 But beat her heart and cried aloud :—

' O heart ! weak follower of the weak,
 That thou should'st traverse land and sea,
 In this far place that God to seek
 Who **long ago had come to thee !**'

IV

Round holy Rabia's suffering bed

The wisemen gathered, gazing gravely—c Daughter o

' Endure thy Father's chastening bravely ;
They who have steeped their souls in prayer
Can every anguish calmly bear.'

She answered not, and turned aside,

Though not reproachfully nor sadly ; c Daughter of G

' Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly ;
They who have learnt to pray aright,
From pain's dark well draw up delight.'

Then she spoke out—' Your words are fair ;

But, oh ! the truth lies deeper still ;
I know not, when absorbed in prayer,
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill ;
They who God's face can understand
Feel not the motions of His hand.'

From c Ghazeles'

ALL things on'e are things for ever ,
Soul, once living, lives for ever ;
Blame not what is only once,
When that on'e endures for ever ;
Love, on'e felt, though soon forgot,
Moulds the heart to good for ever ;
On'e betrayed from childly faith,
Man is conscious man for ever ;
On'e the void of life revealed,
It must deepen on for ever,

Unless God fill up the heart
 With Himself for once and ever :
 Once made God and man at once,
 God and man are one for ever.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809-1892

St. Agnes Eve

DEEP on theconvent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
 The shadows of theconvent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Stillcreeping with thecreeping hours
 That lead me *to my Lord* :
Make Thou my spirit pure andclear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round ;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee ;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens. O Lord ! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white andclean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
 The flashes come and go ;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
 And deepens on and up ! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The sabbaths of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with his bride !

Sir Galahad

MY good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lan'e thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Be'ause my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd spear-shaft cra'k and fly,
 The horse and rider reel :
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favours fall !
 For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and **thrall** :

But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd incrypt and shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormycres'ent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns :
Then by some se'ret shrine I ride ;
I hear a voi'e, but none are there ;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-'loth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, thecenser swings,
And solemnchaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magi' bark;
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white.
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God I
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
Theco'kcrows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempestcra'kles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
No bran'hy thi'ket shelter yields ;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Su'h hope, I know not fear ;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spa'es clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal pea'e,
Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stri'ken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are tou'h'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,

Wings flutter, voi'es hover clear :
O just and faithful knight,
Ride on ! the prize is near.'

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

The Higher Pantheism

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and
 the plains—

Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns ?

Is not the Vision He ? tho' He be not that which He
 seems ?

Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in
 dreams ?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
 Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him ?

Dark is the world to thee : thyself art the reason why ;
 For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel I am I ?

Glory about thee, without thee ; and thou fulfillest thy
 doom,

Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and
 gloom.

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit
 'an meet—

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and
 feet.

God is law, say the wise ; O Soul, and let us rejoy'e.
 For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voi'e.

Law is God, say some : no God at all, says the fool;
 For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in
 a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man can-
 not see;

But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He ?

' Flower in the crannied wall

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies ;—
 Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower—but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

From In Memoriam

I

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
 So far, so near in woe and weal ;
 O loved the most, when most I feel
 There is a lower and a higher ;

Known and unknown ; human, divine ;
 Sweet human hand and lips and eye ;
 Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
 Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine ;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be ;
 Loved deeper, darker understood ;
 Behold, I dream a dream of good,
 And mingle all the world with thee.

II

Thy voi'e is on the rolling air ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less ;

My love involves the love before ;
My love is vaster passion now ;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
I have thee still, and I rejoie ;
I prosper, cir'led with thy voi'e ;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

III

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer sho'k,
Rise in the spiritual ro'k,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voi'e as unto him that hears,
Acry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-'ontrol,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

Fromc The Holy Grail

I

BUT she, the wan sweet maiden, shore away
 Clean from her forehead all that wealth of hair
 Whi'h made a silken mat-work for her feet ;
 And out of this she plaited broad and long
 A strong sword-belt, and wove with silver thread
 Andcrimson in the belt a strange devi'e,
 Acrimson grail within a silver beam ;
 And saw the bright boy-knight, and bound it on him,
 Saying,c My knight, my love, my knight of heaven,
 O thou, my love, whose love is one with mine,
 I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.
 Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,
 And break thro' all, till one willcrown thee king
 Far in the spiritualcity : ' and as she spake
 She sent the deathless passion in her eyes
 Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind
 On him, and he believed in her belief.

Then came a year of mira'le : O brother,
 In our great hall there stood a va'antchair,
 Fashion'd by Merlin ere he past away,
 Andcarven with strange figures ; and in and out
 The figures, like a serpent, ran a s'roll
 Of letters in a tongue no mancoul'd read.
 And Merlincall'd itc The Siege perilous,'
 Perilous for good and ill ; c for there,' he said,c No mancoul'd sit bu
 And once by misadverten'e Merlin sat
 In his ownchair, and so was lost ; but he,
 Galahad, when he heard of Merlin's doom,
 Cried,c If I lose myself, I save myself ! c

II

. . . When the hermit made an end,
In silver armour suddenly Galahad shone
Before us, and against the chapel door
Laid lan'e, and enter'd, and we knelt in prayer.
And there the hermit slaked my burning thirst,
And at the sa'ring of the mass I saw
The holy elements alone ; but he :c Saw ye no more ? I, Galahad, saw t
The Holy Grail, des'end upon the shrine :
I saw the fiery fa'e as of a child
That smote itself into the bread, and went ;
And hither am I come ; and never yet
Hath what thy sister taught me first to see,
This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side, nor come
Cover'd, but moving with me night and day,
Fainter by day, but always in the night
Blood-red, and sliding down the bla'ken'd marsh
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top
Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below
Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,
And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,
And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this
Come vi'tor. But my time is hard at hand,
And hen'e I go ; and one will crown me king
Far in the spiritual city ; and come thou, too,
For thou shalt see the vision when I go.'

While thus he spake, his eye, dwelling on mine,
Drew me, with power upon me, till I grew
One with him, to believe as he believed.
Then, when the day began to wane, we went.

There rose a hill that none but man could climb,
S'arr'd with a hundred wintry watercourses—
Storm at the top, and when we gain'd it, storm
Round us and death ; for every moment glan'd
His silver arms and gloom'd : so qui'k and thi'k
The lightnings here and there to left and right
Stru'k, till the dry old trunks about us, dead,
Yea, rotten with a hundred years of death,
Sprang into fire : and at the base we found
On either hand, as far as eye could see,
A great bla'k swamp and of an evil smell,
Part bla'k, part whiten'd with the bones of men,
Not to be crost, save that some an'ient king
Had built a way, where, link'd with many a bridge
A thousand piers ran into the great Sea.
And Galahad fled along them bridge by bridge,
Arr'd every bridge as qui'kly as he crost
Sprang into fire and vanish'd, tho' I yearn'd
To follow ; and thri'e above him all the heavens
Open'd and blazed with thunder such as seem'd
Shoutings of all the sons of God : and first
At on'e I saw him far on the great Sea,
In silver-shining armour starry-'lear ;
And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung
Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud.
And with ex'eeding swiftness ran the boat,
If boat it were—I saw not when'e it came.
And when the heavens open'd and blazed again
Roaring, I saw him like a silver star—
And had he set the sail, or had the boat
Be'ome a living creature clad with wings i
And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung
Redder than any rose, a joy to me,
For now I knew the veil had been withdrawn.

Then in a moment when they blazed again
 Opening, I saw the least of little stars
 Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star
 I saw the spiritualcity and all her spires
 And gateways in a glory like one pearl—
 No larger, tho' the goal of all the saints—
 Strike from the sea ; and from the star there shot
 A rose-red sparkle to thecity, and there
 Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,
 Whi'h never eyes on earth again shall see.

The Human Cry

HALLOWED be Thy name—Halleluiah !-----
 Infinite Ideality !
 Immeasurable Reality !
 Infinite Personality !
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah !

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee ;
 We feel we are something—*that* also has come from Thee ;
 We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt help us to be.
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah !

Fromc The An'ient Sagec

IF thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt **dive**
 Into the Temple-'ave of thine own self,
 There, brooding by thecentral altar, thou
 May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voi'e,
 By whichthou wilt abide, if thou be wise,
 As if thou knewest, tho' thoucanst not know ;
 For Knowledge is the swallow on the lake
 That sees and **stirs the** surfa'e-shadow there

But never yet hath dipt into the abysm,
The Abysm of all Abysms, beneath, within
The blue of sky and sea, the green of earth,
And in the million-millionth of a grain
Whi'hcleft andcleft again for evermore,
And ever vanishing, never vanishes,
To me, my son, more mysti' than myself,
Or even than the Nameless is to me.

And when thou sendest thy free soul thro' heaven,
Nor understandest bound nor boundlessness,
Thou seest the Nameless of the hundred names.

And if the Nameless should withdraw from all
Thy frailtycounts most real, all thy world
Might vanish like thy shadow in the dark.

' And sin'e—from when this earth began—
The Nameless nevercame
Among us, never spake with man,
And never named the Name'—

Thoucanst not prove the Nameless, O my son,
Norcanst thou prove the world thou movest in,
Thoucanst not prove that thou art body alone,
Norcanst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
Norcanst thou prove that thou art both in one:
Thoucanst not prove thou art immortal, no
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay my son,
Thoucanst not prove that I, who speak with thee,
Am not thyself inconverse with thyself,
For nothing worthy provingcan be proven,
Nor yet disproven : wherefore thou be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
Andcling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith
She reels not in the storm of warring words,

She brightens at the clash of Yea and No',
 She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,
 She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,
 She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,
 She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
 She hears the lark within the songless egg,
 She finds the fountain where they wail'dc Miragec!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE

1809-1895

All things are full of God

A L L things are full of God. Thus spoke
 Wise Thales in the days
 When subtle Greece to thought awoke
 And soared in lofty ways.
 And now what wisdom have we more ?
 No sage divining-rod
 Hath taught than this a deeper lore,
 ALL THINGS ARE FULL OF GOD.

The Light that gloweth in the sky
 And shimmers in the sea,
 That quivers in the painted fly
 And gems the pictured lea,
 The million hues of Heaven above
 And Earth below are one,
 And every lightful eye doth love
 The primal light, the Sun.

Even so, all vital virtue flows
 From life's first fountain, God;
 And he who feels, and he who knows,
 Doth feel and know from God.

As fishes swim in briny sea,
 As fowl do float in air,
 From Thy embrace we cannot flee ;
 We breathe, and Thou art there.

Go, take thy glass, astronomer,
 And all the girth survey
 Of sphere harmonious linked to sphere,
 In endless bright array.
 All that far-reaching S'ien'e there
 Can measure with her rod,
 All powers, all laws, are but the fair
 Embodied thoughts of God.

Trimurti

TRIMURTI, Trirnurti,
 Despise not the name ;
 Think and know
 Before thou blame !

Look upon the fa'e of Nature
 In the flush of June ;
 BRAHMA is the great Creator,
 Life is Brahma's boon.
 Dost thou hear the zephyr blowing ?
 That is Brahma's breath,
 Vital breath, live virtue showing
 'Neath the ribs of death.
 Dost thou see the fountain flowing ?
 That is Brahma's blood,
 Lucid blood—the same is glowing
 In the purpling bud.

Brahma's Eyes look forth divining
 From the welkin's brow,
 Full bright eyes—the same are shining
 In the sacredcow.
 Air, and Fire, and running River,
 And the pro'reantclod,
 Are but fa'eschanging ever
 Of onechangeless God.
 When thy winged thought as'endeth
 Where high thoughts are free,
 This is Brahma when he lendeth
 Half the God to thee.
 Brahma is the great Creator,
 Life a mysti' drama ;
 Heaven, and Earth, and living Nature
 Are but masks of Brahma.

ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

FromcPauline'

O GOD, where does this tend—these struggling
 aims?
 What would I have ? What is thissleep', whichseems
 To bound all ? c a n there be a * wakingc point
 Ofcrowning life ? The soul would never rule—
 It would be first in all things—it would have
 Its utmost pleasure filled,—but thatcomplete
 Commanding forcommanding si'kens it.
 The last point I can tra'e is, rest beneath
 Some better essen'e than itself—in weakness ;
 This is'myselfc—not what I think should be
 And what is that I hunger for but God ?

My God, my God ! let me for once look on thee
 As tho' nought else existed : we alone.
 And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark
 Expands till I can say, c Even from myself
 I need thee, and I feel thee, and I love thee ;
 I do not plead my rapture in thy works
 For love of thee—or that I feel as one
 Who cannot die—but there is that in me
 Whi'h turns to thee, which loves, or which should love.'

Why have I girt; myself with this hell-dress ?
 Why have I laboured to put out my life ?
 Is it not in my nature to adore,
 And e'en for all my reason do I not
 Feel him, and thank him, and pray to him—now ?
 Can I forgo the trust that he loves me ?
 Do I not feel a love which only ONE . . .
 O thou pale form, so dimly seen, deep-eyed,
 I have denied thee calmly—do I not
 Pant when I read of thy consummate deeds,
 And burn to see thy calm pure truths out-flash
 The brightest gleams of earth's philosophy ?
 Do I not shake to hear aught question thee ?
 If I am erring save me, madden me,
 Take from me powers and pleasures—let me die.
 Ages, so I see thee : I am knit round
 As with a charm, by sin and lust and pride,
 Yet tho' my wandering dreams have seen all shapes
 Of strange delight, oft have I stood by thee—
 Have I been keeping lonely wat'h with thee
 In the damp night by weeping Olivet,
 Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less—
 Or dying with thee on the lonely cross—
 Or witnessing thy bursting from the tomb !

From cPara'elsus'

I

TRUTH is within ourselves ; it takes no rise
 From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
 There is an inmost centre in us all,
 Where truth abides in fullness ; and around,
 Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
 This perfe't, clear per'ception—which is truth.
 A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
 Binds it, and makes all error : and, to KNOW,
 Rather consists in opening out a way
 When'e the imprisoned splendour may es'ape,
 Than in effe'ting entry for a light
 Supposed to be without.

II

I knew, I felt, (per'ception unexpressed,
 Un'omprehended by our narrow thought,
 But somehow felt and known in every shift
 And change in the spirit,—nay, in every pore
 Of the body, even,)—what God is, what we are
 What life is—how God tastes an infinite joy
 In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss,
 From whom all being emanates, all power
 Pro'ceeds ; in whom is life for evermore,
 Yet whom existen'e in its lowest form
 In'ludes ; where dwells enjoyment there is he :
 With still a flying point of bliss remote,
 A happiness in store afar, a sphere
 Of distant glory in full view ; thus climbs
 Pleasure its heights for ever and for ever.
 The centre-fire heaves underneath the earth,
 And the earth changes like a human fa'e ;

The molten ore bursts up among the ro'ks,
Winds into the stone's heart, outbran'hes bright
In hidden mines, spots barren river-beds,
Crumbles into fine sand where sunbeams bask—
God joys therein ! The wroth sea's waves are edged
With foam, white as the bitten lip of hate,
When, in the solitary waste, strange groups
Of young vol'anoscome up,cy'lops-like,
Staring together with their eyes on flame—
God tastes a pleasure in their un'outh pride.
Then all is still ; earth is a wintryclod :
But spring-wind, like a dan'ing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it, rare verdure
Buds tenderly upon rough banks, between
The withered tree-roots and thecra'ks of frost,
Like a smile striving with a wrinkled fa'e ;
The grass grows bright, the boughs are swoln with blooms
Likechrysalids impatient for the air,
The shining dorrs are busy, beetles run
Along the furrows, ants make their ado ;
Above, birds fly in merry flo'ks, the lark
Soars up and up, shivering for very joy ;
Afar the o'ean sleeps ; white fishing-gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nested limpets; savagecreatures seek
Their loves in wood and plain—and God renews
His an'ient rapture. Thus He dwells in all,
From life's minute beginnings, up at last
To man—theconsummation of this s'heme
Of being, thecompletion of this sphere
Of life : whose attributes had here and there
Been s'attered o'er the visible world before,
Asking to becombined, dim fragments meant
To be united in some wondrous whole,

erfe't qualities throughout creation,
 jesting some one creature yet to make,
 e point where all those s'attered rays should meet
 vergent in the fa'ulties of man.

From cSaulc

HAVE gone the whole round of Creation : I saw and
 I spoke !

work of God's hand for that purpose, re'eived in my
 brain

pronoun'ed on the rest of His handwork- returned
 Him again

'reation's approval or censure : I spoke as I saw.

port, as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's
 law.

I lay down the judgeship He lent me. Ea'h fa'ulty
 tasked

per'eive Him, has gained an abyss, where a dewdrop
 was asked.

e I knowledge ? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom
 laid bare.

e I forethought ? how purblind, how blank, to the
 Infinite Care !

[task any fa'ulty highest, to image success ?

t open my eyes,—and perfe'tion, no more and no less,
 he kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen
 God

he star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.

thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
 h that stoop of the soul whichin bending upraises
 it too)

The submission of Man's nothing-perfe't to God's All-Complete,

As by ea'h new obeisan'e in spirit, I climb to His feet !
 Yet with all this abounding experien'e, this Deity known,
 I shall dare to dis'over some provin'e, some gift of my own.
 Therecs a fa'ulty pleasant to exer'ise, hard to hoodwink,
 I am fain to keep still in abeyan'e, (I laugh as I think)
 Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot ye, I worst
 E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold! I could love if I durst!
 But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake
 God's own speed in the one way of love : I abstain for
 love's sake.

—What, my soul ? see thus far and no farther ? when
 doors great and small,

Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our tou'h, should the
 hundredth appal i

In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the
 greatest of all ?

Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
 That I doubt His own love can compete with it ? here,
 the parts shift ?

Here, the creature surpass the Creator, the end, what
 Began ?

Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
 And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, who yet
 alone can ?

Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, mu'h
 less power,

To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvellous
 dower

Of the life he was gifted and filled with ? to make such
 a soul,

Su'h a body, and then such an earth for insphering the
 whole ?

And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears
attest)

These good things being given, to go on, and give one
more, the best ?

Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the
height

This perfe'tion—su''eed with life's dayspring, death's
minute of night ?

Interpose at the diffi'ult minute, snat'h Saul, the mistake,
Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now—and bid him
awake

From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find
himself set

Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new harmony
yet

To be run, and continued, and ended—who knows ?—
or endure !

The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to
make sure ;

By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles
in this.

I believe it ! ctis Thou, God, that givest,ctis I who
re'eive :

In the first is the last, in Thy will is my power to believe.
Allcs one gift : Thoucanst grant it moreover, as prompt
to my prayer

As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to the
air.

From Thy will, stream the worlds, life and nature, thy
dread Sabaoth:

I will ?—the mere atoms despise me! why am I not loth

To look that, even that in the fa'e too ? why is it I dare
Think but lightly of such impuissan'e ? what stops my
despair ?

This ;—'tis not what man Does which exalts him, but
what man Would do !

See the King—I would help him but cannot, the wishes
fall through.

Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to
enri'h,

To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing
whi'h,

I know that my servi'e is perfe't. Oh, speak through
me now !

Would I suffer for him that I love ? So wouldst Thou—
so wilt Thou !

So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost
'rown—

And Thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor
down

One spot for the creature to stand in ! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with
death !

As Thy Love is dis'overed almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved !
He who did most, shall bear most ; the strongest shall

stand the most weak. 'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for
that I seek

In the Godhead ! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Fa'e like my fa'e that re'eives thee ; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever : a Hand like
this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee ! See the
Christ stand !

From Easter Day'

HE stood there. Like the smoke
 Pillared o'er Sodom, when day broke,—
 I saw Him. One magnifi' pall
 Mantled in massive fold and fall
 His dread, and coiled in snaky swathes
 About His feet : night's bla'k, that bathes
 All else, broke, grizzled with despair,
 Against the soul of bla'kness there.
 A gesture told the mood within—
 That wrapped right hand which based the chin.
 That intense meditation fixed
 On His pro'edure,—pity mixed
 With the fulfilment of decree.
 Motionless, thus, He spoke to me,
 Who fell before His feet, a mass,
 No man now.

' All is come to pass.
 Su'h shows are over for ea'h soul
 They had respect to. In the roll
 Of Judgement which'onvin'ed mankind
 Of sin, stood many, bold and blind,
 Terror must burn the truth into :
 Their fate for them !—thou hadst to do
 With absolute omnipoten'e,
 Able its judgements to dispense
 To the whole ra'e, as every one
 Were its sole obje't- Judgement done,
 God is, thou art,—the rest is hurled
 To nothingness for thee. This **world**,

This finite life, thou hast preferred,
In disbelief of God's own word,
To Heaven and to Infinity.
Here the probation was for thee,
To show thy soul the earthly mixed
With heavenly, it must choose betwixt.
The earthly joys lay palpable,—
A taint, in ea'h, distin't as well ;
The heavenly flitted, faint and rare,
Above them, but as truly were
Taintless, so, in their nature, best.
Thychoi'e was earth : thou didst attest
'Twas fitter spirit should subserve
The flesh, than flesh refine to nerve
Beneath the spirit's play. Advan'e
No claim to their inheritan'e
Whochose the spirit's fugitive
Brief gleams, and yearned, " This were to live
Indeed, if rays, completely pure
From flesh that dulls them, could endure,—
Not shoot in meteor-light athwart
Our earth, to show how cold and swart
It lies beneath their fire, but stand
As stars do, destined to expand,
Prove veritable worlds, our home."
Thou saidst,— " Let spirit star the dome
Of sky, that flesh may miss no peak,
No nook of earth,—I shall not seek
Its servi'e further ! " Thou art shut
Out of the heaven of spirit ; glut
Thy sense upon the world : tis thine
For ever—take it !'

' How ? Is mine,
The world ? c (I cried, while my soul broke
Out in a transport.) c Hast Thou spoke
Plainly in that i Earth's exquisite
Treasures of wonder and delight,
For me ?'

The austere voi'e returned,—c So soon made hap-
What God a''ounteth happiness,
Thou wouldst not find it hard to guess
What hell may be His punishment
For those who doubt if God invent
Better than they. Let such men rest
Content with what they judged the best.
Let the unjust usurp at will :
The filthy shall be filthy still :
Miser, there waits the gold for thee !
Hater, indulge thine enmity !
And thou, whose heaven self-ordained
Was, to enjoy earth unrestrained,
Do it! Take all the ancient show !
The woods shall wave, the rivers flow,
And men apparently pursue
Their works, as they were wont to do,
While living in probation yet.
I promise not thou shalt forget
The Past, now gone to its account ;
But leave thee with the old amount
Of faculties, nor less nor more,
Unvisited, as heretofore,
By God's free spirit, that makes an end.
So, once more, take thy world ! expend
Eternity upon its shows,—
Flung thee as freely as one rose

Out of a summer's opulen'e,
 Over the Eden-barrier when'e
 Thou art ex'luded. Kno'k in vain !'
 I sat up. All was still again.
 I breathed free : to my heart, ba'k fled
 The warmth. c But, all the world ! ' — I said.
 I stooped and pi'ked a leaf of fern,
 And re'olle'ted I might learn
 From books, how many myriad sorts
 Of fern exist, to trust reports,
 Ea'h as distin't and beautiful
 As this, the very first I cull.
 Think, from the first leaf to the last !
 Con'eive, then, earth's resour'es ! Vast
 Exhaustless beauty, endless change
 Of wonder ! And this foot shall range
 Alps, Andes,—and this eye devour
 The bee-bird and the aloë-flower ?

Then the Voi'e,c Wel'ome so to rate
 The arras-folds that variegate
 The earth, God's ante'hamber, well !
 The wise, who waited there,could tell
 By these, what royalties in store
 Lay one step past the entran'e-door.
 For whom, was re'koned, not too mu'h,
 This life's munifi'en'e ? For such
 As thou,—a ra'e, whereof s'ar'e one
 Was able, in a million,
 To feel that any marvel lay
 In obje'ts round his feet all day ;
 S'ar'e one, in many millions more,
 Willing, if able, to explore

The se'reter, minuter charm !
 —Brave souls, a fern-leaf could disarm
 Of power to cope with God's intent,—
 Or s'ared if the south firmament
 With north-fire did its wings refledge !
 All partial beauty was a pledge
 Of beauty in its plenitude :
 But since the pledge sufficed thy mood,
 Retain it ! plenitude be theirs
 Who looked above !c

Though sharp despairs
 Shot through me, I held up, bore on. What matter though my trust
 From natural things ? Henceforth my part
 Be less with Nature than with Art !
 For Art supplants, gives mainly worth
 To Nature ; tis Man stamps the earth—
 And I will seek his impress, seek
 The statuary of the Greek,
 Italy's painting—there my choi'e
 Shall fix !c

' Obtain it !c said the voi'e,
 —' The one form with its single a't,
 Whi'h s'ulptors laboured to abstra't,
 The one fa'e, painters tried to draw,
 With its one look, from throngs they saw . ,
 . . .c But through
 Life pier'e,—and what has earth to do,
 Its utmost beauty's appanage,
 With the requirement of next stage ?
 Did God pronoun'e earth " very good " ?
 Needs must it be, while understood
 For man's preparatory state ;

Nothing to heighten nor abate :
 Transfer the same completeness here,
 To serve a new state's use—and drear
 Defi'ient'y gapes every side !
 The good, tried on'e, were bad, retried.
 See the enwrapping ro'ky ni'he,
 Suffi'ient for the sleep, in whi'h
 The lizard breathes for ages safe :
 Split the mould—and as this would chafe
 The creature's new world-widened sense,
 One minute after day dispense
 The thousand sounds and sights that broke
 In on him at the chisel's stroke,—
 So, in God's eye, the earth's first stuff
 Was, neither more nor less, enough
 To house man's soul, man's need fulfil.
 Man re'koned it immeasurable ?
 So thinks the lizard of his vault !
 Could God be taken in default,
 Short of contrivance's, by you—
 Or reached, ere ready to pursue
 His progress through eternity ?
 That chambered rock, the lizard's world,
 Your easy mallet's blow has hurled
 To nothingness for ever ; so,
 Has God abolished at a blow
 This world, wherein His saints were pent—
 Who, though found grateful and content,
 With the provision there, as thou,
 Yet knew He would not disallow
 Their spirit's hunger, felt as well,—
 Unsated,—not unsatable,
 As Paradise gives proof. Deride
 Their choice now, thou who sit'st outside I

I cried in anguish, c Mind, the mind,
 So miserably cast behind,
 To gain what had been wisely lost !
 Oh, let me strive to make the most
 Of the poor stunted soul, I nipped
 Of budding wings, else now equipt
 For voyage from summer isle to isle !
 And though she needs must re'on'ile
 Ambition to the life on ground,
 Still, I can profit by late found
 But precious knowledge. Mind is best—
 I will seize mind, forgo the rest,
 And try how far my tethered strength
 May crawl in this poor breadth and length.
 Let me, sin'e I can fly no more,
 At least spin dervish-like about
 (Till giddy rapture almost doubt
 I fly) through cir'ling sciences,
 Philosophies and histories !
 Should the whirl slacken there, then verse,
 Fining to music, shall asperse
 Fresh and fresh fire-dew, till I strain
 Intoxi'ate, half-break my chain !
 Not joyless, though more favoured feet
 Stand calm, where I want wings to beat
 The floor. At least earth's bond is broke !'

Then (si'kening even while I spoke), c Let me alone ! No answer, pra
 To this ! I know what Thou wilt say !
 All still is earth's—to know, as mu'h
 As feel its truths, which if we tou'h
 With sense, or apprehend in soul,
 What matter ? I have reached the goal—

" Whereto does Knowledge serve ! " will burn
 My eyes, too sure, at every turn !
 I cannot look ba'k now, nor stake
 Bliss on the ra'e, for running's sake.
 The goal's a ruin like the rest !'
 —' And so mu'h worse thy latter quest,'
 (Added the voi'e)c that even on earth—
 Whenever, in man's soul, had birth
 Those intuitions, grasps of guess,
 That pull the more into the less,
 Making the finite comprehend
 Infinity,—the bard would spend
 Su'h praise alone, upon his craft,
 As, when wind-lyres obey the waft,
 Goes to the craftsman who arranged
 The seven strings, changed them and re'hanged——
 Knowing it was the South that harped.
 He felt his song, in singing, warped ;
 Distinguished his and God's part : when'e
 A world of spirit as of sense
 Was plain to him, yet not too plain,
 Whi'h he could traverse, not remain
 A guest in :—else were permanent
 Heaven on earth which its gleams were meant
 To sting with hunger for full light—
 Made visible in verse, despite
 The veiling weakness,—truth by means
 Of fable, showing while it s'reens,—
 Sin'e highest truth, man e'er supplied,
 Was ever fable on outside.
 Su'h gleams made bright the earth an age ;
 Now, the whole sun's his heritage !
 Take up thy world, it is allowed,
 Thou who hast entered in the cloud !'

Then I—' Behold, my spirit bleeds,
 Cat'hes no more at broken reeds,—
 But lilies flower those reeds above :
 I let the world go, and take love !
 Love survives in me, albeit those
 I love be hen'eforth masks and shows,
 Not loving men and women : still
 I mind how love repaired all ill,
 Cured wrong, soothed grief, made earth amends
 With parents, brothers, children, friends !
 Some semblan'e of a woman yet
 With eyes to help me to forget,
 Shall live with me ; and I will mat'h
 Departed love with love, atta'h
 Its fragments to my whole, nor s'orn
 The poorest of the grains of corn
 I save from shipwre'k on this isle,
 Trusting its barrenness may smile
 With happy foodful green one day,
 More pre'ious for the pains. I pray,
 For love, then, only !'

At the word,
 The form, I looked to have been stirred
 With pity and approval, rose
 O'er me, as when the headsman throws
 Axe over shoulder to make end—
 I fell prone, letting Him expend
 His wrath, while, thus, the infli'ting voi'e
 Smote me. c Is this thy finalchoi'e ?
 Love is the best ? cTis somewhat late !
 And all thou dost enumerate
 Of power and beauty in the world,
 The mightiness of love was curled

Inextri'ably round about.
 Love lay within it and without,
 Toclap thee—but in vain ! Thy soul
 Still shrunk from Him who made the whole,
 Still set deliberate aside
 His love !—Now take love ! Well betide
 Thy tardycons'ien'e ! Haste to take
 The show of love for the name's sake,
 Remembering every moment Who,
 Besidecreating thee unto
 These ends, and these for thee, was said
 To undergo death in thy stead
 In flesh like thine : so ran the tale.
 What doubt in thee could countervail
 Belief in it ? Upon the ground
 " That in the story had been found
 Too mu'h love ! How could God love so ?'
 He who in all His works below
 Adapted to the needs of man,
 Made love the basis of the plan,—
 Did love, as was demonstrated :
 While man, who was so fit instead
 To hate, as every day gave proof—
 Man thought man, for his kind's behoof,
 Both could and did invent that s'heme
 Of perfe't love—'twould well beseem
 Cain's nature thou wast wont to praise,
 Not tally with God's usual ways !c

And I cowered depre'atingly—
 * Thou Love of God ! Or let me die,
 Or grant what shall seem Heaven almost !
 Let me not know that all is lost,
 Though lost it be—leave me not tied

To this despair, thiscorpse-like bride !
 Let that old life seem mine—no more—
 With limitation as before,
 With darkness, hunger, toil, distress :
 Be all the earth a wilderness !
 Only let me go on, go on,
 Still hoping ever and anon
 To reach one eve the Better Land !c

Then did the form expand, expand—
 I knew Him through the dread disguise,
 As the whole God within his eyes
 Embra'ed me.

Abt Vogler

*(After he has been extemporizing upon the musi'al instru-
 ment of his invention)*

WOULD that the stru'ture brave, the manifold
 musi' I build,
 Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
 Claiming ea'h slave of the sound, at a tou'h, as when
 Solomon willed
 Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that
 lurk,
 Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
 Adverse, ea'h from the other heaven-high, hell-deep
 removed,—
 Should rush into sight at on'e as he named the ineffable
 Name,
 And pile him a pala'e straight, to pleasure the prin'ess
 he loved !

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise !
Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise !
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my pala'e well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.
And another would mount and mar'h, like the ex'cellent minion he was,
Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many acrest,
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Eager to do and die, yield ea'h his pla'e to the rest :
For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
When a great illumination surprises a festal night—
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from spa'e to spire)
Up, the pinna'led glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.
In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to mat'h man's birth,
Nature in turn con'eived, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to s'ale the sky :

Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt
with mine,

Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering
star ;

Meteor-moons, balls of blaze : and they did not pale
nor pine,

For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more
near nor far.

Nay more ; for there wanted not who walked in the glare
and glow,

Presen'es plain in the pla'e ; or, fresh from the Proto-
plast,

Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should
blow,

Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking
at last ;

Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the
body and gone,

But were ba'k on'e more to breathe in an old world
worth their new :

What never had been, was now ; what was, as it shall be
anon ;

And what is,—shall I say, mat'hed both? for I was
made perfe't too.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of
my soul,

All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed
visibly forth,

All through music and me ! For think, had I painted
the whole,

Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so
wonder-worth :

Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect pro'eeds
fromcause,

Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is
told;

It is all triumphant art, but art in obedien'e to laws,
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled :—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will thatcan,
Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they
are!

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to
man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound,
but a star.

Consider it well : each tone of our scale in itself is
nought ;

It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use ! I mix it with two in my thought:
And, there! Ye have heard and seen : consider and
bow the head !

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared ;
Gone ! and the good tears start, the praises thatcome
too slow;

For one is assured at first, one s'ar'ecan say that he
feared,

That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was
to go.

Never to be again ! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchan'e : is this yourcomfort
to me?

To me, who must be saved be'ause Icling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay,
what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable
Name?

Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with
hands!

What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the
same?

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy
power expands?

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall
live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silent implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much
good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect
round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall
exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good,
nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the
melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too
hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the
sky,

Are musicians sent up to God by the lover and the bard;

Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by
and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence

For the fullness of the days? Have we withered or
agonized?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might
issue thence ?

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should
be prized ?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,

Ea'h sufferer says his say, his s'heme of the weal and
woe:

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the
ear;

The rest may reason and wel'ome : tis we musi'ians
know.

Well, it is earth with me ; silen'e resumes her reign :

I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquies'e.

Give me the keys. I feel for the *common* chord
again,

Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien
ground,

Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the
deep;

Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-pla'e
is found,

The C Major of this life : so, now I will try to sleep.

Rabbi Ben Ezra

GROW old along with me !
The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made :

Our times are in His hand

Who saith A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half ; trust God: see all, nor be afraid !'

Not that, amassing flowers,
 Youth sighedc Whi'h rose make ours,
 Whi'h lily leave and then as best re'all æ
 Not that, admiring stars,
 It yearnedc Nor Jove, nor Mars ;
 Mine be some figured flame whichblends, trans'ends
 them all !'

Not for such hopes and fears
 Annulling youth's brief years,
 Do I remonstrate : folly wide the mark!
 Rather I prize the doubt
 Low kinds exist without,
 Finished and finiteclods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Were man but formed to feed
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast :
 Su'h feasting ended, then
 As sure an end to men ;
 Irkscares the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

Rejoi'e we are allied
 To That whichdoth provide
 And not partake, effe't and not re'eive !
 A spark disturbs ourclod ;
 Nearer we hold of God
 Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, wel'ome ea'h rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Ea'h sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !
 Be our joys three-parts pain !
 Strive, and holdcheap the strain ;
 Learn, nor a''ount the pang ; dare, never grudge **the** throe !

For then'e,—a paradox
 Whi'h comforts while it mo'ks,—
 Shall life su''eed in that it seems to fail :
 What I aspired to be,
 And was not, comforts me :
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the s'ale

What is he but a brute
 Whose flesh hath soul to suit,
 Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play ?
 To man, propose this test—
 Thy body at its best,
 How far can that proje't thy soul on its lone way ?

Yet gifts should prove their use :
 I own the Past profuse
 Of power ea'h side, perfe'tion every turn :
 Eyes, ears took in their dole,
 Brain treasured up the whole ;
 Should not the heart beat on'ec How good to live and
 learn ?c

Not on'e beatc Praise be Thine !
 I see the whole design,
 I, who saw Power, see now Love perfe't too :
 Perfe't I call Thy plan :
 Thanks that I was a man !
 Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do !c

For pleasant is this flesh ;
 Our soul, in its rose-mesh
 Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest :
 Would we some prize might hold
 To mat'h those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best !

Let us not always say
* Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole !'
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps
soul!'

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term :
Then 'e shall I pass, approved
A man, for ay removed
From the developed brute ; a God though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
On 'e more on my adventure brave and new :
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to sele't, what armour to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby ;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold :
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame :
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being old

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey ;
A whisper from the west
Shoots—' Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth : here dies another day.'

So, still within this life,
 Though lifted o'er its strife,
 Let me dis'ern, compare, pronoun'e at last,
 ' This rage was right i' the main,
 That a' quies'en'e vain:
 The Future I may fa'e now I have proved the Past.'

For more is not reserved
 To man, with soul just nerved
 To a't to-morrow what he learns to-day:
 Here, work enough to wat'h
 The Master work, and cat'h
 Hints of the proper craft, tri'ks of the tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
 Should strive, through a'ts uncouth,
 Toward making, than repose on aught found made ;
 So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
 Further. Thou waitedst age ; wait death nor be afraid !

Enough now, if the Right
 And Good and Infinite
 Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
 With knowledge absolute,
 Subject to no dispute
 From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for on'e and all,
 Severed great minds from small,
 Announ'ed to ea'h his station in the Past !
 Was I, the world arraigned,
 Were they, my soul disdained,
 Right *i* Let age speak the truth and give us pea'e at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate ?
 Ten men love what I hate,
 Shun what I follow, slight what I receive ;
 Ten, who in ears and eyes
 Match me : we all surmise,
 They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall my soul believe ?

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called work', must senten'e pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had the pri'e;
 O'er whi'h, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a tri'e :

But all, the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,
 So passed in making up the main a'ount;
 All instin'ts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
 amount:

Thoughts hardly to be pa'ked
 Into a narrow a't,
 Fan'ies that broke through language and es'aped ;
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pit'her shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 That metaphor ! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
 Thou, to whom fools propound, c
 When the wine makes its round,
 ' Sin'e life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize
 to-day !'

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past re'all ;
Earthchanges, but thy soul and God stand sure :
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be :
Time's wheel runs ba'k or stops : Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee mid this dan'e
Of plasti'cir'umstan'e,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest :
Ma'hinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves
Whi'h ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press ?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress ?

Look not thou down but up !
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's fla'h and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow !
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou
with earth's wheel ?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men ;
And sin'e, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst :

So, take and use Thy work !
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !
 My times be in Thy hand !
 Perfe't the cup as planned !
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

1812-1890

Pebbles in the Stream

HERE on this little bridge in this warm day
 We rest us from our idle sauntering walk.
 Over our shadows its continuous talk
 The stream maintains, while now and then a stray
 Dry leaf may fall where the still waters play
 In endless eddies, through whose clear brown deep
 The gorgeous pebbles quiver in their sleep.
 The stream still hastes but cannot pass away.

Could I but find the words that would reveal
 The unity in multiplicity,
 And the profound strange harmony I feel
 With those dead things, God's garments of to-day,
 The listener's soul with mine they would anneal,
 And make us one within eternity.

From The Tear of the World'

GIVE reveren'e, O man, to mystery,
 Keep your soul patient, and with closed eye hear.
 Know that the Good is in all things, the whole
Being by him pervaded and upheld.

He is the will, the thwartingcir'umstan'e,
 The two opposing for'es equal both—
 Birth, Death, are one. Think not the Lotus flower
 Or tulip is more honoured than the grass,
 The bindweed, or the thistle. He who kneels
 To Cama, kneeleth unto me ; the maid
 Who sings to Ganga sings to me ; I am
 Wisdom unto the wise, andcunning lore
 Unto the subtle. He who knows his soul,
 And from then'e looketh unto mine ; who sees
 All underneath the moon regardlessly,
 Living on silent, as a shaded lamp
 Burns with steady flame :—he sure shall find me—
 He findeth wisdom, greatness, happiness.

Know, further, the Great One delighteth not
 In him who works, and strives, and is against
 The nature of the present. Not the less
 Am I the gladness of theconqueror—
 And the despair of impoten'e that fails.
 I am the ultimate, the tenden'y
 Of all things to *their* nature, whichis *mine*.
 Put round thee garments of ri'h softness, hang
 Fine gold about thine ankles, hands, and ears,
 Set the ri'h ruby and rare diamond
 Upon thy brow.—! made them, I also
 Made them be sought by thee ; thou la'k'st them not ?
 Then throw them whence theycame, and leave with them
 The wish to be aught else than nature forms.

Know that the great Good in the agecalled First,
 Beheld a world of mortals,cmong whom none
 Enquired for Truth, be'ause no falsehood was :
 Nature was Truth ; man held whate'er he wished :

No will was thwarted, and no deed was termed,
 Good, Evil. In mu'h wisdom is mu'h grief.
 He who in'reases knowledge sorrow also
 Takes with it, till he rises unto me,
 Knowing that I am in all, still the same :
 Knowing that I am Pea'e in thecontented.
 I, Great, revealed unto the Seer, how man
 Had wandered, and he gave a name and form
 To mycommunings and hecalled it Veda.
 To him who understands it is great gain—
 Who understandeth not, to him the Sign
 And ritual is authority and guide,
 A living and expiringconfiden'e.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH

1813-1892

So far, so near

THOU, so far, we grope to grasp thee—
 Thou, so near, we cannot clasp thee—
 Thou, so wise, our prayers grow heedless—
 Thou, so loving, they are needless !
 In ea'h human soul thou shinest,
 Human-best is thy divinest.
 In ea'h deed of love thou warmest ;
 Evil into good transformest.
 Soul of all, and moving centre
 Of ea'h moment's life we enter.
 Breath of breathing—light of gladness—
 Infinite antidote of sadness ;—
 All-preserving ether flowing
 Through the worlds, yet past our knowing.
 Never past our trust and loving,
 Nor from thine our life removing.

Stillcreating, still inspiring,
 Never of thycreatures tiring ;
 Artist of thy solar spaces ;
 And thy humble human faces;
 Mighty glooms and splendours voicing;
 In thy plasti' work rejoi'ing ;
 Through benignant lawconne'ting
 Best with best—and all perfe'ting,
 Though all human ra'es claim thee,
 Thought and language fail to name thee,
 Mortal lips be dumb before thee,
 Silen'e only may adore thee !

Fromc Ormuzd and Ahriman'

Satan speaks

THERE were no shadows till the worlds were made ;
 No evil and no sin till finite souls,
 Imperfe't then'e,conditioned in free-will,
 Took form, proje'ted by eternal law
 Throughco-existent realms of time and spa'e.
 Naught evil, though it were the Prin'e of evil,
 Hath being in itself. For God alone
 Existeth in Himself, and Good, whichlives
 As sunshine lives, born of the Parent Sun.
 I am the finite shadow of that Sun,
 Opposite, not opposing, only seen
 Upon the nether side.
 No personal will am I, no influen'e bad
 Or good. I symbolize the wild and deep
 And unregenerated wastes of life,
 Dark with transmitted tenden'ies of ra'e
 And blind mis'han'e ; allcrude mistakes of will—

Pro'livity unbalan'ed by due weight
 Of favouringcir'umstan'e ; all passion blown
 By wandering winds ; all surplusage of for'e
 Piled up for use, but slipping from its base
 Of law and order ; all undis'iplined
 And ignorant mutiny against the wise
 Restraint of rules bycenturies old endorsed,
 And proved the best so long it needs no proof ;—
 All quality o'erstrained until itcra'ks :—
 Yet but a surfa'ecra'k ; the Eternal Eye
 Sees underneath the soul's sphere, as above,
 And knows the deep foundations of the world
 Will not be jarred or loosened by the stress
 Of sun and wind and rain upon thecrust
 Of upper soil. Nay, let the earthquake split
 The mountains into steep and splinteredchasms—
 Down deeper than the sho'k the adamant
 Of ages stands, symbol no less divine
 Of the eternal Law than heaven above.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

1814

Fromc The Eternal Word'

I

AMID the eternal silen'es
 God's endless Word was spoken ;
 None heard but He who always spake,
 And the silen'e was unbroken.
 Oh marvellous ! Oh worshipful !
 No song or sound is heard,
 But everywhere and every hour,
 In love, in wisdom, and in power,
 The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word !

II

For ever in the eternal land
The glorious Day is dawning ;
For ever is the Father's Light
Like an endless outspread morning.
Oh marvellous ! Oh worshipful !
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word I

III

From the Father's vast tranquillity,
In lightco-equal glowing
The kinglycon substantial Word
Is unutterably flowing.
Oh marvellous ! Oh worshipful !
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word !

IV

For everclimbs that Morning Star
Without as'ent or motion ;
For ever is its daybreak shed
On the Spirit's boundless o'ean.
Oh marvellous ! Oh worshipful !
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word

EDWARD CASWALL

1814-1878

The Order of Pure Intuition

HAIL, sacred Order of eternal Truth !

That deep within the soul,

In axiomatic majesty sublime,

One undivided whole,—

Up from the underdepth unsear'hable

Of primal Being springs,

An inner world of thought, co-ordinate

With that of outward things !

Hail, Intuition pure ! whose essen'es

The central core supply

Of cons'ien'e, language, s'ien'e, certitude,

Art, beauty, harmony I

Great God ! I thank Thy majesty supreme,

Whose all-'reative gra'e

Not in the sentient fa'ulties alone

Has laid my reason's base ;

Not in abstrac'tions thin by slow degrees

From grosser forms refin'd ;

Not in tradition, nor the broad consent

Of cons'ious humankind ;—

But in th' essential Presen'e of Thyself,

Within the soul's abyss ;

Thyself, alike of her intelligen'e

The fount, as of her bliss ;

Thyself, by nurture, meditation, gra'e,

Reflexively reveal'd ;

Yet ever a'ting on the springs of thought,

E'en when from thought con'eal'd !

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE

1814-1902

Impli't Faith

OF all great Nature's tones that sweep
 Earth's resonant bosom, far or near,
 Low-breathed or loudest, shrill or deep,
 How few are grasped by mortal ear.

Ten o'taves close our s'ale of sound :
 Its myriad grades, distin't or twined,
 Trans'end our hearing's petty bound,
 To us as colours to the blind.

In Sound's unmeasured empire thus
 The heights, the depths alike we miss ;
 Ah, but in measured sound to us
 A compensating spell there is I

In holy musi's golden spee'h
 Remotest notes to notes respond :
 Ea'h o'tave is a world ; yet ea'h
 Vibrates to worlds its own beyond.

Our narrow pale the vast resumes ;
 Our sea-shell whispers of the sea :
 E'hoes are ours of angel-plumes
 That winnow far infinity !

—Clasp thou of Truth the central core !
 Hold fast that centre's central sense !
 An atom there shall fill thee more
 Than realms on Truth's cir'umferen'e.

That cradled Saviour, mute and small,
 Was God—is God while worlds endure !
 Who holds Truth truly holds it all
 In essen'e, or in miniature.

Know what thou know'st ! He knoweth mu'h
 Who knows not many things : and he
 Knows most whose knowledge hath a tou'h
 Of God's divine simpli'ity.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

1816-1902

Knowledge

THE knowledge of God is the wisdom of man—
 This is the end of Being, wisdom ; this
 Of wisdom, a'tion ; and of a'tion, rest ;
 And of rest, bliss ; that by experien'e sage
 Of good and ill, the diametri' powers
 Whi'h thwart the world, the thri'e-born might dis'ern
 That death divine alone can perfe't both,
 The mediate and initiate ; that between
 The Deity and nothing, nothing is.

The Atlantean axis of the world
 And all the undes'ribed cir'umferen'e,
 Where earth's thi'k breath thins off to blankest spa'e
 Uniting with inanity, this truth
 Confess, the sun-sire and the death-world too,
 And undefle'ted spirit pure from Heaven,
 That He who makes, destroying, saves the whole.
 The Former and Re-Former of the world
 In wisdom's holy spirit all renew.

To know this, is to read the runes of old,
 Wrought in the time-outlasting ro'k ; to see
 Unblinded in the heart of light ; to feel
 Keen through the soul, the same essential strain,
 Whi'h vivifies the clear and fire-eyed stars,
 Still harping their serene and silvery spell

In the perpetual presen'e of the skies,
And of the world-'oredcalm, where silen'e sits
In se'ret light all hidden ; this to know—
Brings down the fiery un'tion from on high,
The spiritualchrisim of the sun,
Whi'h hallows and ordains the regnant soul—
Transmutes the splendid fluid of the frame
Into a fountain of divine delight,
And renovative nature ;—shows us earth,
One with the great gala'ti' line of life
Whi'h parts the hemispheral palm of Heaven ;
This with all spheres of Being makescon'ord
As at the firstcreation, in that pea'e,
Premotional, pre-elemental, prime,
Whi'h is the hope of earth, the joy of Heaven,
Thechoi'e of the ele't, the gra'e of life,
The blessing and the glory of our God.
And—as the vesper hymn of time pre'edes
The starry matins of Eternity,
And daybreak of existen'e in the Heavens,—
To know this, is to know we shall depart
Into the storm-surroundingcalm on high,
The sa'redcirque, the all-'entral infinite
Of that self-blessedness wherein abides
Our God, all-kind, all-loving, all-beloved ;—
To feel life one great ritual, and its laws,
Writ in the vital rubri' of the blood,
Flow in, obedien'e, and flow out,command,
In sealikecir'ulation ; and be here
A''epted as a gift by Him who gives
An empire as an alms, norcounts it aught,
So long as all Hiscreatures joy in Him,
The great Rejoi'er of the Universe,
Whom all the boundless spheres of Being bless.

Fromc The Mysti'c

GOD was, alone in unity. He willed
 The infinitecreation ; and it was.
 That thecreation might exist, His Son'
 And that it might return to Him, the Spirit
 Dis'losed themselves within Him ; thus triune
 But as the all-made must of ne'essity
 Inferior be to itscreator, thus
 Arose the infinite imperfe't, time,
 The spirit-host angeli', heavenly ra'e,
 Brute life and vegetive, electri' light,
 Matter and fleshly form ; to human souls
 Nine generations from aeternity.
 But God, who is Love, de'reed it should return
 By pure regeneration unto God ;
 Wherefore was need that He from whomcame life
 Should taste death, but in tasting swallow up ;
 Thatcommune with allcreatures might be made,
 On this hand, and on that, with Deity.
 Thus death and evil expiate ends divine ;
 The Spirit the imperfe't hallowing, death
 The Son ; the soul regenerate hies to God ;
 And as in radial union with the point
 Infinite, both in greatness, place, and power.
 Lives with the maker and the all-made in love.

FromcFestus'

I

GOD is the sole and self-subsistent one 5
 From Him, the sun-'reator, nature wa3
 Aethereal essen'es, all elements,
 The souls therein indigenous, and man

Symboli' of all being. Out of earth
The matron moon was moulded, and the sea
Filled up the shining chasm ; both now fulfil
One orbit and one nature, and all orbs
With them one fate, one universal end.
From light's proje'tive moment, in the earth
The moon was, even as earth i' the sun ; the sun
A fiery in'arnation of the heavens.
When sun, earth, moon again make one, resumes
Nature her heavenly state ; is glorified.'
As, to the sleepless eye, form forth, at last,
The long immeasurable layers of light,
And beams of fire enormous in the east,
The broad foundations of the heaven-domed day
All fineless as the future, so uprose
On mine the great celestial certainty.
The mask of matter fell off, I beheld,
Void of all seeming, the sole substan'e mind,
The a'tualized ideal of the world.
An absolutest essen'e filled my soul ;
And superseding all its modes and powers,
Gave to the spirit a cons'iousness divine ;
A sense of vast existen'e in the skies ;
Boundless commune with spiritual light, and proof
Self-shown, of heaven commensurate with all life.
And I to the light of the great spirit's eyes
Mine hungry eyes returned whi'h, past the first
Intensifying blindness, clearer saw
The words she uttered of triumphant truth.
For truly, and as my vision heightened, lo !
The universal volume of the heavens,
Star-lettered in celestial characters,
Moved musically into words her breath framed
forth,

And varied momentarily ; and I per'eived
 That thus she spake of God : I silent still
 And hearkening to the sea-swell of her voi'e:c From one divine, all per
 The many and infinite ; from God all just
 To himself and others, who to all is love,
 Earth and the moon, like syllables of light,
 Uttered by him, were with all creatures blessed
 By him, and with a sevenfold blessing sealed
 To perfe't rest, celestial order ; all
 The double-tabled book of heaven and earth,
 Despite such due defi'ien'y ascleaves
 Inevitably to soul, till God resume,
 Progressive aye, possessing too all bliss
 Ele't and universal in the heavens.'

II

And none can truly worship but who have
 The earnest of their glory from on high,
 God's nature in them. It is the love of God,
 The e'stati' sense of oneness with all things,
 And spe'ial worship towards himself that thrills
 Through life's self-'ons'ious chord, vibrant in him,
 Harmonious with the universe, which makes
 Our sole fit claim to being immortal ; that
 Wanting nor willing, the world cannot worship.
 And whether the lip speak, or in inspired
 Silence, we clasp our hearts as a shut book
 Of song unsung, the silen'e and the spee'h
 Is each his ; and as coming from and going
 To him, is worthy of him and his love.
 Prayer is the spirit speaking truth to truth ;
 The expiration of the thing inspired.
 Above the battling rock-storm of this world

Lies heaven's great calm, through which as through a bell,
 Tolleth the tongue of God eternally,
 Calling to worship. Whoso hears that tongue
 Worships. The spirit enters with the sound,
 Preaching the one and universal word,
 The God-word, which is spirit, life, and light ;
 The written word to one race, the unwritten
 Revelation to the thousand-peopled world.
 The ear which hears is pre-attuned in heaven,
 The eye which sees prevision hath ere birth.
 But the just future shall to many give
 Gifts which the partial present doles to few ;
 To all the glory of obeying God.

EMILY BRONTE

1819-1848

The Visionary

SILENT is the house : all are laid asleep :
 One alone looks out o'er the snow-wreaths deep,
 Wat'ring every cloud, dreading every breeze
 That whirls the wildering drift, and bends the groaning
 trees.

Cheerful is the hearth, soft the matted floor ;
 Not one shivering gust creeps through pane or door ;
 The little lamp burns straight, its rays shoot strong and
 far:
 I trim it well, to be the wanderer's guiding-star.

Frown, my haughty sire ! chide, my angry dame !
 Set your slaves to spy ; threaten me with shame :
 But neither sire nor dame nor prying serf shall know,
 What angel nightly tra'ks that waste of frozen snow.

What I love shall come like visitant of air,
 Safe in se'cret power from lurking human snare ;
 What loves me, no word of mine shall e'er betray,
 Though for faith unstained my life must forfeit pay.

Burn, then, little lamp ; glimmer straight and clear—
 Hush ! a rustling wing stirs, methinks, the air :
 He for whom I wait, thus ever comes to me ;
 Strange Power ! I trust thy might ; trust thou my constancy.

Last Lines

NO coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity !
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
 Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by thine infinity ;
 So surely an'hor'd on
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embra'ing love
 Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, **and** sears.

Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And Thou were left alone,
 Every existen'e would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void ;
 Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
 And what THOU art may never be destroy'd.

WALT WHITMAN¹

From the Song of the Open Road' ¹⁸¹⁹⁻¹⁸⁹²

I

FROM this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and
 imaginary lines,
 Going where I list, my own master, total and absolute,
 Listening to others, and considering well what they say,
 Pausing, sear'ning, re'eiving, contemplating,
 Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the
 holds that would hold me.

I inhale great draughts of spa'e,
 The east and the west are mine, and the north and the
 south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought,
 I did not know I held so much goodness

All seems beautiful to me ;

I can repeat over to men and women, You have done such
 good to me, I would do the same to you,

I will re'ruit for myself and you as I go ;

I will s'atter myself among men and women as I go ;

I will toss the new gladness and roughness among them ;

¹ By permission of Messrs. Appleton & Co, New York.

Whoever denies me, it shall not trouble me ;
 Whoever accepts me, he or she shall be blessed, and shall
 bless me.

II

Here is the efflux of the Soul ;
 The efflux of the Soul comes from within, through em-
 bower'd gates, ever provoking questions ;
 These yearnings, why are they ? These thoughts in the
 darkness, why are they ?
 Why are there men and women that while they are nigh
 me, the sunlight expands my blood ?
 Why, when they leave me, do my pennants of joy sink
 flat and lank ?
 Why are there trees I never walk under, but large and
 melodious thoughts descend upon me ?
 (I think they hang there winter and summer on those
 trees, and always drop fruit as I pass ;)
 What is it I interchange so suddenly with strangers ?
 What with some driver, as I ride on the seat by his side ?
 What with some fisherman, drawing his seine by the shore,
 as I walk by, and pause ?
 What gives me to be free to a woman's or man's good-will ?
 What gives them to be free to mine ?

The efflux of the Soul is happiness—here is happiness ;
 I think it pervades the open air, waiting at all times ;
 Now it flows unto us—we are rightly charged.

Here rises the fluid and attaching character ;
 The fluid and attaching character is the freshness and
 sweetness of man and woman ;
 (The herbs of the morning sprout no fresher and sweeter
 every day out of the roots of themselves, than it
 sprouts fresh and sweet continually out of itself.)

Toward the fluid and atta'hingchara'ter exudes the
 sweat of the love of young and old ;
 From it falls distill'd thecharm that mo'ks beauty and
 attainments ;
 Toward it heaves the shuddering longing ache ofconta't.

Allons! whoever you are,come travel with me !
 Travelling with me, you find what never tires.

The earth never tires;
 The earth is rude, silent, in'omprehensible at first—
 Nature is rude and in'omprehensible at first;
 Be not dis'ouraged—keep on—there are divine things,
 well envelop'd ;
 I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful
 than wordscan tell.

Allons! we must not stop here !
 However sweet these laid-up stores—howeverconvenient
 this dwelling, wecannot remain here ;
 However shelter'd this port, and howevercalm these
 waters, we must not an'hor here ;
 However wel'ome the hospitality that surrounds us, we
 are permitted to re'eive it but a little while.

III

All parts away for the progress of souls ;
 All religion, all solid things, arts, governments—all that
 was or is apparent upon this globe or any globe, falls
 into niches andcorners before the pro'ession of souls
 along the grand roads of the universe.
 Of the progress of the souls of men and women along the
 grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the
 needed emblem and sustenan'e.

Fromc Passage to Indiac

O VAST Rondure, swimming in spa'e,
 Cover'd all over with visible power and beauty,
 Alternate light and day and the teeming spiritual darkness,
 Unspeakable high pro'essions of sun and moon andcount-
 less stars above,
 Below, the manifold grass and waters, animals, mountains,
 trees,
 With ins'rutable purpose, some hidden propheti' inten-
 tion,
 Now first it seems my thought begins to span thee.

Down from the gardens of Asia des'ending radiating,
 Adam and Eve appear, then their myriad progeny after
 them,
 Wandering, yearning,curious, with restless explorations,
 With questionings, baffled, formless, feverish, with never-
 happy hearts,
 With that sad in'essant refrain, *Wherefore unsatisfied soul ?*
 and *Whither O mo'king life ?*

Ah, who shall soothe these feverishchildren ?
 Who justify these restless explorations ?
 Who speak the se'ret of impassive earth ?
 Who bind it to us ? what is this separate Nature so
 unnatural ?
 What is this earth to our affe'tions ? (unloving earth,
 without a throb to answer ours,
 Cold earth, the place of graves.)

Yet soul be sure the first intent remains, and shall be
 'arried out,
 Perhaps even now the time has arrived.

After the seas are allcross'd, (as they seem alreadycross'd,)
 After the greatcaptains and engineers have a''omplish'd
 their work,

After the noble inventors, after the s'ientists, thechemist,
 the geologist, ethnologist,

Finally shallcome the poet worthy that name,
 The true son of God shallcome singing his songs.

Then not your deeds only O voyagers, O s'ientists and
 inventors, shall be justified ;

All these hearts as of frettedchildren shall be sooth'd,
 All affe'tion shall be fully responded to, the se'ret shall
 be told,

All these separations and gaps shall be taken up and
 hook'd and link'd together,

The whole earth, thiscold, impassive, voi'eless earth,
 shall becomepletely justified,

Trinitas divine shall be gloriously a''omplish'd and
 'ompa'ted by the true son of God, the poet,

(He shall indeed pass the straits andconquer the mountains,
 He shall double thecape of Good Hope to some purpose,)
 Nature and Man shall be disjoin'd and diffused no more,
 The true son of God shall absolutely fuse them. . . .

Passage indeed O soul to primal thought,
 Not lands and seas alone, thy ownclear freshness,
 The young maturity of brood and bloom,
 To realms of budding bibles.

O soul, repressless, I with thee and thou with me,
 Thycir'umnavigation of the world begin,
 Of man, the voyage of his mind's return,
 To reason's early paradise,
 Ba'k, ba'k to wisdom's birth, to inno'ent intuitions,
 Again with faircreation.

O we can wait no longer,
We too take ship O soul
Joyous we too laun'h out on tra'kless seas,
Fearless for unknown shores on waves of e'stasy to sail,
Amid the wafting winds, (thou pressing me to thee, I thee
to me, O soul,)
Caroling free, singing our song of God,
Chanting our chant of pleasant exploration.

With laugh and many a kiss,
(Let others depre'ate, let others weep for sin, remorse,
humiliation,)
O soul thou pleassest me, I thee.

Ah more than any priest O soul we too believe in God,
But with the mystery of God we dare not dally.

O soul thou pleassest me, I thee,
Sailing these seas or on the hills, or waking in the night,
Thoughts, silent thoughts, of Time and Space and Death,
like waters flowing,
Bear me indeed as through the regions infinite,
Whose air I breathe, whose ripples hear, lave me all over,
Bathe me O God in thee, mounting to thee,
I and my soul to range in range of thee.

O Thou trans'endent,
Nameless, the fibre and the breath,
Light of the light, shedding forth universes, thou centre
of them,
Thou mightier centre of the true, the good, the loving,
Thou moral, spiritual fountain—affe'tion's sour'e—thou
reservoir,
(O pensive soul of me—O thirst unsatisfied—waitest not
there ?

Waitest not haply for us somewhere there the Comrade
perfe't ?)

Thou pulse—thou motive of the stars, suns, systems,
That, cir'ling, move in order, safe, harmonious,
Athwart the shapeless vastnesses of space,
How should I think, how breathe a single breath, how
speak, if, out of myself,
I could not laun'h, to those, superior universes ?

Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Spa'e and Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee O soul, thou actual
Me,
And lo, thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastnesses of Space.

Greater than stars or suns,
Bounding O soul thou journeyest forth ;
What love than thine and ours could wider amplify ?
What aspirations, wishes, outvie thine and ours O soul ?
What dreams of the ideal ? what plans of purity, per-
fe'tion, strength ?
Whatcheerful willingness for others' sake to give up all ?
For others' sake to suffer all ?

Re'koning ahead O soul, when thou, the time a'hiev'd,
The seas allcrosscd, weather'd the capes, the voyage
done,
Surrounded, copest, frontest God, yieldest, the aim
attain'd,
As fill'd with friendship, love complete, the Elder Brother
found,
The Younger melts in fondness in his arms.

Passage to more than India !
Are thy wings' plumed indeed for such far flights ?
O soul, voyagest thou indeed on voyages like those ?
Disportest thou on waters such as those ?
Soundest below the Sans'rit and the Vedas ?
Then have thy bent unleash'd.

Passage to you, your shores, ye aged fierce enigmas !
Passage to you, to mastership of you, ye strangling problems !
You, strew'd with the wrecks of skeletons, that, living,
never reach'd you.

Passage to more than India !
O secret of the earth and sky !
Of you O waters of the sea! O windingcreeks and rivers!
Of you O woods and fields ! of you strong mountains of my land !
Of you O prairies! of you gray ro'ks!
O morning red ! O clouds! O rain and snows !
O day and night, passage to you !

O sun and moon and all you stars ! Sirius and Jupiter !
Passage to you !

Passage, immediate passage ! the blood burns in my veins !
Away O soul ! hoist instantly the an'hor !
Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail !
Have we not stood here like trees in the ground long enough ?
Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating and drinking like mere brutes ?
Have we not darken'd and dazed ourselves with books long enough ?

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,
 Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
 For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
 And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul !

O farther farther sail !

O daring joy, but safe ! are they not all the seas of God ?

O farther, farther, farther sail !

Chanting the Square Deifi'

CHANTING the square deifi', out of the One
 advancing, out of the sides,
 Out of the old and new, out of the square entirely divine,
 Solid, four-sided, (all the sides needed,) from this side
 Jehovah am I,
 Old Brahm I, and I Saturnius am;
 Not Time affects me—I am Time, old, modern as any,
 Unpersuadable, relentless, executing righteous judgements,
 As the Earth, the Father, the brown old Kronos, with
 laws,
 Aged beyond computation, yet ever new, ever with those
 mighty laws rolling,
 Relentless, I forgive no man—whoever sins dies—I will
 have that man's life ;
 Therefore let none expe't mer'y—have the seasons,
 gravitation, the appointed days, mer'y ? no more
 have I,
 But as the seasons and gravitation, and as all the appointed
 days that forgive not,
 I dispense from this side judgements inexorable without
 the least remorse.

Consolator most mild, the promis'd one advan'ing,
With gentle hand extended, the mightier God am I,
Foretold by prophets and poets in their most rapt
 prophe'ies and poems,
From this side, lo ! the Lord Christ gazes—lo ! Hermes
 I—lo ! mine is Her'ules' fa'e,
All sorrow, labour, suffering, I, tallying it, absorb in
 myself,
Many times have I been reje'ted, taunted, put in prison,
 andcru'ified, and many times shall be again,
All the world have I given up for my dear brothers' and
 sisters' sake, for the soul's sake,
Wending my way through the homes of men, ri'h or
 poor, with the kiss of affe'tion,
For I am affe'tion, I am thecheer-bringing God, with
 hope and all-en'losingcharity,
With indulgent words as tochildren, with fresh and sane
 words, mine only,
Young and strong I pass knowing well I am destin'd
 myself to an early death ;
But my charity has no death—my wisdom dies not,
 neither early nor late,
And my sweet love bequeath'd here and elsewhere never
 dies.

Aloof, dissatisfied, plotting revolt,
Comrade ofcriminals, brother of slaves,
Crafty, despised, a drudge, ignorant,
With sudra fa'e and worn brow, bla'k, but in the depths
 of my heart, proud as any,
Lifted now and always against whoever scorning assumes
 to rule me,
Morose, full of guile, full of reminis'en'es, brooding,
 with many wiles,

(Though it was thought I was baffled and dispel'd, and
 my wiles done, but that will never be,)
 Defiant, I, Satan, still live, still utter words, in new lands
 duly appearing, (and old ones also,)
 Permanent here from my side, warlike, equal with any,
 real as any,
 Nor time norchange shall everchange me or my words.

Santa Spirita, breather, life,
 Beyond the light, lighter than light,
 Beyond the flames of hell, joyous, leaping easily above
 hell,
 Beyond Paradise, perfumed solely with mine own perfume,
 In'luding all life on earth, tou'hing, in'luding God,
 in'luding Saviour and Satan,
 Ethereal, pervading all (for without me what were all ?
 what were God ?),
 Essen'e of forms, life of the real identities, permanent,
 positive, (namely the unseen,)
 Life of the great round world, the sun and stars, and of
 man, I, the general soul,
 Here the square finishing, the solid, I the most solid,
 Breathe my breath also through these songs.

All is Truth

O ME, man of sla'k faith so long,
 Standing aloof—denying portions so long ;
 Only aware to-day ofcompa't, all-diffused truth ;
 Dis'overing to-day there is no lie, or form of lie, andcan
 be none, but grows as inevitably upon itself as the
 truth does upon itself,
 Or as any law of the earth, or any natural produ'tion of
 the earth does.

(This is curious, and may not be realized immediately—
But it must be realized ;
I feel in myself that I represent falsehoods equally with
the rest,
And that the universe do's.)

Where has fail'd a perfe't return, indifferent of lies or
the truth ?
Is it upon the ground, or in water or fire ? or in the
spirit of man ? or in the meat and blood ?

Meditating among liars, and retreating sternly into
myself, I see that there are really no liars or lies after
all,
And nothing fails its perfe't return—And that what are
'alled lies are perfe't returns,
And that ea'h thing exa'tly represents itself, and what
has preceded it,
And that the truth includes all, and iscompa't, just as
mu'h as spa'e iscompa't,
And that there is no law or va'uum in the amount of the
truth—but that all is truth without ex'ception ;
And hen'eforth I will gocelebrate anything I see or am,
And sing and laugh, and deny nothing.

Grand is the Seen

GRAND is the seen, the light, to me—grand are the
sky and stars,
Grand is the earth, and grand are lasting time and spa'e,
And grand their laws, so multiiform, puzzling, evolu-
tionary ;
But grander far the unseen soul of me,comprehending,
endowing all those,

Lighting the light, the sky and stars, delving the earth,
 sailing the sea,
 (What were all those, indeed, without thee, unseen soul ?
 of what amount without thee ?)
 More evolutionary, vast, puzzling, O my soul !
 More multiiform far—more lasting thou than they.

DORA GREENWELL

1821-1882

The Blade of Grass

'A sword shall go through thine own heart.'—*Prophe'y of Za'harias*

OH ! little blade of grass,
 A little sword thou art,
 That in thy haste to pass
 Hast pier'ed thy mother's heart !

Oh ! little blade of grass,
 A little tongue thou art
 Of cleaving flame,—alas !
 Thou hast cleft thy mother's heart.

Oh ! little blade, up'urled
 Leaf, sword, or fiery dart,
 To win thy Father's world
 Thou must break thy mother's heart !

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822-1888

Progress

THE Master stood upon the mount, and taught.
 He saw a fire in his dis'iples' eyes ;c The old lawc, they said, 'is wh
 Behold the new world rise !'

' Was it', the Lord then said,^c with scorn ye saw
 The old law observed by S'ribes and Pharisees ?
 I say unto you, see ye keep that law
 More faithfully than these !

' Too hasty heads for ordering worlds, alas !
 Think not that I to annul the law have will'd ;
 No jot, no tittle from the law shall pass,
 Till all hath been fulfill'd.'

So Christ said eighteen hundred years ago.
 And what then shall be said to those to-day,
 Whocry aloud to lay the old world low
 To clear the new world's way ?

' Religious fervours! ardour misapplied !
 Hen'e, hen'e,' they cry,^c ye do but keep man blind !
 But keep him self-immersed, preo''upied,
 And lame the a'tive mind !^c

Ah ! from the old world let some one answer give :^c S'orn ye this world
 I say unto you, see that *your* souls live
 A deeper life than theirs !

' Say ye : The spirit of man has found new roads,
 And we must leave the old faiths, and walk therein ?—
 Leave then the Cross as ye have left carved gods,
 But guard the fire within !

' Bright, else, and fast the stream of life may roll,
 And no man may the other's hurt behold ;
 Yet each will have one anguish—his own soul
 Which perishes of cold.'

Here let that voice make end ; then let a strain,
 From a far lonelier distan'e, like the wind
 Be heard, floating through heaven, and fill again
 These men's profoundest mind :

' Children of men ! the unseen Power, whose eye
 For ever doth a"ompany mankind,
 Hath looked on no religion s'ornfully
 That men did ever find.

' Whi'h has not taught weak wills how mu'h they can i
 Whi'h has not fall'n on the dry heart like rain ?
 Whi'h has not cried to sunk, self-weary man :
 Thou must be born again !

Children of men ! not that your age ex'el
 In pride of life the ages of your sires,
 But that *you* think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
 The Friend of man desires.'

Fromc The Buried Lifec

FATE, which foresaw
 How frivolous a baby man would be,
 By what distra'tions he would be possess'd,
 How he would pour himself in every strife,
 And well-nigh change his own identity—
 That it might keep from his capri'ious play
 His genuine self, and for'e him to obey
 Even in his own despite, his being's law,
 Bade through the deep re'esses of our breast
 The unregarded River of our Life
 Pursue with indis'ernible flow its way ;
 And that we should not see
 The buried stream, and seem to be

Eddying about in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's mostcrowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life,
A thirst to spend our fire and restless for'e
In tra'king out our true, original course ;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart that beats
So wild, so deep in us, to know
When'e our thoughtscome and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas, none ever mines !
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown, on each, spirit and power,
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves ;
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on for ever unexpress'd.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—butctis not true !

And then we will no more be ra'k'd
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupefying power ;
Ah yes, and they benumb us at ourcall :
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating e'hoes, andconvey
A melan'holy into all our day.

Only—but this is rare—
 When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
 When, jaded with the rush and glare
 Of the interminable hours,
 Our eyescan in another's eyes readclear,
 When our world-deafen'd ear
 Is by the tones of a loved voi'ecaress'd—
 A bolt is shot ba'k somewhere in our breast,
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again :
 The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
 And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
 A man be'omes aware of his life's flow,
 And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
 The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.
 And there arrives a lull in the hot ra'e
 Wherein he doth for everchase
 That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.
 An air ofcoolness plays upon his fa'e,
 And an unwontedcalm pervades his breast.
 And then he thinks he knows
 The Hills where his life rose,
 And the Sea where it goes.

From Lines Written in Kensington Gardens'

CALM soul of all things ! make it mine
 To feel, amid the city's jar,
 That there abides a pea'e of thine,
 Man did not make, and cannot mar !
 The will to neither strive nor cry,
 The power to feel with others give !
 Calm, calm me more ! nor let me die
 Before I have begun to live.

From Empedo'les on Aetna'

TO the elements it came from
 Everything will return.
 Our bodies to earth,
 Our blood to water,
 Heat to fire,
 Breath to air.
 They were well born, they will be well entomb'd !
 But mind ? . . .

And we might gladly share the fruitful stir
 Down in our mother earth's mira'ulous womb !
 Well might it be
 With what roll'd of us in the stormy main !
 We might have joy, blent with the all-bathing air,
 Or with the nimble radiant life of fire!

But mind—but thought—
 If these have been the master part of us—
 Where will *they* find their parent element ?
 What will receive *them*, who will call *them* home ?
 But we shall still be in them, and they in us,
 And we shall be the strangers of the world,
 And they will be our lords, as they ar' now;
 And keep us prisoners of our cons'iousness,
 And never let us clasp and feel the All
 But through their forms, and modes, and stifling v'i
 And we shall be unsatisfied as now ;
 And we shall feel the agony of thirst,
 The ineffable longing for the life of life
 Baffled for ever : and still thought and mind
 Will hurry us with them on their homeless **march,**

Over the unallied unopening earth,
Over the unre'ognizing sea ; while air
Will blow us fiercely ba'k to sea and earth.
And fire repel us from its living waves.
And then we shall unwillingly return
Ba'k to this meadow of calamity,
This un'ongenial pla'e, this human life;
And in our individual human state
Go through the sad probation all again,
To see if we will poise our life at last,
To see if we will now at last be true
To our own only true, deep-buried selves,
Being one with which we are one with the whole world ;
Or whether we will on'e more fall away
Into some bondage of the flesh or mind,
Some slough of sense, or some fantasti' maze
Forg'd by the imperious lonely thinking-power.
And ea'h su'eeding age in which we are born
Will have more peril for us than the last;
Will goad our senses with a sharper spur,
Will fret our minds to an intenser play,
Will make ourselves harder to be dis'ern'd.
And we shall struggle awhile, gasp and rebel ;
And we shall fly for refuge to past times,
Their soul of unworn youth, their breath of greatness ;
And the reality will pluck us back,
Knead us in its hot hand, and change our nature.
And we shall feel our powers of effort flag,
And rally them for one last fight, and fail ;
And we shall sink in the impossible strife,
And be astray for ever.

Slave of sense

I have in no wise been ; but slave of thought ?—

And whocan say : I have been always free,
Lived ever in the light of my own soul ?—
Icannot ! I have lived in wrath and gloom,
Fier'e, disputatious, ever at war with man,
Far from my own soul, far from warmth and light.
But I have not grown easy in these bonds—
But I have not denied what bonds these were !
Yea, I take myself to witness,
That I have loved no darkness,
Sophisti'ated no truth,
Nursed no delusion,
Allow'd no fear !

And therefore, O ye elements, I know—
Ye know it too—it hath been granted me
Not to die wholly, not to be all enslav'd.
I feel it in this hour ! The numbingcloud
Mounts off my soul ; I feel it, I breathe free !

Is it but for a moment ?
Ah, boil up, ye vapours !
Leap and roar, thou sea of fire !
My soul glows to meet you.
Ere it flag, ere the mists
Of desponden'y and gloom
Rush over it again,
Re'eive me ! Save me !

{He plunges into thecrater.}

COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE

1823-1896

Life of Life

WHAT'S that, which, ere I spake, was gone!
 So joyful and intense a spark
 That, whilst o'erhead the wonder shone,
 The day, before but dull, grew dark ?
 I do not know ; but this I know,
 That, had the splendour lived a year,
 The truth that I some heavenly show
 Did see, could not be now more clear.
 This know I too : might mortal breath
 Express the passion then inspired,
 Evil would die a natural death,
 And nothing transient be desired ;
 And error from the soul would pass,
 And leave the senses pure and strong
 As sunbeams. But the best, alas,
 Has neither memory nor tongue !

Vesi'a Pis'is

IN strenuous hope I wrought,
 And hope seem'd still betray'd;
 Lastly I said,
 ' I have labour'd through the Night, nor yet
 Have taken aught ;
 But at Thy word I will againcast forth the net !
 And, lo, I caught
 (Oh, quite unlike and quite beyond my thought,)
 Not the qui'k, shining harvest of the Sea,
 For food, my wish,
 But Thee !

Then, hiding even in me,
 As hid was Simon's coin within the fish,
 Thou sigh'd'st, with joy, Be dumb,
 Or speak but of forgotten things to far-off times to come.'

Sponsa Dei

WHAT is this maiden fair,
 The laughing of whose eye
 Is in man's heart renew'd virginity ;
 Who yet si'k longing breeds
 For marriage which exceeds
 The inventive guess of Love to satisfy
 With hope of utter binding, and of loosing endless dear
 despair ?
 What gleams about her shine,
 More transient than delight and more divine !
 If she does something but a little sweet,
 As gaze towards the glass to set her hair,
 See how his soul falls humbled at her feet !
 Her gentle step, to go or come,
 Gains her more merit than a martyrdom ;
 And, if she dance, it doth such grace confer
 As opens the heaven of heavens to more than her,
 And makes a rival of her worshipper.
 To die unknown for her were little cost !
 So is she without guile,
 Her mere refused smile
 Makes up the sum of that which may be lost !
 Who is this Fair
 Whom each hath seen,
 The darkest one in this bewailed dell,
 Be he not destin'd for the glooms of hell ?
 Whom each hath seen

And known, with sharp remorse and sweet, as Queen
 And tear-glad Mistress of his hopes of bliss,
 Too fair for man to kiss ?
 Who is this only happy She,
 Whom, by a franti' flight of courtesy,
 Born of despair
 Of better lodging for his Spirit fair,
 He adores as Margaret, Maude, or Ce'ily ?
 And what this sigh,
 That ea'h one heaves for Earth's last lowlihead
 And the Heaven high
 Ineffably lo'k'd in dateless bridal-bed ?
 Are all, then, mad, or is it prophe'y ?
 ' Sons now we are of God,' as we have heard,
 ' But what we shall be hath not yet appear'd.'
 O, Heart, remember thee,
 That Man is none,
 Save One.
 What if this Lady be thy Soul, and He
 Who claims to enjoy her sa'red beauty be,
 Not thou, but God ; and thy si'k fire
 A female vanity,
 Su'h as a Bride, viewing her mirror'd charms,
 Feels when she sighs, c All these are for his arms ! c
 A reflex heat
 Flash'd on thy cheek from His immense desire,
 Whi'h waits to crown, beyond thy brain's conceit,
 Thy nameless, se'ret, hopeless longing sweet,
 Not by and by, but now,
 Unless deny Him thou !

To the Body

CREATION'S and Creator'scrowning good ;
 Wall of infinitude ;
 Foundation of the sky,
 In Heaven forecast
 And long'd for from eternity,
 Though laid the last ;
 Reverberating dome,
 Of musi'cunningly built home
 Against the void and indolent disgra'e
 Of unresponsive space ;
 Little, sequester'd pleasure-house
 For God and for His Spouse ;
 Elaborately, yea, pastcon'eiving, fair,
 Sin'e, from the gra'ed de'orum of the hair,
 Ev'n to the tingling, sweet
 Soles of the simple, earth-'onfiding feet,
 And from the inmost heart
 Outwards unto the thin
 Silkcurtains of the skin,
 Every least part
 Astonish'd hears
 And sweet replies to some like region of the spheres ;
 Form'd for a dignity prophets but darkly name,
 Lest shameless mencryc Shame !'
 So ri'h with wealthcon'eal'd
 That Heaven and Hell fightchiefly for this field ;
 Clinging to everything that pleases **thee**
 With indefe'tible **fidelity** ;
 Alas, so **true**
 To all thy friendships that no gra'e
 Thee **from** thy sin**can** wholly **disembra'e** ;
Whi'h thuscbides with thee as the Jebusite,

That, maugre all God's promises could do,
 The chosen People never conquer'd quite ;
 Who therefore lived with them,
 And that by formal tru'e and as of right,
 In metropolitan Jerusalem.
 For which false fealty
 Thou needs must, for a season, lie
 In the grave's arms, foul and unshriven,
 Albeit, in Heaven,
 Thy crimson-throbbing Glow
 Into its old abode aye pants to go,
 And does with envy see
 Eno'h, Elijah, and the Lady, she
 Who left the lilies in her body's lieu.
 O, if the pleasures I have known in thee
 But my poor faith's poor first-fruits be,
 What quintessential, keen, ethereal bliss
 Then shall be his
 Who has thy birth-time's conse'rating dew
 For death's sweet chrism retain'd,
 Qui'k, tender, virginal, and unprofaned!

AUGUSTA THEODOSIA DRANE

2823-1894

Forgotten among the Lilies

I fainted away abandoned ;
 And amid the lilies forgotten
 Threw all my cares away.

(*St. John of the Cross. The Obs'ure Night, Stanza viii*)

THROUGH the dark night I wander on alone,
 And, as one blinded, grope my weary way,
 Without a lamp to shed its guiding ray ;
 I wander on unseen, and seeing none,
 And caring to behold but only One.

I see not, yet my heart will give me light,
And safer than the noonday sun will guide
To where the Bridegroom waiteth for the Bride;
So walking on in faith and not by sight,
I cannot fear but He will guide me right. . . .

Forgotten mid the lilies ; for I feel
Their gentle blossoms wave above my head ;
I breathe the magi' perfume which they shed,
As though my bleeding wounds they fain would heal,
And from my heart its a'hing sorrow steal.

A sad, sweet lot—I needs must call it sweet ;
My cares, like withered buds, I cast aside,
And re'k but little what may next betide ;
The days and years fly past on pinions fleet.
Amid these lilies crushed beneath His feet.

Forgotten and abandoned ;—yet withal
Leaning my heart upon my only Love :
Nay, raise me not, I do not care to move ;
Soon I shall hear His gentle footstep fall,
And lift my eyes, and answer to His call.

Till then among the lilies let me lie ;
See, I have cast my idle cares away :
Howe'er it be, I am content to stay
Until once more the Bridegroom passes by,
And hither turns His gracious, pitying eye.

Blame not my folly, for I know full well
My words can nought but idle babbling seem,
The madness of a fond and foolish dream :
Bear with my folly, for the thoughts that swell
This burning heart, I cannot, dare not tell.

Know only this—I suffer, yet I rest ;
 For all mycares and fears arecast away,
 And more than this I know not how to say ;
 Forgotten though I be, I own it best
 Andcmid the lilies lie in perfe't rest.

What the Soul Desires

There Thou wilt show me what my soul desired ;
 There Thou wilt give at on'e, O my Life, what Thou gavest
 me the other day !

(5/. *John of the Cross, Spiritual Canti'le, Stanza xxxviii*)

THERE is a rapture that my soul desires,
 There is a something that I cannot name ;
 I know not after what my soul aspires,
 Nor guess from when'e the restless longing came ;
 But ever from my childhood have I felt it,
 In all things beautiful and all things gay,
 And ever has its gentle, unseen presen'e
 Fallen, like a shadow-'loud, a'ross my way

It is the melody of all sweet musi',
 In all fair forms it is the hidden gra'e ;
 In all I love, a something that es'apes me,
 Flies my pursuit, and ever veils its fa'e.
 I see it in the woodland's summer beauty,
 I hear it in the breathing of the air ;
 I stret'h my hands to feel for it, and grasp it,
 But ah ! too well I know, it is not there'

In sunset-hours, when all the earth is golden,
 And rosy clouds are hastening to the west,
 catch a waving gleam, and thenctis vanished,
 And **the old longing on'e more fills my breast.**

It is not pain, although the fire consumes me,
Bound up with memories of my happiest years ;
It steals into my deepest joys—O mystery !
It mingles, too, with all my saddest tears.

On'e, only on'e, there rose the heavy curtain,
The clouds rolled ba'k, and for too brief a spa'e
I drank in joy as from a living fountain,
And seemed to gaze upon it, fa'e to fa'e :
But of that day and hour who shall venture
With lips untou'hed by seraph's fire to tell ?
I saw Thee, O my Life ! I heard, I tou'hed Thee,
Then o'er my soul on'e more the darkness fell.

The darkness fell, and all the glory vanished ;
I strove to call it ba'k, but all in vain :
O rapture ! to have seen it for a moment !
O anguish ! that it never came again !
That lightning-flash of joy that seemed eternal,
Was it indeed but wandering fan'y's dream ?
Ah, surely no ! that day the heavens opened,
And on my soul there fell a golden gleam.

O Thou, my Life, give me what then Thou gavest !
No angel vision do I ask to see,
I seek no e'stasy of mysti' rapture,
Naught, naught, my Lord, my Life, but only Thee !
That golden gleam hath purged my sight, revealing,
In the fair ray refle'ted from above,
Thyself, beyond all sight, beyond all feeling,
The hidden Beauty, and the hidden Love.

As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,
And seeks the shades when'e cooling fountains burst;
Even so for Thee, O Lord, my spirit fainteth,
Thyself alone hath power to quen'h its thirst.

Give me what then Thou gavest, for I seek it
No longer in Thy creatures, as of old ;
I strive no more to grasp the empty shadow,
The se'ret of my life is found and told !

GEORGE MAC DONALD

1824-1905

A Prayer for the Past

A L L sights and sounds of day and year,
All groups and forms, ea'h leaf and gem,
Are thine, O God, nor will I fear
To talk to Thee of them.

Too great Thy heart is to despise,
Whose day girds centuries about ;
From things which we name small, Thine eyes
See great things looking out.

Therefore the prayerful song I sing
May come to Thee in ordered words :
Though lowly born, it needs not cling
In terror to its chords.

I think that nothing made is lost ;
That not a moon has ever shone,
That not a cloud my eyes hath crossed
But to my soul is gone.

That all the lost years garnered lie
In this Thy casket, my dim soul;
And Thou wilt, on'e, the key apply,
And show the shining whole.

But were they dead in me, they live
In Thee, Whose Parable is—Time,
And Worlds, and Forms—all things that give
Me thoughts, and this my rime.

Father, in joy our knees we bow :
This earth is not a place of tombs :
We are but in the nursery now ;
They in the upper rooms.

For are we not at home in Thee,
And all this world a visioned show ;
That, knowing what Abroad is, we
What Home is too may know ?

Approa'hes

WHEN thou turn'st away from ill,
Christ is this side of thy hill.

When thou turnest toward good,
Christ is walking in thy wood.

When thy heart says, c Father, pardon ! c
Then the Lord is in thy garden.

When stern Duty wakes to wat'h,
Then His hand is on the lat'h.

But when Hope thy song doth rouse,
Then the Lord is in the house.

When to love is all thy wit,
Christ doth at thy table sit.

When God's will is thy heart's pole,
Then is Christ thy very soul.

Be Profundis

WHEN I am dead unto myself, and let,
O Father, Thee live on in me,
Contented to do naught but pay my debt,
And leave the house to Thee,

Then shall I be Thy ransomed—from theark
Of living, from the strain for breath,
From tossing in mycoffin strait and dark,
At hourly strife with death !

Have mer'y ! in mycoffin ! and awake !
A buried temple of the Lord !
Grow, Temple, grow ! Heart, from thycerements break !
Stream out, O living Sword !

When I am with Thee as thou art with me,
Life will be self-forgetting power;
Love, evercons'ious, buoyant,clear, and free,
Will flame in darkest hour.

Where now I sit alone, unmoving, calm,
With windows open to Thy wind,
Shall I not know Thee in the radiant psalm
Soaring from heart and mind ?

The body of this death will melt away,
And I shall know as I am known ;
Know Thee my Father, every hour and day,
As Thou know'st me Thine Own !

Lost and Found

I MISSED him when the sun began to bend ;
I found him not when I had lost his rim ;
With many tears I went in sear'h of him,
Climbing high mountains which did still as'end,
And gave me echoes when I called my friend ;
Through cities vast and charnel-houses grim,
And high cathedrals where the light was dim,
Through books and arts and works without an end
But found him not—the friend whom I had lost.
And yet I found him—as I found the lark,
A sound in fields I heard but could not mark ;
I found him nearest when I missed him most ;
I found him in my heart, a life in frost,
A light I knew not till my soul was dark.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER
ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH

1824-1911

Sonnets

Suggested by St. Augustine

I

WHAT love I when I love Thee, O my God ?
 Not corporal beauty, nor the limb of snow,
 Nor of loved light the white and pleasant flow,
 Nor manna showers, nor streams that flow abroad,
 Nor flowers of Heaven, nor small stars of the sod :
 Not these, my God, I love, who love Thee so ;
 Yet love I something better than I know :-
 A certain light on a more golden road ;
 A sweetness, not of honey or the hive ;
 A beauty, not of summer or the spring ;
 A s'ent, a musi', and a blossoming
 Eternal, timeless, pla''less, without gyve,
 Fair, fadeless, undiminish'd, ever dim,-
 This, this is what I love in loving Him.

II

This, this is what I love, and what is this ?
 I ask'd the beautiful earth, who said—' not Ic.
 I ask'd the depths, and the imma'ulate sky
 And all the spa'es said—' not He but His.'
 And so, like one who s'ales a pre'ipi'e,
 Height after height, I s'aled the flaming ball
 Of the great universe, yea, pass'd o'er all
 The world of thought, whichso much higher is.

Then I exclaimed, To whom is mute all murmur
 Of phantasy, of nature, and of art,
 He, than articulate language hears a firmer
 And grander meaning in his own deep heart.
 No sound from cloud or angel.' Oh, to win
 That voiceless voice—' My servant, enter in' !

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

1825-1897

The City of God

Ἰδοὺ γὰρ, ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐν τοῖς ὑμῶν ἐστί.

OTHOU not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Nor wall'd with shining walls,
 Nor framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem,
 God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart
 Finds courage from above ;
 Where'er the heart forsook
 Warms with the breath of love ;
 Where faith bids fear depart,
 City of God ! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
 In humbleness melts down ;
 Where self itself yields up ;
 Where martyrs win their crown ;
 Where faithful souls possess
 Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
 Withcheerful feet we go ;
 When in His steps we tread
 Who trod the way of woe ;
 Where He is in the heart,
 City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
 Nor golden-wall'd afar,
 But where Christ's two or three
 In His name gather'd are,
 Be in the midst of them,
 God's own Jerusalem !

DINAH MARIA (MULOCK) CRAIK

1826-1887

The Human Temple

'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit
 of God dwelleth in you ?'

The Temple in Darkness

DARKNESS broods upon the temple,
 Glooms along the lonely aisles,
 Fills up all the orient window,
 When'e, like littlechildren's wiles,
 Shadows—purple, azure, golden—
 Broke upon the floor in smiles.

From the great heart of the organ
 Bursts no voi'e ofchant or psalm ;
 All the air, by musi'-pulses
 Stirred no more, is deathlycalm ;
 And no pre'ious in'ense rising,
 Falls, like good men's prayer, in balm.

Not a sound of living footstep
 E'hoes on the marble floor ;
 Not a sigh of stranger passing
 Pier'es through the closed door ;
 Quen'hed the light upon the altar :
 Where the priest stood, none stands more.

Lord, why hast Thou left Thy temple
 S'orned of man, disowned by Thee ?
 Rather let Thy right hand crush it,
 None its desolation see !
 List—' He who the temple builded
 Doth His will there. Let it be ! c

A Light in the Temple

Lo, a light within the temple !
 When'e it cometh no man knows ;
 Barred the doors : the night-bla'k windows
 Stand apart in solemn rows,
 All without seems gloom eternal,
 Yet the glimmer comes and goes—

As if silent-footed angels
 Through the dim aisles wandered fair,
 Only tra'ed amid the darkness,
 By the glory in their hair,
 Till at the forsaken altar
 They **all** met, and praised God there.

Now the light grows—fuller, clearer ;
 Hark, the organ cins to sound,
 Faint, like broken spirit crying
 Unto Heaven from the ground ;
 While the chorus of the angels
Mingles everywhere around.

See, the altar shines all radiant,
 Though no mortal priest there stands,
 And no earthly congregation
 Worships with uplifted hands :
 Yet they gather, slow and saintly,
 In innumerable bands.

And the chant celestial rises
 Where the human prayers have ceased :
 No tear-sa'rifi'e is offered,
 For all anguish is appeased,
 Through its night of desolation,
 To His temple comes the Priest.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

1828-1882

The Sea-Limits

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime :
 Time's self it is, made audible,—
 The murmur of the earth's own shell.
 Se' retcontinuan'e sublime
 Is the sea's end : our sight may pass
 No furlong farther. Sin'e time was,
 This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath
 The mournfulness of an'ient life,
 Enduring always at dull strife.
 As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
 Its painful pulse is in the sands.
 Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
 Grey and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
 Listen alone among the woods ;
 Those voices of twin solitudes
 Shall have one sound alike to thee :
 Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
 Surge and sink back and surge again,—
 Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
 And listen at its lips : they sigh
 The same desire and mystery,
 The echo of the whole sea's spee'h
 And all mankind is thus at heart
 Not anything but what thou art :
 And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in ea'h.

The Mono'hord

IS it the moved air or the moving sound
 That is Life's self and draws my life from me,
 And by instinct ineffable de'ree
 Holds my breath quailing on the bitter bound ?
 Nay, is it Life or Death, thus thunder-'rowned,
 That mid the tide of all emergen'y
 Now notes my separate wave, and to what sea
 Its diffi'ult eddies labour in the ground \

Oh ! what is this that knows the road I came,
 The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,
 The lifted shifted steeps and all the way ?—
 That draws round me at last this wind-warm spa'e,
 And in regenerate rapture turns my fa'e
 Upon the devious coverts of dismay ?

GEORGE MEREDITH

1828-1909

Outer and Inner

FROM twig to twig the spider weaves
 At noon his webbing fine.
 So near to mute the zephyrs flute
 That only leaflets dance.
 The sun draws out of hazel leaves
 A smell of woodland wine.
 I wake a swarm to sudden storm
 At any step's advan'e.

Along my path is bugloss blue,
 The star with fruit in moss ;
 The foxgloves drop from throat to top
 A daily lesser bell.
 The bla'kest shadow, nurse of dew,
 Has orange skeins a'ross ;
 And keenly red is one thin thread
 That flashing seems to swell.

My world I note ere fan'ycomes,
 Minutest hushed observe :
 What busy bits of motioned wits
 Through antlered mosswork strive.
 But now so low the stillness hums,
 My springs of seeing swerve,
 For half a wink to thrill and think
 The woods with nymphs alive.

I neighbour the invisible
 Soclose that myconsent
 Is only asked for spirits masked
 To leap from trees and flowers.

And this be'ause with them I dwell
 In thought, whilecalmly bent
 To read the lines dear Earth designs
 Shall speak her life on ours.

A''ept, she says ; it is not hard
 In woods ; but she in towns
 Repeats, a''ept ; and have we wept,
 And have we quailed with fears,
 Or shrunk with horrors, sure reward
 We have whom knowledgescrowns ;
 Who see in mould the rose unfold,
 The soul through blood and tears.

HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM

The Child-Christ on the Cross

' Dolor meus inconspe'tu meo semper.'

VICTIM of love, in manhood's prime
 Thou wilt as'end the Cross to die :
 Why hangs the Child before His time
 Stret'hed on that bed of agony ?

' No thorn-wreathcrowns My boyish brow,
 No s'ourge has dealt itscruel smart,
 In hands and feet no nail-prints show,
 No spear is planted in My heart.

' They have not set Me for a sign,
 Hung bare beneath the sunless sky ;
 Nor mixed the draught of gall and wine
 To mo'k My dying agony.

' The livelong night, the livelong day,
Mychild, I travail for thy good,
And for thy sake I hang alway
Self-'ru'ified upon the Rood.

' To witness to the living Truth,
To keep thee pure from sin's alloy,
Icloud the sunshine of My youth ;
The Man must suffer in the Boy.

' Visions of unrepented sin,
The forfeitcrown, the eternal loss,
Lie deep my sorrowing soul within,
And nail My Body to the Cross.

' The livelong night, the livelong day,
A Child upon that Cross I rest ;
All night I for Mychildren pray,
All day I woo them to My breast.

' Long years of toil and pain are Mine,
Ere I be lifted up to die,
Wherewould the Pas'hal moonbeams shine
At noon on darkened Calvary.

' Then will the thorn-wreath pier'e My brow,
The nails will fix Me to the tree ;
But I shall hang as I do now,
Self-'ru'ified for love of thee !c

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

1830-1894

Hymn, after Gabriele Rossetti

MY Lord, my Love ! in pleasant pain
 How often have I said, Blessed that John who on Thy brea

Laid down his head.'
 It was that conta't all divine
 Transformed him from above,
 And made him amongst men the man
 To show forth holy love.

Yet shall I envy blessed John ?
 Nay not so verily,
 Now that Thou, Lord, both Man and God,
 Dost dwell in me :
 Upbuilding with Thy Manhood's might
 My frail humanity ;
 Yea, Thy Divinehood pouring forth,
 In fullness filling me.

Me, Lord, Thy temple conse'rate,
 Even me to Thee alone ;
 Lord, reign upon my willing heart
 Whi'h is Thy throne :
 To Thee the Seraphim fall down
 Adoring round Thy house ;
 For which of them hath tasted Thee
 My Manna and my Spouse ?

Now that Thy life lives in my soul
 And sways and warms it through,
 I s'ar'e seem lesser than the world,
 Thy temple too.

O God, who dwellest in my heart,
 My God who fillest me,
 The broad immensity itself
 Hath not en'compassed Thee,

After Communion

WHY should I call Thee Lord, Who art my God ?
 Why should I call Thee Friend, Who art my Love ?
 Or King, Who art my very Spouse above ?
 Or call Thy S'eptre on my heart Thy rod ?
 Lo now Thy banner over me is love,
 All heaven flies open to me at Thy nod :
 For Thou hast lit Thy flame in me a clod,
 Made me a nest for dwelling of Thy Dove.
 What wilt Thou call me in our home above,
 Who now hast called me friend ? how will it be
 When Thou for good wine settest forth the best ?
 Now Thou dost bid me come and sup with Thee,
 Now Thou dost make me lean upon Thy breast :
 How will it be with me in time of love ?

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

1830-1897

Fain

THE man that hath great griefs I pity not; 'Tis something to be great
 In any wise, and hint the larger state,
 Though but in shadow of a shade, God wot!

Moreover, while we wait the possible,

This man has tou'hed the fact,

• And probed till he has felt the core, where, packed
 In pulpy folds, resides the ironic ill.

And while we others sip the obvious sweet—
Lip-li'king after-taste
Of glutinous rind, lo ! this man hath made haste,
And pressed the sting that holds the central seat.

For thus it is God stings us into life,
Provoking a'tual souls
From bodily systems, giving us the pole
That are His own, not merely balan'ed strife.

Nay, the great passions are His veriest thought,
Whi'h whosocan absorb,
Nor, querulous halting, violate their orb,
In him the mind of God is fullest wrought.

Thri'e happy such an one ! Far other he
Who dallies on the edge
Of the great vortex, clinging to a sedge
Of patent good, a timorous Mani'hee ;

Who takes the impa't of a long-breathed for'e,
And fritters it away
In eddies of disgust, that else might stay
His nerveless heart, and fix it to the course.

For there is threefold oneness with the One ;
And he is one, who keeps
The homely laws of life ; who, if he sleeps,
Or wakes, in his true flesh God's will is done.

And he is one, who takes the deathless forms,
Who s'hoods himself to think
With the All-thinking, holding fast the link,
God-riveted, that bridges casual storms.

But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains
 Not partial, knowing them
 As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem,
 Wherewith God's galley onward ever strains.

To him the sorrows are the tension-thrills
 Of that serene endeavour,
 Which yields to God for ever and for ever
 The joy that is more an'ient than the hills.

My Garden

A GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot !
 Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
 Ferned grot—
 The veriest s'hool
 Of pea'e ; and yet the fool
 Contends that God is not—
 Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?
 Nay, but I have a sign ; 'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

Disguises

HIGH stretched upon the swinging yard,
 I gather in the sheet ;
 But it is hard
 And stiff, and onecries haste.
 Then He that is most dear in my regard
 Of all the crew gives aidan'e meet ;
 But from His hands, and from His feet,
 A glory spreads wherewith the night is starred :

Moreover of acup most bitter-sweet
 With fragran'e as of nard,
 And myrrh, and cassia spi'ed,
 He proffers me to taste.
 Then I to Him :—' Art Thou the Christ ?'
 He saith—' Thou say'st.'

Like to an ox
 That staggerscneath the mortal blow,
 She grinds upon the ro'ks :—
 Then straight and low
 Leaps forth the levelled line, and in our quarter lo'ks
 The cradle's rigged ; with swerving of the blast
 We go,
 Our Captain last—
 Demands
 ' Who fired that shot ?' Ea'h silent stands—
 Ah, sweet perplexity !
 This too was He.

I have an arbour wherein came a toad
 Most hideous to see—
 Immediate, seizing staff or goad,
 I smote it cruelly.
 Then all the pla'e with subtle radian'e glowed—
 I looked, and it was He !

Land, Ho!

I KNOW t'is but a loom of land,
 Yet is it land, and so I will rejoi'e,
 I know I cannot hear His voi'e
 Upon the shore, nor see Him stand ;
 Yet is it land, ho ! land.

The land ! the land ! the lovely land ! c Far off, 'dost say ? *Far*
Farewell ! farewell ! thou salt sea-foam !

Ah, keel upon the silver sand—
Land, ho ! land.

You cannot see the land, my land,
You cannot see, and yet the land is there—
My land, my land, through murky air—
I did not say it was close at hand—
But—land, ho ! land.

Dost hear the bells of my sweet land,
Dost hear the kine, dost hear the merry birds i
No voice, 'tis true, no spoken words,
No tongue that thou may'st understand—
Yet is it land, ho ! land.

It's clad in purple mist, my land,
In regal robe it is appalled,
A crown is set upon its head,
And on its breast a golden band—
Land, ho ! land.

Dost wonder that I long for land i
My land is not a land as others are—
Upon its crest there beams a star,
And lilies grow upon the strand—
Land, ho ! land.

Give me the helm ! there is the land !
Ha ! lusty mariners, she takes the breeze !
And what my spirit sees it sees—
Leap, bark, as leaps the thunderbrand—
Land, ho ! land.

Spe'ula

WHEN He appoints to meet thee, go thou forth—
It matters not
If south or north,
Bleak waste or sunny plot.
Nor think, if haply He thou seek'st be late,
He does thee wrong.
To stile or gate
Lean thou thy head, and long !
It may be that to spy thee He is mounting
Upon a tower,
Or in thycounting
Thou hast mista'en the hour.
But, if Hecomes not, neither do thou go
Till Vesperchime'
Belike thou then shalt know
He hath been with thee all the time.

JEAN INGELow

1830-1897

Fromc S'holar and Carpenter'

GRAND is the leisure of the earth ;
She gives her happy myriads birth,
And after harvest fears not dearth,
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.
Dread is the leisure up above
The while He sits whose name is Love,-
And waits, as Noah did, for the dove,
To wit if she would fly to him.

' He waits for us, while, houseless things,
 We beat about with bruised wings
 On the dark floods and water-springs,
 The ruined world, the desolate sea ;
 With open windows from the prime
 All night, all day, He waits sublime,
 Until the fullness of the time
 De'reed from His eternity.

' Where is OUR leisure ?—Give us rest.
 Where is the quiet we possessed ?
 We must have had it on'e—were blest
 With pea'e whose phantoms yet enti'e.
 Sorely the mother of mankind
 Longed for the garden left behind ;
 For we still prove some yearnings blind
 Inherited from Paradise.'

' Hold, heart ! c I cried ; c for trouble sleeps,
 I hear no sound of aught that weeps ;
 I will not look into thy deeps—
 I am afraid, I am afraid ! c
 ' Afraid ! c she saith ; c and yetctis true
 That what man dreads he still should view—
 Should do the thing he fears to do,
 And storm the ghosts in ambus'ade ! c

' What good ! c I sigh. c Was reason meant
 To straighten bran'hes that are bent,
 Or soothe an an'ient dis'ontent,
 The instan't of a ra'e dethroned ?
 Ah ! doubly should that instan't go,
 Must the four rivers cease to flow,
 Nor yield those rumours sweet and low
 Wherewith man's life is undertoned.'

' Yet had I but the past,' shecries,^c And it was lost, I would arise
And comfort me some other wise.

But more than loss about meclings :
I am but restless with my ra'e ;
The whispers from a heavenly pla'e,
On'e dropped among us, seem to chase
Rest with their prophet-visittings.

' The ra'e is like a child, as yet
Too young for all things to be set
Plainly before him, with no let
Or hindran'e meet for his degree ;
But ne'ertheless by much too old
Not to perceive that men withhold
More of the story than is told,
And so infer a mystery.

' If the Celestials daily fly
With messages on missions high,
And float, our nests and turrets nigh,
Conversing on Heaven's great intents;
What wonder hints of coming things,
Whereto men's hope and yearning clings,
Should drop like feathers from their wings
And give us vague presentiments.

' And as the waxing moon can take
The tidal waters in her wake,
And lead them round and round, to break
Obedient to her drawings dim ;
So may the movements of His mind,
The first Great Father of mankind,
Affe't with answering movements blind,
And draw the souls that breathe by Him.

' We had a message long ago
 That like a river peace should flow,
 And Eden bloom again below.
 We heard, and we began to wait :
 Full soon that message men forgot ;
 Yet waiting is their destined lot,
 And, waiting for they know not what,
 They strive with yearnings passionate.'

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

1832-1902

Fromc The Light of Asiatic

OM, AMITAYA ! measure not with words
 Th' Immeasurable ; nor sink the string of thought
 Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
 Who answers, errs. Say nought !

The Books tea'h Darkness was, at first of all,
 And Brahm, sole meditating in that Night :
 Look not for Brahm and the Beginning there !
 Nor him, nor any light

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
 Or any sear'her know by mortal mind ;
 Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
 Veil upon veil behind.

Stars sweep and question not. This is enough
 That life and death and joy and woe abide ;
 And cause and sequen'e, and the course of time,
 And Being's ceaseless tide,

Whi'h, everchanging, runs, linked like a river
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow—
The same yet not the same—from far-off fountain
To where its waters flow

Into the seas. These, steaming to the Sun,
Give the lost wavelets ba'k incloudy flee'e
To tri'kle down the hills, and glide again ;
Having no pause or pea'e.

This is enough to know, the phantasms are ;
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, andchangeschanging
them,
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Whi'h nonecan stay or stem. . . .

If ye lay bound upon the wheel ofchange,
And no way were of breaking from thechain,
The Heart of boundless Being is acurse,
The Soul of Things fell Pain.

Ye are not bound ! the Soul of Things is sweet,
The Heart of Being iscelestial rest ;
Stronger than woe is will: that whichwas Good
Doth pass to Better—Best.

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty !
Ho ! ye who suffer ! know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None elsecompels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.

Behold, I show you Truth ! Lower than hell,
Higher than Heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

Before beginning, and without an end,
As spa'e eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure. . . .

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields !
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn
Wascorn. The Silen'e and the Darkness knew !
So is a man's fate born. . . .

If he shall day by day dwell mer'iful,
Holy and just and kind and true ; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end :

He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-'ount closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is qui'k and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life ;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished : he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him Man.

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace ; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

Unto NIRVANA. He is one with Life,
 Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
 OM, MANI PADME, OM ! the Dewdrop slips
 Into the shining sea ! . . .

AH ! BLESSED LORD ! On, HIGH DELIVERER !
 FORGIVE THIS FEEBLE SCRIPT, WHICH DOETH THEE WRONG,
 MEASURING WITH LITTLE WIT THY LOFTY LOVE.
 AH ! LOVER ! BROTHER ! GUIDE ! LAMP OF THE LAW !
 I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY NAME AND THEE !
 I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY LAW OF GOOD !
 I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY ORDER 1 OM !
 THE DEW IS ON THE LOTUS !—RISE, GREAT SUN !
 AND LIFT MY LEAF AND MIX ME WITH THE WAVE.
 OM MANI PADME HUM, THE SUNRISE COMES !
 THE DEWDROP SLIPS INTO THE SHINING SEA !

SIR LEWIS MORRIS

A Heathen Hymn

OLORD, the Giver of my days,
 My heart is ready, my heart is ready ;
 I dare not hold my pea'e, nor pause,
 For I am fain to sing Thy praise.

I praise Thee not, with impious pride,
 For that Thy partial hand has given
 Bounties of wealth or form or brain,
 Good gifts to other men denied.

Nor weary Thee with blind request,
 For fan'ied goods Thy hand withholds ;
 I know not what to fear or hope,
 Nor aught but that Thy will is best.

Not whence I come, nor whither I go,
Nor wherefore I am here, I know ;
Nor if my life's tale ends on earth,
Or mounts to bliss, or sinks to woe.

Nor know I aught of Thee, O Lord ;
Behind the veil Thy fa'e is hidden :
We faint, and yet Thy fa'e is hidden ;
We cry,—Thou answerest not a word.

But this I know, O Lord, Thou art,
And by Thee I too live and am ;
We stand together ; fa'e to fa'e,
Thou the great whole, and I the part.

We stand together, soul to soul,
Alone amidst Thy waste of worlds ;
Un'hanged, though allcreation fade,
And Thy swift suns forget to roll.

Wherefore, because my life is Thine,
Because, without Thee I were not ;
Because, as doth the sea, the sun,
My nature gives back the Divine.

Be'ause my being with ceaseless flow
Sets to Thee as the brook to the sea ;
Turns to Thee, as the flower to the sun,
And seeks what it may never know.

Be'ause, without me Thou hadst been
For ever, seated midst Thy suns ;
Marking the soulless cycles turn,
Yet wert Thyself unknown, unseen.

I praise Thee, everlasting Lord,
 In life and death, in heaven and hell:
 Whatcare I, since indeed Thou art,
 And I the creature of Thy word.

Only if such a thing may be :
 When all Thy infinite will is done,
 Take ba'k the soul Thy breath has given,
 And let me lose myself in Thee.

A New Orphi' Hymn

THE peaks, and the starlit skies, the deeps of the
 fathomless seas,
 Immanent is He in all, yet higher and deeper than these.

The heart, and the mind, and the soul, the thoughts and
 the yearnings of Man,
 Of His essen'e are one and all, and yet define it whocan ?

The love of the Right, tho'cast down, the hate of vi'-
 torious I ll,
 All are sparks from the central fire of a boundless bene-
 fi'ent Will.

Oh, mysti'al se'rets of Nature, great Universe undefined,
 Ye are part of the infinite work of a mighty ineffable Mind.

Beyond your limitless Spa'e, before your measureless Time,
 Ere Life or Death began was this changeless Essen'e
 sublime.

In the core of eternal calm He dwelleth unmoved and

alonecMid the Universe He has made, as a monar'h upon his
 throne.

And the self-same ins'rutable Power which fashioned
the sun and the star
Is Lord of the feeble strength of the humblest creatures
that are.

The weak things that float or creep for their little life
of a day,
The weak souls that falter and faint, as feeble and futile
as they;

The malefi' invisible atoms unmarked by man's purblind
eye
That beleague our House of Life, and compass us till
we die;

All these are parts of Him, the indivisible One,
Who supports and illumines the many, Creation's Pillar
and Sun!

Yea, and far in the depths of Being, too dark for a mortal
brain,
Lurk His se'rets of Evil and Wrong, His creatures of
Death and of Pain,

A viewless Ne'essity binds, a determinate Impetus drives
To a hidden invisible goal the freightage of numberless lives.

The waste, and the pain, and the wrong, the abysmal
mysteries dim,
Come not of themselves alone, but are seed and issue of Him.

And Man's spirit that spends and is spent in mysti'al
questionings,

Oh, the depths of the fathomless deep, oh, the riddle and
se'ret of things,

And the voi'e through the darkness heard, and the rush
of winnowing wings !

RICHARD WATSON DIXON

1833-1900

Rapture: An Ode

I

WHAT is this ?
 The white and crumbling clouds leave bare the blue;
 Shines out the central sun with golden hue ;
 And all the fruit-trees, rolling blossom-boughed,
 Are white and billowy as the rolling cloud.
 The warm beam bedded sleeps upon the trees,
 The springing thi'kets and the gorse-bound leas;
 Sleeps where I lie at ease,
 Pulling the ruby or'his and the pale
 Half-withered cowslip from the hill-side grass,
 Midway the brow that overhangs the vale,
 Where the sleepy shadows pass,
 And the sunbeam sleeps till all is grown
 Into one burning sapphire stone,
 All air, all earth, ea'h violet-deepened zone.

II

It sleeps and broods upon the moss-mapped stone,
 The thready mosses and the plummy weeds;
 Numbers the veined flowers one after one,
 Their colours and their leaves and ripening seeds:
 Above, around, its influen'e pro'ceeds;
 It tra'ks in gleams the stream through crowding bush,
 And beds of sworded flags and bearded rush,
 Where slow it creeps along the lower ground ;
 The ridges far above are all embrowned,
 The golden heavens over all are ploughed
 In furrows of fine tissue that abound,
 And melting fragments of the whitest cloud.

III

Ah, what is this, that now with sated eyes
 And humming ears the soul no more des'ries ?
 Drawn ba'k upon the spirit all the sense
 Be'omes intelligen'e ;
 And to be doubly now unfolded feels
 That which itself reveals ;
 Double the world of all that may appear
 To eye or hand or ear ;
 Double the soul of that which apprehends
 By that which sense trans'ends.

IV

For deep the cave of human consciousness ;
 The thoughts, like light, upon its depths may press,
 Seeking and finding wonders numberless ;
 But never may they altogether pierce
 The hollow gloom so sensitive and fierce
 Of the deep bosom : far the light may reach,
 There is a depth unreached ; in clearest speech
 There is an echo from an unknown place ;
 And in the dim, unknown, untrodden space
 Our life is hidden ; were we all self-known,
 No longer should we live ; a wonder shown
 Is wonderful no more ; and being flies
 For ever from its own self-s'rutinies.
 Here is the very effort of the soul
 To keep itself unmingled, safe, and whole
 In changes and the flitting feints of sense :
 Here essence holds a calm and sure defence ;
 It is a guarded shrine and sacred grove,
 A fountain hidden where no foot may rove,
 A further depth within a sounded sea ;
 A mirror cut from hour to hour left free

By things reflected : and be'ausectis so,
 Therefore the outer world and all its show
 Is as the musi' of the upper wave
 To the deep Ocean in his sunkencave ;
 A part of its own self, yet but its play,
 Which doth the sunbeam and thecloudconvey
 Tocentral deeps, where in awful shade
 The stormless heart re'eives the thingsconveyed,
 Knowing thecloud by darkness, and the light
 By splendours dying through the infinite.

v

And being such the soul doth re'ognize
 The doubleness of nature, that there lies
 A soul o''ult in Nature, hidden deep
 As lies the soul of man in moveless sleep.
 And like a dream
 Broken incir'umstan'e and foolish made,
 Through whichhowe'er the future world doth gleam,
 And floats a warning to the gathered thought,
 Like to a dream,
 Through sense and all by senseconveyed,
 Into our soul the shadow of that soul
 Doth float.
 Then are we lifted up ere't and whole
 In vastconfession to that universe
 Per'eived by us: our soul itself transfers
 Thither by instan't sure; it swiftly hails
 The mighty spirit similar ; it sails
 In the divine expansion ; it per'eives
 Tenden'ies glorious, distant ; it enweaves
 Itself with ex'itations more than thought
 Unto that soul unveiled and yet unsought.

VI

Ye winds and clouds of light,
 Ye lead the soul to God ;
 The new-born soul that height
 With rapturous foot hath trod,
 And is received of God :
 God doth the soul receive
 Which mounts toward Him, and alone would dwell
 With Him ; though finite with the Infinite,
 Though finite, rising with a might
 Like to infinitude.
 Gently receiving such He doth dispel
 All solitary horror with delight,
 Honouring the higher mood.

VII

For though the soul pants with fierce ecstasy
 The unattainable to grasp, to be
 For ever mingled with infinity ;
 And this in vain, since God Himself withdraws
 From human knowledge, e'en as its own laws
 Seclude the soul from sense ;
 Yet not from love He hies ;
 From love God never flies.
 Love is the soul's best sense, which God desires,
 Whi'h bares the covert of intelligen'e :
 And, honouring in love the higher mood,
 With lovely joys He fills the solitude
 Of His own presen'e, whither trusting Him
 The soul hath mounted : lo, it might have found
 Utter destru'tion on this higher ground,
 Tenuity of air and swooning dim

For lack of breath ; but now it finds hereby
 A lovely vesture of infinity,
 And ecstasies that nourish ecstasy.
 God giveth love to love, and ministers
 Substance to substance ; life to life He bears.

VIII

Therefore, ye winds and ye
 High movingclouds of light,
 Ye rivers running free,
 Thou glory of the sea,
 Thou glory of the height,
 The gleam beside the bush,
 The tremble of the rush,
 To me made manifest,
 The beauty of the flower
 In summer's sunny power,
 Portions of entity supreme ye be,
 And motions massed upon eternal rest.

IX

Broad breezes,clouds of light,
 Thither ye lead the soul,
 To this most sacred height
 Above the sacred whole :
 The azure world is not so fair,
 The azure world and all thecircling air,
 As that true spiritual kingdom known
 Unto the spirit only and alone ;
 Thither the soul ye bear,
 Oh winds andclouds of light.

x

Ye winds and clouds of light,
 That bear the soul to God ;
 The new-born soul that height
 By ecstasy hath trod.

RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL

1834-1894

Fromc Panc

AH ! Nature, would that I before I pass
 Might thrill with joy of thy communion
 One child life only knowing thee from far !
 Love we may well, for surely one were nought
 Without the other, intermarrying breath ;
 Nature the systole, thought the diastole
 Of one Divine forever-beating Heart.
 Feeding from her maternal breast we grow
 Full to our height of stately dominan'e,
 And yet create, yea dower as we grow
 Her with all colour, form and comeliness.
 Nature the heaving of a tender breast
 Revealing inspiration from within,
 Sweet rending of a calyx, telling clear
 Expansion of the spirit's folded flower,
 Nature the lake where looking long we fall
 With our own likeness tremulous in love.

And shall we climb, as'ensien infinite,
 From star to star ? explore from world to world-
 Gods reigning yonder in the tranquil stars ?
 Death ! what is Death ? a turning-point of Life

Winding so sharp the way dips out of sight,
 Seeming to end, yet winding on for ever
 Through teeming glories of the Infinite.
 Look with bold eyes unquailing in the fa'e
 Of that foul haunting phantom, it will fade,
 Melt to the fa'e of some familiar friend. . . .¹

One selfsame Spirit breathing evermore
 Rouses in ea'h the momentary wave,
 One water and one motion and one wind,
 Now feeble undulation myriadfold,
 Now headlong mountain thunder-'lothed and crowned
 With foamy lightning ; such we name Zerdus'ht,
 Dante, Spinoza, or Napoleon—
 The motion travels, and the wave subsides. . . .¹

May cold as 'eti' hard, ill-favoured, crude,
 Ever persuade me vision and fond play
 Of sense about fair fleshly loveliness
 Of youth in man or woman is a "urst—
 Sin'e God hath made the spirit, but a fiend
 Hath mo'ked it with a syren phantom-flesh ?—
 Nay, to mine earctis rankest blasphemy !
 For is not flesh the shadow of the soul,
 Her younger sister, both alike Divine ?
 Yea verily ! for when I love a friend
 How may I sunder body from the soul ?
 Few win my love, but they who win it seem
 Ever well-favoured to me, and I greet
 All comeliness of colour and of form,
 Mere side reverse of spiritual gra'e.
 Yea, limbs well turned and bodies almond-smooth
 Full fair and white in maiden or in youth,
 With what sense-thrillings may attend on these ;

¹ These dots are the author's, and do not mark omissions.

All lusty might of supple athletic men ;
 Are surely worthy reverence like flowers,
 Or like theculminating heart and soul.
 Only to each one yield his very own :
 Yield to young sense his toy of fantasy,
 And never frown until he glides to steal
 The royal sceptre from Intelligence,
 Orcrown of light from spiritual Love.
 Nor dare to maim lives infinite Divine
 Seeking to graft one pale monotonous flower ;
 For is not Being thirsting to exhaust
 His all exhaustlesscapability ?
 Evil mere vantage-ground for an advance,
 If not for thee, yet for the universe,
 And so for thee as member of the whole.

Fromc De Profundisc

THE spirit grows the form for self-expression,
 And for a hall where she may hold high session
 With sister souls, who, allied with her,create
 Her faircompanion, her espoused mate.
 Ever the hidden Person will remould
 For all our lives fresh organs manifold,
 Gross for the earthly, for the heavenly fine,
 Ethereal woof, wherein their gra'es shine.
 And there be se'ret avenues, with doors
 Yielding access to inmostchamber floors
 Of the soul's privacy ; all varying frames,
 Responsive to the several spirit-flames.
 The vital form our lost now animate
 Is one with what in their low mortal state
 They made their own ; thecorse mere ashes, waste,

For all grand uses of the world repla'ed.
 A larva needs no more the unliving husk,
 When soaring winged he rends the dwelling dusk.

A rabble rout of Sense light-headed pours
 Into the holy Spirit-temple doors,
 Where many a grave and stately minister
 His pla'e and fun'tion doth on ea'hconfer.
 These Forms inhabiting the sa' red gloom,
 Whose name is legion, Present, Past, To Come,
 One, Many, Same, or Different, evolve
 Sweetcon'ord fromconfusion ; they resolve
 The Babel dissonan'e to achoral song,
 Till in divine so'ieties a throng
 Sets with one will toward the inmost shrine,
 To feed there upon mysti' Bread and Wine.
 The Ba''hanals are sobered, and grow grave,
 In solemn silen'e treading the dim nave :
 On their light hearts bloom-pinioned angels lay
 Calm, hushful hands of married night and day.

It is achanging s'ene within the pile :
 New shows arrive, and tarry for a while :
 But if one living Spirit-fanecould fall,
 His ruin were the knell of doom for all.
 Their being blended ea'h with every one,
 If any failed, the universe were gone.
 Thesecons'ious forms inhabit every mind ;
 All selves in one organi' self they bind ;
 The bloomy beams, and all the shadowy blooms
 Are pure white Light eternal that illumes
 A universalcons'ious Spirit-whole,
 Fair modulated in each several soul
 To many-fun'tioned organs of one Will,
 Whose sovran Being who prevails to kill ?

We may expand our being to embrace,
 And mirror all therein of every race ;
 Each is himself by universal grace.
 Dying is self-fulfilment ; and wecherish
 His life, who, wanting ours, would wholly perish.
 The Father may not be without the Son ;
 No love, will, knowledge, were for Him alone.
 Andchange is naught
 Save at the bar of a sole personal thought,
 Enthroned for judgement, summoning past time
 With present, hearing nowcon'ordant rhyme,
 Now variance among voices vanishing,
 That so win semblan'e of substantial thing.
 But howcon'eive that there may ever be
 Change in the nerve ofchange, our known identity ?

If we, poor worms, involved in our owncloud,
 Deem the wide world lies darkling in a shroud,
 Raving the earth holds no felicity,
 Onechild'sclear laughter may rebuke the lie,
 A lark's light rapture soaring in the blue,
 Or rainbow radiant from a drop of dew !

Nor let a low-born Sense usurp the rule,
 Who is but handmaid in a loftier school,
 Where Love and Conscien'e a lore not of earth
 Impart to Wisdom,child of heavenly birth.
 O Thou unknown, inscrutable Divine !
 I deem that I am Thine, and Thou art mine ;
 And though I may not gaze into Thy face,
 I feel that all areclapsed in Thine embra'e.
 The Christ is with us, and He points to Thee :
 When we have grown into Him we shall see ;
 Behold the Father in the perfe't Son,
 And feel, with Him, Thy holy will be done !

Love may not compass her full harmony,
 Wanting the deep dread note of those who die.
 And as with master-hand He sweeps the grand awakening
 'hords,
 Our wailing sighs leap winged, live talismani' words,
 Dull woes and errors tempered to seraphi' swords,
 Love'scolour-'horus flames with glorious morning-red,
 His al'hemy transmuting the poured heart's blood of
 our dead,
 And lurid bale from murderous eyes of souls who inly
 bled!

Whose mortal mind may sail around the o'ean of Thy
 might,
 Billowing away in awful gloom to issues infinite ?
 Bind Thee with his poor girdle ? Surveying all thy shore !
 His daring sinksconfounded, foundering evermore,
 In his dazed ear reverberating a tempestuous roar !
 . . . Who sounds the abyss of Thine immense design ? We
 rest,
 Aware that Thou art better than our best.

SIR ALFRED COMYN LYALL

1835-1911

Fromc Siva'

' Mors Janua Vitae.'

I AM the God of the sensuous fire
 That moulds all Nature in forms divine ;
 The symbols of death and of man's desire,
 The springs ofchange in the world, are mine ;
 The organs of birth and thecir'let of bones,
And the light lovescarved on the temple stones.

I am the lord of delights and pain,
Of the pest that killeth, of fruitful joys ;
I rule the currents of heart and vein;
A touch gives passion, a look destroys;
In the heat and cold of my lightest breath
Is the might incarnate of Lust and Death.

If a thousand altars stream with blood
Of the victims slain by the chanting priest,
Is a great God lured by the savoury food ?
I reek not of worship, or song, or feast ;
But that millions perish, each hour that flies,
Is the mystic sign of my sacrifice.

Ye may plead and pray for the millions born ;
They come like dew on the morning grass ;
Your vows and vigils I hold in scorn,
The soul stays never, the stages pass ;
All life is the play of the power that stirs
In the dance of my wanton worshippers.

And the strong swift river my shrine below
It runs, like man, its unending course
To the boundless sea from eternal snow ;
Mine is the Fountain—and mine the Force
That spurs all nature to ceaseless strife ;
And my image is Death at the gates of Life.

In many a legend and many a shape,
In the solemn grove and the crowded street,
I am the Slayer, whom none escape ;
I am Death trod under a fair girl's feet ;
I govern the tides of the sentient sea
That ebbs and flows to eternity.

And the sum of the thought and the knowledge of man
 Is the se'ret tale that my emblems tell ;
 Do ye seek God's purpose, or tra'e his plan ?
 Ye may read your doom in my parable :
 For thecir'le of life in its flower and its fall
 Is the writing that runs on my temple wall. . . .

Let my temples fall, they are dark with age,
 Let my idols break, they have stood their day ;
 On their deep hewn stones the primeval sage
 Has figured the spells that endure away ;
 My presen'e may vanish from river and grove,
 But I rule for ever in Death and Love.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

1836-1879

Fromc The Thoughts of Godc

THEY say there is a hollow, safe and still,
 A point of coolness and repose
 Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell
 Unharmed and un'onsumed, as in a luminous shell.
 Whi'h the bright walls of fire en'lose
 In breachless splendour, barrier that no foes
 Could pass at will.

There is a point of rest
 At the great centre of thecy'lon's for'e,
 A silen'e at its se'ret sour'e ;—
 A little child might slumber undistressed,
 Without the ruffle of one fairycurl,
 In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So in the centre of these thoughts of God,
 Cy'lones of power, consuming glory-fire,—
 As we fall o'erawed
 Upon our fa'es, and are lifted higher
 By His great gentleness, and carried nigher
 Than unredeemed angels, till we stand
 Even in the hollow of His hand,—
 Nay more ! we lean upon His breast—
There, there we find a point of perfe't rest
 And glorious safety. There we see
 His thoughts to us-ward, thoughts of pea'e
 That stoop to tenderest love; that still in'rease
 With in'rease of our need ; that neverchange,
 That never fail, or falter, or forget.
 O pity infinite !
 O royal mer'y free !
 O gentleclimax of the depth and height
 Of God's most pre'ious thoughts, most wonderful, most
 strange !
 ' For I am poor and needy, yet
 The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me !*'

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Hertha

I AM that which began;
 Out of me the years roll;
 Out of me God and man;
 I am equal and whole;
 God changes, and man, and the form of them bodily;
 I am the soul.

Before ever land was,
 Before ever the sea,
 Or soft hair of the grass,
 Or fair limbs of the tree,
 Or the flesh-'oloured fruit of my bran'hes, I was, and
 thy soul was in me.

First life on my sour'es
 First drifted and swam ;
 Out of me are the for'es
 That save it or damn ;
 Out of me man and woman, and wild-beast and bird :
 before God was, I am.

Beside or above me
 Naught is there to go;
 Love or unlove me,
 Unknow me or know,
 I am that which unloves me and loves ; I am stri'ken,
 and I am the blow.

I the mark that is missed
 And the arrows that miss,
 I the mouth that is kissed
 And the breath in the kiss,
 The sear'h, and the sought, and the seeker, the soul and
 the body that is.

I am that thing which blesses
 My spirit elate;
 That which aresses
 With hands un'reate
 My limbs unbegotten that measure the length of the
 measure of fate.

But what thing dost thou now,
 Looking Godward, to cry I am I, thou art thou,
 I am low, thou art high'?
 I am thou, whom thou seekest to find him ; find thou but
 thyself, thou art I.

I the grain and the furrow,
 The plough-lovenclod
 And the ploughshare drawn thorough,
 The germ and the sod,
 The deed and the doer, the seed and the sower, the dust
 which is God.

Hast thou known how I fashioned thee,
 Child, underground }
 Fire that impassioned thee,
 Iron that bound,
 Dim changes of water, what thing of all these hast thou
 known of or found ?

Canst thou say in thine heart
 Thou hast seen with thine eyes
 With what cunning of art
 Thou wast wrought in what wise,
 By what for'e of what stuff thou wast shapen, and shown
 on my breast to the skies ?

Who hath given, who hath sold it thee,
 Knowledge of me ?
 Hath the wilderness told it thee ?
 Hast thou learnt of the sea ?
 Hast thou communed in spirit with night *i* have the
 winds taken counsel with thee ?

Have I set such a star
 To show light on thy brow
 That thou sawest from afar
 What I show to thee now ?
 Have ye spoken as brethren together, the sun and the
 mountains and thou ?

What is here, dost thou know it ?
 What was, hast thou known ?
 Prophet nor poet
 Nor tripod nor throne
 Nor spirit nor flesh can make answer, but only thy
 mother alone.

Mother, not maker,
 Born, and not made ;
 Though her children forsake her,
 Allured or afraid,
 Praying prayers to the God of their fashion, she stirs not
 for all that have prayed.

Acreed is a rod,
 And acrown is of night ;
 But this thing is God,
 To be man with thy might,
 To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live
 out thy life as the light.

I am in thee to save thee,
 As my soul in thee saith,
 Give thou as I gave thee,
 Thy life-blood and breath,
 Green leaves of thy labour, white flowers of thy thought,
 and red fruit of thy death.

Be the ways of thy giving
 As mine were to thee ;
 The free life of thy living,
 Be the gift of it free ;
 Not as servant to lord, nor as master to slave, shalt thou
 give thee to me.

O 'hildren of banishment,
 Souls overcast,
 Were the lights ye see vanish meant
 Alway to last,
 Ye would know not the sun overshadowing the shadows and
 stars overpast.

I that saw where ye trod
 The dim paths of the night
 Set the shadowcalled God
 In your skies to give light ;
 But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless
 soul is in sight.

The tree many-rooted
 That swells to the sky
 With frondage red-fruited,
 The life-tree am I ;
 In the buds of your lives is the sap of my leaves: ye shall
 live and not die.

But the Gods of your fashion
 That take and that give,
 In their pity and passion
 That s'ourge and forgive,
 They are worms that are bred in the bark that falls off ;
 they shall die and not live.

My own blood is what stanches
 The wounds in my bark ;
 Starscaught in my bran'hes
 Make day of the dark,
 And are worshipped as suns till the sunrise shall tread out
 their fires as a spark.

Where dead ages hide under
 The live roots of the tree,
 In my darkness the thunder
 Makes utteran'e of me ;
 In theclash of my boughs with ea'h other ye hear the
 waves sound of the sea.

That noise is of Time,
 As his feathers are spread
 And his feet set toclimb
 Through the boughs overhead,
 And my foliage rings round him and rustles, and bran'hes
 are bent with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages
 Blow through me andcease,
 The war-wind that rages,
 The spring-wind of pea'e,
 Ere the breath of them roughen my tresses, ere one of
 my blossoms in'rease.

AH sounds of allchanges,
 All shadows and lights
 On the world's mountain-ranges
 And stream-riven heights,
 Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and language of
 storm-'lounds on earth-shaking nights ;

292 ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

All forms of all faces,
All works of all hands
In unsear'hable pla'es
Of time-stri'ken lands,
All death and all life, and all reigns and all ruins, drop
through me as sands.

Though sore be my burden
And more than ye know,
And my growth have no guerdon
But only to grow,
Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings above me or
deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,
As I too in these ;
Such fire is at heart in me,
Such sap is this tree's,
Which hath in it all sounds and all secrets of infinite lands
and of seas.

In the spring-'oloured hours
When my mind was as May's,
There brake forth of me flowers
Bycenturies of days,
Strong blossoms with perfume of manhood, shot out
from my spirit as rays.

And the sound of them springing
And smell of their shoots
Were as warmth and sweet singing
And strength to my roots ;
And the lives of my children made perfect with freedom
of soul were my fruits.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE 293

I bid you but be ;
I have need not of prayer ;
I have need of you free
As your mouths of mine air ;
That my heart may be greater within me, beholding the
fruits of me fair.

More fair than strange fruit is
Of faiths ye espouse ;
In me only the root is
That blooms in your boughs;
Behold now your God that ye made you, to feed him
with faith of your vows.

In the darkening and whitening
Abysses adored,
With dayspring and lightning
For lamp and for sword,
God thunders in heaven, and his angels are red with the
wrath of the Lord.

O my sons, O too dutiful
Toward Gods not of me,
Was not I enough beautiful ?
Was it hard to be free ?
For behold, I am with you, am in you and of you; look
forth now and see.

Lo, winged with world's wonders,
With miracles shod,
With the fires of his thunders
For raiment and rod,
God trembles in heaven, and his angels are white with
the terror of God.

For his twilight iscome on him,
 His anguish is here ;
 And his spirits gaze dumb on him,
 Grown grey from his fear ;
 And his hour taketh hold on him stri'ken, the last of his
 infinite year.

Thought made him and breaks him,
 Truth slays and forgives ;
 But to you, as time takes him,
 This new thing it gives,
 Even love, the beloved Republi', that feeds upon freedom
 and lives.

For truth only is living,
 Truth only is whole,
 And the love of his giving
 Man's polestar and pole ;
 Man, pulse of mycentre, and fruit of my body, and seed
 of my soul.

One birth of my bosom ;
 One beam of mine eye ;
 One topmost blossom
 That scales the sky;
 Man, equal and one with me, man that is made of me,
 man that is I.

A Nympholept

SUMMER, and noon, and a splendour of silence, felt,
Seen, and heard of the spirit within the sense.

Soft through the frondage the shades of the sunbeams
melt,

Sharp through the foliage the shafts of them, keen
and dense,

Cleave, as discharged from the string of the God's
bow, tense

As a war-steed's girth, and bright as a warrior's belt.

Ah, why should an hour that is heaven for an hour pass
hence?

I dare not sleep for delight of the perfect hour,

Lest God be wroth that his gift should be scorned of
man.

The face of the warm bright world is the face of a flower,
The word of the wind and the leaves that the light
winds fan

As the word that quickened at first into flame, and ran,
Creative and subtle and fierce with invasive power,

Through darkness and cloud, from the breath of the
one God, Pan.

The perfume of earth ~~possessed~~ by the sun pervades

The chaster air that he soothes but with sense of sleep.

Soft, imminent, strong as desire that prevails and fades,

The passing noon that beholds not a cloudlet weep

Imbues and impregnates life with delight more deep

Than dawn or sunset or moonrise on lawns or glades

Can shed from the skies that receive it and may not keep.

The skies may hold not the splendour of sundown fast;
 It wanes into twilight as dawn dies down into day.
 And the moon, triumphant when twilight is overpast,
 Takes pride but awhile in the hours of her stately sway.
 But the might of the noon, though the light of it pass
 away,

Leaves earth fulfilled of desires and of dreams that last ;
 But if any there be that hath sense of them none can say.

For if any there be that hath sight of them, sense, or trust
 Made strong by the might of a vision, the strength of
 a dream,

His lips shall straiten and close as a dead man's must,
 His heart shall be sealed as the voice of a frost-bound
 stream.

For the deep mid mystery of light and of heat that seem
 To clasp and pierce dark earth, and enkindle dust,
 Shall a man's faith say what it is ? or a man's guess deem ?

Sleep lies not heavier on eyes that have wat'hed all night
 Than hangs the heat of the noon on the hills and trees.
 Why now should the haze not open, and yield to sight
 A fairer secret than hope or than slumber sees ?

I seek not heaven with submission of lips and knees,
 With worship and prayer for a sign till it leap to light :
 I gaze on the gods about me, and call on these.

I call on the gods hard by, the divine dim powers
 Whose likeness is here at hand, in the breathless air,
 In the pulseless peace of the fervid and silent flowers,
 In the faint sweet speech of the waters that whisper there.
 Ah, what should darkness do in a world so fair ?

The bent-grass heaves not, the cou'h-grass quails not or cowers;

The wind's kiss frets not the rowan's or aspen's hair.

But the silen'e trembles with passion of sound suppressed,
 And the twilight quivers and yearns to the sunward,
 wrung
 With love as with pain ; and the wide wood's motionless
 breast
 Is thrilled with a dumb desire that would fain find
 tongue
 And palpitates, tongueless as she whom a man-snake
 stung,
 Whose heart now heaves in the nightingale, never at
 rest
 Nor satiated ever with song till her last be sung.

Is it rapture or terror that circles me round, and invades
 Each vein of my life with hope—if it be not fear ?
 Each pulse that awakens my blood into rapture fades,
 Each pulse that subsides into dread of a strange thing
 near
 Requi'kens with sense of a terror less dread than
 dear.
 Is peace not one with light in the deep green glades
 Where summer at noonday slumbers ? Is peace not
 here ?

The tall thin stems of the firs, and the roof sublime
 That screens from the sun the floor of the steep still
 wood,
 Deep, silent, splendid, and perfect and calm as time,
 Stand fast as ever in sight of the night they stood,
 When night gave all that moonlight and dewfall could'
 The dense ferns deepen, the moss glows warm as the
 thyme :
 The wild heath quivers about me : the world is good.

Is it Pan's breath, fierce in the tremulous maidenhair,
 That bids fearcreep as a snake through the woodlands,
 felt

In the leaves that it stirs not yet, in the mute bright air,
 In the stress of the sun ? For here has the great God
 dwelt :

For hence were the shafts of his love or his anger dealt.
 For here has his wrath been fierce as his love was fair,
 When each was as fire to the darkness its breath bade melt.

Is it love, is it dread, that enkindles the trembling noon,
 That yearns, reluctant in rapture that fear has fed,
 As man for woman, as woman for man ? Full soon,
 If I live, and the life that may look on him drop not dead,
 Shall the ear that hears not a leaf quake hear his tread,
 The sense that knows not the sound of the deep day's tun'
 Receive the God, be it love that he brings or dread.

The naked noon is upon me : the fierce dumb spell,
 The fearful charm of the strong sun's imminent might,
 Unmer'iful, steadfast, deeper than seas that swell,
 Pervades, invades, appals me with loveless light,
 With harsher awe than breathes in the breath of night.
 Have mer'y, God who art all ! For I know thee well,
 How sharp is thine eye to lighten, thine hand to smite.

The whole wood feels thee ; the whole air fears thee : but fear
 So deep, so dim, so sa' red, is wellnigh sweet.
 For the light that hangs and broods on the woodlands here,
 Intense, invasive, intolerant, imperious, and meet
 To lighten the works of thine hands and the ways of
 thy feet,
 Is hot with the fire of the breath of thy life, and dear
 As hope that shrivels or shrinks not for frost or heat.

Thee, thee the supreme dim godhead, approved afar,
 Per'eived of the soul and con'eived of the sense of man
 We s'ar'e dare love, and we dare not fear : the star
 We call the sun, that lit us when life began
 To brood on the world that is thine by his gra'e for
 a span,
 Con'eals and reveals in the semblan'e of things that are
 Thine immanent presen'e, the pulse of thy heart's life,
 Pan.

The fier'e mid noon that wakens and warms the snake
 Con'eals thy mer'y, reveals thy wrath : and again
 The dew-bright hour that assuages the twilight brake
 Con'eals thy wrath and reveals thy mer'y : then
 Thou art fearful only for evil souls of men
 That feel with nightfall the serpent within them wake,
 And hate the holy darkness on glade and glen.

Yea, then we know not and dream not if ill things be,
 Or if aught of the work of the wrong of the world be thine.
 We hear not the footfall of terror that treads the sea,
 We hear not the moan of winds that assail the pine :
 We see not if shipwre'k reign in the storm's dim shrine ;
 If death do servi'e and doom bear witness to thee
 We see not,—know not if blood for thy lips be wine.

But in all things evil and fearful that fear may s'an,
 As in all things good, as in all things fair that fall,
 We know thee present and latent, the lord of man ;
 In the murmuring of doves, in the clamouring of winds
 that call
 And wolves that howl for their prey; in the mid-
 night's pall,
 In the naked and nymph-like feet of the dawn, O Pan,
 And in each life living, O thou the God who art all.

Smiling and singing, wailing and wringing of hands,
 Laughing and weeping, watching and sleeping, still
 Proclaim but and prove but thee, as the shifted sands
 Speak forth and show but the strength of the sea's
 wild will

That sifts and grinds them as grain in the storm'
 wind's mill.

In thee is the doom that falls and the doom that stands :
 The tempests utter thy word, and the stars fulfil.

Where Etna shudders with passion and pain volcani'
 That rend her heart as with anguish that rends a man's,
 Where Typho labours, and finds not his thews Titani',
 In breathless torment that ever the flame's breath fans,
 Men felt and feared thee of old, whose pastoralclans
 Weregiven to the charge of thy keeping; and soundless pani'
 Held fast the woodland whose depths and whose
 heights were Pan's.

And here, though fear be less than delight, and awe
 Be one with desire and with worship of earth and thee,
 So mild seems now thy se'ret and spee'hless law,
 So fair and fearless and faithful and godlike she,
 So soft the spell of thy whisper on stream and sea,
 Yet man should fear lest he see what of old men saw
 And withered : yet shall I quail if thy breath smite me.

Lord God of life and of light and of all things fair,
 Lord God of ravin and ruin and all things dim,
 Death seals up life, and darkness the sunbright air,
 And the stars that wat'h blind earth in the deep night
 swim

Laugh, saying,c What God is your God, that yecall
 on him ?

What is man, that the God who is guide of our way
 shouldcare

If day for a man be golden, or night be grim ?c

But thou, dost thou hear ? Stars too but abide for
a span,

Gods too but endure for a season ; but thou, if thou be
God, more than shadowscon'eived and adored of man,
Kind Gods and fierce, that bound him or made him free,
The skies that scorn us are less in thy sight than we,
Whose souls have strength tocon'eive and perceive thee,
Pan,

With sense more subtle than senses that hear and see.

Yet may it not say, though it seek thee and think to find
One soul of sense in the fire and the frost-boundclod,
What heart is this, what spirit alive or blind,

That moves thee : only we know that the ways we trod
We tread, with hands unguided, with feet unshod,
With eyes unlightened ; and yet, if with steadfast mind,
Per'han'e may we find thee and know thee at last for
God.

Yet then should God be dark as the dawn is bright,
And bright as the night is dark on the world—no more.
Light slays not darkness, and darkness absorbs not light ;
And the labour of evil and good from the years of yore
Is even as the labour of waves on a sunless shore.
And he who is first and last, who is depth and height,
Keeps silen'e now, as the sun when the woods wax hoar.

The dark dumb godhead innate in the fair world's life
Imbues the rapture of dawn and of noon with dread,
Infe'ts the pea'e of the star-shod night with strife,
Informs with terror the sorrow that guards the dead.
No servi'e of bended knee or of humbled head
May soothe or subdue the God who haschange to wife :
And life with death is as morning with evening weds.

And yet, if the light and the life in the light that here
 Seem soft and splendid and fervid as sleep may seem
 Be more than the shine of a smile or the flash of a tear,
 Sleep, change, and death are less than a spell-stru'k
 dream,
 And fear than the fall of a leaf on a starlit stream.
 And yet, if the hope that hath said it absorb not fear,
 What helps it man that the stars and the waters
 gleam ?

What helps it man, that the noon be indeed intense,
 The night be indeed worth worship ? Fear and pain
 Were lords and masters yet of the se'ret sense,
 Whi'h now dares deem not that light is as darkness, fain
 Though dark dreams be to de'lare it, crying in vain.
 For when'e, thou God of the light and the darkness,
 when'e
 Dawns now this vision that bids not the sunbeams
 wane *i*

What light, what shadow, diviner than dawn or night,
 Draws near, makes pause, and again—or I dream—
 draws near ?
 More soft than shadow, more strong than the strong
 sun's light,
 More pure than moonbeams—yea, but the rays run
 sheer
 As fire from the sun through the dusk of the pinewood, clear
 And constant ; yea, but the shadow itself is bright
 That the lightclothes round with love that is one
 with fear.

Above and behind it the noon and the woodland lie,
 Terrible, radiant with mystery, superb and subdued,

Triumphant in silen'e ; and hardly the sa' red sky
 Seems free from the tyrannous weight of the dumb
 fier'e mood

Whi'h rules as with fire and invasion of beams that brood
 The breathless rapture of earth till its hour pass by
 And leave her spirit released and her pea'e renewed.

I sleep not : never in sleep has a man beholden
 This. From the shadow that trembles and yearns
 with light

Suppressed and elate and relu'tant—obs'ure and golden
 As water kindled with presage of dawn or night—
 A form, a fa'e, a wonder to sense and sight,
 Grows great as the moon through the month ; and her
 eyes embolden

Fear, till it change to desire, and desire to delight.

I sleep not : sleep would die of a dream so strange ;
 A dream so sweet would die as a rainbow dies,
 As a sunbow laughs and is lost on the waves that range
 And re'k not of light that fli'kers or spray that flies.
 But the sun withdraws not, the woodland shrinks not
 or sighs,
 No sweet thing si'kens with sense or with fear of change ;
 Light wounds not, darkness blinds not, my steadfast
 eyes.

Only the soul in my sense that re'eives the soul
 When'e now my spirit is kindled with breathless bliss
 Knows well if the light that wounds it with love makes
 whole,
 If hopes that carol be louder than fears that hiss,
 If truth be spoken of flowers and of waves that kiss,
 Of clouds and stars that contend for a sunbright goal.
 And yet may I dream that I dream not indeed of this?

An earth-born dreamer, constrained by the bonds of birth,
 Held fast by the flesh, compelled by his veins that beat
 And kindle to rapture or wrath, to desire or to mirth,
 May hear not surely the fall of immortal feet,
 May feel not surely if heaven upon earth be sweet;
 And here is my sense fulfilled of the joys of earth,
 Light, silence, bloom, shade, murmur of leaves that meet.

Bloom, fervour, and perfume of grasses and flowers aglow,
 Breathe and brighten about me : the darkness gleams,
 The sweet light shivers and laughs on the slopes below,
 Made soft by leaves that lighten and change like dreams;
 The silen'e thrills with the whisper of secret streams
 That well from the heart of the woodland: these I know:
 Earth bore them, heaven sustained them with showers
 and beams.

I lean my face to the heather, and drink the sun
 Whose flame-lit odour satiates the flowers : mine eyes
 Close, and the goal of delight and of life is one :
 No more I crave of earth or her kindred skies.
 No more ? But the joy that springs from them smiles
 and flies:
 The sweet work wrought of them surely, the good work
 done,
 If the mind and the face of the season be loveless, dies.

Thee, therefore, thee would I come to, cleave to, cling,
 If haply thy heart be kind and thy gifts be good,
 Unknown sweet spirit, whose vesture is soft in spring,
 In summer splendid, in autumn pale as the wood
 That shudders and wanes and shrinks as a shamed thing
 should,
 In winter bright as the mail of a war-worn king
 Who stands where foes fled far from the face of him stood.

My spirit or thine is it, breath of thy life or of mine,
 Which fills my sense with a rapture that casts out fear ?
 Pan's dim frown wanes, and his wild eyes brighten as thine,
 Transformed as night or as day by the kindling year.
 Earth-born, or mine eye were withered that sees, mine ear
 That hears were stricken to death by the sense divine,
 Earth-born I know thee : but heaven is about me here.
 The terror that whispers in darkness and flames in light,
 The doubt that speaks in the silence of earth and sea,
 The sense, more fearful at noon than in midmost night,
 Of wrath's are hushed and of imminent ill to be,
 Where are they ? Heaven is as earth, and as heaven to me
 Earth : for the shadows that sundered them here take
 flight;
 And naught is all, as am I, but a dream of thee.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

1840-1893

The Vanishing Point

THERE are who, when the bat on wing transverse
 Skims the swart surface of some neighbouring mere,
 Catch that thincry too fine for common ear :
 Thus the last joy-note of the universe
 Is borne to those few listeners who immerse
 Their intellectual hearing in no clear
 Paean, but pierce it with the thin-edged spear
 Of utmost beauty which contains a curse.
 Dead on their sense fall marches hymeneal,
 Triumphal odes, hymns, symphonies sonorous ;
 They crave one shrill vibration, tense, ideal,
 Transcending and surpassing the world's chorus ;
 Keen, fine, ethereal, exquisitely real,
 Intangible as star's light quivering o'er us.

The Prism of Life

A L L that began with God, in God must end :
 All lives are garnered in His final bliss :
 All wills hereafter shall be one with His:
 When in the sea we sought, our spirits blend.
 Rays of pure light, which one frail prism may rend
 Intoconfli'ting colours, meet and kiss
 With manifold attra'tion, yet still miss
 Contentment, while their kindred hues contend.
 Break but that three-edged glass:—involute
 The sundered beams resume their primal state,
 Weaving pure light in flawless harmony.
 Thus de'omposed, subject to love and strife,
 God's thought, made cons'ious through man's mortal
 life,
 Resumes through death the eternal unity.

Adventante Deo

L I F T up your heads, gates of my heart, unfold
 Your portals to salute the King of kings !
 Behold Him come, borne on cherubi' wings
 Engrained with crimson eyes and grail of gold !
 Before His path the thunder-'louds withhold
 Their stormy pinions, and the desert sings :
 He from His lips divine and forehead flings
 Sunlight of pea'e unfathomed, bliss untold.
 O soul, faint soul, disquieted how long !
 Lift up thine eyes, for lo, thy Lord is near,
 Lord of all loveliness and strength and song,
 The Lord who brings heart-sadness better cheer,
 Scattering those midnight dreams that dote on wrong,
 Purging with heaven's pure rays love's atmosphere 1

An Invocation

TO God, the everlasting, who abides,
One Life within things infinite that die:
To Him whose unity no thought divides:
Whose breath is breathed through immensity.

Him neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard ;
Nor reason, seated in the souls of men,
Though pondering oft on the mysterious word,
Hath e'er revealed His Being to mortal ken.

Earthchanges, and the starry wheels roll round ;
The seasons come and go, moons wax and wane;
The nations rise and fall, and fill the ground,
Storing the sure results of joy and pain :

Slow knowledge widens toward a perfe't whole,
From that first man who named the name of heaven,
To him who weighs the planets as they roll,
And knows what laws to every life are given.

Yet He appears not. Round the extreme sphere
Of s'ience still thin ether floats unseen :
Darkness still wraps Him round ; and ignorant fear
Remains of what we aie, and what have been.

Only we feel Him ; and in aching dreams,
Swift intuitions, pangs of keen delight,
The sudden vision of His glory seems
To sear our souls, dividing the dull night :

And we yearn toward Him. Beauty, Goodness, Truth ;
 These three are one ; one life, one thought, one being ;
 One source of still rejuvenescent youth ;
 One light for endless and unclouded seeing.

Mere symbols we perceive—the dying beauty,
 The partial truth that few can comprehend,
 The vaillating faith, the painful duty,
 The virtue labouring to a dubious end,

O God, unknown, invisible, secure,
 Whose being by dim resemblances we guess,
 Who in man's fear and love abidest sure,
 Whose power we feel in darkness and confess !

Without Thee nothing is, and Thou art nought
 When on Thy substance we gaze curiously:
 By Thee impalpable, named For ever and Thought,
 The solid world still ceases not to be.

Lead Thou me God, Law, Reason, Duty, Life !
 All names for Thee alike are vain and hollow—
 Lead me, for I will follow without strife ;
 Or, if I strive, still must I blindly follow.

ELLEN MARY CLERKE

The Building and Pinnacle of the Temple

NOT made with hands, its walls began to climb
 From roots in Life's foundations deeply set,
 Far down amid primæval forms, where yet
 Creation's Finger seemed to grope in slime.
 Yet not in vain passed those first-born of Time,
 Since each some presage gave of structure met
 In higher types, lest these the bond forget
 That links Earth's latest to the fore-world's prime
 And living stone on living stone was laid,
 In scale ascending ever, grade on grade,
 To that which in its Maker's eyes seemed good—
 The Human Form : and in that shrine of thought,
 By the long travail of the ages wrought,
 The Temple of the In'arnation stood.

Through all the ages sin'e the primal ray,
 Herald of life, first smote the abysmal night
 Of elemental Chaos, and the might
 Of the Creative Spark informed the clay,
 From worm to brute, from brute to man—its way
 The Shaping Thought took upward, flight on flight,
 By stages which Earth's loftiest unite
 Unto her least, made kin to such as they.
 As living link, or prophe'y, or type
 Of purpose for fulfilment yet unripe,
 Ea'h has its ni'he in the supreme design ;
 Converging to one Pinna'le, whereat
 Sole stands Creation's Masterpie'e—and tl
 Which was through her—the Human made Divine.

HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER

1840-1887

Fromc Liber Amorisc

I

OH, there are moments in man's mortal years
 When for an instant that whichlong has lain
 Beyond our reach is on a sudden found
 In things of smallestcompass, and we hold
 The unbounded shut in one small minute's spa'e,
 And worlds within the hollow of our hand,—
 A world of musi' in one word of love,
 A world of love in one qui'k wordless look,
 A world of thought in one transl'u'ent phrase,
 A world of memory in one mournfulchord,
 A world of sorrow in one little song.
 Su'h moments are man's holiest,—the divine
 And first-sown seeds of Love's eternity.
 And such were those last moments when I sat
 Beside my long-lost friend, soft-laid again
 In what no longer was his lair of death,
 But now his bed of glory. Life, all life,
 Its terrors and its tumults and its tears,
 Its hopes, its agonies and its e'stases,
 Its nights of sorrow and its dawns of joy,
 Its visionary raptures and its dull
 Death-darkened hours, its longings, losses, gains,
 Curses andcries and lamentations loud,
 Sins, frenzies, and despairs, the monstrous births
 Of thought and a'tion groping for the light,
 The false, the true, the night's red underworld
 Of nadir darkness, and the zenith stars
 Lost in their spherall musi' beating time
 To every heart that hates or loves or mourns,—

These now were one, and I was one with these,
 And these with me through Love's transfusing power
 That passed upon me then. There as we sat,—
 My brother and I, my brother made anew,
 My brother thrice made mine, for ever mine,
 Made one and equal with me through Love's might,—
 We felt all space was ours, all time was ours ;
 We were as those that reign above the worlds ;
 And in our souls we saw the light round which All multiformal things,
 The many sing as one. And we were one,
 Calm-seated in the heaven that overflows
 With the world's musc' of perpetual peace.

II

And then I thought that He whom we name God
 Was not perhaps some unit of cold thought
 Such as Greek sages gave to Christian saints,
 A primal number, lone, creationless;
 But now He came to me, as oft before,
 The everlasting Twofold, ever one,
 The man and woman still inseparable.
 And as the absolute can never live
 Without its relative ; as silent spa'e
 Knows nothing, never sees or hears itself
 Without time's measuring musi' ; as cold form
 Lies blind and blank till colour comes with kiss
 And warmth outpoured upon it, such as on'e
 Elisha poured upon the lifeless child,—
 So God was now no longer unto me
 A lonely mas'uline might above the worlds,
But as the man and woman, twofold life,
 Its married Law and Love, and these were one.

And from their wedded love sprang forth achild,
 Their first-begotten-son, whose name was Love,—
 Love their great heir, the lord of life and death,
 The holder of the keys to all we know
 And all the secrets of the unsear'hable,
 Thechali'e-bearer of the world's life-wine,
 Bringer of light and steersman of the stars.

HARRIET ELEANOR HAMILTON-KING

b. 1840

The Bride Relu'tant

LEAVE the roman'e before the end ;
 Leave the late roses to their fall;
 Dismiss the nurselings thou dost tend ;

I hear another, closercall.cTis I, thy Guardian, give thee word,
 Thy Bridegroom seeketh thee, O sweet!
 Thy Bridegroomcomes,—His step I heard—
 Within thychamber thee to meet.'

' Another day, another time !
 'Tis pleasant in the outer room ;
 I love the airy summerclime,
 And not the innerchamber's gloom.
 And this year's roses will notcome
 Again ; but betwixt us the bond
 Is fixed, and fast, and wearisome;
 For one is fi'kle, one is fond.'

' Come to thychamber, for He stands
 Tearful, and seeking only thee;
 With ravished eyes, and outstret'hed hands,
 And Hecommands resistlessly.

Come to thychamber, though it be
 Narrow, and dark, and full of pain ;
 He paid a heavy pri'e for thee,
 And can He let thee go again ?'

' My Bridegroom's bed is cold and hard,
 My Bridegroom's kiss is i'e and fire,
 My Bridegroom's clasp is iron-barred,
 I am consumed in His desire:
 My Bridegroom's tou'h is as a sword
 That pier'es every nerve and limb;
 " Depart from me," I moan, " O Lord ! "
 All the night long I spend with Him.'

' Oh ! heart of woman holdeth not
 The passion of His love for thee ;
 He sees thee perfe't, without spot,
 Crowned with celestial jewelry.
 The doors of Heaven could not hold
 His feet from hasting to thy side ;
 The ardours of the Suns are cold
 To His for thee, His hard-won bride.'

' Rather am I His bondmaiden,
 Compelled by law and not by love.
 Oh, would I were enfran'hised ; then
 With wings of silver, like a dove—
 Then would I flee, past heaven's far bound,
 The unendurable embra'e;
 Then would I hide in earth's profound
 From the strange terror of His Fa'e ! c

' Enter, to keep thy Bridegroom's tryst !
 Liking or loth I thee have led :
 He is thine own, albeit He wist
 That thy half-hearted love was dead.

What though His Bride with Him must share
 A cou'h of thorns without repose ?
 Thousands this moment death would dare
 To know one word of all she knows.'

' I pine, on haunted hills to muse,
 To face the open sunrise skies ;
 I pine for friends that I mightchoose ;
 I pine for littlechildren's eyes ;
For free and fearless limbs—to move
 Breasting the wave, breasting the breeze :
 But jealous love is cruel love,
 And He denies me all of these.'

' Child, take thy roses, take thy toys,
 Take ba'k thy life and liberty ;
 Thy days shall flow in simple joys,
 And undisturbed thy nights shall be.
 Thy Bridegroom does thee no more wrong,
 Poorchild, the vi'tim of His Heart :
 Look but on Him on'e more,—one long
 Last look, and then from Him depart.

' Farewell—one look. But oh ! this lone
 Bare desert, where I might be free !
 Thy Fa'e I see—Thy Fa'e, my own,
 And naught in heaven or earth but Thee !
 But O my Lord, my Life, my Love,
 Thou knowest all my weakness best ;
 Take ba'k into the ark Thy dove,
And comfort me upon Thy breast !'

Fromc The Dis'iplesc

WE suffer. Why we suffer,—that is hid
 With God's foreknowledge in the clouds of Heaven.
 The first book written sends that humancry
 Out of the clear Chaldean pasture-lands
 Down fortycenturies ; and no answer yet
 Is found, nor will be found, while yet we live
 In limitations of Humanity.
 But yet one thought has often stayed by me
 In the night-wat'hes, which has brought at least
 The patien'e for the hour, and made the pain
 No more a burden which I groaned to leave,
 But something pre'ious which I feared to lose.
 —How shall I show it, but by parables ?

The s'ulptor, with his Psy'he's wings half-hewn.
 May close his eyes in weariness, and wake
 To meet the white cold clay of his ideal
 Flushed into beating life, and singing down
 The ways of Paradise. The husbandman
 May leave the golden fruitage of his groves
 Ungarnered, and upon the Tree of Life
 Will find a ri'her harvest waiting him.
 The soldier dying thinks upon his bride,
 And knows his arms shall never clasp her more,
 Until he first the fa'e of his unborn child
 Behold in heaven : for ea'h and all of life,
 In every phase of a'tion, love, and joy,
 There is fulfilment only elsewhere.—

But if, impatient, thou let slip thy cross,
 Thou wilt not find it in this world again,
 Nor in another; here, and here alone
 Is given thee to suffer for God's sake.

In other worlds we shall more perfectly
 Serve Him and love Him, praise Him, work for Him,
 Grow near and nearer Him with all delight ;
 But then we shall not any more becalled
 To suffer, which is our appointment here.
 Canst thou not suffer then one hour,—or two ?
 If He should call thee from thy cross to-day,
 Saying, It is finished !—that hard cross of thine
 From which thou prayest for deliverance,
 Thinkest thou not some passion of regret
 Would over'come thee ? Thou wouldst say, So soon ?
 Let me go back, and suffer yet awhile
 More patiently ; — I have not yet praised God.'
 And He might answer to thee,—' Never more.
 All pain is done with.' Whensoever it comes,
 That summons that we look for, it will seem
 Soon, yea too soon. Let us take heed in time
 That God may now be glorified in us ;
 And while we suffer, let us set our souls
 To suffer perfectly : since this alone,
 The suffering, which is this world's special grace,
 May here be perfected and left behind.

—But in obedience and humility ;—
 Waiting on God's hand, not forestalling it.
 Seek not to snatch presumptuously the palm
 By self-election ; poison not thy wine
 With bitter herbs if He has made it sweet ;
 Nor rob God's treasures because the key
 Is easy to be turned by mortal hands.
 The gifts of birth, death, genius, suffering,
 Are all for His hand only to bestow.
 Receive thy portion, and be satisfied.
 Who crowns himself a king is not the more

Royal; nor he who mars himself with stripes
The more partaker of the Cross of Christ.

But if Himself Hecome to thee, and stand
Beside thee, gazing down on thee with eyes
That smile, and suffer ; that will smite thy heart,
With their own pity, to a passionate peace ;
And reach to thee Himself the Holy Cup
(With all its wreathen stems of passion-flowers
And quivering sparkles of the ruby stars),
Pallid and royal, sayingc Drink with M e ;
Wilt thou refuse ? Nay, not for Paradise !
The pale brow willcompel thee, the pure hands
Will minister unto thee; thou shalt take
Of thatcommunion through the solemn depths
Of the dark waters of thine agony,
With heart that praises Him, that yearns to Him
Thecloser through that hour. Hold fast His hand,
Though the nails pierce thine too ! take onlcare
Lest one drop of the sacramental wine
Be spilled, of that whichever shall unite
Thee, soul and body to thy living Lord !

Therefore gird up thyself, andcome, to stand
Unflinching under the unfaltering hand,
That waits to prove thee to the uttermost.
It were not hard to suffer by His hand,
If thoucouldst see His face ;—but in the dark !
That is the one last trial:—be it so.
Christ was forsaken, so must thou be too:
Howcouldst thou suffer but in seeming, else ?
Thou wilt not see the fa'e nor feel the hand,
Only thecruelcrushing of the feet,
When through the bitter night the Lordcomes down
To tread the winepress.—Not by sight, but faith,
Endure, endure,—be faithful to the end !

SARAH WILLIAMS

1841-1863

Deep-sea Soundings

MARINER, what of the deep ? This of the deep :
Twilight is there, and solemn, changeless calm ;
Beauty is there, and tender healing balm—
Balm with no root in earth, or air, or sea,
Poised by the finger of God, it floateth free,
And, as it threads the waves, the sound doth rise,—
Hither shall come no further sacrifice ;
Never again the anguished clutch at life,
Never again great Love and Death in strife ;
He who hath suffered all, need fear no more,
Quiet his portion now, for evermore.

Mariner, what of the deep ?

This of the deep :

Solitude dwells not there, though silence reign ;
Mighty the brotherhood of loss and pain;
There is communion past the need of speech,
There is a love no words of love can reach ;
Heavy the waves that superincumbent press,
But as we labour here with constant stress,
Hand doth hold out to hand not help alone,
But the deep bliss of being fully known.
There are no kindred like the kin of sorrow,
There is no hope like theirs who fear no morrow.

Mariner, what of the deep ?

This of the deep:

**Though we have travelled past the line of day,
Glory of night doth light us on our way,**

Radian'e that comes we know not how nor whence,
 Rainbows without the rain, past duller sense,
 Musi' of hidden reefs and waves long past,
 Thunderous organ tones from far-off blast,
 Harmony, vi'trix, throned in state sublime,
 Couched on the wrecks be-gemmed with pearls of time;
 Never a wreck but brings some beauty here ;
 Down where the waves are stilled the sea shines clear ;
 Deeper than life the plan of life doth lie,
 He who knows all, fears naught. Great Death shall die.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

1841-1901

The Tree of Life

THE Master said : c I have planted the Seed of a Tree,
 It shall be strangely fed
 With white dew and with red,
 And the Gardeners shall be three—
 Regret, Hope, Memory !c

The Master smiled :
 For the Seed that He had set
 Broke presently thro' the mould,
 With a glimmer of green and gold,
 And the Angels' eyes were wet -
 Hope, Memory, Regret'

The Master cried : c It liveth—breatheth—see !
 Its soft lips open wide—
 It looks from side to side—
 How strange they gleam on me,
 The little dim eyes of the Tree !'

The Master said :

' After a million years,
The Seed I set and fed
To itself hath gathered
All the world's smiles and tears—
How mighty it appears !'

The Master said :

' At last, at last, I see
A Blossom, a Blossom o' red
From the heart of the Tree is shed.
'Tis fairer certainly
Than the Tree, or the leaves of the Tree

The Master cried :

' O Angels, that guard the Tree,
A Blossom, a Blossom divine
Grows on this greenwood of mine :
What may this Blossom be ?
Name this Blossom to me !'

The Master smiled ;

For the Angels answered thus :c Our tears have nourish'd
We have given it a name

That seemeth fit to us—
We have called it *Spiritus*.'

The Master said :

' This Flower no Seed shall bear ;
But hither on a day
My beautiful Son shall stray,
And shall snatch it unaware,
And wreath it in his hair.'

The Master smiled :

' The Tree shall never bear—
Seedless shall perish the Tree,
But the Flower my Son's shall be;
He will pluck the Flower and wear,
Till it withers in his hair !'

Fromc The City of Dream'

THE Woof that I weave not
Thou wearest and weavest,
The Thought Iconceive not
Thou darklycon'eivest;
The wind and the rain,
The night and the morrow,
The rapture of pain
Fading slowly to sorrow,
The dream and the deed,
The calm and the storm,
The flower and the seed,
Are thy Thought and thy Form.
I die, yet depart not,
I am bound, yet soar free,
Thou art and thou art not,
And ever shalt be !

Fromc The City of Dreamc

The Man

YONDER the veil'd Musi'ian sits, His feet
Upon the pedals of dark formless suns,
His fingers on the radiant spheric keys,
His face, that it is death to look upon,

Misted with incense rising nebulous
 Out of abysmalchaos andcohering
 Into the golden flames of Life and Being!
 And underneath his touch Musi' itself
 Grows living, heard as far as thoughtcancreep
 Or dreamcan soar ; or that Creation stirs,
 And drinks the sound, and sings !—So far away
 He sits, the Mystery, wrapt for ever round
 With brightness and with awe and melody ;
 Yet even here, on these low-lying shores,
 Lower than is the footstool of His throne,
 We hear Him and adore Him, nay,can feel
 His breath as vapour round our mouths, inhaling
 That soul within the soul whereby we live
 From that divine for-ever-beating Heart
 Which thrills the universe with Light and Love !

The Pilgrim

So far away He dwells, my soul indeed
 Scarcely discerns Him, and in sooth I seek
 A gentler presence and a nearer Friend.

The Man

So far ? O blind, He broods beside thee now
 Here in this silence, with His eyes on thine !
 O deaf, His voi'e is whispering in thine ears
 Soft as the breathing of the slumberous seas !

The Pilgrim

I see not and I hear not ; but I see
 Thine eyes burn dimly, like acorpse-light seen
 Fli'kering amidst the tempest ; and I hear
 Only the elemental grief and pain
 Out of whose shadow I wouldcreep for ever.

The Man

Thou canst not, brother ; for these, too, are God !

The Pilgrim

How ? Is my God, then, as a homeless ghost
Blown this way, that way, with the elements ?

The Man

He is without thee, and within thee too ;
Thy living breath, and that which drinks thy breath :
Thy being, and the bliss beyond thy being.

The Pilgrim

So near, so far ? He shapes the farthest sun
New-glimmering on the farthest fringe of spa'e,
Yet stoops and with a leaf-light finger-tou'h
Rea'hes my heart and makes it come and go !

The Man

Yea ; and He is thy heart within thy heart,
And thou a portion of His Heart Divine !

JAMES RHOADES

O Soul of Mine !

AGAIN that Voice, which on my listening ears
Falls like star-musi' filtering through the spheres :
' Know this, O Man, sole root of sin in thee
Is *not* to know thine own divinity !'

And the Voi'e said :
' Awake, thou drunken and yet not with wine I
Arise and shine !
Uplift thee from the dead !

Cast off the clinging ceremonies of sin
 Fool-sense hath swathed thee in !
 Though drugged and dulled
 With every evil anodyne
 From the rank soil of the world's waste-heap culled,
 Thou crown and pattern of the eternal Plan,
 Awake, O Soul of Man !
 O Soul of Mine,
 Awake, I say, and know thyself divine 1

' Behold, behold !
 Thou art not that thou deemest,
 Or to thy fellows seemest
 In death-bound body hearsed :
 But, like a silver summit
 Enshrouded
 And o'er-'louded
 With earth-born vapour vainest,
 So gross no eye may plumb it,
 E'en as of old
 From out My Heart all-seeing—
 Ere yet in body dressed,
 Best of the best,
 And of most holy holiest—
 Thou soared'st into being,
 So, godlike as at first
 I made thee, thou remainest.

' What look of wonder dawns within thine eyes,
 O soul of Mine ?
 Hast utterly forgot from whence art risen ?
 That essence rare can walls of space imprison,
 Or time with dull decrepitude surprise ?

Nay now
From everychain thy self hath forged for thee
Thy Selfcan set thee free :
Let the sea burn,
Let fire to water turn,
But thou
Cleave to thy birthright and thy Royal Line !

' For lo ! thou hast within thee to dispel
This haunting hell
Of error-teemed night
That hides thy height,
And the dread rumour and malefi' breath
Of thy doomed enemy, Death,
Whose birth-lair, ignoran'e, like a stagnant pool,
Of its a''ursed kind
Breeds ague of unfaith, and terrors blind
Hat'hed in the darkened hollows of the mind ;
When'e too arise
Hallu'inations, lurid phantasies,
And gross desires, with every vi'e that springs
From false imaginings,
And vain relian'e upon visible things—
The mad misrule
Ofcreeds and deeds idolatrous, whereof
Love were sworn hater, an she were not Love.

' These in their hidden dens
Behoves thee with pure thoughts tocleave orcleanse,
Aye, and unmask thosecounterfeits of bliss,
Whi'h to believe thy deep undoing is—
Joys whichbut lure to leave thee,
And leave to grieve thee,

Not of the fine-spun stuff
That from the eternal spool
 My Hands would weave thee !
 Enough, enough !
How long shall they deceive thee,
 And thou still dote
Importuning high Heaven
 That more be given
Withcries monotonous as the wry-ne'k's note ?

 ' Such pleasures and such pain
 Alike are vain.
Not while the chords of thought are keyed to these
 Shalt thou find rest or ease,
Seeing that thyself art tuned eternally
 To That which only is without alloy
 Pure Life and Joy.
Ah ! would thy throbbing shell
Awake the Spirit's whispered harmonies,
 Bethink thee well
That every trembling hidden string must be
 Vibrant of Me
Who am the Truth, and at thy centre dwell—
The very Breath of God made visible !
 For know the myriad miseries of mankind,
 And the long reign of sin,
Came but of questing outward, for to find
 That which abides within.

 ' But what hast thou to do with sinning,
 O Soul of Mine,
 Or what with dying,
 Sorrow and sighing,
Who hast nor ending nor beginning,

Nor power from thy perfection to decline ?—

Whocanst not guess

From the gaunt shadowcast

On folly's fog-belt, but shalt learn at last,

Thine own inalienable loveliness ;

Whom sinless, deathless, Icreated

Of elements so fine,

That with my Being sated,

In glorious garments dight

Of Life and Light,

Lowly, yet unafraid,

With an eternity of joy suffi'ed,

The Spirit's Self might love thee

And brood above thee,

Pure Maid

And Mother of the indwelling Christ !

' Hereby thoucomest at last unto thine own,

The Heaven of Heaven !

Self-wittingly at one

With Him who hath the Universe for throne,

Who wieldeth the stars seven ;

Who only is

The Mystery of Mysteries

Ineffable, My Son,

My sole-begotten ere the worlds began,

Made manifest as Man.

' And the grim Nothingness thou namest Death,

With all his shadowy peers—

Angers, and lusts, and fears—

The whichso long against thy peace did plot,

Shall be remembered not,

Or, shrivelling at a breath,

Be known as naught ;
 Yea, that they never were
 Save in the realm of things that but appear,
 Creations of thine unillumined thought.

' Then deem not Heaven a place,
 As thought were measurable in terms of sense—
 Length, breadth, cir'umferen'e,
 Or spread throughout illimitable space.

It is the enthronization of the soul
 Upon the heights of Being ; it is to know ;
 It is the rapture that I AM is so,
 Whatever clouds of ignoran'e up-roll.

It is the joy of joys,
 To thrill co-operant with the primal cause
 Of the unswerving laws
 Which hold in everlasting equipoise

Those balances of God,
 The visible and invisible Universe ;
 Wherein, couldst thou but measure with His rod-----
 With undistorted sight

Couldst read aright—
 Nor better is, nor worse,

But only best ; 'Tis from thy centre to thine utmost bound
 To feel that thou hast found—

That thou too art
 From all to all eternity a part
 Of that which never was in speech expressed,
 The unresting Order which is more than rest.

' Who is he prate of Original Sin ?

I am thine Origin,
And I thy Kingdom waiting thee within !

Seek Me, and thou hast found it,
My seas of Life surround it,
My Love's o'er-ar'hing splendour
Forcanopy hathcrowned it.
All that nor' eye nor ear
Can hear or see
Lies stored within its boundless empery.
Not there, O Soul of Mine,
Shalt thou surrender,
Torn from thy tortured breast,
Those whom thou heldest here
In bonds so tender.
Deathcannot quell
Their residue divine.
Seek, then, within, but spurn the unhallowed spell:
In light unutterable alive they shine,
Leave thou to Me the rest !
Have I not said ?
And shall not they that mourn becomforted ?

' Yet these for whom thou pinest,
Thy dearest and divinest,
Are but rills from out the river
Of the all-and-only Giver :
Why tarry, then, thy thirst in Him to slake
Who flowed through earthenchannels for thy sake,
From death-drought to deliver ?
Hadst thou but eyes for seeing
The wells of thine own being,
What draughts of living water wouldst thou take !

' Ever, then, singly, and all aims above,—
For That I AM is thine,—
Think Oneness, and think Worship, and think Love ;

The which, translated to thine outward need
 (Sith every thought must still creative prove),
 Shall limn their likeness with invisible hand—
 As the sea-ripples write them on the sand—
 In bodily form and deed.
 So shalt thou make for thine eternal Meed ;
 So shalt thou fashion thee, O Soul of Mine,
 A glorious shrine
 Wherein to house thee, and wherethrough to shine—
 Or here, or in My Mansionscrystalline—
 Serenely changeless, dazzlingly divine ! c

Fromc Out of the Silen'e'

LO ! in the vigils of the night, ere sped
The first bright arrows from the Orient shed,
 The heart of Silen'e trembled into sound,
 And out of Vastness came a Voi'e, which said :

I AM alone ; thou only art in Me :
 I am the stream of Life that flows through thee :
 I comprehend all substan'e, fill all spa'e :
 I am pure Being, by whom all things be.

I am thy Dawn, from darkness to release :
 I am the Deep, wherein thy sorrows cease :
 Be still ! be still ! and know that I am God ;
 A'quaint thyself with Me, and be at pea'e !

I am the Silence that is more than sound :
 If therewithin thou lose thee, thou art fou .
 The stormless, shoreless Ocean, which is **I**—
Thou canst not breathe, but in its bosom drowned.

I am all Love : there is naught else but I:
I am all Power : the rest is phantasy :
Evil, and anguish, sorrow, death, and hell—
These are the fear-flung shadows of a lie.

Arraign not Mine Omnipoten'e, to say
That aught beside in earth or heaven hath sway !
The powers of darkness are not : that which is
Abideth : these but vaunt them for a day.

Know thou thyself : as thou hast learned of Me,
I made thee three in one, and one in three—
Spirit and Mind and Form, immortal Whole,
Divine and undivided Trinity.

Seek not to break the triple bond assigned :
Mind sees by Spirit : Body moves by Mind :
Divor'ed from Spirit, both way-wildered fall—
Leader and led, the blindfold and the blind.

Look not without thee : thou hast that within,
Makes whole thy si'kness, impotent thy sin :
Survey thy for'es, rally to thyself :
That which thou would'st not hath no power to win.

I, God, enfold thee like an atmosphere :
Thou to thyself wert never yet more near :
Think not to shun Me : whither would'st thou fly ?
Nor go **not** hen'e to seek Me : I am here.

FREDERICK WILLIAM HENRY MYERS

Sunrise

LOOK, O blinded eyes and burning,
 Think, O heart amazed with yearning,
 Is it yet beyond thine earning,
 That delight that was thine all ?—
 Wilful eyes and undis'erning,
 Heart ashamed of bitter learning,
 It is flown beyond returning,
 It is lost beyond recall.

Who with prayers has overtaken
 Those glad hours when he would waken
 To the sound of bran'hes shaken
 By an early song and wild,—
 When the golden leaves would fli'ker,
 And the loving thoughts come thicker,
 And the thrill of life beat quicker
 In the sweet heart of the child ?

Yet my soul, tho' thou forsake her,
 Shall adore thee, till thou take her,
 In the morning, O my Maker,
 For thine oriflamme unfurled :
 For the lambs beneath their mothers
 For the bliss that is another's,
 For the beauty of my brothers,
 For the wonder of the world.

From above us and from under,
 In the ocean and the thunder,
 Thou preludest to the wonder
 Of the Paradise to be :
 For a moment we may guess thee
 From thy creatures that confess thee
 When the morn and even bless thee,
 And thy smile is on the sea.

Then from something seen or heard,
 Whether forests softly stirred,
 Or the speaking of a word,
 Or the singing of a bird,
 Cares and sorrows cease :
 For a moment on the soul
 Falls the rest that maketh whole,
 Falls the endless pea'e.

O the hush from earth's annoys !
 O the heaven, O the joys
 Su'h as priest and singing-boys
 Cannot sing or say !
 There is no more pain and crying,
 There is no more death and dying,
 As for sorrow and for sighing,—
 These shall flee away.

A Cosmi' Outlook

BACKWARD!—beyond this momentary woe!—
 Thine was the world's dim dawn, the prime emprise ;
 Eternal aeons gaze thro' these sad eyes,
 And all the empyreal sphere hath shaped thee so.
 Nay ! all is living, all is plain to know !
 This rock has drunk the ray from ancient skies ;
 Strike ! and the sheen of that remote sunrise
 Gleams in the marble's unforgetful glow.
 Thus hath thecosmi' light endured the same
 Ere first that ray from Sun to Sirius flew ;
 Aye, and in heaven I heard the mystic Name
 Sound, and a breathing of the Spirit blew ;
 Lit the long Past, bade shine the slumbering flame
 And all the Cosmorama blaze anew.

Onward ! thro' baffled hope, thro' bootless prayer,
 With strength that sinks, with high task half begun,
 Things great desired, things lamentable done,
 Vows writ in water, blows that beat the air.
 On ! I have guessed the end ; the end is fair.
 Not with these weak limbs is thy last race run ;
 Not all thy vision sets with this low sun ;
 Not all thy spirit swoons in this despair.
 Look how thine own soul, throned where all is well,
 Smiles to regard thy days disconsolate ;
 Yea ; since herself she wove the worldly spell,
 Doomed thee for lofty gain to low estate ;—
 Sown with thy fall a seed of glory fell ;
 Thy heaven is in thee, and thy will thy fate.

Inward ! aye, deeper far than love or scorn,
 Deeper than bloom of virtue, stain of sin,
 Rend thou the veil and pass alone within,
 Stand naked there and feel thyself forlorn !
 Nay ! in what world, then, Spirit, wast thou born ?
 Or to what World-Soul art thou entered in ?
 Feel the Self fade, feel the great life begin,
 With Love re-rising in thecosmi' morn.
 The inward ardour yearns to the inmost goal ;
 The endless goal is one with the endless way ;
 From every gulf the tides of Being roll,
 From every zenith burns the indwelling day;
 And life in Life has drowned thee and soul in Soul;
 And these are God, and thou thyself art they.

Fromc Saint Paulc

LO as some bard on isles of the Aegean
 Lovely and eager when the earth was young,
 Burning to hurl his heart into a paeon,
 Praise of the hero from whose loins he sprung ;—

He, I suppose, with such acare tocarry,
 Wandered dis'onsolate and waited long,
 Smiting his breast, wherein the notes would tarry,
 Chiding the slumber of the seed of song :

Then in the sudden glory of a minute
 Airy and ex'ellent the proemcame,
 Rending his bosom, for a god was in it,
 Waking the seed, for it had burst in flame.

So even I athirst for his inspiring,
 I who have talked with Him forget again,
 Yes, many days with sobs and with desiring
 Offer to God a patience and a pain ;

Then thro' the midcomplaint of myconfession,
 Then thro' the pang and passion of my prayer,
 Leaps with a start the sho'k of his possession,
 Thrills me and tou'hes, and the Lord is there.

Lo if some pen should write upon your rafter
 Mene and mene in the folds of flame,
 Think youcould any memories thereafter
 Wholly retra'e thecouplet as itcame ?

Lo if some strange intelligible thunder
 Sang to the earth the se'ret of a star,
 S'ar'ecould yecat'h, for terror and for wonder,
 Shreds of the story that was pealed so far :—

S'ar'ely Icat'h the words of his revealing,
 Hardly I hear Him, dimly understand,
 Only the Power that is within me pealing
 Lives on my lips and be'kons to my hand.

Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest
 Cannotconfound nor doubt Him nor deny :
 Yea with one voi'e, O world, tho' thou deniest,
 Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving
 Pours in the rain and rushes from the sod,
 Rather than he for whom the greatcon'eiving
 Stirs in his soul to qui'ken into God.

Aye, tho' thou then shouldst strike him from his glory
 Blind and tormented, maddened and alone,
 Even on the cross would he maintain his story,
 Yes and in hell would whisper, I have known.

A Last Appeal

O SOMEWHERE, somewhere, God unknown,
 Exist and be !
 I am dying ; I am all alone ;
 I must have Thee !

God ! God ! my sense, my soul, my all,
 Dies in the cry :—
 Saw'st thou the faint star flame and fall ?
 Ah ! it was I ,

EDWARD DOWDEN

1843-1913

By the Window

STILL deep into the West I gazed ; the light
 Clear, spiritual, tranquil as a bird c
 Wide-winged that soars on the smooth gale and sleeps,
 Was it from sun far-set or moon unrisen ?
 Whether from moon, or sun, or angel's face
 It held my heart from motion, stayed my blood,
 Betrayed each rising thought to quiet death
 Along the blind charm'd way to nothingness,
 Lull'd the last nerve that ached. It was a sky
 Made for a man to waste his will upon,

To be received as wiser than all toil,
 And much more fair. And what was strife of men i
 And what was time ?

Then came a certain thing.
 Are intimations for the elected soul
 Dubious, obscure, of unauthenti' power
 Since ghostly to the intellectualeyeye,
 Shapeless to thinking ? Nay, but are not we
 Servile to words and an usurping brain,
 Infidels of our own high mysteries,
 Until the senses thicken and lose the world,
 Until the imprisoned soul forgets to see,
 And spreads blind fingers forth to reach the day,
 Which once drank light, and fed on angels' food ?

It happened swiftly, came and straight was gone.

One standing on some aery balcony
 And looking down upon a swarmingcrowd,
 Sees one man beckon to him with finger-tip
 While eyes meet eyes ; he turns and looks again—
 The man is lost, and the crowd sways and swarms.
 Shall such an one say, Thusctis proved a dream,
 And no hand be'koned, no eyes met my own ?
 Neither can I say this. There was a hint,
 A thrill, a summons faint yet absolute,
 Whi'h ran a'ross the West; the sky was tou'h'd,
 And failed not to respond. Do's a hand pass
 Lightly a'ross your hair ? you feel it pass
 Not half so heavy as acobweb's weight,
 Although you never stir ; so felt the sky
 Not unaware of the Presen'e, so my soul
 S'ar'e less aware. And if I cannot say

The meaning and monition, words are weak
Which will not paint the small wing of a moth,
Nor bear a subtile odour to the brain,
And much less serve the soul in her large needs.
I cannot tell the meaning, but a change
Was wrought in me ; it was not the one man
Who came to the luminous window to gaze forth,
And who moved ba'k into the darkened room
With awe upon his heart and tender hope ;
From some deep well of life tears rose ; the throng
Of dusty cares, hopes, pleasures, prides fell off,
And from a sa'red solitude I gazed
Deep, deep into the liquid eyes of Life.

Awakening

WITH brain o'erworn, with heart a summerclod,
With eye so pra'tised in ea'h form around,—
And all forms mean,—to glan'e above the ground
Irks it, ea'h day of many days we plod,
Tongue-tied and deaf, along life's common road.
But suddenly, we know not how, a sound
Of living streams, an odour, a flowercrowned
With dew, a lark upspringing from the sod,
And we awake. O joy and deep amaze !
Beneath the everlasting hills we stand,
We hear the voi'es of the morning seas,
And earnest prophesyings in the land,
While from the open heaven leans forth at gaze
The en'ompassing greatcloud of witnesses.

Communion

LORD, I have knelt and tried to pray to-night,
 But Thy love came upon me like a sleep,
 And all desire died out ; upon the deep
 Of Thy mere love I lay, each thought in light
 Dissolving like the sunset clouds, at rest
 Ea'h tremulous wish, and my strength weakness, sweet
 As a si'k boy with soon o'rwearied feet
 Finds, yielding him unto his mother's breast
 To weep for weakness there. I could not pray,
 But with closed eyes I felt Thy bosom's love
 Beating toward mine, and then I would not move
 Till of itself the joy should pass away ;
 At last my heart found voi'e,— ' Take me, O Lord,
 And do with me a'ording to Thy word.'

A New Hymn fit Solitude

I FOUND Thee in my heart, O Lord,
 As in some se'ret shrine ;
 I knelt, I waited for Thy word,
 I joyed to name Thee mine.

I feared to give myself away
 To that or this ; beside
 Thy altar on my fa'e Llay,
 And in strong need I cried.

Those hours are past. Thou art not mine,
 And therefore I rejoi'e,
 I wait within no holy shrine,
 I faint not for the voi'e.

In Thee we live ; and every wind
 Of heaven is Thine ; blown free
 To west, to east, the God unshrined
 Is still discovering me.

The Secret of the Universe

AN ODE

(By a Western Spinning Dervish)

I SPIN, I spin, around, around,
 And close my eyes,
 And let the bile arise
 From the sa'red region of the soul's Profound ;
 Then gaze upon the world ; how strange ! how new !
 The earth and heaven are one,
 The horizon-line is gone,
 The sky how green I the land how fair and blue !
 Perplexing items fade from my large view,
 And thought which vexed me with its false and true
 Is swallowed up in Intuition ; this,
 This is the sole true mode
 Of reaching God,
 And gaining the universal synthesis
 Whi'h makes All—One ; while fools with peering eyes
 Disse't, divide, and vainly analyse.
 So round, and round, and round again !
 How the whole globe swells within my brain,
 The stars inside my lids appear,
 The murmur of the spheres I hear
 Throbbing and beating in ea'h ear ;
 Right in my navel I can feel
The centre of the world's great wheel.

Ah peace divine, bliss dear and deep,
 No stay, no stop,
 Like any top
 Whirling with swiftest speed, I sleep.
 O ye devout ones round mecoming,
 Listen ! I think that I am humming ;
 No utteran'e of the servile mind
 With poorchop-logi' rules agreeing
 Here shall ye find,
 But inarti'ulate burr of man's unsundered being.
 Ah,could we but devise some plan,
 Some patent ja'k by whicha man
 Might hold himself ever in harmony
 With the great whole, and spin perpetually,
 As all things spin
 Without, within,
 As Time spins off into Eternity,
 And Spa'e into the inane Immensity,
 And the Finite into God's Infinity,
 Spin, spin, spin, spin.

The Initiation

UNDER the flaming wings of cherubim
 I moved toward that high altar. O, the hour !
 And the light waxed intenser, and the dim
 Low edges of the hills and the grey sea
 Werecaught andcaptur'd by the present Power,
 My sureties and my witnesses to be.
 Then the light drew me in. Ah, perfe't pain !
 Ah, infinite moment of a''omplishment J
 Thou terror of pure joy, with neither wane
 Nor waxing, but long silen'e and sharp air

As womb-forsaking babes breathe. Hush ! the event
 Let him who wrought Love's marvellous things declare.

Shall I who fear'd not joy, fear grief at all ?
 I on whose mouth Life laid his sudden lips
 Tremble at Death's weak kiss, and not re'all
 That sundering from the flesh, the flight from time,
 The judgements stern, the clear apo'lypse,
 The lightnings, and the Presen'es sublime.

How came I ba'k to earth ? I know not how,
 Nor what hands led me, nor what words were said.
 Now all things are made mine,—joy, sorrow ; now
 I know my purpose deep, and can refrain ;
 I walk among the living, not the dead ;
 My sight is purged ; I love and pity men.

Loves Lord

WHEN weight of all the garner'd years
 Bows me, and praise must find relief
 In harvest-song, and smiles and tears
 Twist in the band that binds my sheaf ;

Thou known Unknown, dark, radiant sea
 In whom we live, in whom we move,
 My spirit must lose itself in Thee,
 Crying a name—Life, Light, or Love.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ORDE WARD

b. 1843

The Beatifi' Vision

BETWIXT the dawning and the day it came
 Upon me like a spell,
 While tolled a distant bell,
 A wondrous vision but without a name
 In pomp of shining mist and shadowed flame,
 Ex'eeding terrible ;
 Before me seemed to open awful Spa'e,
 And sheeted tower and spire
 With forms of shroudedctire
 Arose and be'koned with unearthly gra'e,
 I felt a Presen'e though I saw no face
 But the dark rolling fire.

And then a Voice as sweet and soft as tears
 But yet of gladness part,
 Thrilled through my inmost heart,
 Which told the secret of the solemn years
 And swept away the clouds of gloomy fears,
 The riddles raised by art ;
 Till all my soul was bathed with trembling joy
 And lost in dreadful bliss,
 As at God's very kiss,
 While the earth shrivelled up its broken toy,
 And like a rose the heavens no longer coy
 Laid bare their blue abyss.

The giant wheels and all the hidden springs
 Of this most beauteous globe,
 Which man may never probe,
 Burst on me with a blaze of angel wings
 And each bright orb that like a diamond clings
 To the veiled Father's robe ;

I saw with vision that was more than sight,
 The levers and the laws
 That fashion stars as straws
 And link with perfe't loveliness of right,
 In the pure duty that is pure delight
 And to one Centre draws.

I knew with sudden insight all was best,
 The passion and the pain,
 The sear'hings that seem vain
 But lead if by dim blood-stained steps to Rest,
 And only are the beatings of God's Breast
 Beneath the ironchain ;
 I knew ea'h work was blessed in its pla'e,
 The eagle and the dove,
 While Nature was the glove
 Of that dear Hand whicheverywhere we trace,
 I felt a Presen'e though I saw no fa'e,
 And it was boundless Love.

Redemption

ALL livingcreatures' pain,
 The sufferings of the lowliest thing thatcreeps
 Or flies a moment ere it sinks and sleeps,
 Are too Redemption's tears and not in vain—
 For nothing idly weeps.
 Earth is through these fulfilling that it must
 As in Christ's own eternal Passionchain,
 Andflowering from the dust.

The driven and drudging ass
 Crushed by the bondage of its bitter round,
 Repeats the Gospel in that narrow bound ;
 God is reflected in the blade of grass,

And *there* is Calvary's ground.
 O not an insect or on leaf or sod
 But in its measure is a looking-glass,
 And shows Salvation's God.

All thus are carrying on,
 And do work out, the one Redemption's tale ;
 Ea'h is a little Christ on hill or dale,
 The hell where Mer'y's light has never shone
 Is with that Mer'y pale,
 And though flesh turns from agony they dread,
 Even as they groan and travail it is gone—
 Love riseth from the dead.

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY

1844-1881

The Lover

I WAS not with the rest at play ;
 My brothers laughed in joyous mood :
 But I — I wandered far away
 Into the fair and silent wood ;
 And with the trees and flowers I stood,
 As dumb and full of dreams as they :
 —For One it seemed my whole heart knew,
 Or One my heart had known long sin'e,
 Was peeping at me through the dew ;
 And with bright laughter seemed to woo
 My beauty, like a Fairy prin'e.

Oh, what a soft en'hantment filled
 The lonely paths and places dim !
 It was as though the whole wood thrilled,
 And a dumb joy, because of him,
 Weighed down the lilies tall and slim,
 And made the roses blush, and stilled

The great wild voices in half fear :
 It was as though his smile did hold
 All things in trances manifold ;
 And in each place as he drew near
 The leaves were touched and turned to gold. . .

But more and more he seemed to seek
 My heart : till, dreaming of all this,
 I thought one day to hear him speak,
 Or feel, indeed, his sudden kiss
 Bind me to some great unknown bliss:
 Then there would stay upon my cheek
 Full many a light and honied stain,
 That told indeed how I had lain
 Deep in the flowery banks all day ;
 And round me too there would remain
 Some strange wood-blossom's scent away. . . .

—O, the incomparable love
 Of him, my Lover !—O, to tell
 Its way and measure were above
 The throbbing chords of speech that swell
 Within me !—Doth it not excel
 All other, sung or written of ?
 Yea now, O all ye fair mankind—
 Consider well the gracious line
 Of those your lovers ; call to mind
 Their love of you, and ye shall find
 Not one among them all like mine.

It seems as though, from calm to calm,
 A whole fair age had passed me by,
 Since first this Lover, through a charm
 Of flowers, wooed so tenderly,
 I had no fear of drawing nigh,
Nor knew, indeed, that—with an **arm**

Closed round and holding me—he led
My eager way from sight to sight
Of all the summer magic—right
To where himself had surely spread
Some pleasant snare for my delight.

And now, in an eternal sphere,
Beneath one flooding look of his—
Wherein, all beautiful and dear,
That endless melting gold that is
His love, with flawless memories
Grows ever richer and more clear—
My life seems held, as some faint star
Beneath its sun : and through the far
Celestial distan'es for miles,
To where vast mirage futures are,
1 tra'e the gilding of his smiles.

For, one by one, e'en as I rise,
And feel the pure Ethereal
Refining all before my eyes :
Whole beauteous worlds material
Are seen to enter gradual
The great transparent paradise
Of this my dream ; and, all revealed,
To break upon me more and more
Their inward singing souls, and yield
A wondrous se'ret halfcon'ealed
In all their loveliness before.

And so, when, through unmeasured days.
The far effulgen'e of the sea
Is holding me in long amaze,
And stealing with strange e'stasy
My heart all opened silently ;—
There reach me, from *among* the sprays,

Ineffable faint words that sing
 Within me,—how, for me alone,
One who is lover—who is King,
 Hath dropt, asctwere a precious stone,
That sea—a symbol of his throne. . . .

And, through the longcharmed solitude
 Of throbbing moments, whose strong link
Is one deli'ious hope pursued
 From tran'e to tran'e, the while I think
And know myself upon the brink
Of His eternal kiss,—endued
With part of him, the very wind
 Hath power to ravish me in sips
Or long mad wooings that unbind
My hair,—wherein I truly find
 The magi' of his unseen lips.

And, so almighty is the thrill
 I feel at many a faintest breath
Or stir of sound—asctwere a rill
 Of joy traversing me, or death
Dissolving all that hindereth
My thought from power to fulfil
Some new embodiment of bliss,—
 I doconsume with the immense
Delight as of some se'ret kiss,
 And am be'ome like one whose sense
Is used with raptures too intense ! . . .

Yea, mysti'consummation ! yea,
 O wondrous suitor,—whosoe'er
Thou art ; that in such mighty way,
 In distant realms, athwart the air
And lands and seas, with all things **fair**
Hast wooed me even till this day ;—

It seems thou drawest near to me ;
 Or I, indeed, so nigh to thee,
 I catch rare breaths of a delight
 From thy most glorious country, see
 Its distant glow upon some height. . . .

O thou my Destiny ! O thou
 My own—my very Love—my Lord !
 Whom from the first day until now
 My heart, divining, hath adored
 So perfe'tly it hath abhorred
 The tie of ea'h frail human vow—
 O I would whisper in thine ear—
 Yea, may I not, on'e, in the clear
 Pure night, when, only, silver shod
 The angels walk ?—thy name, I fear
 And love, and tremble saying—GOD !

En Soph

Prayer of the Soul on entering Human Life

EN SOPH, un'omprehended in the thought
 Of man or angel, having all that is
 In one eternity of Being brought
 Into a moment : yet with purposes,
 When'e emanate those lower worlds of Time,
 And For'e, and Form, where man, with one wing cau
 Inclogging earth, angels in freerclime,
 From partial blindness into partial sight,
 Strive, yearn, and, with an inward hope sublime,
 Rise ever ; or, mastered by down-dragging might,
 And groping weakly with an ill-trimmed light,
 Sink, quen'hed;

En Soph was manifest, as dim
 And awful as upon Egyptian throne
 Osiris sits ; but splendour covered Him ;
 And cir'les of the Sephiroth tenfold,
 Vast and mysterious, intervening rolled.

And lo ! from all the outward turning zones,
 Before Him came the endless stream of souls
 Unborn, whose destiny is to descend
 And enter by the lowest gate of being.
 And ea'h oncoming, saw, on written s'rolls
 And semblan'es that he might comprehend,
 The things of Life and Death and Fate—which seeing,
 Ea'h little soul, as quivering like a flame
 It paled before that splendour, stood and prayed
 A piteous, fervent prayer against the shame
 And ill of living, and would so have stayed
 A flame-like emanation as before,
 Unsullied and untried. Then, as he ceased
 The tremulous suppli'ation, full of sore
 Foreboding agony to be released
 From going on the doubtful pilgrimage
 Of earthly hope and sorrow, for reply
 A mighty angel tou'hed his sight, to close,
 Or nearly close, his spiritual eye,
 So he should look on luminous things like those
 No more till he had learned to live and die.

And when the pure bright flame, my soul, at last
 Passed there in turn, it fl'i'kered like them all ;
 But oh ! with some surpassing sad fore'ast
 Of more than common pains that should befall
 The man whose all too human heart has bled
 With so mu'h love and anguish until now,

And has not broken yet, and is not dead,
And shaken as a leaf in autumn late,
Tormented by the wind, my soul somehow
Found speech and prayed like this against my Fate:

The pure flame pent within the fragile form
Will writhe with inward torments ; blind desires,
Seizing, will whirl me in their frenzied storm,
Clutching at shreds of heaven and phantom fires.
A voice, in broken ecstasies of song,
Awakening mortal ears with its high pain,
Will leave an echoing agony along
The stony ways and o'er the sunless plain,
While men stand listening in a silent throng.

And all the silences of life and death,
Like doors closed on the thing my spirit seeks,
Importuning ea'h in turn, will freeze the breath
Upon my lips, appal the voi'e that speaks ;
Until the silen'e of a human heart
At length, when I have wept there all my tears,
Poured out my passion, given my stainless part
Of heaven to hear what maybe no man hears,
Will work a woe that never can depart.

Oh, let me not be parted from the light,
Oh, send me not to where the outer stars
Tread their uncertain orbits, growing less bright,
Cy'le by cy'le ; where, through narrowing bars,
The soul looks up and s'ar'ely sees the throne
It fell from ; where the stret'hed-out Hand that guides
On to the end, in that dull sla'kening zone
Reaches but feebly ; and where man abides,
And finds out heaven with his heart alone.

I fear to live the life that shall be mine
 Down in the half lights of that wandering world,
 Mid ruined angels' souls that cease to shine,
 Where fragments of the broken stars are hurled,
 Quen'hed to the ultimate dark. Shall I believe,
 Remembering, as of some exalted dream,
 The life of flame, the splendour that I leave ?
 For, between life and death, shall it not seem
 The fond false hope my shuddering soul would weave ?...

So prayed I, feeling even as I prayed
 Torments and fever of a strange unrest
 Take hold upon my spirit, fain to have stayed
 In the eternal calm, and ne'er essayed
 The perilous strife, the all too bitter test
 Of earthly sorrows, fearing—and ah ! too well—
 To be quite ruined in some grief below,
 And ne'er regain the heaven from which I fell.
 But then the angel smote my sight—'twas so
 I woke into this world of love and woe.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

1844-1889

The Habit of Perfection

ELECTED Silen'e, sing to me
 And beat upon my whorled ear,
 Pipe me to pastures still and be
 The musi' that I care to hear.

MYST,

N

Shape nothing, lips ; be lovely-dumb :
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Whi'h only makes you eloquent.

Be shelled, eyes, with double dark
And find the un'reated light :
This ru'k and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hut'h of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine :
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine !

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
Upon the stir and keep of pride,
What relish shall the censers send
Along the san'tuary side !

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street,
And you unhouse and house the Lord*

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-'oloured clothes provide
Your spouse not laboured-at, nor spun.

If I have understood,
She holds high motherhood
Towards all our ghostly good,
And plays in gra'e her part
About man's beating heart,
Laying like air's fine flood
The death-dan'e in his blood ;
Yet no part but what will
Be Christ our Saviour still.
Of her flesh He took flesh :
He does take, fresh and fresh,
Though mu'h the mystery how,
Not flesh but spirit now,
And wakes, O marvellous !
New Nazareths in us,
Where she shall yetcon'eive
Him, morning, noon, and eve;
New Bethlems, and He born
There, evening, noon and morn.
Bethlem or Nazareth,
Men here may draw like breath
More Christ, and baffle death ;
Who, born so, comes to be
New self, and nobler me
In each one, and each one
More makes, when all is done,
Both God's and Mary's son.

Again look overhead
How air is azured.
O how ! Nay do **but** stand
Where you can lift your hand
Skywards : ri'h, ri'h **it laps**
Round the four finger-gaps.
Yet such a sapphire-shot

Charged, steeped sky will not
Stain light. Yea, mark you this :
It does no prejudice.
The glass-blue days are those
When everycolour glows,
Ea'h shape and shadow shows.
Blue be it : this blue heaven
The seven or seven times seven
Hued sunbeam will transmit
Perfe't, nor alter it.
Or if there does some soft
On things aloof, aloft,
Bloom breathe, that one breath more
Earth is the fairer for.
Whereas did air not make
This bath of blue and slake
This fire, the sun would shake
A blear and blinding ball
With bla'kness bound, and all
The thi'k stars round him roll,
Flashing like fle'ks of coal,
Quartz-fret, or sparks of salt
In grimy vasty vault.
So God was God of old ;
A mothercame to mould
Those limbs like ours whichare,
What must make our daystar
Much dearer to mankind :
Whose glory bare would blind
Or less would win man's mind.
Through her we may see Him
Made sweeter, not made dim,
And her hand leaves His light
Sifted to suit **our** sight.

Be thou, then, O thou dear
 Mother, my atmosphere ;
 My happier world wherein
 To wend and meet no sin ;
 Above me, round me lie
 Fronting my froward eye
 With sweet and s'arless sky;
 Stir in my ears, speak there
 Of God's love, O live air,
 Of patience, penan'e, prayer ;
 World-mothering air, air wild,
 Wound with thee, in thee isled,
 Fold home, fast fold thychild.

EDWARD CARPENTER

b. 1844

By the Shore

ALL night by the shore.

The obs'ure water, the long white lines of
 advan'ing foam, the rustle and thud, the panting
 sea-breaths, the pungent sea-smell,

The great slow air moving from the distant horizon,
 the immense mystery of spa'e, and the softcanopy
 of theclouds !

The swooning thuds go on—the drowse of o'ean goes
 on :

The long inbreaths—the short sharp outbreaths—the
 silen'e between.

I am a bit of the shore : the waves feed upon me, they
 come pasturing over me ;
 I am glad, O waves, that youcome pasturing over me.

I am a little arm of the sea : the same tumbling
swooning dream goes on—I feel the waves all
around me, I spread myself through them.

How deli'ious ! I spread and spread. The waves
tumble through and over me—they dash through
my face and hair.

The night is dark overhead : I do not see them, but
I touch them and hear their gurgling laughter.

The play goes on !

The strange expanding indraughts go on !

Suddenly I am the Ocean itself : the great soft wind
'reeps over my face,

I am in love with the wind—I reach my lips to its kisses.

How delicious ! all night and ages and ages long to
spread myself to the gliding wind !

But now (and ever) it maddens me with its touch,
I arise and whirl in my bed, and sweep my arms
madly along the shores.

I am not sure any more which my own particular bit
of shore is ;

All the bays and inlets know me : I glide along in and
out under the sun by the beautiful coast-line ;

My hair floats leagues behind me ; millions together
my children dash against my fa'e ;

I hear what they say and am marvellously content.

All night by the shore ;

And the sea is a sea of fa'es.

The long white lines come up—fa'e after fa'e comes
and falls past me—

Thud after thud. Is it pain **or** joy ?

Face after fa'e—endless!

I do not know ; my sense numbs ; a trance is on me—
I am becoming detached !

I am a bit of the shore :

The waves feed upon me, they pasture all over me, my
feeling is strangely concentrated at every point
where they touch me ;

I am glad O waves that you come pasturing over me.

I am deta'hed, I disentangle myself from the shore ;
I have be'ome free—I float out and mingle with
the rest.

The pain, the a'ute clinging desire, is over—I feel
beings like myself all around me, I spread myself
through and through them, I am merged in a sea
of conta't.

Freedom and equality are a fa't. Life and joy seem
to have begun for me.

The play goes on !

Suddenly I am the great living O'ean itself—the awful
Spirit of Immensity creeps over my fa'e.

I am in love with it. All night and ages and ages long
and for ever I pour my soul out to it in love.

I spread myself out broader and broader for ever, that
I may tou'h it and be with it everywhere.

There is no end. But ever and anon it maddens me
with its tou'h. I arise and sweep away my bounds.

I know but I do not care any longer which my own
particular body is—all conditions and fortunes
are mine.

By the ever-beautiful coast-line of human life, by all
shores, in all climates and countries, by every
se'luded nook and inlet,

Under the eye of my beloved Spirit I glide :
 O joy ! for ever, ever, joy !
 I am not hurried—the whole of eternity is mine ;
 With each one I delay, with each one I dwell—with you
 I dwell.
 The warm breath of each life ascends past me ;
 I take the thread from the fingers that are weary, and
 go on with the work ;
 The se'retest thoughts of all are mine, and mine are
 the se'retest thoughts of all.

All night by the shore ;
 And the fresh air comes blowing with the dawn.
 The mystic night fades—but my joy fades not.
 I arise and cast a stone into the water (O sea of fa'es
 I cast this poem among you)—and turn landward
 over the rustling bea'h.

Love's Vision

AT night in ea'h other's arms,
 Content, overjoyed, resting deep deep down in
 the darkness,
 Lo ! the heavens opened and He appeared—
 Whom no mortal eye may see,
 Whom no eyeclouded with Care,
 Whom none who seeks after this or that, whom none
 who has not es'aped from self.
 There—in the region of Equality, in the world of
 Freedom no longer limited,
 Standing as a lofty peak in heaven above the clouds,
 From below hidden, yet to all who pass into that region
 most clearly visible—
 He the Eternal appeared.

Over the Great City

OVER the greatcity,
 Where the wind rustles through the parks and
 gardens,
 In the air, the highclouds brooding,
 In the lines of street perspe'tive, the lamps, the traffi',
 The pavements and the innumerable feet upon them,
 I Am : make no mistake—do not be deluded.

Think not be'ause I do not appear at the first glan'e—
 be'ause thecenturies have gone by and there is
 no assured tidings of me—that therefore I am not
 there.

Think not be'ause all goes its own way that therefore
 I do not go my own way through all.

The fixed bent of hurrying fa'es in the street—ea'h
 turned towards its own light, seeing no other—
 yet I am the Light towards whichthey all look.

The toil of so many hands to such multifarious ends,
 yet mv hand knows the tou'h and twining of them
 all.

Allcome to me at last.

There is no love like mine ;

For all other love takes one and not another ;

And other love is pain, but this is joy eternal.

So Thin a Veil

SO thin a veil divides
Us from such joy, past words,
Walking in daily life—the business of the hour, each
detail seen to ;
Yet carried, rapt away, on what sweet floods of other
Being :
Swift streams of musi' flowing, light far ba'k through
all Creation shining,
Loved faces looking—
Ah ! from the true, the mortal self
So thin a veil divides !

The World-Spirit

LIKE soundless summer lightning seen afar,
A halo o'er the grave of all mankind,
O undefined dream-embosomed star,
O charm of human love and sorrow twined :
Far, far away beyond the world's bright streams,
Over the ruined spaces of the lands,
Thy beauty, floating slowly, ever seems
To shine most glorious ; then from out our hands
To fade and vanish, evermore to be
Our sorrow, our sweet longing sadly borne,
Our in'ommuni'able mystery
Shrined in the soul's long night before the morn.
Ah ! in the far fled days, how fair the sun
Fell sloping o'er the green flax by the Nile,
Kissed the slow water's breast, and glan'ing shone
Where laboured men and maidens, with a smile

Cheating the laggard hours ; o'er them the doves
Sailed high in evening blue ; the river-wheel
Sang, and was still ; and lamps of many loves
Were lit in hearts, long dead to woe or weal.

And, where a shady headland cleaves the light
That like a silver swan floats o'er the deep
Dark purple-stained Aegean, oft the height
Felt from of old some poet-soul upleap,

As in the womb a child before its birth,
Foreboding higher life. Of old, as now,
Smiling the calm sea slept, and woke with mirth
To kiss the strand, and slept again below.

So, from of old, o'er Athens' god-'rownd steep
Or round the shattered bases of great Rome,
Fleeting and passing, as in dreamful sleep,
The shadow-peopled ages go and come 2

Sounds of a far-awakened multitude,
With cry of countless voices intertwined,
Harsh strife and stormy roar of battle rude,
Labour and peafeful arts and growth of mind.

And yet, o'er all, the One through many seen,
The phantom Presence moving without fail,
Sweet sense of close-linked life and passion keen
As of the grass waving before the gale.

What art Thou, O that wast and art to be ?
Ye forms that once through shady forest-glade
Or golden light-flood wandered lovingly,
What are ye i Nay, though all the past do fade

Ye are not therefore perished, ye whom erst
The eternal Spirit struck with quick desire,
And led and beckoned onward till the first
Slow spark of life became a flaming fire.

Ye are not therefore perished : for behold
To-day ye move about us, and the same
Dark murmur of the past is forward rolled
Another age, and grows with louder fame

Unto the morrow : newer ways are ours,
New thoughts, new fancies, and we deem our lives
New-fashioned in a mould of vaster powers ;
But as of old with flesh the spirit strives,

And we but head the strife. Soon shall the song
That rolls all down the ages blend its voice
With our weak utterance and make us strong ;
That we, borne forward still, may still rejoice,

Fronting the wave of change. Thou who alone
Changeless remainest, O most mighty Soul,
Hear us before we vanish ! O make known
Thyself in us, us in Thy living whole.

GEORGE BARLOW

b. 1847

The Immortal and the Mortal

OH where the immortal and the mortal meet
 In union than of wind and wave more sweet,
 Meet me, O God—
 Where Thou hast trod
 I follow, along the blood-print of Thy feet.

Oh, though the austere ensanguined road be hard
 And all the blue skies shine through casemates barred,
 I follow Thee—
 Show Thou to me
 Thy face, the spee'hless fa'e divinely marred.

Lo ! who will love and follow to the end,
 Shall he not also to hell's depths des'end ?
 Shall he not find
 The whole world blind,
 Sear'hing among the lone stars for a friend ?

Lo ! who will follow love throughout the way,
 Fromcrimson morning flush till twilight grey ?
 Who fears notchains,
 Anguish and pains,
 If love wait at the ending of the day ?

If at the ending of the day life's bride
 Be near our hearts in vision glorified :
 If at the end
 God's hand extend
 That far triumphant **boon** for whichwe sighed.

Oh, where the immortal to our mortal flows,
Flushing our greyclay heart to its own rose,
 Spirit supreme
 Upon me gleam ;
Make me Thine own ; I re'kon not the throes.

I would pour out my heart in one long sigh
Of speechless yearning towards Thine home on high :
 I would be pure,
 Suffer, endure,
Pervade with ceaseless wings the unfathomed sky.

Oh, at the point where God and man are one,
Meet me, Thou God ; flame on me like the sun ;
 I would be part
 Of Thine own heart,
That by my hands Thy love-deeds may be done :
That by my hands Thy love-truths may be shown
And far lands know me for Thy very own ;
 That I may bring
 The dead world spring :—
The flowers awake, Lord, at Thy word alone.

Oh, to the point where man and God unite,
Raise me, Thou God ; transfuse me with Thy light ;
 Where I would go
 Thou, God, dost know ;
For Thy sake I will fa'e the starless night.

The night is barren, bla'k, devoid of bloom,
S'entless and waste, a wide appalling tomb ;
 Dark foes surround
 The soul dis'rownd
And strange shapes lower and threaten through the
 gloom.

But where Thou art with me Thy mortal, one,
 God, mine immortal, my death-'onquering sun,
 Meet me and show
 What path to go
 Till the last work of deathless love be done.

DIGBY MACKWORTH DOLBEN

1848-1867c *Strange*

STRANGE, all-absorbing Love, who gatherest
 Unto Thy glowing all my pleasant dew,
 Then deli'ately my garden waterest,
 Drawing the old, to pour it ba'k anew :

In the dim glitter of the dawning hoursc Not so,' I said,c but still those drops
 Heart-shrined among the petals of my flowers,
 Shall hold the memory of the starry night

' So fresh, no need of showers shall there be.'—
 Ah, senseless gardener ! must it come to pass
 Thatcneath the glaring noon thou shouldest see
 Thine earth be'ome as iron, His heavens as brass ?

Nay rather, O my Sun, I will be wise,
 Believe in Love which may not yet be seen,
 •Yield Thee my earth-drops, call Thee from the skies,
 In soft return, to keep my bedding green.

So when the bells at Vesper-tide shall sound,
 And the dead o'ean o'er my garden flows,
 Upon the Golden Altar may be found
 Some s'arlet berries and a Christmas rose.

Flowers for the Altar

I

TELL us, tell us, holy shepherds,
 What at Bethlehem you saw.—c Very God of Very
 Asleep amid the straw.'

Tell us, tell us, all ye faithful,
 What this morning came to pass
 At the awful elevation

In the Canon of the Mass.—c Very God of Very God,

By whom the worlds were made,
 In silen'e and in helplessness
 Upon the altar laid.'

Tell us, tell us, wondrous Jesu,
 What has drawn Thee from above
 To the manger and the altar.—
 All the silen'e answers—Love.

II

Through the roaring streets of London
 Thou art passing, hidden Lord,
 Un'reated, Consubstantial,
 In the seventh heaven adored.

As of old the ever-Virgin
 Through un'ons'ious Bethlehem
 Bore Thee, not in glad pro'ession,
 Jewelled robe and diadem ;

Not in pomp and not in power,
Onward to Nativity,
Shrined but in the taberna'le
Of her sweet Virginity.

Still Thou goest by in silen'e,
Still the world cannot re'eive,
Still the poor and weak and weary
Only, worship and believe.

CHRISTINA CATHERINE FRASER-TYTLER
(MRS. EDWARD LIDDELL)

b. 1848

In Summer Fields

SOMETIMES, as in the summer fields
I walk abroad, there comes to me
So strange a sense of mystery,
My heart stands still, my feet must stay,
I am in such strange company,

I look on high—the vasty deep
Of blue outreaches all my mind ;
And yet I think beyond to find
Something more vast—and at my feet
The little bryony is twined.

Clouds sailing as to God go by,
Earth, sun, and stars are rushing on ;
And faster than swift time, more strong
Than rushing of the worlds, I feel
A something Is, of name unknown.

And turning suddenly away,
 Grown si'k and dizzy with the sense
 Of power, and mine own impoten'e,
 I see the gentlecattle feed
 In dumb unthinking inno'en'e.

The great Unknown above ; below,
 Thecawing rooks, the milking-shed ;
 God's awful silen'e overhead ;
 Below, the muddy pool, the path
 The thirsty herds ofcattle tread.

Sometimes, as in the summer fields
 I walk abroad, therecomes to me
 So wild a sense of mystery,
 My senses reel, my reason fails,
 I am in such strangecompany.

Yet somewhere, dimly, I can feel
 The wildconfusion dwells in me,
 And I, in no strangecompany,
 Am the lost linkctwixt Him and these,
 And touch Him through the mystery.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

1849-1903

I am the Reaper

I AM the Reaper.
 All things with heedful hook
 Silent I gather.
 Pale roses touched with the spring,
 Tallcorn in summer,

Fruits rich with autumn, and frail winter blossoms—
 Reaping, still reaping—
 All things with heedful hook
 Timely I gather.

I am the Sower.
 All the unbodied life
 Runs through my seed-sheet.
 Atom with atom wed,
 Each quickening the other,
 Fall through my hands, everchanging, stillchangeless.
 Ceaselessly sowing,
 Life, in'orruptible life,
 Flows from my seed-sheet.

Maker and breaker,
 I am the ebb and the flood,
 Here and Hereafter,
 Sped through the tangle andcoil
 Of infinite nature,
 Viewless and soundless I fashion all being.
 Taker and giver,
 I am the womb and the grave,
 The Now **and** the Ever.

EDMUND GOSSE

b. 1849

The Tide of Love

LOVE, flooding all the creeks of my dry soul,
 From which the warm tide ebbed when I was **born**,
 Following the moon of destiny, doth roll
 His slow **ri'h wave along the shore forlorn**,
To make the o'ean—**God—and** me, one whole.

So, shuddering in its ecstasy, it lies,
And, freed from mire and tangle of the ebb,
Reflects the waxing and the waning skies,
And bears upon its panting breast the web
Of night and her innumerable eyes.

Nor can conceive at all that it was blind,
But trembling with the sharp approach of love,
That, strenuous, moves without one breath of wind,
Gasps, as the wakening maid, on whom the Dove
With folded wings of deity declined.

She in the virgin sweetness of her dream
Thought nothing strange to find her vision true ;
And I thus bathed in living rapture deem
No moveless drought my channel ever knew,
But rustled always with the murmuring stream.

Old and New

I. B.C.

COME, Hesper, and ye Gods of mountain waters,
Come, nymphs and Dryades,
Come, silken choir of soft Pierian daughters,
And girls of lakes and seas,
Evoe ! and evoe Io ! crying,
Fill all the earth and air ;
Evoe ! till the quivering words, replying,
Shout ba'k the e'ho there !

All day in soundless swoon or heavy slumber,
We lay among the flowers,
But now the stars break forth in countless number
To wat'h the dewy hours ;

And now Ia''hus, beautiful and glowing,
Adown the hill-side comes,
Mid tabrets shaken high, and trumpets blowing,
And resonan'e of drums.

The leopard-skin is round his smooth white shoulders,
The vine-bran'h round his hair,
Those eyes that rouse desire in maid-beholders
Are glittering, glowworm-fair ;
Crowned king of all the provin'es of pleasure,
Lord of a wide domain,
Hecomes, and brings delight that knows no measure,
A full Saturnian reign.

Take me, too, Maenads, to your fox-skinchorus,
Rose-lipped like volute-shells,
For I would follow where your host canorous
Roars down the forest-dells ;
The sa'red frenzy rends my throat and bosom !
I shout, and whirl where He,
Our Vine-God, tosses like some pale blood-blossom
Swept on a stormy sea.

Around his car, with streaming hair, and franti',
The Maenads and wild gods
And shaggy fauns and wood-girls corybanti'
Toss high the ivy-rods ;
Brown limbs with white limbs madly intertwining
Whirl in a fiery dan'e,
Till, when at length Orion is de'lining,
We glide into a tran'e.

The satyr's heart is faintly, faintly beating,
The choir of nymphs is mute ;
Ia''hus up the western slope is fleeting,
Un'heered by horn or flute ;

Hushed, hushed are all the shouting and the singing,
The frenzy, the delight,
Since out into the cold grey air upspringing,
The morning-star shines bright.

II. A.D.

Not with a choir of angels without number,
And noise of lutes and lyres,
But gently, with the woven veil of slumber
Aross Thine awful fires,
We yearn to watch Thy face, serene and tender,
Melt, smiling, calm and sweet,
Where round the print of thorns, in thornlike splendour,
Transcendent glories meet.

We have no hopes if Thou art close beside us,
And no profane despair,
Since all we need is Thy great hand to guide us,
Thy heart to take our cares ;
For us is no to-day, to-night, to-morrow,
No past time nor to be,
We have no joy but Thee, there is no sorrow,
No life to live but Thee.

The cross, like pilgrim-warriors, we follow,
Led by our eastern star ;
The wild crane greets us, and the wandering swallow
Bound southward for Shinar ;
All night that single star shines bright above us ;
We go with weary feet,
But in the end we know are they who love us ,
Whose pure embrace is sweet.

Most sweet of all, when dark the way and moonless,
To feel a touch, a breath,
And know our weary spirits are not tuneless,
Our unseen goal not Death ;
To know that Thou, in all Thy old sweet fashion,
Art near us to sustain !
We praise Thee, Lord, by all Thy tears and passion,
By all Thycross and pain !
For when this night of toil and tears is over,
A'ross the hills of spi'e,
Thyself wilt meet us, glowing like a lover
Before Love's Paradise ;
There are the saints, with palms and hymns and roses,
And better still than all,
The long, long day of bliss that nevercloses,
Thy marriage festival !

EDMOND GORE ALEXANDER HOLMES

b. 1850

The Creed of My Heart

A FLAME in my heart is kindled by the might of the
morn's pure breath ;
A passion beyond all passion ; a faith that e'lipses faith ;
A joy that is more than gladness ; a hope that outsoars
desire ;
A love that consumes and qui'kens ; a soul-transfiguring fire.
My life is possessed and mastered : my heart is inspired
and filled.
All other visions have faded : all other voi'es are stilled.
My doubts are vainer than shadows : my fears are idler
than dreams :
They vanish like breaking bubbles, those old soul-
torturing themes.

The riddles of life are cancelled, the problems that bred
despair:

I cannot guess them or solve them, but I know that they
are not there.

They are past, they are all forgotten, the breeze has blown
them away;

For life's inscrutable meaning is clear as the dawn of day.
It is there—the secret of Nature—there in the *morning*^
glow;

There in the speaking stillness; there in the rose-flushed
snow.

It is here in the joy and rapture; here in my pulsing breast:
I feel what has ne'er been spoken : I know what has ne'er
been guessed.

The rose-lit clouds of morning ; the sun-kissed mountain
heights;

The orient streaks and flushes; the mingling shadows and
lights;

The flow of the lonely river; the voice of its distant
stream;

The mists that rise from the meadows, lit up by the sun's
first beam;—

They mingle and melt as I watch them ; melt and mingle
and die.

The land is one with the water: the earth is one with the sky.
The parts are as parts no longer : Nature is All and One:
Her life is achieved, completed : her days of waiting arc
done.

I breathe the breath of the morning. I am one with the
one World-Soul.

I live my own life no longer, but the life of the living
Whole.

I am more than self : I am selfless : I am more than self :
I am I.

I have found the springs of my being in the flush of the
eastern sky.

I—the true self, the spirit, the self that is born of
death—

I have found the flame of my being in the morn's ambrosial
breath.

I lose my life for a season : I lose it beyond recall :
But I find it renewed, rekindled, in the life of the One, the
All.

I look not forward or backward : the abysses of time are
nought.

From pole to pole of the heavens I pass in a flash of
thought.

I clasp the world to my bosom : I feel its pulse in my
breast,—

The pulse of measureless motion, the pulse of fathomless
rest.

Is it motion or rest that thrills me ? Is it lightning or
moonlit peace ?

Am I freer than waves of ether, or prisoned beyond
release ?

I know not ; but through my spirit, within me, around,
above,

The world-wide river is streaming, the river of life and
love.

Silent, serene, eternal, passionless, perfe't, pure;—

I may not measure its windings, but I know that its aim
is sure.

In its purity seethes all passion: in its silen'e resounds
all song:

Its strength is builded of weakness : its right is woven
of wrong.

I am borne afar on its bosom ; yet its sour'e and its goal
 are mine,
 From the sa'red springs of Creation to the o'ean of love
 Divine.
 I haveceased to think or to reason : there is nothing to
 ponder or prove :
 I hope, I believe no longer : I am lost in a dream of love.

Nirvana

COULD my heart but see Creation as God sees it,—
 from within ;
 See His gra'e behind its beauty, see His will behind its
 for'e ;
 See the flame of life shoot upward when the April days
 begin ;
 See the wave of life rush outward from its pure eternalc
 sour'e ;

Could I see the summer sunrise glow with God's tran-
 s'endent hope;
 See His pea'e upon the waters in the moonlit summer
 night;
 See Him nearer still when, blinded, in the depths of gloom
 I grope,—
 See the darkness flash and quiver with the gladness of
 His light ;

Could I see the red-hot passion of His love resistless burn
 Through the dumb despair of winter, through the
 frozen lifelessclod ;—
 Could I see what lies around me as God sees it, I should learn
 That its outward life is nothing, that its inward life
 is God.

Vain the dream ! To spirit only is the spirit-life revealed :
 God alone can see God's glory : God alone can feel
 God's love.

By myself the soul of Nature from myself is still con'ealed;
 And the earth is still around me, and the skies are still
 above.

Vain the dream ! I cannot mingle with the all-sustaining
 soul:

I am prisoned in my senses; I am pinioned by my
 pride;
 I am severed by my selfhood from the world-life of the
 Whole;
 And my world is near and narrow, and God's world is
 waste and wide.

Vain the dream! Yet in the morning, when the eastern
 skies are red,

When the dew is on the meadows, when the lark soars
 up and sings,—
 Leaps a sudden flame within me from its ashes pale and
 dead,
 And I see God's beauty burning through the veil of
 outward things.

Brighter grows the veil and clearer, till, beyond all fear
 and doubt,

I am ravished by God's splendour into oneness with
 His rest;
 And I draw the world within me, and I send my soul
 without;
 And God's pulse is in my bosom, and I lie upon God's
 breast.

Dies the beatifi' vision in the moment of its birth ;
 Dies, but in its death transfigures all the sequen'e of
 my days;
 Dies, but dyingcrowns with triumph all the travail of
 the earth,
 Till its harsh dis'ordant murmurs swell into a psalm
 of praise.

Then a yearningcomes upon me to be drawn at last by
 death,
 Drawn into the mysti'cir'le in whichall things live
 and move,
 Drawn into the mysti'cir'le of the love whichis God's
 breath,—
 Lovecreative, love re'ceptive, love of loving, love of
 love.

God ! the One, the All of Being ! let me lose my life in
 Thine;
 Let me be what Thou hast made me, be a quiver of
 Thy flame.
 Purge my self from self's pollution; burn it into life
 divine ;
 Burn it till it dies triumphant in the firespring when'e itcame.

La Vie Profonde

HEMMED in by petty thoughts and petty things,
 Intent on toys and trifles all my years,
 Pleased by life's gauds, pained by its pricks and stings,
 Swayed by ignoble hopes, ignoble fears ;
 Threading life's tangled maze without lifescue,
 Busy with means, yet heedless of their ends,
 Lost to all sense of what is real and true,
 Blind to the goal to whichall Nature tends :—
 Su'h is my surfa'e self : but deep beneath,
 A mighty a'tor on a world-wide stage,
 Crowned with all knowledge, lord of life and death,
 Sure of my aim, sure of my heritage,—
 I—the true self—live on, in self's despite.
 That ' life profound' whose darkness is God's light.

The God Within

LIFE of my life ! soul of my inmost soul !
 Purecentral point of everlasting light !
 Creative splendour ! Fountain-head and goal
 Of all the rays that make the darkness bright—
 And pierce the gloom of nothing more and more
 And win new realms from the abyss of night!
 O God, I veil my eyes and kneel before
 Thy shrine of love and tremble and adore.

The unfathomable past is but the dawn
 Of thee triumphant rising from the tomb ;
 Andcould we deem thy lamp of light withdrawn,
 Back in an instant into primal gloom

All things that are, all things that time has wrought,
 All that shall ever yet unseal the womb
 Of elemental Chaos, swift as thought
 Would melt away and leave a world of nought.

We gaze in wonder on the starry face
 Of midnight skies, and worship and aspire,
 Yet all the kingdoms of abysmal space
 Are less than thy one point of inmost fire :
 We dare not think of time's unending way,
 Yet present, past, and future would expire,
 And all eternity would pass away
 In thy one moment of intensest day.

Of old our fathers heard thee when the roll
 Of midnight thundercrashed a'ross the sky :
 I hear thee in the silen'e of the soul—
 Its very stillness is the majesty
 Of thy mysterious voi'e, that moves me more
 Than wrath of tempest as it rushes by,
 Or booming thunder, or the surging roar
 Of seas that storm a never-trodden shore.

And they beheld thee when the lightning shone,
 And tore the leaden slumber of the storm
 With vivid flame that was and then was gone,
 Whose blaze made blind, whose very breath was warm :—
 But I, if I would see thee, pray for grace
 To veil my eyes to every outward form,
 And in the darkness for a moment's spa'e
 I see the splendour of thy cloudless fa'e.

In thought I climb to Being's utmost brink
 And pass beyond the last imagined star,
 And tremble and grow dizzy while I think—
 But thou art yet more infinitely far,

O God, from me who breathe the air of sin,
 And I am doomed to traverse worlds that are
 More fathomless to fancy ere I win
 The central altar of the soul within.

How shall I worship thee ? With speechless awe
 Of guilt that shrinks when inno'ence is near
 And veils its face : with faith, that ever saw
 Most when its eyes were clouded with a tear :
 With hope, the breath of spirits that aspire :
 Lastly, with love—the grave of every fear,
 The fount of faith, the triumph of desire,
 The burning brightness of thine own white fire. . . .

O God that dwellest in trans'endent light
 Beyond our dreams, who grope in darkness here,
 Beyond imagination's utmost flight,—
 I bless thee most that sometimes when a tear
 Of tender yearning rises unrepressed,
 Lo ! for an instant thou art strangely near—
 Nearer to my own heart than I who rest
 In speechless adoration on thy breast.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

b. 1852

The Chantry of the Cherubim

O CHANTRY of the Cherubim,
 Down-looking on the stream !
 Beneath thy boughs the day grows dim ;
 Through windows comes the gleam ;
 A thousand raptures fill the air,
 Beyond delight, beyond despair.

I will not name one flower that clings
In cluster at my feet!

I will not hail one bird that sings
Its anthem loud or sweet!

This is the floor of Heaven, and these
The angels that God's ear do please,

I walk as one unclothed of flesh,

I wash my spirit clean ;

I see old miracles afresh,

And wonders yet unseen.

I will not leave Thee till Thou give
Some word whereby my soul may live 1

I listened—but no voice I heard ;

I looked—no likeness saw ;

Slowly the joy of flower and bird

Did like a tide withdraw ;

And in the heaven a silent star

Smiled on me, infinitely far.

I buoyed me on the wings of dream,

Above the world of sense ;

I set my thought to sound the scheme,

And fathom the Immense ;

I tuned my spirit as a lute

To catch wind-music wandering mute.

Yet came there never voice nor sign;

But through my being stole

Sense of a Universe divine,

And knowledge of a soul

Perfected in the joy of things,

The star, the flower, the bird that sings.

Nor I am more, nor less, than these ;
 All are one brotherhood ;
 I and all creatures, plants, and trees,
 The living limbs of God ;
 And in an hour, as this, divine,
 I feel the vast pulse throb in mine.

WILLIAM JAMES DAWSON

b. 1854

Inspirations

SOMETIMES, I know not why, nor how, nor whence,
 A change comes over me, and then the task
 Of common life slips from me. Would you ask
 What power is this which bids the world go hence
 Who knows ? I only feel a faint perfume
 Steal through the rooms of life ; a saddened sense
 Of something lost ; a music as of brooks
 That babble to the sea ; pathetic looks
 Of closing eyes that in a darkened room
 Have dwelt on mine : I feel the general doom
 Creep nearer, and with God I stand alone.
 O mystic sense of sudden quickening !
 Hope's lark-song rings, or life's deep undertone
 Waits through my heart—and then I needs must sing.

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS

b. 1854

Patmos

ALL around him Patmos lies,
 Who hath spirit-gifted eyes,
 Who his happy sight can suit
 To the great and the minute.
 Doubt not but he holds in view
 A new earth and heaven new ;
 Doubt not but his ear doth catch
 Strain nor voice nor reed can match :
 Many a silver, spheric note
 Shall within his hearing float.

All around him Patmos lies,
 Who unto God's priestess flies:
 Thou, O Nature, bid him see,
 Through all guises worn by thee,
 A divine apocalypse.
 Manifold his fellowships :
 Now the rocks their archives open ;
 Voiceless creatures tell their hope
 In a language symbol-wrought ;
 Groves to him sigh out their thought ;
 Musings of the flower and grass
 Through his quiet spirit pass. 'Tis
 He hath traced and holds the clue,
 Number his delights ye may not ;
 Fleets the year but these days not.
 Now the freshets of the rain,
 Bounding on from hill to plain,
 Show him earthly streams have risen
 In the bosom of the skies.

Now he feels the morning thrill,
 As upmounts, unseen and still,
 Dew the wing of evening drops.
 Now the frost, that meets and stops
 Summer's feet in tender sward,
 Greets him, breathing heavenward.
 Hieroglyphi's writes the snow,
 Through the silence falling slow ;
 Types of star and petaled bloom
 A white missal-page illumine.
 By these floating symbols fine,
 Heaven-truth shall be divine.

All around him Patmos lies,
 Who hath spirit-gifted eyes ;
 He need not afar remove,
 He need not the times reprove,
 Who would hold perpetual lease
 Of an isle in seas of peace.

Spirit to Spirit

DEAD ? Not to thee, thou keen wat'her,—not silent,
 not viewless, to thee,
 Immortal still wrapped in the mortal ! I, from the mortal
 set free,
 Greet thee by many clear tokens thou smilest to hear and
 to see.

For I, when thou wakest at dawn, to thee am the
 entering morn ;
 And I, when thou walkest abroad, am the dew on **the**
 leaf and the thorn,
 The tremulous glow of the noon, the twilight on **harvests**
of corn.

I am the flower by the wood-path,—thou bendest to look
in my eyes ;
The bird in its nest in the thi'ket,—thou heedest my
love-ladencries ;
The planet that leads the night legions,—thou liftest thy
gaze to the skies.

And I am the soft-dropping rain, the snow with its flutter-
ing swarms ;
The summer-daycloud on the hilltops, that showeth thee
manifold forms ;
The wind from the south and the west, the voi'e that
singscourage in storms !

Sweet was the earth to thee ever, but sweeter by far to
thee now :
How hast thou room for tears, when all times marvelest
thou,
Beholding who dwells with God in the blossoming sward
and the bough !

On'e as a wall were the mountains, on'e darkened between
us the sea;
No longer these thwart and baffle, forbidding my passage
to thee :
Immortal still wrapped in the mortal, I linger till thou
art set free !

OSCAR WILDE

1856-1900

E Tenebris

COME down, O Christ, and help me! reach thy hand,
 For I am drowning in a stormier sea
 Than Simon on thy lake of Galilee :
 The wine of life is spilt upon the sand,
 My heart is as some famine-murdered land
 When'e all good things have perished utterly,
 And well I know my soul in Hell must lie
 If I this night before God's throne should stand.
 ' He sleeps per'han'e, or rideth to the chase,
 Like Baal, when his prophets howled that name
 From morn to noon on Carmel's smitten height.'
 Nay, pea'e, I shall behold, before the night,
 The feet of brass, the robe more white than flame,
 The wounded hands, the weary human fa'e.

Fromc Pantheac

WE are resolved into the supreme air,
 We are made one with what we tou'h and see,
 With our heart's blood ea'hcrimson sun is fair,
 With our young lives each spring-impassioned tree
 Flames into green, the wildest beasts that range
 The moor our kinsmen are, all life is one, and all is change.
 With beat of systole and of diastole
 One grand great life throbs through earth's giant heart,
 And mighty waves of single Being roll
 From nerveless germ to man, for we are part
 Of every ro'k and bird and beast and hill,
One with the things that prey on us, and one with what
 we kill. . . .

And we two lovers shall not sit afar,
 Critics of nature, but the joyous sea
 Shall be our raiment, and the bearded star
 Shoot arrows at our pleasure ! We shall be
 Parts of the mighty universal whole,
 And through all aeons mix and mingle with the Kosmi' Soul !
 We shall be notes in that great Symphony
 Whose cadences cir'les through the rhythmic spheres,
 And all the live World's throbbing heart shall be
 One with our heart ; the stealthy creeping years
 Have lost their terrors now, we shall not die,
 The Universe itself shall be our Immortality !

From Humanitad

TO make the Body and the Spirit one
 With all right things, till no thing live in vain
 From morn to noon, but in sweet unison
 With every pulse of flesh and throb of brain
 The Soul in flawless essence high enthroned,
 Against all outer vain attack invincibly bastioned,
 Mark with serene impartiality
 The strife of things, and yet be comforted,
 Knowing that by the chain of causality
 All separate existences are wed
 Into one supreme whole, whose utterance
 Is joy, or holier praise ! ah ! surely this were governance
 Of Life in most august omnipresence,
 Through which the rational intellect would find
 In passion its expression, and mere sense,
 Ignoble else, lend fire to the mind,
 And being joined with it in harmony
 More mystical than that which binds the stars planetary,

Strike from their several tones one o'tavechord
Whosecadence being measureless would fly
Through all the cir'ling spheres, then to its Lord
Return refreshed with its new empery
And more exultant power,—this indeed
Could we but reach it were to find the last, the perfect creed.

O smitten mouth ! O forehead crowned with thorn !
O chalice of all common miseries !
Thou for our sakes that loved thee not hast borne
An agony of endless centuries,
And we were vain and ignorant nor knew
That when we stabbed thy heart it was our own real
hearts we slew.

Being ourselves the sowers and the seeds,
The night that covers and the lights that fade,
The spear that pierces and the side that bleeds,
The lips betraying and the life betrayed ;
The deep hath calm : the moon hath rest : but we
Lords of the natural world are yet our own dread enemy.

Is this the end of all that primal force
Which, in its changes being still the same,
From eyeless Chaos left its upward course,
Through ravenous seas and whirling rocks and flame,
Till the suns met in heaven and began
Their cycles, and the morning stars sang, and the Word
was Man !

Nay, nay, we are but crucified, and though
The bloody sweat falls from our brows like rain,
Loosen the nails—we shall come down I know,
Stanch the red wounds—we shall be whole again,
No need have we of hyssop-laden rod,
That which is purely human, that is Godlike, that is God.

WILLIAM SHARP

1856-1902

The Valley of Silence

IN the secret Valley of Silence
 No breath doth fall;
 No wind stirs in the branches;
 No bird dothcall:
 As on a white wall
 A breathless lizard is still,
 So silen'e lies on the valley
 Breathlessly still.

In the dusk-grown heart of the valley
 An altar rises white :
 No rapt priest bends in awe
 Before its silent light:
 But sometimes a flight
 Of breathless words of prayer
 White-wing'd en'lose the altar,
 Eddies of prayer.

Desire

THE desire of love, Joy :
 The desire of life, Pea'e :
 The desire of the soul, Heaven :
 The desire of God . . . a flame-white se'ret for ever.

The White Pea'e

IT lies not on the sunlit hill
 Nor on the sunlit plain :
 Nor ever on any running stream
 Nor on the un'louded main—

But sometimes, through the Soul of Man,
Slow moving o'er his pain,
The moonlight of a perfect peace
Floods heart and brain.

The Rose of Flame

OH, fair immaculate rose of the world, rose of my
dream, my Rose!

Beyond the ultimate gates of dream I have heard thy
mystical call:

It is where the rainbow of hope suspends and the river
of rapture flows—

And the cool sweet dew from the wells of peace for
ever fall.

And all my heart is aflame because of the rapture and
peace,

And I dream, in my waking dreams and deep in the dreams
of sleep,

Till the high sweet wonderful call that shall be the call
of release

Shall ring in my ears as I sink from gulf to gulf and from
deep to deep—

Sink deep, sink deep beyond the ultimate dreams of all
desire—

Beyond the uttermost limit of all that the craving spirit
knows:

Then, then, oh then I shall be as the inner flame of thy
fire,

O fair immaculate rose of the world, Rose of my dream,
my Rose!

The Mysti's Prayer

LAY me to sleep in sheltering flame,
 O Master of the Hidden Fire !
 Wash pure my heart, and cleanse for me
 My soul's desire.

In flame of sunrise bathe my mind,
 O Master of the Hidden Fire,
 That, when I wake, clear-eyed may be
 My soul's desire.

Triad

FROM the Silen'e of Time, Time's Silen'e borrow.
 In the heart of To-day is the word of To-morrow.
 The Builders of Joy are the Children of Sorrow.

MARGARET DELAND

b. 1857

Life

BY one great Heart the Universe is stirred :
 By Its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue ;
 It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,
 And thrills through low sweet song of every bird :

By It, the plunging blood reds all men's veins ;
 Joy feels that heart against his rapturous own,
 And on It, Sorrow breathes her sharpest groan ;
 It bounds through gladnesses and deepest pains.

Passionless beating through all Time and Space,
 Relentless, calm, majestic' in Its march,
 Alike, though Nature shake heaven's endless arch,
 Or man's heart break, because of some dead fa'e !

'Tis felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,
 In children's smiling, as in mother's tears ;
 And, for strange comfort, through the a'hing years,
 Men's hungry souls have named that great Heart, God !

AGNES MARY FRANCES DUCLAUX
 (ROBINSON-DARMESTER)

1857

Rhythm

O BEAT and pause that count the life of man,
 Throb of the pulsing heart !
 Ripple of tides and stars beyond our s'an !
 Rhythm o' the ray o' the sun and the red o' the rose 1
 Thrill of the lightning's dart !
All, all are one beyond this world of shows.

Neither with eyes that see nor ears that hear
 May we dis'ern thee here,
 Nor comprehend, O Life of life, thy laws,
 But all our idols praise the perfect whole ;
 And I have worshipped thee, O rhythmi' soul,
 Chiefly in beat and pause.

O beat and pause that count the life of man,
 Throb of the pulsing heart !
 Ripple of tides and stars beyond our s'an !
 Rhythm o' the ray o' the sun and the red o' the rose !
 Thrill of the lightning's dart !
 Yea, all are one behind our world of shows.

The Idea

BENEATH this world of stars and flowers
 That rolls in visible deity,
 I dream another world is ours
 And is the soul of all we see.

It hath no form, it hath no spirit ;
 It is perchance the Eternal Mind ;
 Beyond the sense that we inherit
 I feel it dim and undefined.

How far below the depth of being,
 How wide beyond the starry bound
 It rolls uncons'ious and unseeing,
 And is as Number or as Sound.

And through the vast fantasti' visions
 Of all this a'tual universe,
 It moves unswerved by our de'isions,
 And is the play that we rehearse.

Antiphon to the Holy Spirit

Men and Women sing.

Men.

OTHOU that movest all, O Power
 That bringest life where'er Thou art,
 O Breath of God in star and flower,
 Mysterious aim of soul and heart ;
 Within the thought that cannot grasp Thee
 In its unfathomable hold,
 We worship Thee who may not clasp Thee,
O God, unre'koned and untold !

Women.

O Source and Sea of Love, O Spirit
 That makest every soul akin,
 O Comforter whom we inherit,
 We turn and worship Thee within !
 To give beyond all dreams of giving,
 To lose ourselves as Thou in us,
 We long ; for Thou, O Fount of living.
 Art lost in Thycreation thus !

Men.

The mass of unborn matter knew Thee,
 And lo ! the splendid silent sun
 Sprang out to be a witness to Thee
 Who art the All, who art the One ;
 The airy plants unseen that flourish
 Their floating strands of filmy rose,
 Too small for sight, are Thine to nourish ;
 For Thou art all that breathes and grows.

Women.

Thou art the ripening of the fallows,
 The swelling of the buds in rain ;
 Thou art the joy of birth that hallows
 The rending of the flesh in twain ;
 O Life, O Love, how undivided
 Thou broodest o'er this world of Thine,
 Obs'ure and strange, yet surely guided
 To reach a distant end divine !

Men.

We know Thee in the doubt and **terror**
 That reels before the world we see
 We know Thee in the faiths of error ;
 We **know** Thee most **who most are** free.

This phantom of the world around Thee
 Is vast, divine, but not the whole :
 We worship Thee, and we have found Thee
 In all that satisfies the soul !

Men and Women.

How shall we serve, how shall we own Thee,
 O breath of Love and Life and Thought ?
 How shall we praise, who are not shown Thee ?
 How shall we serve, who are as nought ?
 Yet, though Thy worlds maintain unbroken
 The silen'e of their awful round,
 A voice within our souls hath spoken,
 And we who seek have more than found.

MAY PROBYN

The Beloved

WHEN the storm was in the sky,
 And the west was black with showers.

My Beloved came by

With His Hands full of flowers—

Red burning flowers,

Like flame that pulsed and throbbed—

And beyond in the rain-smitten bowers

The turtle-dove sobbed.

(Sweet in the rough weather

The voice of the turtle-dove—cBeautiful altogether

Is my Love.

His Hands are open spread for love

And full of jacinth stones—

As the apple-tree among trees of the grove

Is He among the sons.'

The voice of the turtle-dove

Sweet in the wild weather—c Until the daybreak dwells my Love
Among the hills of Bether.
Among the lilied lawns of Bether,
As a young hart untired—
Chosen out of thousands,—altogether
To be desired.')

When the night was in the sky,
And heavily went the hours,
My Beloved drew nigh
With His Hands full of flowers—
Burning red flowers
Like cups of s'ented wine—
And He said,c They are all ours,
Thine and Mine.

'I gathered them from the bitter Tree—
Why dost thou start ?
I gathered the Five of them for thee,
Child of My Heart.
These are they that have wrung my Heart,
And with fier'est pangs have moved Me—
I gathered them—why dost thou shrink apart
In the house of them that loved Me.'

(Sweet through the rain-swept blast

The moan of the turtle-dove—c You, that see Him go past,
Tell Him I languish with love.
Thou hast wounded my heart, **O my Love I**
With but one look of Thine eyes,
While yet the boughs are naked above
And winter is in the skies.')

' Honey-laden flowers
 For the children nursed on the knee,
 Who sow not bramble among their bowers—
 But what' He said for thee ?
 Not joys of June for thee,
 Not lily, no, nor rose—
 For thee the blossom of the bitter Tree,
 More sweet than ought that blows.'
 (The voi'e of the turtle-dove—
 ' How shall my heart be fed
 With pleasant apples of love,
 When the winter time has fled.
 The rain and the winter fled,
 How all His gifts shall gra'e me,
 When His Left Hand is under my head,
 And His Right Hand doth embra'e me.)

SIR JAMES RENNELL RODD

b.1858

From In Ex'elsisc

BY those heights we dare to dare,
 By the greatness of our prayer,
 Ever growing, loftier reaching
 To a royaller besee'hing,
 By the olden woes washed painless, white and stainless
 in the tears of bitter pri'e,
 By the strength of our assuran'e to enduran'e of the need
 of sacrifice,
 Not by dreaming but by using,
 Not by claiming but refusing,
 Then shall dawn on eyes unsealing the revealing of a self
 that knows and grows,
 And the stream of thy devotion find the ocean when its
 meaning overflows.

So take the thread that seemed so frail,
 Have faith to hope and never quail,
 For all the weary woes of earth
 And all the hollowness of mirth,
 Accept but this divine in man
 Believe I ought to means I can,
 And comprehend the perfe't plan.

Lift thee o'er thyc herec andc nowc,
 Look beyond thinec I" andc thou',
 Every effort points the next, .
 And the way grows unperplexed
 To wider ranges, larger scope,
 All things possible to hope !
 Till thou feel the breath of morning shadow scorning
 and on spirit wings unfurled
 Win the way to realms of wonder,
 Rolling starward with the thunder,
 Flashing earthwards with the lightning to the brightening
 the dark edges of the world,
 Till the vastness shall absorb thee,
 And the light of lights enorb thee,
 And the wings on whichthou soarest
 Thou wilt need to shade thine eyes,
 For the radian'e thou adorest,
 For the nearness of sunrise ;
 Then thy strongest strength shall be
 In thine own humility,
 Wrapt into the holiest holy
 In thy worship vastly aisled,
 Bend the knee and whisper lowly
 ' Our Fatherc with thechild!

VICTOR JAMES DALEY

1858-1905

The Voice of the Soul

IN Youth, when through our veins runs fast
 The bright red stream of life,
 The Soul's Voice is a trumpet-blast
 That calls us to the strife.

The Spirit spurns its prison-bars,
 And feels with for'e endued
 To scale the ramparts of the stars
 And storm Infinitude.

Youth passes ; like a dungeon grows
 The Spirit's house of clay :
 The voice that once in music rose
 In murmurs dies away.

But in the day when sickness sore
 Smites on the body's walls,
 The Soul's Voice through the breach once more
 Like to a trumpet calls.

Well shall it be with him who heeds
 The mystic summons then !
 His after-life with loving deeds
 Shall blossom amongst men.

He shall have gifts—the gift that feels
 The germ within the clod,
 And hears the whirring of the wheels
 That turn the mills of God !

The gift that sees with glance profound
 The secret soul of things,
 And in the silence hears the sound
 Of vast and viewless wings !

The veil of Isis sevenfold
 To him as gauze shall be,
 Wherethrough, clear-eyed, he shall behold
 The Ancient Mystery.

He shall do battle for the True,
 Defend till death the Right,
 With Shoes of Swiftmess Wrong pursue,
 With Sword of Sharpness smite.

And, dying, he shall haply hear,
 Like golden trumpets blown
 For joy, far voices sweet and clear—
 Soul-voies like his own.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

1859-1907

The Hound of Heaven

I FLED Him, down the nights and down the days ;
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
 Of my own mind ; and in the mist of tears
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
 Up vistaed hopes I sped ;
 And shot, precipitated,
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurryingchase,
 And unperturbed pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instan'y,
 They beat—and a Voice beat

More instant than the Feet—c All things betray thee,

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
 By many a hearted casement,curtained red,
 Trellised with intertwiningcharities ;
 (For, though I knew His love Who followed,
 Yet was I sore adread
 Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside).
 But, if one little casement parted wide,
 The gust of His approa'h wouldclash it to.
 Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
 Across the margent of the world I fled,
 And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
 Smiting for shelter on theirclanged bars ;
 Fretted to dulcet jars
 And silvernchatter the pale ports o' the moon.
 I said to Dawn : Be sudden—to Eve : Be soon ;
 With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
 From this tremendous Lover—
 Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see !
 I tempted all His servitors, but to find
 My own betrayal in theirconstan'y,
 In faith to Him their fi'kleness to me,
 Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal de'eit
 To all swift things for swiftness did I sue ;
 Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
 But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
 The long savannahs of the blue ;
 Or whether, Thunder-driven,
 Theyclanged hischariotcthwart a heaven

Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their
feet:—

Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.

Still with unhurryingchase,

And unperturbed pace,

Deliberate speed, majesti' instan'y,

Came on the following Feet,

And a Voice above their beat—c Naught shelters thee, who

I sought no more that after whichI strayed

In face of man or maid ;

But still within the littlechildren's eyes

Seems something, something that replies,

They at least are for me, surely for me !

I turned me to them very wistfully ;

But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair

With dawning answers there,

Their angel plu'ked them from me by the hair.c Come then, ye otherch

With me'(said I)c your delicate fellowship ;

Let me greet you lip to lip,

Let me twine with youcaresses,

Wantoning

With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,

Banqueting

With her in her wind-walled pala'e,

Underneath her azured dais,

Quaffing, as your taintless way is,

From achali'e

Lu'ent-weeping out of the dayspring.'

So it was done :

I in their deli'ate fellowship was one—

Drew the bolt of Nature's se're'ies.

I **knew** all the swift importings

On the wilful face of skies ;
 I knew how the clouds arise
 Spumed of the wild sea-snortings;
 All that's born or dies
 Rose and drooped with ; made them shapers
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine ;
 With them joyed and was bereaven.
 I was heavy with the even,
 When she lit her glimmering tapers
 Round the day's dead san'tities.
 I laughed in the morning's eyes.
 I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
 Heaven and I wept together,
 And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine ;
 Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
 I laid my own to beat,
 And sharecommingling heat ;
 But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
 In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's greycheek.
 For ah ! we know not what each other says,
 These things and I ; in sound I speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
 Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth ;
 Let her, if she would owe me,
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
 The breasts o' her tenderness :
 Never did any milk of hers once bless
 My thirsting mouth.
 Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
 With unperturbed pa'e,
 Deliberate speed, majesti' instan'y ;
 And past those noised Feet
 A voi'ecomes yet **more** fleet—c **Lo ! naught** contents thee, v

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke !
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
 And smitten me to my knee;
 I am defenceless utterly.
 I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
 I shook the pillaring hours
 And pulled my life upon me ; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have cra'kled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
 Yea faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding ; cords of all too weak a'ount
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
 Ah ! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers ex'ept its own to mount ?
 Ah ! must—
 Designer infinite!—
Ah ! must Thouchar the wood ere Thou canst limn
 with it ?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust ;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
 From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful bran'hes of my mind.
 Su'h is ; what is to be ?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind ?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds ;

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
 From the hid battlements of Eternity ;
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
 Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.

But not ere him who summoneth
 I first have seen, enwound
 With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-'rownd ;
 His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
 Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
 Thee harvest, must Thy harvest-fields
 Be dunged with rotten death ?

Now of that long pursuit
 Comes on at hand the bruit ;
 That Voi'e is round me like a bursting sea : c And is thy earth
 Shattered in shard on shard ?

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me !
 Strange, piteous, futile thing !
 Wherefore should any set thee love apart ?
 Seeing none but I makes mu'h of naught' (He said), c And human lo

How hast thou merited—
 Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot ?
 Ala'k, thou knowest not
 How little worthy of any love thou art !
 Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
 Save Me, save only Me ?
 All which I took from thee I did but take,
 Not for thy harms,
 But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
 All which thy child's mistake
 Fan'ies as lost, I have stored for thee at home :
 Rise, clasp My hand, and come !'

Halts by me that footfall :
 Is my gloom, after all,
 Shade of His hand, outstret'hedcaressingly ?
 ' Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
 I am He Whom thou seekest !
 Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.'

Fromc The Mistress of Vision'

WHERE is the land of Luthany,
 Where is the tra't of Elenore ?
 I am bound therefor.

' Pier'e thy heart to find the key ;
 With thee take
 Only what none else would keep ;
 Learn to dream when thou dost wake,
 Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.
 Learn to water joy with tears,
 Learn from fears to vanquish fears ;
 To hope, for thou dar'st not despair,
 Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve ;
 Plough thou the ro'k until it bear ;
 Know, for thou elsecouldst not believe ;
 Lose, that the lost thou may'st re'eive ;
 Die, for none other waycanst live.
 When earth and heaven lay down their veil,
 And apo'lyypse turns thee pale ;
 When thy seeing blindeth thee
 To what thy fellow-mortals see;
 When their sight to thee is sightless ;
 Their living, death ; their light, most lightless ;
 Sear'h no more—

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore.'

Where is the land of Luthany,
 And where the region Elenore ?
 I do faint therefor.

' When to the new eyes of thee
 All things by immortal power,
 Near or far,
 Hiddenly
 To each other linked are,
 That thou canst not stir a flower
 Without troubling of a star ;
 When thy song is shield and mirror
 To the fair snake-'urled Pain,
 Where thou dar'st affront her terror
 That on her thou may'st attain
 Persean conquest ; seek no more,
 O seek no more !

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore.'

Orient Ode

L0, in the san'tuaried East,
 Day, a dedicated priest
 In all his robes pontifi'al exprest,
 Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly,
 From out its Orient taberna'le drawn,
 Yon orb'd sa'ramentconfest
 Whi'h sprinkles benedi'tion through the dawn;
 And when the grave pro'ession'sceased,
 The earth with due illustrious rite
 Blessed,—ere the frail fingers featly
 Of twilight, violet-'asso'ked a'olyte,
 His sa'erdotal stoles unvest—

Sets, for high close of the mysterious feast,
The sun in august exposition meetly
Within the flaming monstrance of the West. . „ ,

To thine own shape
Thou round'st the chrysolite of the grape,
Bind'st thy gold lightnings in his veins;
Thou storest the white garners of the rains.
Destroyer and preserver, thou
Who medicinest sickness, and to health
Art the unthanked marrow of its wealth ;
To those apparent sovereignties we bow
And bright appurtenances of thy brow!
Thy proper blood dost thou not give,
That Earth, the gusty Maenad, drink and dance ?
Art thou not life of them that live ?
Yea, in glad twinkling advent, thou dost dwell
Within our body as a tabernacle !
Thou bittest with thine ordinance
The jaws of Time, and thou dost mete
The unsustainable treading of his feet.
Thou to thy spousal universe
Art Husband, she thy Wife and Church ;
Who in most dusk and vidual curch,
Her Lord being hence,
Keeps her cold sorrows by thy hearse.
The heavens renew their innocence
And morning state
But by thy sacrament communicate ;
Their weeping night the symbol of our prayers,
Our darkened search,
And sinful vigil desolate.
Yea, biune in imploring dumb,
Essential Heavens and corporal Earth await;

The Spirit and the Bride say : Come !
Lo, of thy Magians I the least
Haste with my gold, my incenses and myrrhs,
To thy desired epiphany, from the spiced
Regions and odorous of Song's traded East.
Thou, for the life of all that live
The victim daily born and sacrific'd ;
To whom the pinion of this longing verse
Beats but with fire whichfirst thyself did give,
To thee, O Sun—or is't per'han'e, to Christ ?

Ay, if men say that on all high heaven's fa'e
The saintly signs I tra'e
Which round my stolèd altars hold their solemn place,
Amen, amen ! For oh, howcould it be,—
When I with winged feet had run
Through all the windy earth about,
Quested its secret of the sun,
And heard what thing the stars together shout,—
I should not heed thereout
Consentingcounsel won :—
' By this, O Singer, know we if thou see.
When men shall say to thee : Lo ! Christ is here,
When men shall say to thee : Lo ! Christ is there,
Believe them : yea, and this—then art thou seer,
When all thycryingclear
Is but: Lo here ! lo there !—ah me, lo everywhere !'

Assumpta Maria

'MORTALS, that behold a Woman
 Rising twixt the Moon and Sun ;
 Who am I the heavens assume ? an
 All am I, and I am one.

* Multitudinous ascend I,
 Dreadful as a battle arrayed,
 For I bear you whither tend I;
 Ye are I : be undismayed !
 I, the Ark that for the graven
 Tables of the Law was made ;
 Man's own heart was one ; one, Heaven
 Both within my womb were laid.
 For there Anteros with Eros,
 Heaven with man, conjoined was,-
 Twin-stone of the Law, *Is'hyros*,
Agios Athanatos.

* I, the flesh-girt Paradieses
 Gardenered by the Adam new,
 Daintied o'er with dear devices
 Which He loveth, for He grew.
 I, the boundless strict savannah
 Which God's leaping feet go through ;
 I, the heaven whence the Manna,
 Weary Israel, slid on you !
 He the Anteros and Eros,
 I the body, He the Cross;
 He upbearth me, *Is'hyros*,
Agios Athanatos !

' I am Daniel's mystic Mountain,
 Whence the mighty stone was rolled ;
 I am the four Rivers' Fountain,
 Watering Paradise of old ;
 Cloud down-raining the Just One am,
 Danae of the Shower of Gold ;
 I the Hostel of the Sun am ;
 He the Lamb, and I the Fold.
 He the Anteros and Eros,
 I the body, He the Cross ;
 He is fast to me, *Is'byros*,
 Agios Athanatos !

' I, the presence-hall where Angels
 Do enwheel their pla'ed King—
 Even my thoughts whi'h, withoutchange else,
 Cy'li' burn andcy'li' sing.
 To the hollow of Heaven transplanted,
 I a breathing Eden spring,
 Where with venom all outpanted
 Lies the slimed Curse shrivelling.
 For the brazen Serpents clear on
 That old fanged knowledge shone;
 I to Wisdom rise, *Is'byron*,
 Agion Athanaton !

' Then commanded and spake to me
 He who framed all things that be ;
 And my Maker entered through me,
 In my tent His rest took He.
 Lo ! He standeth, Spouse and Brother,
 I to Him, and He to me,
 Who upraised me where my mother
 Fell, beneath the apple-tree.

Risenctwixt Anteros and Eros,
Blood and Water, Moon and Sun,
He upbears me, He *Ischyros*,
I bear Him, the *Athanaton* !

Where is laid the Lord arisen ?
In the light we walk in gloom;
Though the Sun has burst his prison,
We know not his biding-room.
Tell us where the Lord sojourneth,

For we find an empty tomb Whence He sprung, there He returneth
Mystic Sun,—the Virgin's Womb.'

Hidden Sun, His beams so near us,

Cloud enpillarcd as He was
From of old, there He, *Ischyros*,
Waits our search, *Athanatos*.

' Who will give Him me for brother,
Counted of my family,
Sucking the sweet breasts of my Mother ?—
I His flesh, and mine is He ;
To my Bread myself the bread is,
And my Wine doth drink me : see,
His left hand beneath my head is.
His right hand embraceth me !'
Sweetest Anteros and Eros,'
Lo, her arms He learns across;
Dead that we die not, stooped to rear us,
Tbanatos Athanatos.

Who is She, in candid vesture.
 Rushing up from out the brine ?
 Treading with resilient gesture
 Air, and with that Cup divine ?
 She in us and we in her are,
 Beating Godward ; all that pine,
 Lo, a wonder and a terror—
 The Sun hath blushed the Sea to Wine !
 He the Anteros and Eros,
 She the Bride and Spirit; for
 Now the days of promise near us,
 And the Sea shall be no more.

Open wide thy gates, O Virgin,
 That the King may enter thee !
 At all gates the clangours gurge in,
 God's paludament lightens, see!
 Camp of Angels! Well we even
 Of this thing may doubtful be,—
 If thou art assumed to Heaven,
 Or is Heaven assumed to thee !
Consummatum. Christ the promised,
 Thy maiden realm, is won, O Strong!
 Since to such sweet Kingdom comest,
 Remember me, poor Thief of Song!

Cadent fails the stars along :—
Mortals, that behold a Woman
Rising twixt the Moon and Sun ;
Who am I the heavens assume ? an
All am I, and I am one.

The Veteran of Heaven

OCAPTAIN of the wars, whence won Ye so great
scars?

In what fight did Ye smite, and what manner was the
foe?

Was it on a day of rout they compassed Thee about,
Or gat Ye these adornings when Ye wrought their
overthrow?

' 'Twas on a day of rout they girded Me about,
They wounded all My brow, and they smote Me
through the side :

My hand held no sword when I met their armed horde,
And the conqueror fell down, and the Conquered
bruised his pride.'

What is this, unheard before, that the Unarmed make
war,
And the Slain hath the gain, and the Victor hath the
rout?

What wars, then, are these, and what the enemies,
Strange Chief, with the scars of Thy conquest trenched
about?

' The Prince I drave forth held the **Mount of** the
North,
Girt with **the** guards of flame that **roll** round **the**
pole.

I drave him with My wars from **all** his fortress-stars,
And the sea of death divided **that My** march **might**
strike its goal.

In the keep of Northern Guard, many a great daemonian
 sword
 Burns as it turns round the Mount occult, apart:
 There is given him power and place still for some certain
 days,
 And his name would turn the Sun's blood back upon
 its heart.'

What is *Thy Name* ? Oh, show !—' My Name ye may
 not know; 'Tis a going forth with banners, and a baring of much
 swords:
 But My titles that are high, are they not upon My thigh ?
 " King of Kings! " are the words, " Lord of Lords ! "
 It is written " King of Kings, Lord of Lords ".'

Desiderium Indesideratum

O GAIN that lurk'st ungained in all gain !
 O love we just fall short of in all love !
 O height that in all heights art still above !
 O beauty that dost leave all beauty pain !
 Thou unpossessed that mak'st possession vain,
 See these strained arms which fright the simple air,
 And say what ultimate fairness holds thee, Fair !
 They girdle Heaven, and girdle Heaven in vain ;
 They shut, and lo ! but shut in their unrest.
 Thereat a voice in me that voiceless was:—c Whom seekest thou through
 And not discern'st to thine own bosom prest ?'

I looked. My clasped arms athwart my breast
 Framed the august embraces of the Cross.

The Kingdom of God

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,
 O world intangible, we touch thee,
 O world unknowable, we know thee,
 Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
 The eagle plunge to find the air—
 That we ask of the stars in motion
 If they have rumour of thee there ?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
 And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
 The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
 Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—
 Turn but a stone, and start a wing! 'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged face
 That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
 Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
 Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
 Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter.
 Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;
 And lo, Christ walking on the water
 Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

b.1859

*The Tree of Life**Recognition in four Seasons*

ARGUMENT

A prophet, desiring to recover for men the fruit of the Tree of Life, seems to find Paradise by certain traditional signs of beauty in nature. He is further persuaded by observing the beauty and innocence of children. By and by he comes upon the Tree of Knowledge, whose fruit, now old, he discerns to be evil; but from which, to his desire, new is brought forth, which is good. At each recognition one of the Guardian Angels of the Tree of Life is withdrawn, until there is left only the Angel of Death, in the light of whose sword he perceives it. The Angels' songs are not heard by the prophet.

I. SPRING

Prophet

O TREE of life, blissful tree,
 Old as the world, still springing green,
 Planted, watered by God ; whose fruit
 Hath year by year fallen about the root,
 And century by century;
 Grant me that I thy glory unseen
 At last attain to see !

Chorus of Angels

*The flame of our eyes still hideth
 The fatal tree:
 Which God in charge confideth
 That none may see.
 Tillcgainst our light advances
 A purer ray,
 And melts with fervid glances
 Our sutords of day.*

Prophet

Conside-
rate lilia
agri
quomodo
crescunt.

This garden I consider : if not the wise
Repute it Paradise,
The wise may err and ancient fame be lost;
As Ophir on the swart Arabian coast,—
Whence she, of Saba queen,
In silk raiment and gold,
Bearing spices manifold,
Not unlike this lily's purer sheen,
Came a weary way to salute Solomon,
Fainting to see, and fainted having seen,
Such wisdom dazzled from his throne,—

Now Ophir lies unknown ;
Yet stumbling haply on gold, a man shall say

Who feeds his flock by the well, c Lo Ophir !' what if I to-da

A like token recover, and tell.

Chorus of Angels

The fire of our heart presages

(And gins to dim,)

That though through ageless ages

We Wait for him

He comes ; our glory retires,

And shrinks from strife',

Folding in closer fires

The Tree of Life.

Prophet

Goeth up a mist,

To water the ground from the four streams at
even;

Wrapt in a veil of amethyst

The trees and thickets wait for Spring to appear,
 An angel out of heaven,
 Bringing apparel new for the new year;
 In the soft light the birds
 Reset to the loved air the eternal words,
 And in the woods primroses peer.

Angel of the Spring

*He hath seen we with eyes of wonder
 And named my name,
 My shield is riven in sunder,
 And quencht my flame :
 My task is done, and rewarded
 If faithfully ;
 By others now is guarded
 The mystic tree.*

II. SUMMER

Prophet

O tree of life, blessed tree,
 When shall I thy beauty attain to see ?
 New fledged ev'n now, new canopied with
 green,
 (Not darkening ever as these in brooding heat,)
 To beasts of the field a screen,
 A shadowy bower for weary eyes and feet:
 Tree by tree musing, I find not thee.

Sinite
 parvulos,

See, in the rippling water the children at play,
 Flashing hither and thither, diamonded with
 spray;
 Lithe and fair their limbs, their hearts light
 and gay—
 As fair as they of Niobe ;

Divinely fair, but too divinely famed ;
Not so now let it be.
Children of Adam these by birth proclaimed,
Clasping a mother's breast, a father's knee,
By father's father named.
Ay, but see, but see,
Their mien how high, how free their spirit !
They are naked and not ashamed
Of that translucent veil, that symmetry.
How they shout for glee !
It is the primal joy, and not the curse, they
inherit.
A child of Adam, a child of God can he be ?
O look, look and see !

The Angels of Children
His ear through nature's noises,
Where'er he trod,
Could hear in the children's voices
The praise of God.
Our task is done, and rewarded
If faithfully,
By others now is guarded
The mystic tree.

III. AUTUMN

Prophet

Say who are ye upon this bank reclining
At random laid,
Where loaded boughs a diaper intertwining
Of fragrant shade,
Stretch down their fruits to cheer the heart's
repining.

Dicit enim
Vetus
melius

They hear me not, asleep, or drunken, or (ah !)
dead.

O Tree of Knowledge, 'tis thou, tree divine
Of good and ill:—trembling, I view thee.

To me, as them, thy golden apples incline,
Able to slake my thirst, or else undo me.

Which shall I pluck, which dread

Of all their goodlihead ?

If roots be twain, from which there flows

To these elixir, poison to those,

How can I track their currents through the
stem

Which bears and buries them ?

Nay, but it cannot be the tree of good ; 'Tis utter evil ; to near

The fruit dislustres, dull of hue,

All its ripe vermilion vanished,

Dead fruit, not human food ;

And these mistaking souls from life are banished.

But see,—a wonder,—lo, on each branch swells

A new fruit ruddy-rinded, that smells

Freshly, and from their places in decay

The old shrivel and drop away.

The ripeness allures to taste, O what should

stay me ?

I'll was the old, but the new is goodly and
sweet:

A blessing is in it, desire to greet,

Not a curse to slay me ;

(O divine the taste !)

Of the blind to open the eyes,

Deaf ears to unstop, make wise

The feeble-hearted, and to-day (O haste !)

For these poor dead the tree of life display !

Angel of the Tree of Divine Knowledge

*The old fruit which evil bringeth
He hath eschewed ;
I breathe, and a new fruit springeth ;
He saw it good.
My task is done, and rewarded
If faithfully ;
By others now is guarded
The mystic tree.*

IV. WINTER

Prophet

I had thought ere this to have blest mine eyes
With thy vision benign, immortal tree ;
For since that fruit, more than with Euphrasy,
My spirits are all alert, my sense more keen.
Nor is the north that chides with the stript boughs
An enemy, if it shows
All these but mortal, though in Paradise.
But thou, O still unseen,
Come into sight; not yet I faint, but abide
And ever abide, yearning thee to behold.
Thee following, this girdling forest wide,
My heart by hope made bold,
I have laboured through, and now emerge at length
Torn by the briers, spent my strength;
But branches wintry-bare deny the sheen
Of the amaranthine leaves and fruit of gold.
Till now at last the light
Fails from my hope as from the heaven,

Where marshal the clouds, blown up with
 boisterous breath ;
 The trees strain from the blast of death
 Shrieking convulsed, so fierce the hail is driven
 Across the vault of night.
 And now the waving brand
 Of a cherub lightens down
 And rends the air with crashing din ;
 Ah, if it be by God's command
 To show light in the darkness of nature's frown
 That I my purpose win !
 It flashes and still flashes, and now I see
 Beyond the blaze glooming a tree, a tree,
 Stately and large,—(O light deceive not,
 O weary eyes not now believe not !)—
 Unseen before ; to that I press,
 Despite the tempest and limbs' tardiness.
 Lighten, O sword divine, to clear my way,
 And thou, O happy heart, upstay
 Steps that falter and swerve, since few
 Remain ; come light again, I shall win through.

Qui per-
 diderit
 animam
 suam
 inveniet.

Angel of Death

*My flame he hath not abhorred,
 Nor nature's strife,
 But lightened through my sword
 Hath passed to Life.
 My task is done, and rewarded
 If faithfully ;
 Henceforth no more is guarded
 The mystic tree.*

ARTHUR EDWARD WAI1E

b. 1860

At the End of Things

THE world uprose as a man to find Him—
 Ten thousand methods, ten thousand ends—
 Some bent on treasure ; the more on pleasure ;
 And some on the chaplet which fame attends:
 But the great deep's voice in the distance dim
 Said : Peace, it is well; they are seeking Him.

When I heard that all the world was questing,
 I look'd for a palmer's staff and found,
 By a reed-fringed pond, a fork'd hazel-wand
 On a twisted tree, in a bann'd waste-ground ;
 But I knew not then what the sounding strings
 Of the sea-harps say at the end of things.

They told me, world, you were keen on seeking;
 I cast around for a scrip to hold
 Such meagre needs as the roots of weeds—
 All weeds, but one with a root of gold ;
 Yet I knew not then how the clangs ascend
 When the sea-horns peal and the searchings end.

An old worn wallet was that they gave me,
 With twelve old signs on its seven old skins;
 And a star I stole for the good of my soul,
 Lest the darkness came down on my sins;
 For I knew not who in their life had heard
 Of the sea-pipes shrilling a secret word.

I join'd the quest that the world was making,
Which follow'd the false ways far and wide,
While a thousand cheats in the lanes and streets
Offer'd that wavering crowd to guide ;
But what did they know of the sea-reed's speech
When the peace-words breathe at the end for each ?

The fools fell down in the swamps and marshes;
The fools died hard on the crags and hills;
The lies which cheated, so long repeated,
Deceived, in spite of their evil wills,
Some knaves themselves at the end of all—
Though how should they hearken when sea-flutes call ?

But me the scrip and the staff had strengthened ;
I carried the star; that star led me:
The paths I've taken, of most forsaken,
Do surely lead to an open sea :
As a clamour of voices heard in sleep,
Come shouts through the dark on the shrouded deep.

Now it is noon ; in the hush prevailing
Pipes, harps and horns into flute-notes fall;
The sea, conceding my star's true leading,
In tongues sublime at the end of all
Gives resonant utterance far and near ;—*c Cast away fear ;
Be of good cheer ;
He is here,
Is here !c*

And now I know that I sought Him only
Even as child, when for flowers I sought;
In the sins of youth, as in search for truth,
To find Him, hold Him alone I wrought.

The knaves too seek Him, and fools beguiled—
So speak to them also, sea-voices mild !

Which then was wisdom and which was folly ?

Did my star more than the cozening guide ?
The fool, as I think, at the chasm's brink,

Prone by the swamp or the marsh's side,
Did, even as I, in the end rejoice,
Since the voice of death must be His true voice.

A Ladder of Life

FROM age to age in the public place,
With the under steps in view,
The stairway stands, having earth for base,
But the heavens it passes through.

*O height and deep,
And the quests, in sleep.
Yet the Word of the King says well,
That the heart of the King is unsearchable'*

Of the utmost steps there are legends grand,
And far stars shine as they roll;
But, of child or man in the wonderful land,
Is there one who has scaled the whole ?

*Yet the great hope stirs,
Though His thoughts as yours
Are not, since the first man fell;
For the heart of the King is unsearchable.*

A pulsing song of the stairway strange
Sing, lark, dissolved in the sky !
But no, for it passes beyond the range
Of thy song and thy soaring high.

*The star is kin
To our soul within—
God orders His world so Well:
Yet the heart of the King is unsearchable.*

They say that the angels thereby come down,
Thereby do the saints ascend,
And that God's light shining from God's own Town
May be seen at the stairway's end:

*For good and ill
May be mixed at will,
The false shew true" by a spell,
But the heart of the King is unsearchable.*

Now, the stairway stands by the noisy mart
And the stairway stands by the sea ;
About it pulses the world's great heart
And the heart of yourself and me.

*We may read amiss
Both in that and this,
And the truth we read in a Well;
Since the heart of the King is unsearchable*

For a few steps here and a few steps there
It is fill'd with our voices loud,
But above these slumbers the silent air
And the hush of a dreaming cloud.

*In the strain and stress
Of that silentness.
Our hearts for the height **may** swell;
But the heart of the King is unsearchable.*

Some few of us, fill'd with a holy fire,
The Cross and the Christ have kiss'd ;
We have sworn to achieve our soul's desire
By mass and evangelist :

*Of step the third
I can bring down Word,
And you on the fifth may dwell;
Yet the heart of the King is unsearchable.*

As each of us stands at his place assign'd
And ponders the things we love,
It is meet and right we should call to mind
That some must have pass'd above :

*Yes, some there are
Who have pass'd so far,,
They have never return'd to tell;
And the heart of the King is unsearchable.*

Some glimpse at least of the end we glean,
Of the spiral curve and plan ;
For stretch as it may through the worlds unseen,
They are ever the worlds of man ;

*And—with all spaces—
His mind embraces
The way of the stairs as Well—
For his heart, like the King's, is unsearchable.*

Restoration

I CAME into the world for love of Thee,
I left Thee at Thy bidding ;
I put off my white robes and shining crown
And came into this world for love of Thee.

I have lived in the grey light for love of Thee,
In mean and darken'd houses:
The scarlet fruits of knowledge and of sin
Have stain'd me with their juice for love of Thee.

I could not choose but sin for love of Thee,
From Thee so sadly parted ;
I could not choose but put away my sin
And purge and scourge those stains for love of Thee.

My soul is sick with life for love of Thee,
Nothing can ease or fill me :
Restore me, past the frozen baths of death,
My crown and robes, desired for love of Thee :

And take me to Thyself for love of Thee;
My loss or gain counts little,
But Thou must need me since I need Thee so,
Crying through day and night for love of Thee!

How I came to the Sea

I

A VOICE in the dark imploring,
A sweet flute play'd in the light,
An organ pealing and pouring
Through the world's cathedral height—
And again the charge and the flight,
The clash and hurtle of fight.
O thou art grand, thou art lonely,
In thy melody, in thy moan,
With the sense of a world unknown
Filling the known world only!

Great voice, which invokes and urges
The strenuous souls to strive,
Gather thy waves, thy surges ;
Thy breakers heap and drive,
Thy long tides marshal and lead.
The little ripple shall plead
In little whispers on golden sand;
And further out on the rocky strand,
Where white crests crumble and white spume scourges,
Thy drums and tocsins and horns shall blow.
Thy long reverberant beats shall come and go,
From where thy surf-line in sky-line merges
To where, by sounding buffet and blow—
Blare of paeans and muffle of dirges—
Capes which crumble and torn cliffs know
The strength and stress of thine ebb and flow—
Waste and know thee and thee confess.
We do not know thee, we own, we know;
But our soul's might in thy might rejoices,
Our hearts respond to thy wild vast voices !
Thought with its fleetness swift wings from the course
of thee;

Tongues in the speech of thee;
Hope at the source of thee ;
Fire from the gleams of thee, strength from the force
of thee ;
Width through the reach of thee :
Depth from thy deepness, unfathom'd by plummet,
And height from thy night-sky's impervious summit -
Omen and sign !
These have we drawn from thee, these do we bring to thee;
Nature's great sacraments rise from and spring to thee.
All other ministries—sun, whenctis shrouded,
Moon in the morning light meagre and pallid,
Stars overclouded—
All are invalid
For spaces and seasons; but thou,
Thy greatest ministry is always now.
O sacramental sea, terrible sea,
Thine are the words of the mystery—
Grand-word and Pass-Word and Number thine,
Grades and Degrees to the height advancing,
And the golden dawn and the glory glancing
Far and away to the secret shrine !

II

There shall be no more sea, they say,
On Nature's great coronation day,
When the Bridegroom comes to the Bride.
Shall earth then lose her sacraments of tide—
Motion, measures tremendous, echoing far and long—
Glisten, sparkle and glow, ring of an endless song ?
O words prophetic, ye princes and priests attend ;
This is the Quest's end promised, the marvellous end
Of all our voyage and venture since time began.
To the Quest for ever the sea's voice calleth man;

And this in a" mystery-world, by only the side-light
broken—

That a Quest there is and an end—is the single secret
spoken

All over that vibrant main :

Of the Quest for ever it tells, of the ends and dooms to gain.

I rise in the half-light early, I vest myself in haste;

I pass over highway and byway, the fielded land and the
waste ;

As much as a man may prosper, all cagerlclimb andgodown,
For this day surely meseems that the Quest may receive
a crown.

To and fro in the search I hurry, and some men bid me
narrate

What means this fever, and why so eager, and whether
their help I wait;

Not as yet they know of the Quest, although they are
questing early and late.

And others, my brothers, the same great end pursuing,
Stop me and ask, What news ? Fellow Craft, is there any-
thing doing ?

Is there light in the East anywhere, some sign set forth
in a star,

Or a louder watchword utter'd from over the harbour bar ?

And above the light swift music of all its fleeting joys
The world spreads daily through length and breadth, the
great Quest's rumour and noise.

Who sought it first, who longest, and who has attain'd
almost ?

All this in town and in village its heralds proclaim and post ;
But the sun goes down and the night comes on for a space
to quench endeavour,

While star after star through the spaces far shew the track
of the Quest for ever !

III

But still, in the hush and the haunting, I stand, even I,
by the shore,

And the sea in the sunshine crooning pervades me with
deep unrest,

For it speaks of the Quest, of the Quest—
With a torrent of tongues in a thousand tones
And a far-off murmur of viewless zones,

Old and new, new and old, of the Quest;

Amen, it speaks evermore !

The whole wide world of voice and of rushing sound

You may seek through vainly,

But never a voice is found

To search the soul with such deep unrest,

Or to speak of the Quest

So plainly.

Then surely thither the Quest's way lies

And a man shall not err therein ;

Yet not on the surface surely seen with eyes,

For thence the swallow has come and thereon the sea-mew
flies;

And the haunting ships with tremulous sails, we learn,

For ever about it hover, pass to their place and return;

And over the wastes thereof the tempests ravage and burn,

Or the sea-spouts spin.

But not of these is the Quest;

In the deep, in the deep it lies—

Ah, let me plunge therein !

But the caves of the deep are silent, and the halls of **the**
deep are still;

Not there is the clarion bird

Or the wind's loud organ heard ;

No blythe voice cries on **the** hill.

A sail, a sail for the seaman, sailing East and West;
And a horse for the rover when he goeth over the dappled
down and road!

But a man may better remain in his own abode
Who is vow'd to the wonderful end which crowns the
Quest;

For sail and compass, and coach and steed and the rest,
The king's highway, and the beaten track, and the great
sea-road—

Are these the way of the Quest ?

Travel, travel and seanh, eyes that are eager glisten
(To-day is perchance too late),

I stand on the marge and listen
(To-morrow is stored with fate);

I stand on the marge and wait.

I know that the deep, with its secret, is a sacramental
hymn.

Enough that it speaks to me vaguely with meanings
reserved and dim,

Saga and rune of eld ;

Enough that its volume and grandeur hint the great tale
withheld;

While, far through the depth and the darkness, the echoing
halls of the soul

Reply to the roar and the roll,

Themselves in the mystery-tongue,

All the world over sung,

As the sibyl awaking from dream

In oracles hints at the theme

That has never been spoken or spell'd.

Of Consummation

WISE, O heart, is the heart which loves ; but what
of the heart which refrains—

Not as if counting the cost, and preferring the ease to the
pains,

But knowing how treasures of all are neither received nor
given,

The aching void that is under love and above it the aching
heaven ?

Wise are the lips which have learn'd how long may linger
the lips' caress,

But wiser they who the hungering lips can chasten and
repress,

For that which our fain mouths burn to kiss and loving
arms to embrace

Has never been given to lips or arms in the world of time
and space.

Wise, therefore, and wise above all, is he who does not
swerve aside,

But knows to his greatest need on earth is service of earth
denied ;

Who, least things asking of flesh and blood, and less than
the least of rest,

Goes **on** demanding the perfect good **and** disdaining the
second best.

After much conquest and **toil** no doubt, **but** high **in** his
starry tracks,

Shall **the** greater ministers come to **him** burning **the**
sacred flax,

Saying : **So** ~~passes~~ **the world** and **so** **the glory and light**
expend ;

But the High Term, follow'd unflinching, cries : I can
repay at the end.

*Διάγνωσις**The Morality of the Lost Word*

WITH a measure of light and a measure of shade,
 The world of old by the Word was made ;
 By the shade and light was the Word conceal'd,
 And the Word in flesh to the world reveal'd
 Is by outward sense and its forms obscured ;
 The spirit within is the long lost Word,
 Besought by the world of the soul in pain
 Through a world of words which are void and vain.
 O never while shadow and light are blended
 Shall the world's Word-Quest or its woe be ended,
 And never the world of its wounds made whole
 Till the Word made flesh be the Word made soul !

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

1861-1899

The Clearer Self

BEFORE me grew the human soul,
 And after I am dead and gone,
 Through grades of effort and control
 The marvellous work shall still go on.

Each mortal in his little span
 Hath only lived, if he have shown
 What greatness there can be in man
 Above the measured and the known;

How through the ancient layers of night,
 In gradual victory secure,
 Grows ever with increasing light
 The Energy serene and pure :

The Soul that from a monstrous past,
From age to age, from hour to hour,
Feels upward to some height at last
Of unimagined grace and power.

Though yet the sacred fire be dull,
In folds of thwarting matter furled,
Ere death be nigh, while life is full,
O Master Spirit of the world,

Grant me to know, to seek, to find,
In some small measure though it be,
Emerging from the waste and blind,
The clearer self, the grander me !

Peccavi, Domine

O POWER to whom this earthly clime
Is but an atom in the whole,
O Poet-heart of Space and Time,
O Maker and immortal Soul,
Within whose glowing rings are bound,
Out of whose sleepless heart had birth
The cloudy blue, the starry round,
And this small miracle of earth :

Who liv'st in every living thing,
And all things are thy script and chart,
Who rid'st upon the eagle's wing,
And yearnest in the human heart ;
O Riddle with a single clue,
Love, deathless, protean, secure,
The ever pld, the ever new,
O Energy, serene and pure.

Thou, who art also part of me,
Whose glory I have sometime seen,
O Vision of the Ought-to-be,
O Memory of the Might-have-been,
I have had glimpses of thy way,
And moved with winds and walked with stars,
But, weary, I have fallen astray,
And, wounded, who shall count my scars ?

O Master, all *my* strength is gone ;
Unto the very earth I bow ;
I have no light to lead me on ;
With aching heart and burning brow,
I lie as one that travaileth
In sorrow more than he can bear ;
I sit in darkness as of death,
And scatter dust upon my hair.

The God within my soul hath slept,
And I have shamed the nobler rule ;
O Master, I have whined and crept ;
O Spirit, I have played the fool.
Like him of old upon whose head
His follies hung in dark arrears,
I groan and travail in my bed,
And water it with bitter tears'

I stand upon thy mountain-heads,
And gaze until mine eyes are dim ;
The golden morning glows and spreads ;
The hoary vapours break and swim.
I see thy blossoming fields, divine,
Thy shining clouds, thy blessed trees.
And then that broken soul of mine—
How much less beautiful than these !

O Spirit, passionless, but kind,
Is there in all the world, I cry,
Another one so base and blind,
Another one so weak as I ?
O Power, unchangeable, but just,
Impute this one good thing to me,
I sink my spirit to the dust
In utter dumb humility.

MARY ELIZABETH COLERIDGE

1861-1907

*'He came unto His own, and His own
received Him not'*

AS Christ the Lord was passing by,
He came, one night, to a cottage door.
He came, a poor man, to the poor ;
He had no bed whereon to lie.

He asked in vain for a crust of bread,
Standing there in the frozen blast.
The door was locked and bolted fast.
' Only a beggar !c the poor man said.

Christ the Lord went further on,
Until He came to a palace gate.
There a king was keeping his state,
In every window the candles shone.

The king beheld Him out in the cold.
He left his guests in the banquet-hall.
He bade his servants tend them all.
' I wait on a Guest I know of old.'

'cTis only a beggar-man !' they said.
 ' Yes,' he said ;c it is Christ the Lord.'
 He spoke to Him a kindly word,
 He gave Him wine and he gave Him bread.

Now Christ is Lord of Heaven and Hell,
 And all the words of Christ are true.
 He touched the cottage, and it grew ;
 He touched the palace, and it fell.

The poor man is become a king.
 Never was man so sad as he.
 Sorrow and Sin on the throne make three,
 He has no joy in mortal thing.

But the sun streams in at the cottage door
 That stands where once the palace stood.
 And the workman, toiling to earn his food,
 Was never a king before.

Good Friday in my Heart

GOOD FRIDAY in my heart ! Fear and affright !
 My thoughts are the Disciples when they fled,
 My words the words that priest and soldier said,
 My deed the spear to desecrate the dead.
 And day, Thy death therein, is changed to night.

Then Easter in my heart sends up the sun.
 My thoughts are Mary, when she turned to see.
 My words are Peter, answering,c Lov'st thou Me ?'
 My **deeds are** all Thine own drawn close to Thee,
And night **and** day, since **Thou dost rise, are one.**

After St. Augustine

SUNSHINE let it be or frost,
 Storm or calm, as Thou shalt choose ;
 Though Thine every gift were lost,
 Thee Thyself we could not lose.

BLISS CARMAN

b.1861

Keni Creator

Πνεῦμα κυρίου ἐν' ἐμὲ

LORD of the grass and hill,
 Lord of the rain.
 White Overlord of will,
 Master of pain,

I who am dust and air
 Blown through the halls of death.
 Like a pale ghost of prayer,—
 I am thy breath.

Lord of the blade and leaf,
 Lord of the bloom,
 Sheer Overlord of grief,
 Master of doom,

Lonely as wind or snow,
 Through the vague world and dim,
 Vagrant and glad I go ;
 I am thy whim.

Lord of the storm and lull,
Lord of the sea,
I am thy broken gull,
Blown far alee.

Lord of the harvest dew,
Lord of the dawn,
Star of the paling blue
Darkling and gone,

Lost on the mountain height
Where the first winds are stirred.
Out of the wells of night
I am thy word.

Lord of the haunted hush,
Where raptures throng,
I am thy hermit thrush,
Ending no song.

Lord of the frost and cold,
Lord of the North,
When the red sun grows old
And day goes forth,

I shall put off this girth,—
Go glad and free,
Earth to my mother earth,
Spirit to thee.

II

Lord of *my* heart's elation.
Spirit of things unseen,
Be thou my aspiration
Consuming and serene !

Bear up, bear out, bear onward
This mortal soul alone,
To selfhood or oblivion,
Incredibly thine own,—

As the foamheads are loosened
And blown along the sea,
Or sink and merge forever
In that which bids them be.

I, too, must climb in wonder,
Uplift at thy command,—
Be one with my frail fellows
Beneath the wind's strong hand,

A fleet and shadowy column
Of dust or mountain rain,
To walk the earth a moment
And be dissolved again.

Be thou my exaltation
Or fortitude of mien,
Lord of the world's elation
Thou breath of things unseen J

A Creature Catechism

I

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the sea

LORD, *said a flying fish,*
Below the foundations of storm
We feel the primal wish
Of the earth take form.

Through the dim green water-fire
We see the red sun loom,
And the quake of a new desire
Takes hold on us down in the gloom.

No more can the filmy drift
Nor draughty currents buoy
Our whim to its bent, nor lift
Our heart to the height of its joy.

When sheering down to the Line
Come polar tides from the North,
Thy silver folk of the brine
Must glimmer and forth.

Down in the crumbling mill
Grinding eternally,
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the sea.

II

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the air

Lord, *said a butterfly.*
Out of a creeping thing,
For days in the dust put by,
The spread of a wing

Emerges with pulvil of gold
On a tissue of green and blue,
And there is thy purpose of old
Unspoiled and fashioned **anew.**

Ephemera, ravellings of sky
And shreds of the Northern light,
We age in a heart-beat and die
Under the eaves of night.

What if the small breath quail,
Or cease at a touch of the frost ?
Not a tremor of joy shall fail,
Nor a pulse be lost.

This fluttering life, never still,
Survives to oblivion's despair.
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the air.

III

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the field ?

Lord, said a maple seed,
Though well we are wrapped and bound,
We are the first to give heed,
When thy bugles give sound.

We banner thy House of the Hills
With green and vermillion and gold,
When the floor of April thrills
With the myriad stir of the mould,

And her hosts for migration prepare.
We too have the veined twin-wings,
Vans for the journey of air.
With the urge of a thousand springs

Pent for a germ in our side,
We perish of joy, being dumb,
That our race may be and abide
For aeons to come.

When rivulet answers to rill
In snow-blue valleys unsealed,
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the field.

IV

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the ground

Lord, when the time is ripe,
Said a frog through the quiet rain,
We take up the silver pipe
For the pageant again.

When the melting wind of the South
Is over meadow and pond,
We draw the breath of thy mouth,
Reviving the ancient bond.

Then must we fife and declare
The unquenchable joy of earth,—
Testify hearts still dare,
Signalize beauty's worth.

Then must we rouse and blow
On the magic reed once more,
Till the glad earth-children know
Not a thing to deplore.

When rises the marshy trill
To the soft spring night's profound,
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the ground.

v

Soul, what art thou in the tribes of the earth ?

Lord, said an artist born,
We leave the city behind
For the hills of open morn,
For fear of our kind.

Our brother they nailed to a tree
For sedition ; they bully and curse
All those whom love makes free.
Yet the very winds disperse

Rapture of birds and brooks,
Colours of sea and cloud,—
Beauty not learned of books,
Truth that is never loud.

We model our joy into clay,
Or help it with line and hue,
Or hark for its breath in stray
Wild chords and new.

For to-morrow can only fulfil
Dreams which to-day have birth ;
We are the type of thy will
To the tribes of the earth.

On Love

TO the assembled folk
At great St. Kavin's spoke
Young Brother Amiel on Christmas Eve;
I give you joy, my friends,
That as the round year ends,
We meet once more for gladness by God's leave.

On other festal days
For penitence or praise
Or prayer we meet, or fullness of thanksgiving ;
To-night we calendar
The rising of that star
Which lit the old world with new joy of living.

Ah, we disparage still
The Tidings of Good Will,
Discrediting Love's gospel now as then I
And with the verbal creed
That God is love indeed,
Who dares make Love his god before all men ?

Shall we not, therefore, friends,
Resolve to make amends
To that glad inspiration of the heart ;
To grudge not, to cast out
Selfishness, malice, doubt,
Anger and fear ; and for the better part,

To love so much, so well,
The spirit cannot tell
The range and sweep of her own boundary I
There is no period
Between the soul and God ;
Love is the tide, God the eternal sea. . . .

To-day we walk by love ;
To strive is not enough,
Save against greed and ignorance and might.
We apprehend peace comes
Not with the roll of drums,
But in the still processions of the night.

And we perceive, not awe
But love is the great law
That binds the world together safe and whole.
The splendid planets run
Their courses in the sun ;
Love is the gravitation of the soul.

In the profound unknown,
Illumined, fair, and lone,
Each star is set to shimmer in its place.
In the profound divine
Each soul is set to shine,
And its unique appointed orbit trace.

There is no near nor far,
Where glorious Algebar
Swings round his mighty circuit through the night,
Yet where without a sound
The winged seed comes to ground,
And the red leaf seems hardly to alight.

One force, one lore, one need
For satellite and seed,
In the serene benignity for all.
Letting her time-glass run
With star-dust, sun by sun,
In Nature's thought **there** is **no great nor** small.

There is no far nor near
Within the spirit's sphere.
The summer sunset's scarlet-yellow wings
Are tinged with the same dye
That paints the tulip's ply.
And what is colour but the soul of things *i*

(The earth was without form ;
God moulded it with storm.
Ice, flood, and tempest, gleaming tint and hue ;
Lest it should come to ill
For lack of spirit still,
He gave it colour,—let the love shine through.) . . .

Of old, men said,^c Sin not ;
By every line and jot
Ye shall abide ; man's heart is false and vile.'
Christ said,^c By love alone
In man's heart is God known ;
Obey the word no falsehood can defile.' . .

And since that day we prove
Only how great is love,
Nor to this hour its greatness half believe.
For to what other power
Will life give equal dower,
Or chaos grant one moment of reprieve !

Look down the ages' line,
Where slowly the divine
Evinces energy, puts forth control ;
See mighty love alone
Transmuting stock and stone,
Infusing being, helping sense and soul.

And what is energy,
In-working, which bids be
The starry pageant and the life of earth ?
What is the genesis
Of every joy and bliss,
Each action dared, each beauty brought to birth ?

What hangs the sun on high ?
What swells the growing rye ?
What bids the loons cry on the Northern lake ?
What stirs in swamp and swale,
When April winds prevail,
And all the dwellers of the ground awake ? . . .

What lurks in the deep gaze
Of the old wolf ? Amaze,
Hope, recognition, gladness, anger, fear.
But deeper than all these
Love muses, yearns, and sees,
And is the self that does not change nor veer.

Not love of self alone,
Struggle for lair and bone,
But self-denying love of mate and young,
Love that is kind and wise,
Knows trust and sacrifice,
And croons the old dark universal tongue. . . .

And who has understood
Our brothers of the wood,
Save he who puts off guile and every guise
Of violence,—made truce
With panther, bear, and moose,
As beings like ourselves whom **love makes wise** ?

For they, too, do love's will,
Our lesser clansmen still;
The House of Many Mansions holds us all;
Courageous, glad and hale,
They go forth on the trail,
Hearing the message, hearkening to the call. . . .

Open the door to-night
Within your heart, and light
The lantern of love there to shine afar.
On a tumultuous sea
Some straining craft, maybe,
With bearings lost, shall sight love's silver star,

ALICE MEYNELL

To a Daisy

SLIGHT as thou art, thou art enough to hide,
Like all created things, secrets from me,
And stand a barrier to eternity.
And I, how can I praise thee well and wide

From where I dwell—upon the hither side ?
Thou little veil for so great mystery,
When shall I penetrate all things and thee,
And then look back ? For this I must abide,

Till thou shalt grow and fold and be unfurled
Literally between me and the world.

Then shall I drink from in beneath a spring,

And from a poet's side shall read his book.

O daisy mine, what will it be to look

From God's side even of such a simple thing ?

Via, et Veritas, et Vita

'YOU never attained to Him.' c If to attain
 Be to abide, then that may be.'
 ' Endless the way, followed with how much pain !c
 ' The way was He.'

The Unknown God

ONE of the crowd went up,
 And knelt before the Paten and the Cup,
 Received the Lord, returned in peace, and prayed
 Close to my side ; then in my heart I said :

' O Christ, in this man's life—
 This stranger who is Thine—in all his strife,
 All his felicity, his good and ill,
 In the assaulted stronghold of his will,

*I do confess Thee here,
 Alive within this life ; I know Thee near
 Within this lonely conscience, closed away
 Within this brother's solitary day..

' Christ in his unknown heart,
 His intellect unknown—this love, this art,
 This battle and this peace, this destiny
 That I shall never know, look upon me !

' Christ in his numbered breath,
 Christ in his beating heart and in his death,
 Christ in his mystery ! From that secret place
 And from that separate dwelling, give me grace.'

In Portugal, 1912

AND will they cast the altars down,
Scatter the chalice, crush the bread ?
In field, in village, and in town
He hides an unregarded head ;

Waits in the corn-lands far and near,
Bright in His sun, dark in His frost.
Sweet in the vine, ripe in the ear—
Lonely unconseparated Host.

In ambush at the merry board
The Victim lurks unsacrificed ;
The mill conceals the harvest's Lord,
The wine-press holds the unbidden Christ.

Christ in the Universe

WITH this ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us. These abide:
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all
The innumerable host of stars has heard
How He administered this terrestrial ball.
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet
None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

No planet knows that this
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss,
Bears, as chief treasure, one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,
May His devices with the heavens be guessed,
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way
Or His bestowals there be manifest.

But in the eternities,
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
A million alien Gospels, in what guise
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

O, be prepared, my soul !
To read the inconceivable, to scan
The myriad forms of God those stars unroll
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON

The Beloved

BL O W gently over my garden,
Wind of the Southern sea,
In the hour that my Love cometh
And calleth me !
My Love shall entreat me sweetly,

With voice like the wood-pigeon ; c I am here at the gate
Here in the dawn.'

Then I shall rise up swiftly
All in the rose and grey,
And open the gate to my Lover
At dawning of day.
He hath crowns of pain on His forehead,
And wounds in His hands and feet ;
But here mid the dews of my garden
His rest shall be sweet.

Then blow not out of your forests,
Wind of the icy North ;
But Wind of the South that is healing
Rise and come forth !
And shed your musk and your honey,
And spill your odours of spice,
For one who forsook for my garden
His Paradise !

The Flying Wheel

WHEN I was young the days were long,
Oh, long the days when I was young :
So long from morn to evenfall
As they would never end at all.

Now I grow old Time flies, alas !
I watch the years and seasons pass.
Time turns him with his fingers thin
A wheel that whirls while it doth spin.

There is no time to take one's ease,
For to sit still and be at peace :
Oh, whirling wheel of Time, be still,
Let me be quiet if you will !

Yet still it turns so giddily,
 So fast the years and seasons fly,
 Dazed with the noise and speed I run
 And stay me on the Changeless One.

I stay myself on Him who stays
 Ever the same through nights and days :
 The One Unchangeable for aye,
 That was and will be : the one Stay,

O'er whom Eternity will pass
 But as an image in a glass ;
 To whom a million years are nought,—
 I stay myself on a great Thought.

I stay myself on the great Quiet
 After the noises and the riot ;
 As in a garnished chamber sit
 Far from the tumult of the street.

Oh, wheel of Time, turn round apace I
 But I have found a resting-place.
 You will not trouble me again
 In the great peace where I attain.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

b.1862

The Final Mystery

This myth, of Egyptian origin, formed part of the instruction given to those initiated in the Orphic mysteries, and written versions of it were buried with the dead.

HEAR now, O Soul, the last command of all—
 When thou hast left thine every mortal mark,
 And by the road that lies beyond recall
 Won through the desert of the Burning Dark,

Thou shalt behold within a garden bright
A well, beside a cypress ivory-white.

Still is that well, and in its waters cool
White, white and windless, sleeps that cypress tree :
Who drinks but once from out her shadowy pool
Shall thirst no more to all eternity.
Forgetting all, by all forgotten clean,
His soul shall be with that which hath not been.

But thou, though thou be trembling with thy dread,
And parched with thy desire more fierce than flame,
Think on the stream wherefrom thy life was fed,
And that diviner fountain whence it came.
Turn thee and cry—behold, it is not far—
Unto the hills where living waters are.

' Lord, though I lived on earth, the child of earth,
Yet was I fathered by the starry sky :
Thou knowest I came not of the shadows' birth,
Let me not die the death that shadows die.
Give me to drink of the sweet spring that leaps
From Memory's fount, wherein no cypress sleeps.'

Then shalt thou drink, O Soul, and therewith slake
The immortal longing of thy mortal thirst ;
So of thy Father's life shalt thou partake,
And be for ever that thou wert at first.
Lost in remembered loves, yet thou more thou
With them shalt reign in never-ending *Now*.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

b. 1862

Prayer

MY sorrow had pierced me through ; it throbbed in
my heart like a thorn ;

This way and that I stared, as a bird with a broken
limb

Hearing the hound's strong feet thrust imminent through
the corn,

So to my God I turned : and I had forgotten Him.

Into the night I breathed a prayer like a soaring
fire;—

So to the windswept cliff the resonant rocket
streams,—

And it struck its mark, I know ; for I felt my flying
desire

Strain, like a rope drawn home, and catch in the land
of dreams.

What was the answer ? This—the horrible depth of
night,

And deeper, as ever I peer, the huge cliff's mountainous
shade,

While the frail boat cracks and grinds, and never a star
in sight,

And the seething waves smite fiercer ;—and yet I am
not afraid.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

b. 1863

* *O World, thou choosest not'*

O WORLD, thou choosest not the better part!
 It is not wisdom to be only wise,
 And on the inward vision close the eyes,
 But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
 Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
 Save one that faith deciphered in the skies ;
 To trust the soul's invincible surmise
 Was all his science and his only art.
 Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
 That lights the pathway but one step ahead
 Across a void of mystery and dread.
 Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
 By which alone the mortal heart is led
 Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

* *O Martyred Spirit'*

O MARTYRED Spirit of this helpless Whole,
 Who dost by pain for tyranny atone,
 And in the star, the atom, and the stone,
 Purgest the primal guilt, and in the soul;
 Rich but in grief, thou dost thy wealth unroll,
 And givest of thy substance to thine own,
 Mingling the love, the laughter, and the groan
 In the large hollow of the heaven's bowl.
 Fill full my cup ; the dregs and honeyed brim
 [take from thy just hand, more worthy love
 For sweetening not the draught for me or him.
 What in myself I am, that let me prove ;
 Relent not for my feeble prayer, nor dim
The burning of thine altar for my hymn.

HERBERT TRENCH

b. 1865

Undtsfaim

OUR seer, the net-mender,
 The day that he died
 Looked out to the seaward
 At ebb of the tide;
 Gulls drove like the snow
 Over bight, over barn,
 As he sang to the ebb
 On the rock Lindisfarne :
¹ Hail, thou blue ebbing !
 The breakers are gone
 From the stormy coast-islet
 Bethundered and lone!
 Hail, thou wide shrinking
 Of foam and of bubble—
 The reefs are laid bare
 And far off is the trouble !
 For through this retreating
 As soft as a smile,
 The isle of the flood
 Is no longer an isle....

By the silvery isthmus
 Of sands that uncover,
 Now feet as of angels
 Come delicate over—
 The fluttering children
 Flee happily over!
 To the beach of the mainland
 Return is now clear,
 The old travel **thither**
Dry-shod, without fear. » . ,

And now, at the wane,
When foundations expand,
Doth the isle of the soul,
Lindisfarne, understand
She stretcheth to vastness
Made one with the land !'

/ Seek Thee in the Heart Alone

FOUNTAIN of Fire whom all divide,
We haste asunder like the spray
But waneless doth Thy flame abide
Whom every torch can take away !

I seek Thee in the heart alone,
I shall not find in hill or plain ;
Our rushing star must keep its moan,
Our nightly soul its homeward pain.

Song out of thought, Light out of power,
Even the consumings of this breast
Advance the clearness of that hour
When all shall poise, and be at rest.

It cracks at last—the glowing sheath,
The illusion, Personality;
Absorbed and interwound with death
The myriads are dissolved in Thee.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

b. 1865

The Rose of Battle

ROSE of all Roses, Rose of all the World !
 The tall thought-woven sails, that flap unfurled
 Above the tide of hours, trouble the air,
 And God's bell buoyed to be the water's care ;
 While hushed from fear, or loud with hope, a band
 With blown, spray-dabbled hair gather at hand.
Turn if you may from battles never done,
 I call, as they go by me one by one,
Danger no refuge holds, and war no peace,
For him who hears love sing and never cease,
Beside her clean-swept hearth, her quiet shade :
But gather all for whom no love hath made
A woven silence, or but came to cast
A song into the air, and singing past
To smile on the pale dawn ; and gather you
Who have sought more than is in rain or dew
Or in the sun and moon, or on the earth,
Or sighs amid the wandering starry mirth,
Or comes in laughter from the sea's sad lips ;
And wage God's battles in the long grey ships.
The sad, the lonely, the insatiable,
To these Old Night shall all her mystery tell ;
God's bell has claimed them by the little cry
Of their sad hearts, that may not live nor die.

Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World !
 You, too, have come where the dim tides are hurled
 Upon the wharves of sorrow, and heard ring
 The bell that calls us on ; the sweet far thing.

Beauty grown sad with its eternity
Made you of us, and of the dim grey sea.
Our long ships loose thought-woven sails and wait,
For God has bid them share an equal fate ;
And when at last defeated in His wars,
They have gone down under the same white stars,
We shall no longer hear the little cry
Of our sad hearts, that may not live nor die.

To the Secret Rose

FAR off, most secret, and inviolate Rose,
Enfold me in my hour of hours ; where those
Who sought thee at the Holy Sepulchre,
Or in the wine-vat, dwell beyond the stir
And tumult of defeated dreams ; and deep
Among pale eyelids heavy with the sleep
Men have named beauty. Your great leaves enfold
The ancient beards, the helms of ruby and gold
Of the crowned Magi ; and the king whose eyes
Saw the Pierced Hands and Rood of Elder rise
In druid vapour and make the torches dim ;
Till vain frenzy awoke and he died ; and him
Who met Fand walking among flaming dew,
By a grey shore where the wind never blew,
And lost the world **and** Emir for a kiss ;
And him who drove the gods out of their liss
And till a hundred morns had flowered red
Feasted, and wept the barrows of his dead ;
And the proud dreaming king who flung the crown
And sorrow away, and calling bard and clown
Dwelt among wine-stained wanderers in deep woods ;
And him who sold tillage and house and goods,

And sought through lands and islands numberless yea
Until he found with laughter and with tears
A woman of so shining loveliness,
That men threshed corn at midnight by a tress,
A little stolen tress. I too await
The hour of thy great wind of love and hate.
When shall the stars be blown about the sky,
Like the sparks blown out of a smithy, and die ?
Surely thine hour has come, thy great wind blows,
Far off, most secret, and inviolate Rose ?

ARTHUR SYMONS

b. 186

The Ecstasy

WHAT is this reverence in extreme delight
That waits upon my kisses as they storm,
Vehemently, this height
Of steep and inaccessible delight ;
And seems with newer ecstasy to warm
Their slackening ardour, and invite,
From nearer heaven, the swarm
Of hiving stars with mortal sweetness down i
Never before
Have I endured an exaltation
So exquisite in anguish, and so sore
In promise and possession of full peace.
Cease not, O nevermore
Cease,
To lift my joy, as upon windy wings,
Into that infinite ascension, where,
In baths of glittering air,
It finds a heaven and like an angel sings.

Heaven waits above,
There where the clouds and fastnesses of love
Lift earth into the skies ;
And I have seen the glimmer of the gates,
And twice or thrice
Climbed half the difficult way,
Only to say
Heaven waits,
Only to fall away from paradise.
But now, O what is this
Mysterious and uncapturable bliss
That I have known, yet seems to be
Simple as breath, and easy as a smile,
And older than the earth ?
Now but a little while
This ultimate ecstasy
Has parted from its birth,
Now but a little while been wholly mine,
Yet am I utterly possessed
By the delicious tyrant and divine
Child, this importunate guest.

Indian Meditation

WHERE shall this self at last find happiness
O Soul, only in nothingness.
Does not the Earth suffice to its own needs ?
And what am I but one of the Earth's weeds ?
All things have been and all things shall go on
Before me and when I am gone ;
This self that cries out for eternity
Is what shall pass in me :
The tree remains, the leaf falls from the tree.

I would be as the leaf, I would be lost
In the identity and death of frost,
Rather than draw the sap of the tree's strength
And for the tree's sake be cast off at length.
To be is homage unto being ; cease
To be, and be at peace,
If it be peace for self to have forgot
Even that it is not.

The Turning Dervish

STARS in the heavens turn,
I worship like a star,
And in its footsteps learn
Where peace and wisdom are.

Man crawls as a worm crawls ;
Till dust with dust he lies,
A crooked line he scrawls
Between the earth and skies.

Yet God, having ordained
The course of star and sun,
No creature hath constrained
A meaner course to run.

I, by his lesson taught,
Imaging his design,
Have diligently wrought
Motion to be divine.

I turn until *my* sense,
Dizzied with waves of air,
Spins to a point intense,
And spires and centres there.

There, motionless in speed,
I drink that flaming peace,
Which in the heavens doth feed
The stars with bright increase.

Some spirit in me doth move
Through ways of light untrod,
Till, with excessive love,
I drown, and am in God,

MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN

1865-1914

Sibylline

THERE is a glory in the apple boughs
Of silver moonlight ; like a torch of myrrh,
Burning upon an altar of sweet vows,
Dropped from the hand of some wan worshipper :
And there is life among the apple blooms
Of whisp'ring winds ; as if a god addressed
The flamen from the sanctuary glooms
With secrets of the bourne that hope hath guessed,
Saying : c Behold I a darkness which illumines,
A waking which is rest.'

There is a blackness in the apple trees
Of tempest ; like the ashes of an urn
Hurt hands have gathered upon blistered knees,
With salt of tears, out of the flames that burn ;
And there is death among the blooms, that fill
The night with breathless scent,—as when, above
The priest, the vision of his faith doth will
Forth from his soul the beautiful form thereof,—
Saying : c Behold ! a silence never still ;
The other form of love.'

*The Watcher on the Tower**I**The Voice of a Man*

WHAT of the Night, O Watcher ?

The Voice of a Woman

Yea, what of it ?

The Watcher

A star has risen ; and a wind blows strong.

Voice of the Man

The Night is dark.

The Watcher

But God is there above it.

Voice of the Woman

The Night is dark ; the Night is dark and long.

*II**Voice of the Man*

What of the Night, O Watcher ?

Voice of the Woman

Night of sorrow !

The Watcher

Out of the East there comes a sound, like song.

Voice of the Man

The Night is dark.

The Watcher

Have courage ! There's To-morrow !

Voice of the Woman

The Night is dark ; the Night is dark and long.

in

Voice of the Man

What of the Night, O Watcher ?

Voice of the Woman

Is it other ?

The Watcher

I see a gleam; a thorn of light; a thong.

Voice of the Man

The Night is dark.

The Watcher

The Morning comes, my Brother.

Voice of the Woman

The Night is dark; the Night is dark and long.

IV

Voice of the Man

What now, what now, O Watcher ?

The Watcher

Red as slaughter

The Darkness dies. The Light comes swift and strong.

Voice of the Man

The Night was long.—What sayest thou, my Daughter i

Voice of the Woman

The Night was dark; the Night was dark and long.

Attainment

ON the Heights of Great Endeavour,—
Where Attainment looms forever,—
Toiling upward, ceasing never,
Climb the fateful Centuries:
Up the difficult, dark places,
Joy and anguish in their faces,
On they strive, the living races,
And the dead, that no one sees.

Shape by shape, with brow uplifted,
One by one, where night is rifted,
Pass the victors, many gifted,
Where the heaven opens wide :
While below them, fallen or seated,
Mummy-like, or shadow-sheeted,
Stretch the lines of the defeated,—
Scattered on the mountainside.

And each victor, passing wanly,
Gazes on that Presence lonely,
With unmoving eyes where only
Grow the dreams for which men die :
Grow the dreams, the far, ethereal,
That on earth assume material
Attributes, and, vast, imperial,
Rear their battlements on high.

Kingdoms, marble-templed, towered,
Where the Arts, the many-dowered,—
That for centuries have flowered,
Trampled under War's wild heel,—

Lift immortal heads and golden,
 Blossoms of the times called olden,
 Soul-alluring, earth-withholden,
 Universal in appeal.

As they enter,—high and lowly,—
 On the hush these words fall slowly : —c Ye who kept your purpose hold
 Never dreamed your cause was vain,
 Look !—Behold, through time abating,
 How the long, sad days of waiting,
 Striving, starving, hoping, hating,
 Helped your spirit to attain.

' For to all who dream, aspire,
 Marry effort to desire,
 On the cosmic heights, in fire
 Beacons, my form appears :—
 I am marvel, I am morning !
 Beauty in man's heart and warning !—
 On my face none looks with scorning,
 And no soul attains who fears.'

WALTER LESLIE WILMSHURST

b. 1866

Anima Naturae

SWIRL of the river aflow to the sea,
 Aspen a-quiver all tremulously,
 Skylark that shivereth song o'er the lea,
 Shaft of the sun ;
 Snowflakes that sprinkle the wind-bitten wold,
 Fireflies that twinkle with shimmer of gold,
 Wavelets that wrinkle the sands where ye rolled,
 Rivulet's ripple and run ;

MYST.

R

Lone mountain-meres that are silently dreaming
Of far-flashing spheres that enmirrored are beaming,
Clouds' crystal tears when the rainbow is gleaming,
 I, also a son
Of the Mother, inherit the soul of her infinite throng,
See it and hear it my paths all about and among,
Throb with your spirit and sing with the manifold song
 Of the infinite, manifold One.

Nox Nivosa

SNOWFLAKES downfloating from the void
 Upon my face,
Spilth of the silent alchemy employed
 In deeps of space
Where viewless everlasting fingers ply
The power whose secret is the mystery
 That doth my world encase ;

Power that with equal ease outshakes
 Yon architrave
Of massy stars in heaven and these frail flakes
 Earth's floor that pave ;
Swings the flamed orbs with infinite time for dower
And strews these velvet jewels not an hour
 Of sunshine that will brave ;

Yet of whose clustered crystals none
 But speaks the act
Of the hand that steers each ceaseless-wheeling sun
 And to whose tact
Fire-wreath and spangled ice alike respond ;
Thoughts from the void frozen to flower and frond,
 Divinely all compact ;

Snowflakes, of pureness unalloyed,
That in dark space
Are built, and spilt from out the teeming void
With prodigal grace,
Air-quarried temples though you fall scarce-felt
And all your delicate architecture melt
To tears upon my face,—

I too am such encrystalled breath
In the void planned
And bodied forth to surge of life and death ;
And as I stand
Beneath this sacramental spilth of snow,
Crumbling, you whisper : c Fear thou not to go
Back to the viewless hand ;

' Thence to be moulded forth again
Through time and space
Till thy imperishable self attain
Such strength and grace
Through endless infinite refinement passed
By the eternal Alchemist that at last
Thou see Him face to face.'

The Mystery of Light

SOULS there be to whomtis given
Easily to enter heaven ;
Scarce an effort on their part,
Without struggle, prayer, or art ;
Sometimes utterly unknowing
Why such glory should be showing ;
Wondering what the reason is
Of the inflaming ecstasies
That Christ giveth unto His.

Often they, not understanding,
Catch a rarer light expanding ;
Doing but their daily task,
Falls away some filmy mask,
And before their eyes extended
Heaven with earth is interblended ;
And beyond this outward strife
They see what hidden peace is rife
In God's great reservoirs of life.

Some in that rapt state elysian
Are accorded richer vision ;
Watch the thronging angels pass
To a high celestial Mass ;
See a veiled, flaming Centre,
See a Great High Priest there enter.
Whence a Host he lifteth up
And a crimson-brimming Cup,
Which He bids all eat and sup.

Or a day falls, past relating,
When a Dove, divinely mating,
Stirs the sheltering leaves apart
O'er some deeply-nested heart ;
And, Himself within interning,
Lo ! the very bush is burning
With the blazonry of love
Of that far-descended Dove
In His bridal-mate's alcove.

Such things simple souls and holy
Often know, whilst men less lowly
Beat the breast and bend the brain
In their labour to attain :

Till from heaven, tired of crying,
They will turn, all heaven denying ;
Seeking ways of lesser bliss
Which, in His large Mysteries,
Christ denieth not to His.

Let not me, who have no mission
Yet to see the shining Vision,
E'er forget that night and day
Are His strange vicarious way ;
He by one prepares the other,
Glooming me to light my brother.
May I ever blinded be
If my disability
Help my fellow-man to see.

In this night of my unknowing
His symbol-light shall be my showing.
I'll know that at the rise of sun
High Mass, for all, in heavencs begun ;
That when at noon-tide height it lingers
Christ lifts the Host in His piered fingers ;
And at its setting it shall tell
How He descendeth, loving well,
Even to me, His child in hell.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

b. 1866

The Second Crucifixion

L OUD mockers in the roaring street
Say Christ is crucified again :
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
Twice **broken** His **great heart in vain.**

I hear, and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone
From off His unawaking sleep,
In vain shall Mary watch alone,
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah ! never more shall Mary hear
That voice exceeding sweet and low
Within the garden calling clear :
Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,
And Bartimaeus still go blind ;
The healing hem shall ne'er again
Be touched by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,
The poor and outcast, in His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart
With gentle knocking shall He plead,
No more the mystic pity start,
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say,
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

b. 1865

The Continuing City

GOD, who made man out of dust,
 Willed him to be
 Not to known ends, but to trust
 His decree.

This is our city, a soul
 Walled within clay;
 Separate hearts of one whole,
 Bound we obey.

All that He meant us to be,
 Could we discern,—
 Life had no meaning,—or we
 Had not to learn.

Thou, beloved, doubt not the truth
 Eyesight makes dim !
 All life, to age from youth,
 Brings us to Him :

Him Whom thou hast not seen,
 Canst not yet know :
 Human hearts stand between,
 His to foreshow.

Couldst thou possess thine own,
 That were the key;
 He, to Whom hearts are known,
 Keeps it from thee.

Thou all thy days must live,
 Thyself the quest;
 Plucking the heart to give
 From thine own breast.

Till thou, from other eyes,
 At kindred calls,
 Seest thine own towers arise,
 And thine own walls,—

Where, conquering the wide air,
 Peopling its waste,
 Citadels everywhere
 Like stars stand based:

Losing thy soul, thy soul
 Again to find;
 Rendering toward that goal
 Thy separate mind.

The Mystery of the Incarnation

A DISPUTATION BETWEEN CHRIST AND THE HUMAN FORM

{For the Feast of the Nativity}

COMEST Thou peaceably, O Lord *i*
 'Yea, I am Peace !
 Be not so fearful to afford
 Thy Maker room ! for I am the Reward
 To which all generations of increase
Looking did never cease.

' Down from amid dark wings of storm
 I set lily Feet
 To earth. Will not My earth grow warm
 To feel her Maker take the form
 He made, when now, Creation's purpose meet,
 Man's body is to be God's Mercy-seat ?'

Lord, I am foul : there is no whole
 Fair part in me
 Where Thou canst deign to be !
 This form is not Thy making, since it stole
 Fruit from the bitter Tree.
 ' Yet still thou hast the griefs to give in toll
 That I may test the sickness of man's soul.'

O Lord, my work is without worth !
 I am afraid,
 Lest I should mar the blissful Birth.
 Quoth Christ, c Ere seas had shores, or earth
 Foundations laid,
 My Cross was made !'

' Naught canst thou do that was not willed
 By Love to be,
 To bring the Work to pass through Mc.
 No knee
 Stiffens, or bends before My Sov'reignty,
 But from the world's beginning hath fulfilled
 Its choice betwixt the valleyed and the hilled.
 For both, at one decree,
 My Blood was spilled.'

Yet canst Thou use these sin-stained **hands** }
 ' These hands,' quoth Christ,
 ' Of them I make My need :
Since they sufficed to forge the bands

Wherein I hunger, they shall sow the seed !
And with bread daily they shall feed
My Flesh till, bought and bound, It stands
A Sacrifice to bleed.'

Lord, let this house be swept and garnished first!
For fear lest sin
Do there look in,
Let me shut fast the windows: lest Thou thirst,
Make some pure inner well of waters burst:
For no sweet water can man's delving win -
Earth is so curst.
Also bar up the door : Thou wilt do well
To dwell, whilst with us, anchorite in Thy cell.

Christ said ^c Let be : leave wide
All ports to grief!
Here when I knock I will not be denied
The common lot of all that here abide;
Were I so blinded, I were blind in chief:
How should I see to bring the blind relief ?

Wilt Thou so make Thy dwelling ? Then I fear
Man, after this, shall dread to enter here :
For all the inner courts will be so bright,
He shall be dazzled with excess of light,
And turn, and flee !

^c But from his birth I will array him right,
And lay the temple open for his sight,
And say to help him, as I bid him see :
"This is for thee!"

*Love, the Tempter**(Season of Lent)*

OH, tempt me not! I love too well this snare
Of silken cords.

Nay, Love, the flesh is fair ;

So tempt me not ! This earth affords

Too much delight;

Withdraw 7'hee from my sight,

Lest my weak soul break free

And throw me back to Thee !

Thy Face is all too marred. Nay, Love, not I—

Idid not that! Doubtless Thou hadst to die :

Others did faint for Thee; but I faint not.

Only a little while hath sorrow got

The better of me now ; for Thou art grieved,

Thinking I need Thee. Oh, Christ, lest I fall

Weeping between Thy Feet, and give Thee all:

Oh, Christ, lest love condemn me unreprieved

Into Thy bondage, be it not believed

That Thou hast need of we!

Dost Thou not know

I never turned aside to mock Thy Woe ?

I had respect to Thy great love for men :

Why wilt Thou, then,

Question of each new lust—

' Are these not ashes, **and** is this **not dust ?c**

Ah, Love, Thou hast **not** eyes

To see how sweet it is !

Each for himself be wise :

Mock not my bliss!

Ere Thou cam'st troubling, was I not content ?
Because I pity Thee, and would be glad
To go mine own way, and not leave Thee sad,
Is all my comfort spent ?

Go Thine own ways, nor dream Thou needest mo !
Yet if, again, Thou on the bitter Tree
Wert hanging now, with none to succour Thee
Or run to quench Thy sudden cry of thirst,
Would not I be the first—
Ah, Love, the prize !—
To lift one cloud of suffering from Thine Eyes ?

Oh, Christ, let be!
Stretch not Thine ever-pleading Hands thus wide,
Nor with imperious gesture touch Thy Side !
Past is Thy Calvary. By the Life that died,
Oh, tempt not me !

Nay, if Thou weepest, then must I weep too,
Sweet Tempter, Christ! Yet what can I undo,
I, the undone, the undone,
To comfort Thee, God's Son ?
Oh, draw me near, and, for some lowest use,
That I may be
Lost and undone in Thee,
Me from mine own self loose 1

*A Prayer for the Healing of the Wounds
of Christ*

(For Advent)

IS not the work done ? Nay, for still the Scars
Are open ; still Earth's Pain stands deified,
With Arms spread wide :
And still, like falling stars,
Its Blood-drops strike the doorposts, where abide
The watchers with the Bride,
To wait the final coming of their kin,
And hear the sound of kingdoms gathering in.

While Earth wears wounds, still must Christ's Wounds
remain,
Whom Love made Life, and of Whom Life made Pain,
And of Whom Pain made Death.
No breath,
Without Him, sorrow draws; no feet
Wax weary,' and no hands hard labour bear,
But He doth wear
The travail and the heat:
Also, for all things perishing, He saith,*c* *My grief, My pain, My death.'*

O kindred Constellation of bright stars,
Ye shall not last for aye!
Far off there dawns a comfortable day
Of healing for those Scars:
When, faint in glory, shall be wiped away
Each planetary fire,
Now, all the aching way the balm of Earth's desire!

For from the healed nations there shall come
The healing touch : the blind, the lamed, the dumb,
 With sight, and speed, and speech,
 And ardent reach
Of yearning hands shall cover up from sight
Those Imprints of a night
Forever past. And all the Morians' lands
Shall stretch out hands of healing to His Hands.
 While to His Feet
 The timid, sweet
Four-footed ones of earth shall come and lay,
Forever by, the sadness of their day:
And, they being healed, healing spring from them.
So for the Stem
And Rod of Jesse, roots and trees and flowers,
Touched with compassionate powers,
 Shall cause the thorny Crown
 To blossom down
 Laurel and bay.

 So lastly to His Side,
Stricken when, from the Body that had died,
Going down He saw sad souls being purified,
 Shall rise, out of the deeps no man
 Can sound or scan,
The morning star of Heaven that once fell
And fashioned Hell:—
 Now, star to star
 Mingling to melt where shadeless glories are.

O Earth, seek deep, and gather up thy soul,
And come from high and low, and near and far,
And make Christ whole !

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL ('A. E.')

b. 1867

Stay Teachers

EVEN as a bird sprays many-coloured fires,
The plumes of paradise, the dying light
Rays through the fevered air in misty spires
That vanish in the height.

These myriad eyes that look on me are mine;
Wandering beneath them I have found again
The ancient ample moment, the divine,
The God-root within men.

For this, for this the lights innumerable
As symbols shine that we the true light win :
For every star and every deep they fill
Are stars and deeps within.

Desire

WITH Thee a moment! Then what dreams have
play!
Traditions of eternal toil arise,
Search for the high, austere and lonely way
The Spirit moves in through eternities.
Ah, in the soul what memories arise !

And with what yearning inexpressible,
Rising from long forgetfulness I turn
To Thee, invisible, unrumoured, still:
White for Thy whiteness all desires burn.
Ah, with what longing once again I turn !

The City

Full of Zeus the cities: full of Zeus the harbours: full of Zeus
are all the ways of men.

WHAT domination of what darkness dies this hour,
And through what new, rejoicing, winged, ethereal
power

O'erthrown, the cells opened, the heart released from
fear ?

Gay twilight and grave twilight pass. The stars appear
O'er the prodigious, smouldering, dusky, city flare.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were not more fair
Than these blue flickering glades, where childhood in its
glee

Re-echoes with fresh voice the heaven-lit ecstasy.
Yon girl whirls like an eastern dervish. Her dance is
No less a god-intoxicated dance than his,
Though all unknowing the arcane fire that lights her feet,
What motions of what starry tribes her limbs repeat.
I, too, firesmitten, cannot linger : I know there lies
Open somewhere this hour a gate to Paradise,
Its blazing battlements with watchers thronged, O where f
I know not, but my flame-winged feet shall lead me
there.

O, hurry, hurry, unknown shepherd of desires,
And with thy flock of bright imperishable fires
Pen me within the starry fold, ere the night falls
And I am left alone below immutable walls,
Or am I there already, and is it Paradise
To look on mortal things with an immortal's eyes ?
Above the misty brilliance the streets assume
A night-dilated blue magnificence of gloom
Like many-templed Nineveh tower beyond tower;
And I am hurried on in this immortal hour.

Mine eyes beget new majesties: my spirit greets
 The trams, the high-built glittering galleons of the streets
 That float through twilight rivers from galaxies of light.
 Nay, in the Fount of Days they rise, they take their flight,
 And wend to the great deep, the Holy Sepulchre.
 Those dark misshapen folk to be made lovely there
 Hurry with me, not all ignoble as we seem,
 Lured by some inexpressible and gorgeous dream.
 The earth melts in my blood. The air that I inhale
 Is like enchanted wine poured from the Holy Grail.
 What was that glimmer then ? Was it the flash of wings
 As through the blinded mart rode on the King of Kings *i*
 O stay, departing glory, stay with us but a day,
 And burning seraphim shall leap from out our clay,
 And plumed and crested hosts shall shine where men have
 been,
 Heaven hold no lordlier court than earth at College Green.
 Ah, no, the wizardy is over ; the magic flame
 That might have melted all in beauty fades as it came.
 The stars are far and faint and strange. The night draws
 down.
 Exiled from light, forlorn, I walk in Dublin Town.
 Yet had I might to lift the veil, the will to dare,
 The fiery rushing chariots of the Lord are there,
 The whirlwind path, the blazing gates, the trumpets
 blown,
 The halls of heaven, the majesty of throne by throne,
 Enraptured faces, hands uplifted, welcome sung
 By the thronged gods, tall, golden-coloured, joyful, young.

Krishna

I PAUSED beside the cabin door and saw the King
 of Kings at play,
 Tumbled upon the grass I spied the little heavenly
 runaway.
 The mother laughed upon the child made gay by its
 ecstatic morn,
 And yet the sages spake of It as of the Ancient and
 Unborn.
 I heard the passion breathed amid the honeysuckle
 scented glade,
 And saw the King pass lightly from the beauty that he had
 betrayed.
 I saw him pass from love to love; and yet the pure
 allowed His claim
 To be the purest of the pure, thrice holy, stainless,
 without blame.
 I saw the open tavern door flash on the dusk a ruddy
 glare,
 And saw the King of Kings outcast reel brawling through
 the starlit air.
 And yet He is the Prince of Peace of whom the ancient
 wisdom tells,
 And by their silence men adore the lovely silence where
 He dwells.
 I saw the King of Kings again, a thing to shudder at and
 fear,
 A form so darkened and so marred that childhood fled
 if it drew near.
 And yet He is the Light of Lights whose blossoming is
 Paradise,
 That Beauty of the King which dawns upon the seers'
 enraptured eyes.

I saw the King of Kings again, a miser with a heart
 grown cold,
 And yet He is the Prodigal, the Spendthrift of the Heavenly
 Gold,
 The largesse of whose glory crowns the blazing brows
 of cherubim,
 And sun and moon and stars and flowers are jewels
 scattered forth by Him.
 I saw the King of Kings descend the narrow doorway to
 the dust
 With all his fires of morning still, the beauty, bravery,
 and lust.
 And yet He is the life within the Ever-living Living Ones,
 The ancient with eternal youth, the cradle of the infant
 suns,
 The fiery fountain of the stars, and He the golden urn
 where all
 The glittering spray of planets in their myriad beauty fall.

Unity

ONE thing in all things have I seen :
 One thought has haunted earth and air :
 Clangour and silence both have been
 Its palace chambers. Everywhere

I saw the mystic vision flow
 And live in men and woods and streams,
 Until I could no longer know
 The stream of life from my own dreams.

Sometimes it rose like fire in me
 Within the depths of my own mind,
 And spreading to infinity,
 It took the voices of the wind :

It scrawled the human mystery—
 Dim heraldry—on light and air ;
 Wavering along the starry sea
 I saw the flying vision there.

Each fire that in God's temple lit
 Burns fierce before the inner shrine,
 Dimmed as my fire grew near to it
 And darkened at the light of mine.

At last, at last, the meaning caught—
 The spirit wears its diadem ;
 It shakes its wondrous plumes of thought
 And trails the stars along with them.

Reconciliation

I BEG IN through the grass once again to be bound to
 the Lord ;

I can see, through a face that has faded, the face full
 of rest

Of the earth, of the mother, my heart with her heart
 in accord,

As I lie amid the cool green tresses that mantle her
 breast

I begin with the grass once again to be bound to the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of the King
 For a touch that now fevers me not is forgotten and far,
 And His infinite sceptred hands that sway us can bring
 Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to the song of
 a star.

On the laugh of a child I am borne to the joy of the King.

Soi

CHARLES WEEKES

b. 1867

That

. . . alone

From all eternity

WHAT is that beyond thy **life**,
And beyon/i all life around,
Which, when thy quick brain is still,
Nods to thee from the stars ?
Lo, it says, thou hast found
Me, the lonely, lonely one.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

/ am the fWorld

I AM the song, that rests upon the cloud ;
I am the sun ;
I am the dawn, the day, the hiding shroud,
When dusk is done.

I am the changing colours of the tree ;
The flower uncurled ;
I am the melancholy of the sea ;
I am the world.

The other souls that, passing in their place,
Each in his groove ;
Outstretching hands that chain me and embrace,
Speak and reprove.

' atom of that law, by which the earth
Is poised and whirled ;
Behold ! you hurrying with the crowd **assert**
You are the world.'

Am I not one with all the things that be
Warm in the sun ?
All that my ears can hear, or eyes can see,
Till all be done.

Of song and shine, of changing leaf apart,
Of bud uncurled :
With all the senses pulsing at my heart,
I am the world.

One day the song that drifts upon the wind
I shall not hear :
Nor shall the rosy shoots to eyes grown blind
Again appear.

Deaf, in the dark, I shall arise and throw
From off my soul
The withered world with all its joy and woe,
That was my goal.

I shall arise, and like a shooting star
Slip from my place ;
So lingering see the old world from afar
Revolve in space.

And know more things than all the wise may know
Till all be done ;
Till One shall come who, breathing on the stars,
Blows out the sun.

JANE BARLOW

Beyond all Shores and Seas

LIES yet a well of wonder
 .jAll shores and seas beyond,
 Where shines that dimness under,
 More deep than in a dream,
 Full many a diamond
 With elfin gleam,

Glows up the glimmering water
 Full many a ruby's fire :
 If ever an earth-born daughter
 Their wizard light behold,
 She may no more desire
 Our gems and gold.

Nay, some in sooth, who only
 Adream thereon did gaze,
 Thenceforth fare wandering lonely,
 And seek with sorrow vain
 The glory of such rays
 To find again.

Oft, oft, high-heavenward turning
 The quivering stars have conned,
 Or watched the wide west burning
 Nor shall their hearts appease,
 Whose hope lies hid beyond
 All shores and seas.

One and All

O'ER boundless fields of night, lo, near and far
 Light, dewdrop's blink, and Light, Aeonian star.
 Wan wraiths that flickering roam by marish ways ;
 Fierce surge of levin-bright foam where oceans blaze—
 Fly's spark and flame gulfs dire, your fount is one,
 Deep in the worlds' arch-fire of all suns' Sun.

A burning seed of strife Fate strews, and so
 Life, men's grudged dole, and Life, gods' feast aglow.
 Clod's captive, senses' thrall, oft grieved, soon slain;
 Immortal, glad o'er all to range and reign—
 Frail breath, and spirit cterne, beyond thought's seeing
 Ye touch for one sole bourne all being's Being.

JAMES STEPHENS

The Seeker

I SAT me down and looked around
 The little lamp-lit room, and saw
 Where many pictures gloomed and frowned
 In sad, still life, nor made a sound—
 A many for one to draw :
 Shadow and sea and ground
 Held by the artist's law,
 Beauty without a flaw,
 All with a sense profound.

One teeming brain was wood and hill,
 And sloping pastures wide and green,
 And cool, deep seas where rivers spill
 The snows of mountains far and chill,
 Sad pools where the shadows lean.

Old trees that hang so still.
Fields which the reapers glean.
Plains where the wind is keen.
Each with a nerve to thrill.

Elusive figures swayed and yearned
By lake and misty greenwood dim,
Seeking in sorrow : they had learned
In one night's dream might be discerned,
A pace from the world's rim,
 Wages their woe had earned,
 Rest from the labour grim,
 God and the peace of Him—
These in a frame interned.

On through the forest, one step on,
One step, O Powers, let me attain
This hard, dead step, let me be gone
Back where I and the morning shone,
Back ere the dream shall wane
 When I and a star were one.
 Seen through the veils of pain
 Glory shall shine again :
 God, has the vision gone ?

The Fullness of Time

ON a rusty iron throne
Past the furthest star of space
I saw Satan sit alone,
Old and haggard was his face ;
For his work was done **and** he
Rested in eternity.

And to him from out the sun
Came his father and his friend
Saying, now the work is done
Enmity is at an end :
And he guided Satan to
Paradises that he knew.

Gabriel without a frown,
Uriel without a spear,
. Raphael came singing down
Welcoming their ancient peer,
And they seated him beside
One who had been crucified.

The Breath of Life

AND while they talked and talked, and while they sat
I\Changing their base minds into baser coin;
And telling—they ! how truth and beauty join,
And how a certain this was good, but that
Was baser than the viper or the toad,
Or the blind beggar glaring down the road.

I turned from them in fury, and I ran
To where the moon shone out upon the height,
Down the long reaches of a summer night,
Stretching slim fingers, and the starry clan
Grew thicker than the flowers that we see
Clustered in quiet fields of greenery.

Around me was the night-time sane and cold,
The clouds that knew no care and no restraint
Swung through the silences, or drifted faint
To pale horizons, wreathing fold on fold,
The moon's sharp edge, each rolling cloud a sea,
A foam of silver shining gloriously.

The quietudes that sunder star from star,
The hazy distances of loneliness,
Where never eagle's wing or timid press
Of lark or wren could venture, and the far
Profundities untravelled and unstirred
By any act of man or thought or word.

These held me with amazement and delight:
I yearned up through the spaces of the sky,
Beyond the rolling clouds, beyond the high
And delicate white moon, and up the height,
And past the rocking stars, and out to where
The ether failed in spaces sharp and bare.

The breath that is the very breath of life
Throbbled close to me : I heard the pulses beat,
That lift the universes into heat:
The slow withdrawal, and the deeper strife
Of His wide respiration, like a sea
It ebbed and flooded through immensity.

His breath alone in wave on mighty wave !
O moon and stars swell to a raptured song !
Ye mountains toss the harmony along !
O little men with little souls to save
Swing up glad chantings, ring the skies above,
With boundless gratitude for boundless love !

Probing the ocean to its steepest drop ;
Rejoicing in the viper and the toad,
And the blind beggar glaring down the road ;
And they who talk and talk and never stop
Equally quickening; with a care to bend
The gnat's slant wing into a swifter end.

Searching the quarries of all life, the deep
Low crannies and shy places of the world,
To warm the smallest insect that is curled
In a deep root, or on the sun to heap
Fiercer combustion, spending love on all
In equal share, the mighty and the small.

The silence clung about me like a gift,
The tender night-time folded me around
Protectingly, and in a peace profound
The clouds drooped slowly backward drift on drift
Into the darkness, and the moon was gone,
And soon the stars had vanished every one.

But on the sky, a handsbreadth in the west,
A faint cold brightness crept and soared and spread,
Until the rustling heavens overhead,
And the grey trees and grass were manifest :
Then through the chill a golden spear was hurled,
And the big sun tossed laughter on the world.

JOHN CHARLES EARLE

Onward and Upward

I PASS the vale. I breast the steep.
I bear the cross : the cross bears me.
Light leads me on to light. I weep
For joy at what I hope to see
When, scaled at last the arduous height,
For every painful step I trod,
I traverse worlds on worlds of light,
And pierce some deeper depth of God.

' Lo, I am with you always'

WIDE fields of corn along the valleys spread ;
 The rain and dews mature the swelling vine ;
 I see the Lord is multiplying bread ;
 I see Him turning water into wine ;
 I see Him working all the works divine
 He wrought when Salem ward His steps were led ;
 The selfsame miracles around Him shine ;
 He feeds the famished ; He revives the dead ;
 He pours the flood of light on darkened eyes ;
 He chases tears, diseases, fiends away ;
 His throne is raised upon these orient skies ;
 His footstool is the pave whereon we pray.
 Ah, tell me not of Christ in Paradise,
 For He is all around us here to-day,

^c Found of them that sought Him not'

I WILL arise and to my Father go ;
 This very hour the journey is begun.
 I start to reach the blissful goal, and, lo,
 My spirit at one bound her race has run.
 For seeking God and finding Him arc one.
 He feeds the rilllets that towards Him flow.
 It is the Father Who first seeks the son,
 And moves all heavenward movement, swift or slow,
 I dare not pride myself on finding Him.
 I dare not dream a single step was mine.
 His was the vigour in the palsied limb—
 His the electric fire along the line—
 When drowning, His the untaught power to swim
 Float o'er the surge, and grasp the rock divine.

Bodily Extension

THE body is not bounded by its skin ;
 Its effluence, like a gentle cloud of scent,
 Ts wide into the air diffused, and, blent
 With elements unseen, its way doth win
 To ether frontiers, where take origin
 Far subtler systems, nobler regions meant
 To be the area and the instrument
 Of operations ever to begin
 Anew and never end. Thus every man
 Wears as his robe the garment of the sky—
 So close his union with the cosmic plan,
 So perfectly he pierces low and high—
 Reaching as far in space as creature can,
 And co-extending with immensity,

ARTHUR SHEARLY CRIPPS

In 1869

*Missaviatoris**{In dread of Famine}*

HERE, Pan, on grey rock slab we set for Thee
 Thy Feast—the White Cake and the Red in Cup -
 Shepherd and Lamb, we, lost goats, offer up
 In pastoral wise Thine own Divinity.

The scared moon dips, the hardy sun comes up
 To spy our Secret from yon cloudy hill :
 O Pan that Thou by cloud and sun mayst fill
 Our hills with food, we lift Thy Cake and Cup.

Heart of all good in men and beasts and earth,
 Here on the hill our hearts, we lift them up :
 Life-Blood and Flesh—White Cake and Red in Cup—
 We break and pour Thee for our drought and dearth!

*An Easter Hymn**(Eastrr in South Africa falls in Autumn)*

HIS wide Hands fashioned us white grains and red
 His Eyes weep rains to swell them in their bed,
 Whereby the dust-grains of our lives are fed.

Alleluia !

In Earth our mother's bosom undecaycd
 The Seed-corn of the Flesh He took, He laid—
 One white small Grain beneath a sealed rock's shade.

Alleluia !

How blind that Seed lay till this autumn morn
 When forth it sprouted blade and flower and com,
 And with Its lifted Head the seal was torn !

Alleluia !

Hope of men's bodies' grains both red and white -
 Shrivelled and sere and void of speech and sight,
 Is that blind Seed Who burst His way to light.

Alleluia !

We, God's red millet grains, men hold so cheap,
 Innumerable beneath our grey rocks sleep,
 Yet He that cared to sow us cares to reap.

Alleluia !

*The Black Christ**{At Easter in South Africa}*

PILATE and Caiaphas
 They have brought this thing to pass-
 That a Christ the Father gave,
 Should be guest within a grave.

Church and State have willed to last
 This tyranny not over-past;
 His dark southern Brows around
 They a wreath of briars have bound-
 In His dark despised Hands
 Writ in sores their writing stands.

By strait starlit ways I creep,
 Caring while the careless sleep,
 Bearing balms, and flow'rs to crown
 That poor Head the stone holds down,
 Through some crack or crevice dim
 I would reach my sweets to Him.

Easter suns they rise and set,
 But that stone is steadfast yet:
 Past my liftingctis but I
 Whenctis lifted would be nigh.
 I believe, whate'er they say,
 The sun shall dance an Easter Day,
 And I that through thick twilight grope
 With balms of faith, and flow'rs of hope,
 Shall lift mine eyes and see that stone
 Stir and shake, if not be gone.

. *FwmcThe Death of St. Francis'*

WHAT art Thou, dearest Lord, and what am I,
 Vile worm and worthless dust ?'

He answered me.

On Holy Cross Day to my prayer there came
 An Angel bearing in his rainbow wings
 Nailed Hands and Feet, the Image of my Lord,

How can I tell it ? The thing is sacred, dear,
O brothers mine, I give you all I can,
And yet I leave you but the husk of it,
The heart of it I selfish take away.
How can I tell ? The thing is sacred, dear,—
Hands grew to hands, feet seemed to grow to feet,
His Hands to my hands, Feet of His to mine;
Exalted and extended on His cross,
Iseemed in one great stab of eager pain
To feel His heart beating within my heart.

Brethren, this thing so sacred, and so dear,
I would that I could tell you, for it seems
Surely a sin to give God's poor my all,
And yet to keep Love's purest ingot back,
That fever-throb of His within my heart,
That moment's gold refined in sharpest fire,
And anguish of a crucifying world.

'What art Thou, dearest Lord, and what am I,
Vile worm and worthless servant ?'

Answer came.

I felt His Heart to beat within my heart
It seemed He lent His Sacred Heart to me :
One moment did I know His wish, His work,
As if mine own they were, and knew with them
The worm-like weakness of my wasted life,
My service worthless to win back His world.
(Sharp Sister Faintness knits dark brows at me,
And o'er her shoulder looks sweet Sister Death,
Holding a glass my last hour's sands run down.)

I cannot tell the half of it, yet hear
What rush of feeling still comes back to me,

From that proud torture hanging on His Cross,
From that gold rapture of His Heart in mine.

I knew in blissful anguish what it means
To be a part of Christ, and feel as mine
The dark distresses of my brother limbs,
To feel it bodily and simply true,
To feel as mine the starving of His poor,
To feel as mine the shadow of curse on all,
Hard words, hard licks, and savage misery,
And struggling deaths, unpitied and unwept.
To feel rich brothers' sad satieties,
The weary manner of their lives and deaths,
That want in love, and lacking love lack all.
To feel the heavy sorrow of the world
Thicken and thicken on to future hell,
To mighty cities with their miles of streets,
Where men seek work for days, and walk and starve,
Freezing on river-banks on winter nights,
And come at last to cord or stream or steel.

The horror of the things our brothers bear !
It was but naught to that which after came,
The woe of things we make our brothers bear,
Our brothers and our sisters ! In my heart
Christ's Heart seemed beating, and the world's whole sin,—
Its crimson malice and grey negligence,—
Rose up and blackening hid the Face of God.

I that in Christ had tasted to the full
The nails and knotted scourges of the world,
Now felt the contrary and greater woe,—
The utmost ache of God's atoning grief,—
Their bitterness who scourge and drive the nails,

And bring upon themselves a darker pain
Than any felt by scourged or crucified.
Upon my heart gnawed, worse than sorrow of death,—
Sorrow of selfishness, and cursed my Cross
With black forsaking of the Face of Love.
My God, my God, Thou wast forsaking me! , , ,

Ah ! brothers mine, how any words are cold
To tell the agony of being part
Of every schism in the Crucified,
Of feeling hand smite out at fellow hand,
And foot spurn fellow foot, and breasts refuse
The milk of mercy to the lips that were
Flesh of their own flesh. The sucked and empty names
Of 'brotherc and of 'sisterc how they hissed,
Hissed through the savage teeth that tore the flesh,
Withered in mouths that kissed to endless shame.
No sob of Love but echoing fell away
In earthquake thunders of unthankfulness.

Vile worm and worthless servant, how I knew
My work, our work, as nothing in that tide
Of a vast world's refusal of the Cross
Setting toward that world's appointed doom !

The thing is very sacred, very dear,
Sweet Jesu, help me tell them, how my heart
Swelled near to breaking with the Love of Thine,
That felt it all and Loved and Loved and Loved.
I felt the Sacred Heart within my own,
And knew one pulse therein of purest strength,
That drove a cry of passion to my lips,
' Father, forgive, they know not what they do,'

Could I but tell you how that cry seemed truth—
The truest prayer my lips had ever made—
I had told you almost all! It may not be.

O Heart of Jesus, Sacred, Passionate,
Anguish it was, yet anguish that was bliss,
To love them heart to heart, each selfish heart,
To clasp them close, and pray in utter truth—
¹ Father, forgive, they know not what they do.'
One was the heart of him that ground the poor,
Poor weary heart, so blinded and misled !
One was the heart of her that reeked in shame,
Poor weary heart, so blinded and misled!
One was my heart that wasted half its years,
And knew so little how to use the rest
To God's sole glory, and the love of men,
Poor weary heart, so blinded and misled !

But O ! that Sacred Heart rushed out to them
In veriest anguish and in veriest bliss,
Demanding, craving, in sure hope of them, c Father, forgive, they know

And O ! that Sacred Heart burnt up in Flame
Against that harsh misleader of our world,
And O ! I felt an awful thrill of Love
As with one heart-beat of wild ecstasy
I set my heel upon that Serpent's head
In resolute anguish, watching how the fangs
Snapped at my heel, and gored it into blood,
My heel that yet shall grind his head to dust.
Was it I that did it ? Nay, the Christ in me,
But when I woke His Prints were in my hands,
And in my feet, while in my side there showed
As it were the Heart-Wound from the soldier's lance.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON

1871-1914

The Teresian Contemplative

SHE moves in tumult; round her lies
The silence of the world of grace;
The twilight of our mysteries
Shines like high noonday on her face ;
Our piteous guesses, dim with fears,
She touches, handles, sees, and hears.

In her all longings mix and meet;
Dumb souls through her are eloquent;
She feels the world beneath her feet
Thrill in a passionate intent;
Through her our tides of feeling roll
And find their God within her soul.

Her faith the awful Face of God
Brightens and blinds with utter light;
Her footsteps fall where late He trod;
She sinks in roaring voids of night ;
Cries to her Lord in black despair,
And knows, yet knows not, He is there.

A willing sacrifice she takes
The burden of our fall within;
Holy she stands ; while on her breaks
The lightning of the wrath of sin;
She drinks her Saviour's cup of pain,
And, one with Jesus, thirsts again.

5 1 8 B E R T HUGH BENSON

From 'Christian Evidences'

NOW God forbid that Faith be blind assent,
Grasping what others know; else Faith were nought
But learning, as of some far continent

Which others sought,
And carried thence, better the tale to teach,
Pebbles and shells, poor fragments of the beach.

Now God forbid that Faith be built on dates,
Cursive or uncial letters, scribe or gloss,
What one conjectures, proves, or demonstrates:

This were the loss
Of all to which God bids that man aspire,
This were the death of life, quenching of fire.

Nay, but with Faith I see. Not even Hope,
Her glorious sister, stands so high as she.
For this but stands expectant on the slope
That leads where He

Her source and consummation sets His seat,
Where Faith dwells always to caress His Feet.

Nay, but with Faith I saw my Lord and God
Walk in the fragrant garden yesterday.
Ah ! how the thrushes sang; and, where He trod
Like spikenard lay
Jewels of dew, fresh-fallen from the sky,
While all the lawn rang round with melody.

Nay, but with Faith I marked my Saviour go,
One August noonday, down the stifling street
That reeked with filth and man ; marked from Him flow
Radiance so sweet,
The man ceased cursing, laughter lit the child,
The woman hoped again, as Jesus smiled.

Nay, but with Faith I sought my Lord last night,
And found Him shining where the lamp was dim ;
The shadowy altar glimmered, height on height,
A throne for Him :
Seen as through lattice work His gracious Face
Looked forth on me and filled the dark with grace.

Nay then, if proof and tortured argument
Content thee—teach thee that the Lord is there,
Or risen again ; I pray thee be content,
But leave me here
With eye unsealed by any proof of thine,
With eye unsealed to know the Lord is mine.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

b. 1873

The Holy of Holies

'T? LDER father, though thine eye
E Shine with hoary mysteries,
Canst thou tell what in the heart
Of a cowslip blossom lies *i*

'Smaller than all lives that be,
Secret as the deepest sea,
Stands a little house of seeds,
Like an elfin's granary.

'Speller of the stones and weeds,
Skilled in Nature's crafts and creeds,
Tell me what is in the heart
Of the smallest of the seeds..'

' God Almighty, and with Him
 Cherubim and Seraphim,
 Filling all eternity—
 Adonai Elohim.'

ALEISTER CROWLEY

The Quest

A PART, immutable, unseen,
 Being, before itself had been,
 Became. Like dew a triple queen
 Shone as the void uncovered:
 The silence of deep height was drawn
 A veil across the silver dawn
 On holy wings that hovered.¹

The music of three thoughts became
 The beauty, that is one white flame,
 The justice that surpasses shame,
 The victory, the splendour,
 The sacred fountain that is whirled
 From depths beyond that older world
 A new world to engender.²

The kingdom is extended.³ Night
 Dwells, and I contemplate the sight
 That is not seeing, but the light
 That secretly is kindled,

¹ A qabalistic description of Macroprosopus. cDew/cDeep Height, 'c, are his titles.

² Microprosopus.

³ Malkuth, the Bride. In its darkness the Light may yet be found.

Though oft-time its most holy fire
Lacks oil, whene'er my own Desire
Before desire has dwindled,

I see the thin web binding me
With thirteen cords of unity
Toward the calm centre of the sea.
(O thou supernal mother !²)
The triple light my path divides
To twain and fifty sudden sides³
Each perfect as each other.

Now backwards, inwards still my mind
Must track the intangible and blind,
And seeking, shall securely find
Hidden in secret places
Fresh feasts for every soul that strives,
New life for many mystic lives,
And strange new forms and faces.

My mind still searches, and attains
By many days and many pains
To That which Is and Was and reigns
Shadowed in four and ten ;c
And loses self in sacred lands,
And cries and quickens, and understands
Beyond the first Amen.⁶

¹ The Hebrew characters composing the name Achd, Unity, add up to 13.

² Binah, the Great Deep: the offended Mother who shall be reconciled to her daughter by Bn, the Son.

³ Bn adds to 52.

⁴ Jehovah, the name of 4 letters, 1+2+3+4=510.

⁵ The first Amen is =91 or 7 x 13. The second is the Inscrutable Amoun.

The Neophyte'

TO-NIGHT I tread the unsubstantial way
That looms before me, as the thundering night
Falls on the ocean : I must stop, and pray
One little prayer, and then—what bitter fight
Flames at the end beyond the darkling goal ?
These are my passions that my feet must tread;
This is my sword, the fervour of my soul;
This is my Will, the crown upon my head.
For see ! the darkness beckons : I have gone,
Before this terrible hour, towards the gloom,
Braved the wild dragon, called the tiger on
With whirling cries of pride, sought out the tomb
Where lurking vampires batted, and my steel
Has wrought its splendour through the gates of death.
My courage did not falter : now I feel
My heart beat wave-wise, and my throat catch breath
As if I choked ; some horror creeps between
The spirit of my will and its desire,
Some just reluctance to the Great Unseen
That coils its nameless terrors, and its dire
Fear round my heart; a devil cold as ice
Breathes somewhere, for I feel his shudder take
My veins: some deadlier asp or cockatrice
Slimes in my senses : I am half awake,
Half automatic, as I move along
Wrapped in a cloud of blackness deep as hell,
Hearing afar some half-forgotten song
As of disruption ; yet strange glories dwell
Above my head, as if a sword of light,
Rayed of the very Pawn, would strike within
The limitations of this deadly night
That folds me for the sign of death and sin—

*1*This poem describes the Initiation of the *true* Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn in its spiritual aspect.

0 Light! descend ! My feet move vaguely on
In this amazing darkness, in the gloom
That I can touch with trembling sense. There shone
Once, in my misty memory, in the womb
Of some unformulated thought, the flame
And smoke of mighty pillars ; yet my mind
Is clouded with the horror of this same
Path of the wise men : for my soul is blind
Yet: and the foemen I have never feared
I could not see (if such should cross the way),
And therefore I am strange : my soul is seared
With desolation of the blinding day
I have come out from : yes, that fearful light
Was not the Sun : my life has been the death,
This death may be the life : my spirit sight
Knows that at last, at least. My doubtful breath
Is breathing in a nobler air ; I know,
I know it in my soul, despite of this,
The clinging darkness of the Long Ago,
Cruel as death, and closer than a kiss,
This horror of great darkness. I am come
Into this darkness to attain the light:
To gain my voice I make myself as dumb:
That I may see I close my outer sight:
So, I am here. My brows are bent in prayer:
I kneel already in the Gates of Dawn ;
And I am come, albeit unaware,
To the deep sanctuary : my hope is drawn
From wells profounder than the very sea.
Yea, I am come, where least I guessed it so,
Into the very Presence of the Three
That Are beyond all Gods. And now I know
What spiritual Light is drawing me
Up to its stooping splendour. In my soul

I feel the Spring, the all-devouring Dawn,
Rush with my Rising. There, beyond the goal,
The Veil is rent!

Yes: let the veil be drawn.

The Rose and the Cross

OUT of the seething cauldron of my woes,
Where sweets and salt and bitterness I flung;
Where charmed music gathered from my tongue,
And where I chained strange archipelagoes
Of fallen stars ; where fiery passion flows
A curious bitumen ; where among
The glowing medley moved the tune unsung
Of perfect love : thence grew the Mystic Rose,

Its myriad petals of divided light;
Its leaves of the most radiant emerald;
Its heart of fire like rubies. At the sight
I lifted up my heart to God and called :
How shall I pluck this dream of my desire ?
And lo ! there shaped itself the Cross of Fire!

EVELYN UNDERHILL (MRS. STUART MOORE)

b. 1875

Immanence

I COME in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
Not borne on morning wings
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.

There do I dwell, in weakness and in power;
Not broken or divided, saith our God!
In your strait garden plot I come to flower:
About your porch My Vine;
Meek, fruitful, doth entwine;
Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
Yea ! on the glancing wings
Of eager birds, the softly pattering feet
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet
Your hard and wayward heart. In brown bright
That peep from out the brake, I stand confest.
On every nest
Where feathery Patience is content to brood
And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise
Of motherhood—
There doth My Godhead rest.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord:
My starry wings
I do forsake,
Love's highway of humility to take :
Meekly I fit My stature to your need.
In beggar's part
About your gates I shall not cease to plead—
As man, to speak with man—
Till by such art
I shall achieve My Immemorial Plan,
Pass the low lintel of the human heart.

Introversion

WHAT do you seek within, O Soul, my Brother ?
What do you seek within i
I seek a Life that shall never die,
Some haven to win
From mortality.

What do you find within, O Soul, my Brother ?
What do you find within ?
I find great quiet where no noises come.
Without, the world's din :
Silence in my home.

Whom do you find within, O Soul, my Brother ?
Whom do you find within ?
I find a friend that in secret came :
His scarred hands within
He shields a faint flame.

What would you do within, O Soul, my Brother }
What would you do within ?
Bar door and window that none may see:
That alone we may be
(Alone ! face to face,
In that flame-lit place !)
When first we begin
To speak one with another.

Uxbrldge Road

THE Western Road goes streaming out to seek the
cleanly wild,
It pours the city's dim desires towards the undefiled,
It sweeps betwixt the huddled homes about its eddies
grown
To smear the little space between the city and the sown :
The torments of that seething tide who is there that can
see ?
There's one who walked with starry feet the western road
by me !

He is the Drover of the soul; he leads the flock of men
All wistful on that weary track, and brings them back again.
The dreaming few, the slaving crew, the motley caste of
life—

The wastrel and artificer, the harlot and the wife—
They may not rest, for ever pressed by one they cannot
see :
The one who walked with starry feet the western road
by me.

He drives them east, he drives them west, between the
dark and light;
He pastures them in city pens, he leads them home at
night.

The towery trams, the threaded trains, like shuttles to
and fro

To weave the web of working days in ceaseless travel go.
How harsh the woof, how long the weft! who shall the
fabric see ?

The one who walked with starry feet the western road
by me!

Throughout the living joyful year at lifeless tasks to strive,
And scarcely at the end to save gentility alive;
The villa plot to sow and reap, to act the villa lie,
Beset by villa fears to live, midst villa dreams to die;
Ah, who can know the dreary woe f and who the splendour
see f

The one who walked with starry feet the western road
by me.

Behold ! he lent me as we went the vision of the seer;
Behold ! I saw the life of men, the life of God shine
clear,
isaw the hidden Spirit's thrust; I saw the race fulfil
The spiral of its steep ascent, predestined of the Will.
Yet not unled, but shepherded by one they may not see—
The one who walked with starry feet the western road
by me !

Regnum Caelomm Vim Patitur

WHEN our five-angled spears, that pierced the world
And drew its life-blood, faint before the wall
Which hems its secret splendour—when we fall,
Lance broken, banner furled,
Before that calm invincible defence
Whereon our folly hurled
The piteous armies of intelligence—
Then, often-times, we know
How conquering mercy to the battle field
Conies through the darkness, freely to bestow
The prize for which we fought
Not knowing what we sought,
And salve the wounds of those who would not yield.

He loves the valiant foe; he comes not out to meet
The craven soul made captive of its fear:
Not these the victories that to him are sweet!
But the impetuous soldiery of truth,
And knighthood of the intellectual quest,
Who ask not for his ruth
Nor would desire his rest:
These are to him most dear,
And shall in their surrender yet prevail.
Yea ! at the end of unrewarded days,
By swift and secret ways
As on a sudden moonbeam shining clear,
Soft through the night shall slide upon their gaze
The thrice-defended vision of the Grail:
And when his peace hath triumphed, these shall be
The flower of his celestial chivalry.

And did you think, he saith
As to and fro he goes the trenches through,
My heart impregnable, that you must bring
The ballisters of faith
Their burning bolts to fling,
And all the cunning intricate device
Of human wit,
One little breach to make
That so you might attain to enter it ?
Nay, on the other side
Love's undefended postern is set wide :
But thus it is I woo
My dearest sons, that an ignoble ease
Shall never please,
Nor any smooth and open way entice.
Armed would I have them come
Against the mighty bastions of their home;

Out of high failure win
Their way within,
And from my conquering hand their birthright take.

Corpus Christi

COME, dear Heart!
The fields are white to harvest: come and see
As in a glass the timeless mystery
Of love, whereby we feed
On God, our bread indeed.
Torn by the sickles, see him share the smart
Of travailing Creation : maimed, despised,
Yet by his lovers the more dearly prized
Because for us he lays his beauty down—
Last toll paid by Perfection for our loss !
Trace on these fields his everlasting Cross,
And o'er the stricken sheaves the Immortal Victim's crown'

From far horizons came a Voice that said,
ⁱ Lo ! from the hand of Death take thou thy daily bread/
Then I, awakening, saw
A splendour burning in the heart of things :
The flame of living love which lights the law
Of mystic death that works the mystic birth.
I knew the patient passion of the earth,
Maternal, everlasting, whence there springs
The Bread of Angels and the life of man.

Now in each blade
I, blind no longer, see
The glory of God's growth : know it to be
An earnest of the Immemorial Plan.
Yea, I have understood

How all things are one great oblation made:
He on our altars, we on the world's rood.
Even as this corn,
Earth-born,
We are snatched from the sod ;
Reaped, ground to grist,
Crushed and tormented in the Mills of God,
And offered at Life's hands, a living Eucharist.

ELLA DIETZ

Emanation

OUT of the depths of the Infinite Being eternal,
Out of the cloud more bright than the brightness
of sun,
Out of the inmost the essence of spirit supernal,
We issued as one.

First essence electric, concentric, revolving, subduing,
We throbbed through the ether, a part of the infinite germ,
Dissolving, resolving, absorbing, reforming, renewing,
The endless in term.

Through forms multifarious onward and ever advancing.,
Progressing through ether from molecule to planet and star,
Forms infinitesimal revealed by the sunbeam while dancing,
Controlled from afar.

Then part of the elements swayed by invisible forces,
The spirit of flame interchangeably water and air,
And matter more gross, still moulded by stars in their
courses,
To forms new and rare.

Part of the salt of the sea—of the fathomless ocean—
Part of the growth of the earth, and the light hid within,
The Boundless and Endless revealed in each varying motion
 Unknown yet to sin.

The breath of all life, harmonious, ductile, complying,
Obedient lapsed in the force of the Infinite Will,
Untiring, unresting, incessant, unknowing, undying,
 Love's law we fulfil.

Spirit of growth in the rocks, and the ferns, and the mosses,
Spirit of growth in the trees, and the grasses, and flowers,
Rejoicing in life, unconscious of changes or losses,
 Of days or of hours.

Spirit of growth in the bird and the bee, ever tending
To form more complex its beauty and use thus combined,
Adapted perfection, the finite and infinite blending,
 One gleam from One Mind.

Thus spirally upward we come from the depths of creation,
The man and the woman—the garden of Eden have found,
And joined by the Lord in an endless and holy relation
 Ensphered and made round.

The innermost law of their being fulfilling, obeying,
The King and the Queen, perfected, companioned, arc
 crowned,
The Incomprehensible thus in expression conveying
 Its ultimate bound.

Obedience still is the law of each fresh emanation,
The prayer to the Father, 'Not my will, but Thy will be
 done,'
Then deathless, immortal, we pass through all forms of
 creation,
 The twain lost in One.

The King's Daughter

The Word, the Redeemed is such as needs to be washed, and cleansed, and clothed upon.

In her lives the Imrah, the Word which is distilled and purified. The feminine Imrah, or seven times purified words of E16hah and of Jehovah.

It is a quickening Word, which comforts in affliction, and is the reward of all who keep Jehovah's precepts.

MRS. BREWSTER MACPHERSON.

I AM beloved of the Prince of the garden of pleasure,
 I am beloved;
 I am his pearl, and his dove, and his heart's hidden treasure,
 I am approved;
 To-day he has given his love, oh! his love without
 measure,
 Which can never be moved.

He has called me Beloved of my soul', and my heart
 beats, repeating
 ' Beloved of my soul',
 And my blood dances swift through my veins in a musical
 beating;
 The twin currents roll,
 Pouring forth their wild love, then again to their centre
 retreating
 Under righteous control.

O king of my life's hidden spring ! O lord of my being!
 Beloved of my heart;
 Our lips breathed one prayer, and our souls, in a sudden,
 agreeing,
 Knit, joining each part
 Of the long-severed Word that the prophets beheld in
 their seeing—
 Beloved thou art.

The long-severed name of the Lord we are loving and
fearing;

Our Sabbaths of rest

Do welcome the Son; the Redeemed hail the Bride-
groom's appearing—

His Name ever blest;

The Word in our hearts spoken now, in soft accents
endearing,

With joy is confest.

Yea! Imrah—the Word, the Redeemed, the Bride of the
Morning,

The joy of the earth;

O Imrah, beloved, whom the world had outcast in its
scorning,

Rejoice in thy birth;

Ten thousands shall bless thee and bring thee thy gems
of adorning,

And comfort thy dearth.

HAROLD MONRO

b.t8/9

God

ONCE, long before the birth of time, a storm
Of white desire, by its own ardour hurled,
Flashed out of infinite Desire, took form,
Strove, won, survived : and God became the world.

Next, some internal force began to move

Within the bosom of that latest earth:

The spirit of an elemental love

Stirred outward from itself, and God was birth.

Then outward, upward, with heroic thew,
Savage from young and bursting blood of life,
Desire took form, and conquered, and anew
Strove, conquered, and took form : and God

Thus, like a comet, fiery flight on flight;
Flash upon flash, and purple morn on morn:
But always out of agony—delight;
And out of death—God evermore reborn,

Till, waxing fair and subtle and supreme,
Desiring his own spirit to possess,
Man of the bright eyes and the ardent dream
Saw paradise, and God was consciousness.

He is that one Desire, that life, that breath,
That Soul which, with infinity of pain,
Passes through revelation and through death
Onward and upward to itself again.

Out of the lives of heroes and their deeds,
Out of the miracle of human thought,
Out of the songs of singers, God proceeds;
And of the soul of them his Soul is wrought.

Nothing is lost: all that is dreamed or done
Passes unaltered the eternal way,
Immerging in the everlasting One,
Who was the dayspring and who is the day.

ALFRED NOYES

The Loom of Years

b. T880

I N the light of the silent stars that shine on the struggling
sea,
In the weary cry of the wind and the whisper of flower
and tree,
Under the breath of laughter, deep in the tide of tears,
I hear the Loom of the Weaver that weaves the Web of
Years,

The leaves of the winter wither and sink in the forest
mould
To colour the flowers of April with purple and white and
gold:
Light and scent and music die and are born again
In the heart of a grey-haired woman who wakes in a world
of pain.

The hound, the fawn, and the hawk, and the doves that
croon and coo,
We are all one woof of the weaving and the one warp
threads us through,
One flying cloud on the shuttle that carries our hopes
and fears
As it goes thro' the Loom of the Weaver that weaves
the Web of Years.

The green uncrumpling fern and the rustling dew-
drenched rose
Pass with our hearts to the Silence where the wings of
music close,
Pass and pass to the Timeless that never a moment mars,
Pass and pass to the Darkness that made the suns and stars.

Has the soul gone out in the Darkness ? Is the dust sealed
from sight ?

Ah, hush, for the woof of the ages returns thro' the warp
of the night!

Never that shuttle loses one thread of our hopes and fears,
As it comes thro' the Loom of the Weaver that weaves
the Web of Years.

O, woven in one wide Loom thro' the throbbing weft of
the whole,

One in spirit and flesh, one in body and soul,

Tho' the leaf were alone in its falling, the bird in its hour
to die,

The heart in its muffled anguish, the sea in its mournful
cry,

One with the flower of a day, one with the withered moon,
One with the granite mountains that melt into the noon,
One with the dream that triumphs beyond the light of
the spheres,

We come from the Loom of the Weaver that weaves the
Web of Years.

Art, the Herald

' The voice of one crying in the wilderness

BEYOND ; beyond ; and yet again beyond!
What went ye out to seek, oh foolish-fond?

Is not the heart of all things here and now f
Is not the circle infinite, and the centre
Everywhere, if ye would but hear and enter ?

Come; the porch bends and the great pillars bow

Come ; come and see the secret of the sun ;
The sorrow that holds the warring worlds in one ;
The pain that holds Eternity in an hour ;
One God in every seed self-sacrificed,
One star-eyed, star-crowned universal Christ,
Re-crucified in every wayside flower.

The Paradox

'I Am that I Am'

I

ALL that is broken shall be mended ;
Jr\ All that is lost shall be found ;
I will bind up every wound
When that which is begun shall be ended.
Not peace I brought among you but a sword
To divide the night from the day,
When I sent My worlds forth in their battle-array
To die and to live,
To give and to receive,
Saith the Lord.

II

Of old time they said none is good save our God ;
But ye that have seen how the ages have shrunk from my
rod,
And how red is the wine-press wherein at my bidding
they trod,
Have answered and said that with Eden I fashioned the
snake,
That I mould you of clay for a moment, then mar you
and break,
And there is none evil but I, the supreme Evil, God.
Lo, I say unto both, I am neither ;
But greater than either ;

For meeting and mingling in Me they become neither
evil nor good;
Their cycle is rounded, they know neither hunger nor
food,
They need neither sickle nor seed-time, nor root nor fruit,
They are ultimate, infinite, absolute.
Therefore I say unto all that have sinned,
East and West and South and North
The wings of my measureless love go forth
To cover you all: they are free as the wings of the wind'
in
Consider the troubled waters of the sea
Which never rest;
As the wandering waves are ye ;
Yet assuaged and appeased and forgiven,
As the seas are gathered together under the infinite
glory of heaven,
I gather you all to my breast.
But the sins and the creeds and the sorrows that trouble
the sea
Relapse and subside,
Chiming like chords in a world-wide symphony
As they cease to chide ;
For they break and they are broken of sound and hue,
And they meet and they murmur and they mingle anew.
Interweaving, intervolving, like waves: they have no stay:
They are all made as one with the deep, when they sink
and are vanished away ;
Yea, all is toned at a turn of the tide
To a calm and golden harmony;
But I—shall I wonder or greatly care,
For their depth or their height ?
Shall it be more than a song in my sight
How many wandering waves there were

Or how many colours and changes of light ?

It is your eyes that see

And take heed of these things: they were fashioned
for you, not for Me.

IV

With the stars and the clouds I have clothed Myself here
for your eyes

To behold That which Is. I have set forth the strength
of the skies

As one draweth a picture before you to make your hearts
wise ;

That the infinite souls I have fashioned may know as I
know,

Visibly revealed

In the flowers of the field,

Yea, declared by the stars in their courses, the tides in
their flow,

And the clash of the world's wide battle as it sways to
and fro,

Flashing forth as a flame

The unnameable Name,

The ineffable Word,

I am the Lord.

V

I am the End to which the whole world strives :

Therefore are ye girdled with a wild desire and shod

With sorrow; for among you all no soul

Shall ever cease or sleep or reach its goal

Of union and communion with the Whole,

Or rest content with less than being God.

Still, as unending asymptotes, your lives

In all their myriad wandering ways

Approach Me with the progress of the golden days;

Approach Me ; for my love contrives

That ye should have the glory of this
For ever ; yea, that life should blend
With life and only vanish away
From day to wider wealthier day,
like still increasing spheres of light that melt and merge
in wider spheres
Even as the infinite years of the past melt in the infinite
future years.
Each new delight of sense,
Each hope, each love, each fear,
Widens, relumes and recreates each sphere,
From a new ring and nimbus of pre-eminence.
I am the Sphere without circumference:
I only and for ever comprehend
All others that within me meet and blend.
Death is but the blinding kiss
Of two finite infinities;
Two finite infinite orbs
The splendour of the greater of which absorbs
The les6, though both like Love have no beginning and
no end.

VI

Therefore is Love's own breath
like Knowledge, a continual death ;
And all his laughter and kisses and tears,
And woven wiles of peace and strife,
That ever widen thus your temporal spheres,
Are making of the memory of your former years
A very death in life.

VII

I am that I am ;
Ye are evil and good;
With colour and glory and story and song ye are fed as
with food:

The cold and the heat,
The bitter and the sweet,
The calm and the tempest fulfil my Word ;
Yet will ye complain of my two-edged sword
That has fashioned the finite and mortal and given you
the sweetness of strife,
The blackness and whiteness,
The darkness and brightness,
Which sever your souls from the formless and void and
hold you fast-fettered to life *I*

VIII

Behold now, is Life not good ?
Yea, is it not also much more than the food,
More than the raiment, more than the breath ?
Yet Strife is its name !
Say, which will ye cast out first from the furnace, the fuel
or the flame ?
Would ye all be as I am ; and know neither evil nor good ;
neither life ; neither death ;
Or mix with the void and the formless till all were as one
and the same ?

IX

I am that I am ; the Container of all things : kneel, lift
up your hands
To the high Consummation of good and of evil which
none understands ;
The divine Paradox, the ineffable Word, in whose light
the poor souls that ye trod
Underfoot as too vile for their fellow⁹ are at terrible
union with God !
Am I not over both evil and good,
The righteous man and the shedder of blood ?
Shall I save or slay *i*

I am neither the night nor the day,
Saith the Lord.
Judge not, oh ye that are round my footstool, judge not,
ere the hour be born
That shall laugh you also to scorn,

X

Ah, yet I say unto all that have sinned,
East and West and South and North
The wings of my measureless love go forth
To cover you all: they are free as the wings of the
wind.

XI

But one thing is needful; and ye shall be true
To yourselves and the goal and the God that ye seek ;
Yea, the day and the night shall requite it to you
If ye love one another, if your love be not weak,

XII

Since I sent out my worlds in their battle-array
To die and to live,
To give and to receive,
Not peace, not peace, I have brought among you but
a sword,
To divide the night from the day,
Saith the Lord;
Yet all that is broken shall be mended,
And all that is lost shall be found,
I will bind up every wound,
When that which is begun shall be ended.

*Song**Fromc The Forest of Wild Thymec*

WH A T is there hid in the heart of a rose,
Mother-mine ?

Ah, who knows, who knows, who knows ?
A man that died on a lonely hill
May tell you, perhaps, but none other will,
Little child.

What does it take to make a rose,
Mother-mine ?
The God that died to make it knows
It takes the world's eternal wars,
It takes the moon and all the stars,
It takes the might of heaven and hell
And the everlasting Love as well,
Little child.

The Two Worlds

THIS outer world is but the pictured scroll
Of worlds within the soul,
A coloured chart, a blazoned missal-book
Whereon who rightly look
May spell the splendours with their mortal eyes
And steer to Paradise.

O, well for him that knows and early knows
In his own soul the rose
Secretly burgeons, of this earthly flower
The heavenly paramour:

And all these fairy dreams of green-wood fern,
These waves that break and yearn,
Shadows and hieroglyphs, hills, clouds and seas,
Faces and flowers and trees,
Terrestrial picture-parables, relate
Each to its heavenly mate.

O, well for him that finds in sky and sea
This two-fold mystery,
And loses not (as painfully he spells
The fine-spun syllables)
The cadences, the burning inner gleam,
The poet's heavenly dream.

Well for the poet if this earthly chart
Be printed in his heart,
When to his world of spirit woods and seas
With eager face he flees
And treads the untrodden fields of unknown flowers
And threads the angelic bowers,
And hears that unheard nightingale whose moan
Trembles within his own,
And lovers murmuring in the leafy lanes
Of his own joys and pains.

For though he voyages further than the flight
Of earthly day and night,
Traversing to the sky's remotest ends
A world that he transcends,
Safe, he shall hear the hidden breakers roar
Against the mystic shore ;
Shall roam the yellow sands where sirens bare
Their breasts and wind their hair ;
Shall with their perfumed tresses blind his eye9,
And still possess the skies.

He, where the deep unearthly jungles are,
 Beneath his Eastern star
 Shall pass the tawny lion in his den
 And cross the quaking fen.
 He learnt his path (and treads it undefilcd)
 When, as a little child,
 He bent his head with long and loving looks
 O'er earthly picture-books.
 His earthly love nestles against his side,
 His young celestial guide.

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

The Immortal jFour

STILL as great waters lying in the West,
 So is my spirit still.

I lay my folded hands within Thy breast,
 My will within Thy will.

O Fortune, idle pedlar, pass me by.

O Death, keep far from me who cannot die.

The passion-flowers are lacing o'er the sill

Of my low door.—As dews their sweetness fill,
 So do I rest in Thee.

It is mine hour. Let none set foot therein.

It is mine hour unflawed of pain or sin. cTis laid and steeped in s

A solemn dazzling crystal, to outlast

And storm the eyes of poets when long-past

Is all the changing dream of Thee and Me.

The Night Obscure of the Soul

WHEN the Soul travails in her Night Obscure,
 The nadir of her desperate defeat,
 What heavenly dream shall help her to endure,
 What flaming Wisdom be her Paraclete ?
 No curious Mctaphysic can withhold
 The heart from that mandragora she craves :—
 Unreasonable, old as Earth is old,
 The blind ecstatic miracle that saves.
 Far off the pagan trumpeters of Pride
 Call to the blood.—Love moans.—Some fiery fashion
 Of rapture like the anguish of the bride
 Leaps from the dark perfection of the Passion,
 Crying : c O beautiful God, still torture me,
 For if thou slay me, I will trust in Thee.'

The Question

I SAW the Son ot God go by
 Crowned with the crown of Thorn. Was It not finished, Lon

He turned on me His awful eyes:
 'Hast thou not understood ?
 Lo ! Every soul is Calvary,
 And every sin a Rood.'

ANONYMOUS

At the Feet of Isis

HER feet are set in darkness—at Her feet
 We kneel, for She is Mother of us all—
 A mighty Mother, with all love replete ;
 We, groping midst the shadow's dusky pall,
 Ask not to see the upper vision bright,
 Enough for us Her feet shine clear—all virgin white.

Her wings are tipped with golden light, but we
 Ken but the shadow at Her pinions' base—
 We kneel before Her feet, we cannot see
 The glory that illuminates Her face,
 For he who t'wards the vision gazeth up
 Finds first the stricken breast—the sacrificial cup !

Her feet gleam in the darkness—zt Her feet
 We lay the price of those twin pearls of Heav'n—
 All that man hath—an offering incomplete
 Is his who yet his best would leave ungiv'n ;
 And as She stoops Her guerdon to bestow,
 His life's blood in Her cup, outstretched there, needs
 must flow!

Her wings are in the shadow—Lo ! they cast
 That shadow e'en o'er Heav'n's own light, we cry,
 For in the darkness, terrible and vast,
 She spreads the wing to which the soul must hie ;
 But, to that shelter led, our upward gaze
 Beholds Her pinions formed of Light's celestial rays!

Her feet are in the darkness, but Her face
Is in high Heav'n—all Truth inhabits there;
All Knowledge and all Peace, and perfect grace,
And in the wonder of Her joy they share
Who, blindly clinging to Her feet erstwhile,
Obtained the priceless gift—the vision of Her smile.

A Ballade of the Centre

WHEN all the shores of knowledge fade
Beyond the realms of night and day,
When the quick stir of thought is stayed
And, as a dream of yesterday,
The bonds of striving fall away :
There dawns sometimes a point of fire
Burning the utter dark, that may
Fulfil our desperate desire.

Into the darkness, unafraid,
Wherein soft hands of silence lay
Their veil of peace upon the blade
Of too bright thought, we take our way.
In changing of desire we pay
Whatever price the gods require,
Knowing the end is theirs—and they
Fulfil our desperate desire.

Upon the stillness we have made
Between our working and our **play**
A deeper stillness yet is laid.
Like some white **bird above the sway**

Of summer waves within the bay
Peace lights upon us ere we tire,
And does (yet how, we cannot say)
Fulfil our desperate desire.

Envoi

God of the world, to Whom we pray,
Thou Inmost God to Whom aspire
All hopes that Thou wilt not betray—
Fulfil our desperate desire !

JOHN MASEFIELD

The Ballad of Sir Bors

WOULD I could win some quiet and rest, and a little
ease,
In the cool grey hush of the dusk, in the dim green place
of the trees,
Where the birds arc singing, singing, singing, crying aloud
The song of the red, red rose that blossoms beyond the
seas.

Would I could see it, the rose, when the light begins to
fail,
And a lone white star in the West is glimmering on the
mail;
The red, red passionate rose of the sacred blood of the
Christ,
In the shining chalice of God, the cup of the Holy
Grail.

The dusk comes gathering grey, and the darkness dims
the West,
The oxen low to the byre, and all bells ring to rest;
But I ride over the moors, for the dusk still bides and waits,
That brims my soul with the glow of the rose that ends
the Quest.

My horse is spavined and ribbed, and his bones come
through his hide,
My sword is rotten with rust, but I shake the reins and
ride,
For the bright white birds of God that nest in the rose
have called,
And never a township now is a town where I can bide.

It will happen at last, at dusk, as my horse limps down the
fell,
A star will glow like a note God strikes on a silver bell,
And the bright white birds of God will carry my soul
to Christ,
And the sight of the Rose, the Rose, will pay for the
years of hell.

The Seekers

FRIENDS and loves we have none, nor wealth nor
blessed abode,
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of **the**
road.

Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of mind,
For we go seeking a city that we shall never find.

There is no solace on earth for us—for such as we—
Who search for a hidden city that we shall never **see**.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind, and the
rain,
And the watch-fire under stars, and sleep, and the road
again.

We seek the City of God, and the haunt where beauty
dwells,
And we find the noisy mart and the sound of burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant people meet,
But the dolorous town where mourners are going about
the street.

We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is dim,
And sunset shows us spires away on the world's rim.

We travel from dawn to dusk, till the day is past and by,
Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blest
abode,
But the hope of the City of God at the other end of the
road.

From The Everlasting Mercy^J

I DID not think, I did not strive,
The deep peace burnt my me alive;
The bolted door had broken in,
I knew that I had done with sin.
I knew that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls on earth,
And every bird and every beast
Should share the crumbs broke at the feast.

O glory of the lighted mind.
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind,
The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of Paradise,
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again.
I thought all earthly creatures knelt
From rapture of the joy I felt.
The narrow station-wall's brick ledge,
The wild hop withering in the hedge,
The lights in huntsman's upper story
Were parts of an eternal glory,
Were God's eternal garden flower.
I stood in bliss at this for hours.

O glory of the lighted soul.
The dawn came up on Bradlow Knoll,
The dawn with glittering on the grasses,
The dawn which pass and never passes.

'It's dawn,' I said,^c And chimney's smoking,
And all the blessed fields are soaking.
It's dawn, and there's an engine shunting;
And hounds, for huntsman's going hunting.
It's dawn, and I must wander north
Along the road Christ led me forth.' • , •

O wet red swathe of earth laid bare,
O truth, O strength, O gleaming share,
O patient eyes that watch the goal,
O ploughman of the sinner's soul.
O Jesus, drive the coulter deep
To plough my living man from sleep,

Slow up the hill the plough team plod,
Old Callow at the task of God,
Helped by man's wit, helped by the brute
Turning a stubborn clay to fruit,
Hid eyes for ever on some sign
To help him plough a perfect line.
At top of rise the plough team stopped,
The fore-horse bent his head and cropped;
Then the chains chack, the brasses jingle,
The lean reins gather through the cringle,
The figures move against the sky,
The clay wave breaks as they go by.
I kneeled there in the muddy fallow,
I knew that Christ was there with Callow,
That Christ was standing there with me,
That Christ had taught me what to be,
That I should plough, and as I ploughed
My Saviour Christ would sing aloud,
And as I drove the clods apart
Christ would be ploughing in my heart,
Through rest-harrow and bitter roots,
Through all my bad life's rotten fruits.

O Christ who holds the open gate,
O Christ who drives the furrow straight,
O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter
Of holy white birds flying after,
Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And Thou wilt bring the young green corn,
The young green corn divinely springing,
The young green corn forever singing;
And when the field is fresh and fair
Thy blessed feet shall glitter there,
And we will walk the weeded field,
And tell the golden harvest's yield,

The corn that makes the holy bread
 By which the soul of man is fed,
 The holy bread, the food unpriced,
 Thy everlasting mercy, Christ.

MICHAEL FIELD

Midsummer Night's Dream

BUT so deep the wild-bee hummcth,
 And so still the glow-worm glows,
 That we know a Saviour comcth,
 And we lay our hearts with those—
 All the mysteries earth strives with through the June
 nights and the rose.

Strange the joy that sets us weeping—
 Holy John, thy Feast is come !
 Yea, we feel a Babe is leaping
 In the womb where he is dumb
 To the song that God's own Mother sings so loud to
 Christendom.

High that singing, highcand humble !
 Lo, our Queen is taking rule :
 Faint midsummer thunders rumble,
 And gold lilies light the pool,
 While the generations whisper that a Queen is talcing rule,

'JWhere the Blessed Feet Have Trod'

NOT alone in Palestine those blessed Feet have trod,
 For I catch their print,
 I have seen their dint
 On a plot of chalky ground,
 Little villas dotted round;

On a sea-worn waste,
 Where a priest, in haste,
 Passeth with the Blessed Sacrament to one dying, frail,
 Through the yarrow, past the tamarisk, and the plaited
 snail :
 Bright upon the grass I see
 Bleeding Feet of Calvary—
 And I worship, and I clasp them round !
 On this bit of chalky, English ground,
 Jesu, Thou art found : my God I hail,
 My Lord, my God !

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

b. 1881

*Emblems of Love**She*

ONLY to be twin elements of joy
 In this extravagance of Being, Love,
 Were our divided natures shaped in twain ;
 And to this hour the whole world must consent.
 Is it not very marvellous, our lives
 Can only come to this out of a long
 Strange sundering, with the years of the world between us?

He

Shall life do more than God ? for hath not God
 Striven with himself, when into known delight
 His unaccomplisht joy he would put forth,—
 This mystery of a world sign of his striving ?
 Else wherefore this, a thing to break the mind
 With labouring in the wonder of it, that here
 Being—the world and we—is suffered to be!—

But, lying on thy breast one notable day,
Sudden exceeding agony of love
Made my mind a trance of infinite knowledge.
I was not: yet I saw the will of God
As light unfashion'd, unendurable flame,
Interminable, not to be supposed;
And there was no more creature except light,—
The dreadful burning of the lonely God's
Unutter'd joy. And then, past telling, came
Shuddering and division in the light:
Therein, like trembling, was desire to know
Its own perfect beauty ; and it became
A cloven fire, a double flaming, each
Adorable to each ; against itself
Waging a burning love, which was the world;—
A moment satisfied in that love-strife
I knew the world !—And when I fell from there,
Then knew I also what this life would do
In being twain,—in being man and woman !
For it would do even as its endless Master,
Making the world, had done ; yea, with itself
Would strive, and for the strife would into sex
Be cloven, double burning, made thereby
Desirable to itself. Contrived joy
Is sex in life ; and by no other thing
Than by a perfect sundering, could life
Change the dark stream of unappointed joy
To perfect praise of itself, the glee that loves
And worships its own Being. This is ours !
Yet only for that we have been so long
Sundered desire : thence is our life all praise.—
But we, well knowing by our strength of joy
There is no sundering more, how far we love
From those sad lives that know a half-love only,

Alone thereby knowing themselves for ever
Sealed in division of love, and therefore made
To pour their strength always into their love's
Fierceness, as green wood bleeds its hissing sap
Into red heat of a fire! Not so do we:
The cloven anger, life, hath left to wage
Its flame against itself, here turned to one
Self-adoration.—Ah, what comes of this ?
The joy falters a moment, with closed wings
Wearying in its upwari journey, ere
Again it goes on high, bearing its song,
Its delight breathing and its vigour beating
The highest height of the air above the world.

She

What hast thou done to me ! — I would have soul,
Before I knew thee, Love, a captive held
By flesh. Now, inly delighted with desire,
My body knows itself to be nought else
But thy heart's worship of me ; and my soul
Therein is sunlight held by warm gold air.
Nay, all my body is become a song
Upon the breath of spirit, a love-song.

Hi

And mine is all like one rapt faculty,
As it were listening to the love in thee,
My whole mortality trembling to take
Thy body like heard singing of thy spirit..

She

Surely by this, Beloved, we must know
Our love is perfect here,—that not as holds
The common dullard thought, we are things lost

In an amazement that is all unaware;
 But wonderfully knowing what we are!
 Lo, now that body is the song whereof
 Spirit is mood, knoweth not our delight ?
 Knoweth not beautifully now our love,
 That Life, here to this festival bid come
 Clad in his splendour of worldly day and night,
 Filled and empower'd by heavenly lust, is all
 The glad imagination of the Spirit ?

He

Were it not so, Love could not be at all:
 Nought could be, but a yearning to fulfil
 Desire of beauty, by vain reaching forth
 Of sense to hold and understand the vision
 Made by impassioned body,—vision of thee!
 But music mixt with music are, in love,
 Bodily senses; and as flame hath light,
 Spirit this nature hath imagined round it,
 No way concealed therein, when love comes near_a
 Nor in the perfect wedding of desires
 Suffering any hindrance.

She

Ah, but now_{v3}

Now am I given love's eternal secret!
 Yea, thou and I who speak, are but the joy
 Of our for ever mated spirits; but now
 The wisdom of my gladness even through Spirit
 Looks, divinely elate. Who hath for joy
 Our Spirits ? Who hath imagined them
 Round him in fashion'd radiance of desire,
 As into light of these exulting bodies
 Flaming Spirit is uttered f

He

Yea, here the end

Of love's astonishment! Now know we Spirit,
 And Who, for ease of joy, contriveth Spirit.
 Now all life's loveliness and power we have
 Dissolved in this one moment, and our burning
 Carries all shining upward, till in us
 Life is not life, but the desire of God,
 Himself desiring and himself accepting.
 Now what was prophecy in us is made
 Fulfilment: we are the hour and we are the joy,
 We in our marvellousness of single knowledge,
 Of Spirit breaking down the room of fate
 And drawing into his light the greeting fire
 Of God,—God known in ecstasy of love
 Wedding himself to utterance of himself.

JOSEPH MARY PLUNKETT

1887-1916

I saw the Sun at Midnight, rising red

I SAW the Sun at midnight, rising red,
 Deep-hued yet glowing, heavy with the stain
 Of blood-compassion, and I saw It gain
 Swiftly in size and growing till It spread
 Over the stars ; the heavens bowed their head
 As from Its heart slow dripped a crimson rain,
 Then a great tremor shook It, as of pain—
 The night fell, moaning, as It hung there dead'
 O Sun, O Christ, O bleeding Heart of flame !
 Thou giv'st Thine agony as our life's worth,
 And mak'st it infinite, lest we have dearth
 Of rights wherewith to call upon thy Name;
 Thou pawnest Heaven as a pledge for Earth,
 And **for** our glory sufferest all shame'

I see His Blood upon the Rose

I SEE his blood upon the rose
 And in the stars the glory of his eyes,
 His body gleams amid eternal snows,
 His tears fall from the skies.

I see his face in every flower ;
 The thunder and the singing of the birds
 Are but his voice—and carved by his power
 Rocks are his written words.

All pathways by his feet are worn,
 His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
 His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
 His cross is every tree.

DAVID ATWOOD WASSON

1823-1887

*The Mystic*i *Knowledge*

THE Secret of the World is lowly,
 Self-sung nigh my pleading ear ;
 I press close, enchanting, holy,
 Murmuring,—what, I cannot hear:
 A dream embosoming all my waking,
 Solace shaming all my fear.

In hours serenest and profoundest,
 List I 'yond the breadth of time :
 Over the sea of calm *Thou* soundest;
 Now I catch the tune, the rhyme,
 And now shall know !—Alas ! the silence
 Ripples, broken ; dies the chime.

Partial, the universal Mother
Tells her secret to the stars:
And they intone it each to other,
'Trooping in their silver cars.
Winging and witching comes the echo,
But mine ear the meaning bars.

When the sunlight, aether flooding,
Rains its richness down the sky,
The Fact on every beam is brooding,
And on every leaf an eye
Implanteth, where the dauntless, dimless,
Godlike vision I espy.

The psalmist pine-tree, sounding, sweeping
One great chord forevermore;
Deep-chested Ocean's chant, as, keeping
Time upon the throbbing shore,
His billowy palm still falls and rises,—
Both recount that wondrous lore.

The World is rich, it hath possession;
Joy of wealth fills land and sea ;
The fields in bloom, the stars in session,
Birds and blades on bough and lea,
All know the truth, the joy, the wonder,
Not revealed to man, to me.

Nature, be just in thy bestowing !
Best to best shouldst thou confide.
Oh ! why from him, whose bliss is knowing,
Knowledge, cruel, dost thou hide ?
Since, that withholden, naught is given;
Given, naught withheld beside.

iu Life

A goblet drained is all my knowing,—
Cup whence I have quaffed the wine :
From out the Unknown comes the flowing
And exhaustless juice divine,
That lends the blood its priceless crimson,
And the eye its living shine.

Embrace me, Mystery of Being ;
Fill my arteries, flood my brain,
And through me pour thy heart, till seeing,
Thought, are drowned, like dew in rain,
In powerful, pure participation :
Separate life is separate pain.

Temple unseen of Truth immortal,
Thought hath brought me to thy door ;
Never passes he the portal,
I am drawn the threshold o'er ;
And lo ! I am a leaf that quivers
In God's joy-wind evermore !

Now are the light-waves round me rolling,
Now the love-tides through me run,
Body and soul anew ensouling :
Seeing and being melt in one.
The ear is self-same with the music,
Beam with vision, eye with sun.

CLARENCE A. WALWORTH

Musa Extatica

THE altar tiles are under her feet,
 Buff and blue;
 The tiles lie smooth beneath her feet,
 But touch not her sandal shoe.
 Her eyes entranced might seem to gaze
 Where arches concentrate and meet
 In a maze ;
 But the arches are not in view.
 Where does the vision lie ?
 What fixes the maiden's eye ?
 What makes her smile ?
 Is it far, or is it near ?
 What makes her garments float so clear
 Above the bed of tile ?
 They are not lifted by the air.
 Why hold her hands behind her head,
 Dipped in that foam of golden hair,
 As if she heard some distant tread,
 And stood prepared to call ?
 Why does her bosom rise and fall ?
 Its even swell of deep emotion
 Is like the roll on a placid ocean
 Of billows from afar.
 Who can tell what these billows are ?
 Is it joy coming, or desire outgoing ?
 Does she command, or is she wooing ?
 Why does she smile f why bend her brow ?
 Why nod ? why beckon now,
 Whiles censuring, and whiles approving,
 Is she conveying her desire
 To some viewless choir,
 Or a crowd of spirits moving ?

Wait! wait! Now she is still.
If thou hast a poet's ear
For sacred song, come near !
The beating of her heart will tell.

' Lo! me on holy ground,
With burning bushes all around.
Oh ! whither shall I turn f
I burn ! I burn !
Electric currents come and go.
They thread my spirit through and through:
And a crowding tide of thought
Holds my spirit overwrought,
And urges love to fond despair.
Oh ! give me air !
I die ! I die !

Blow on me from the upper sky,
Or joy that has no breath,
Unsung must end in death.
Oh ! give me air divine !
Brace me with the breath of wine !
Give me such milk as flows from the breast
Of the all-hallowing Eucharist,
That I may troll
Sweet carols to the Oversoul.
Either fill me
With blood of song, or kill me.

' Oh ! I am drunk, but not with drink;
Wild, but not all beyond command.
How could imagination think
To gauge, by law of plumb and line,
A vision reared by heavenly wand,
A beauty all entrancing and divine,
Which makes thought reel as if with wine ?

It steals my reason, yet I own it ;
It steals my thought to crown it.
My heart in sweet delirium
Lies safe at home.
It gives me more than it can take,
Though I leave all for its dear sake ;
A mighty vision haunts me,
Enchants and disenchants me,
Heals my wounds, yet makes me bleed.
Not for the world would I dispel it.
Oh ! could I, as I see it, tell it,
I were a bard indeed.

' Oh ! I am mad, but not with folly,
Sad am I without melancholy,
Glad, but with sober merriment;
Fond am I, without detriment
To reason. Bonded to higher will
That may not be denied,
My own I seek to kill,
All fearless of the suicide.
Oh ! I am calm,
I know where I am.
Yea, when most overwrought
I still am mistress of my thought;
Though oft to others I may seem
A vessel driving to the coast
On the foam of a dream,
And utterly lost,
There's method in my madness,
There's measure in my gladness;
And into rhythmic rule I bring
True anthems to my Lord and King,
Of love, all ruling love, I sing.

By love inspired, by love oppressed,
Within my breast
Electric forces gathering
Leap into buds ;
Thoughts crystallize into thick geodes
The grasses wave their myriad flags ;
Hills helmeted with lofty crags
Rein up like warriors ;
The hemlocks bending low,
Like water carriers,
Beneath their yokes of snow,
Keep measure with their feet
To the time I beat;
Pines, crowding to look o'er
The common score,
Bend eagerly down till their bonnets meet;
Clouds march in groups ;
Waves march in columns over the sea ;
Stars gallop in troops ;
Nights and days keep time ;
The fuguing seasons chime
With nature and with me ;—
All praise the Lord together.
To the last cliffs of space I shout,
My choristers to gather.
Sing out ! sing out !
Keep tune, keep time,
To the pitch and motion of my rhyme 1
Faster ! faster ! faster !
Look at me !
One ! two ! three !
'Tis the measure of the mighty Master.
So beats revolving life in Trinity.
'Tis the secret of infinity—

Who keeps true time shall time outlast;
 Who loses, stubbornly slow,
 From heaven shall be outcast,
 And its music shall never know.
 Sing all! sing out!
 Prolong the chant with joyous shout'
 Faith praises with untiring tongue.
 The hearts that weary die unblest,
 Harps must not be unstrung,
 Love may repose but never rest.'

ALFRED GURNEY

The New World

•That new world which is the **old**.'—TENNYSON.

A NEW world did Columbus find ?
 Ah ! tis not so *that* world is found ;
 God's golden harvest-sheaves who bind
 Are tillers of another ground.

No new world like the old we need;
 One thing suffices—one alone,
 A garnered world-harvest from seed
 The wounded Hands of Christ have sown.

No earthly Paradise avails,
 No Eldorado in the West;
 The Spirit's Breath must fill their sails
 Who seek the Highlands of the Blest.

By stripes is healing wrought, and stars
 Point ever to a central Sun ;
 He flies the conquering flag, whose scars.
 Transfigured, speak of Victory **won**.

O Royal Heart, Thy Kingdom come !
All else may change ; all else may go :
Not eastward, westward, is our Home,
But *onward, upward* :—even so !

One Sign alone is love-designed,
God's Evergreen, the Eternal Rood ;
Happy the home-seekers who find
Its meaning plain—*a world renewed!*

EDWIN J. ELLIS

Preface to 'Fate in Arcadia'

HERE kneels my word, that may not say
Even to the inward ear of night
More than the laughter of the day
Or the soft weeping of twilight.

No waking hours, no sleep shall find
The world's continual dream revealed.
The Living Word is silent mind,
And every book is closed and sealed.

Our Mother Earth for daily things
Has given the daily mother-tongue;
But the mute wonder that she brings,
All lips have kissed ; no voice has sung.

And even now the usual word
Spread like an empty couch and cold
Measures the sound our fathers heard,
But holds no more the hint untold.

For He is risen whom we seek :
The linen clothes without the form
Are folded, lest too clear they speak
The Divine Body, buried w:rm.

Then every song is free from blame,
Though silence veil her inmost part
Like the dark centre of the flame,
Or the hot patience of the heart.

The PFanderer

A H, Christ, it were enough to know
JT'. That brooding on the unborn things
Thou gatherest up the years that go
Like a hen's brood beneath her wings.

It were enough to know that those,
More evil than the years that fall,
Who heard Thee mocked Thy safe repose
And would not trust Thee at Thy call.

It were enough that Thou hast died,
Because Thyself Thou couldst not save,
Unless by losing from Thy side
Thy sons that drove Thee to Thy grave.

Yet more and more we know and see,
For Golgotha the shade retains
Of Him who died, the Form of Thee,
Of Him who bore Thy fleshly pains.

Nor there alone, this Form shall be
Still seen within us, Thou dost say
Until there shine on earth and sea
Light of the unforeboded Day'

O Christ the Wanderer, marked as Cain,
We know the sign upon Thy brow ;
We know the trailing cross, the stain;
The passing footstep whispers now.

It was Thy hand, we learn at last,
That nailed Thee in that far-off year;
Thy hand as now Thou wanderest past,
Drives deep within Thy side the spear.

While evil holds the world in grip
And men revile the eternal powers,
This vision holds Thee lip to lip
Close to our love and makes Thee ours.

JOHN GRAY

The Tree of Knowledge

FROM what meek jewel seed
Did this tree spring f
How first beat its new life in bleak abode
Of virgin rock, strange metals for its food,
Towards its last hewn mould, the bitter lood ?
First did it sprout, indeed,
A double wing.

Earth hung with its gross weight
Its loins unto:
The tender wings, with hope in every vein,
Beat feebly upward, saying : c Is this the pain
The Sooth spake of; to lift to God again
This blackness⁹ dark estate
Reformed anew ?

' Minectis, of fruit mine own,
To work this deed ;
Earnest of promise absolute, these green
Sweet wings ; a million engines pulse therein.
Yet can I leave not for a space, to lean
Upon a fulcrum known,
To know my need.'

With which, the seed upthrust
To God a scale ;
Wondering at its fibre and tough growth ;
Saying, the while it purposed : c For He knoweth
My sore extremity, how I am loth
To cleave unto the dust
Which makes me hale.'

Long while the scale increased
In height and girth ;
Cast many branches forth and many wings ;
Wherein and under, formed and fashioned things
Had great content and speech and twitterings :
Insect and fowl and beast
And sons of earth.

Stern, netherward did grope
Each resolute root
Of the tree, making question in the deep
Of spirits, where the mighty metals sleep,
How long ere from its base the rock should leap ;
Saying : • Yet have I hope
Of that *my* fruit.'

Sprang from its topmost bough
The hope at length
Fearsome and fierce and passionate. The sire
Warmed his son's vitals with celestial fire,
Feeding him with sweet gum of strong desire,
Lest be not stanch enow
His godly strength.

Until the gardener came
With his white spouse,
Wounding the tree, and ravishing the son,
(Whence curses fallen and a world undone.)
For that rape, wrathfully a shining one
Drave them with fearful flame
Without their house.

Race upon savage race,
Rough brood on brood,
Defiled before it, whiles the tree scanned each ;
Leaned leaf and branch to grapple and beseech ;
Till, on a certain day, requiring speech
Of the tree, at its base
The whole world stood:

⁴ What hast thou given us,
Thou barren tree ?
" Knowledge," thou answerest ? Thou hast set agape
The door of Knowledge only. Thy limbs ape
Some truth. We love thee not, nor love thy shape.
Imposture, thus and thus
We fashion thee,'

Sorely then handled it
 The gardener's sons.
 Strangely they built it newly, having cleft
 Its being all asunder ; stem bereft
 Of quivering limbs, save one to right and left,
 Urging the self-same wit
 It gave them once.

ⁱ Lo ! all my glories fall.
 Of these my woes,
 What know those wrathful men, save, in yon place,
 Perhaps, yon athlete, stripped for my embrace ?
 If longing cheat me not, writ in his face,
 He knows about it all,
 He knows, he knows.

⁴ Sorrow! What sin they now,
 Those wrathful men ?
 Passion J thou'rt come to me again too soon :
 Too hot thou givst me back the fiery boon
 I gave thee ; love consumes me, that I swoon ;
 Thou, on my topmost bough,
 My fruit again.'

On the Holy Trinity

ERE aught began,
 Beyond the span
 Of sense, the Word
 (O priceless hoard !)
 Was, which God fashioned in his youth.

O Fatherbreast,
Wherofrom, with zest,
The Word did bloom !
Yet did the womb
Retain the Word in very truth.
Of twain a fount,
Love paramount,
The double troth,
Known unto both,
The ever gentle Spirit flows.
Equal, and none
Can make but one ;
One are the three ;
Yet what it be
That triple spirit only knows.
The triple crown
Hath deep renown;
Ring without clasp
No sense can grasp,
It is a depth without a floor.
Is rest, is grace,
Shape, form and space ;
The source, the ring
Of everything;
A point which never moveth more.
To its abode
There is no road;
Curiously
It beareth thee
Into a desert strangely strange.
Is wide, is broad,
Unmeasured road;
The desert has
Nor time nor space,
Its way is wonderfully strange.

That desert plot
No foot hath trod ;
Created wit
Ne'er came to it ;
It is, and no man knoweth what.
Is there, is here,
Is far, is near,
Is deep, is high,
And none reply
Whether this thing be this or that.
Is light, is pure,
Is most obscure,
Nameless, alone,
It is unknown,
Free both of end and origin.
It standeth dark,
Is bare and stark;
Reveal his face
Who knows its place,
And say what fashion it is in.
Become a child,
Deaf, blind and mild ;
Be eye and thought
Reduced to naught,
Self and negation driven back,
Space, time resign,
And every sign,
No leader hath
The narrow path,
So com'st thou to the desert track.
O soul, abroad,
Go in to God;
Sink as a yes
In nothingness,
Sink in unfathomable flood.

I fly from thee,
 Thou greetest me;
 Self left behind,
 If I but find
 Thee, O thou good of every good !

EUGENE MASON

b. 1862

Apparition

HOW shall I find Him, who can be my guide ?
 Wears He a human form, a tear-marred face,
 By blood-red raiment may He be descried,
 Or broods He far withdrawn through stellar space ?
 Perchance, informing all, His coils entwine
 And bind the monstrous fabric cell to cell,
 Or, veiled in service, cneath this Bread and Wine
 A homely God, He deigns with men to dwell.
 Lo ! just beyond the skyline He may stand,
 Speak just without the waftage of mine ear,
 I all but touch Him with my outstretched hand,
 Clear to my senses He may straight appear.
 I hush my drumming heart, I stay my breath
 To catch His step, to hearken what He saith.

FRED. G. BOWLES

Resurrection

AS the slow Evening gather'd in her grey,
 And one clear star its ancient pathway trod—
 With long, low cadences of dear delay
 The lark, descending, left his song with God!

MVST.

U

And Peace came, like a reverential soul,
 With far-off tremors of a further world,
And thro' the silver mist of twilight stole
 Unto the heart of all. And upward curl'd
The April moon, resurgent of the sun,
 To the blue dusk of the exalted dome
Of heav'n ; and the white wind-flowers, one by one,
 Shook in light slumber on their hilly home.
It was so sweet to stoop and feel around !
 Each blade of grass a breathing lyre of life
Whereon the wind, in arias of sound,
 Told subtle music ; how the great World, rife
With scent of violet, and primrose-strewn,
 Strain'd tender fingers from each dewy sod
To the dear Christ of chrysalis and moon—
 And, dusk descending, left her soul with God !

An Insurgent of Art

LIKE a tired lover I rest on her bosom,
 L.j I, the Insurgent of A r t . . . Thou, the Glory,
Worshipped of Cherubim, leaning toward me ;
Now through the yellowing clouds of the rushes,
Now o'er the music of waters melodic,
Now from the wavering blue fields of heaven,
Or from the daffodil's soundless pale trumpet,
Drawing my soul with miraculous ardours!
What is thy purpose ? Ah ! What is thy doing ?
White stars are water-blooms set in the ocean,
Young lives are petals from one burning Blossom,
Fallen from altitudes starry and primal—
Welcome the wind that shall blow them to shelter,
Breathe on their circumstance, shape the Soul's eddy,

Separately fire and transform all this wonder.
I, thy lost lover, long-waiting, have found Thee,
I, who had seen Thy sheathed colours, descending,
Melt into violets, flow into pansies,
Know that the Master hath need of the artist!
Out of the force of His Being, atomic,
Came I, and go I, ripe seed of His sowing;
Reticent, mutinous, still have I found Thee,
Steadfast I worship, for Thou art so near me—
Set in a Soul, my one Holy of Holies !

NORA CHESSON

Hertha

I AM the spirit of all that lives,
Labours and loses and forgives.
My breath's the wind among the reeds;
I'm wounded when a birch-tree bleeds.
I am the clay nestcneath the eaves
And the young life wherewith it brims.
The silver minnow where it swims
Under a roof of lily-leaves
Beats with my pulses; from my eyes
The violet gathered amethyst.
I am the rose of winter skies,
The moonlight conquering the mist.

I am the bird the falcon strikes;
My strength is in the kestrel's wing,
My cruelty is in the shrikes.
My pity bids the dock-leaves grow
Large, that a little child may know

Where he shall heal the nettle's sting,
I am the snowdrop and the snow,
Dead amber, and the living fir—
The corn-sheaf and the harvester.

My craft is breathed into the fox
When, a red cub, he snarls and plays
With his red vixen. Yea, I am
The wolf, the hunter, and the lamb ;
I am the slayer and the slain,
The thought new-shapen in the brain.
I am the ageless strength of rocks,
The weakness that is all a grace,
Being the weakness of a flower.

The secret on the dead man's face
Written in his last living hour,
The endless trouble of the seas
That fret and struggle with the shore,
Strive and are striven with evermore—
The changeless beauty that they wear
Through all their changes—all of these
Are mine. The brazen streets of hell
I know, and heaven's gold ways as well.
Mortality, eternity,
Change, death, and life are mine—are me.

EVA GORE-BOOTH

The Quest

FOR years I sought the Many in the One,
 I thought to find lost waves and broken rays,
 The rainbow's faded colours in the sun—
 The dawns and twilights of forgotten days.

But now I seek the One in every form,
 Scorning no vision that a dewdrop holds,
 The gentle Light that shines behind the storm,
 The Dream that many a twilight hour enfolds.

Harvest

THOUGH the long seasons seem to separate
 Sower and reaper or deeds dreamed and done,
 Yet when a man reaches the Ivory Gate
 Labour and life and seed and corn are one.

Because thou art the doer and the deed,
 Because thou art the thinker and the thought,
 Because thou art the helper and the need,
 And the cold doubt that brings all things to nought.

Therefore in every gracious form and shape
 The world's dear open secret shalt thou find,
 From the One Beauty there is no escape
 Nor from the sunshine of the Eternal mind.

The patient labourer, with guesses dim,
 Follows this wisdom to its secret goal.
 He knows all deeds and dreams exist in **him**,
And all men's God in every human soul.

Form

THE buried statue through the marble gleams,
Praying for freedom, an unwilling guest,
Yet flooding with the light of her strange dreams
The hard stone folded round her uncarved breast.

Founded in granite, wrapped in serpentine.
Light of all life and heart of every storm,
Doth the uncarven image, the Divine,
Deep in the heart of each man, wait for form.

SUSAN MITCHELL

The Living Chalice

THE Mother sent me on the holy quest,
Timid and proud and curiously dressed
In vestures by her hand wrought wondrously;
An eager burning heart she gave to me.
The Bridegroom's Feast was set and I drew nigh—
Master of Life, Thy Cup has passed me by.

Before new-dressed I from the Mother came,
In dreams I saw the wondrous Cup of Flame.
Ah, Divine Chalice, how my heart drank deep,
Waking I sought the Love I knew asleep.
The Feast of Life was set and I drew nigh—
Master of Life, Thy Cup has passed me by.

Eye of the Soul, awake, awake and see
Growing within the Ruby Radiant Tree,
Sharp pain hath wrung the Clusters of my Vine;
My heart is rose-red with its brimmed wine.
Thou hast new-set the Feast and I draw, nigh—
Master of Life, take me, Thy Cup am I.

Immortality

A G E cannot reach me where the veils of God
Have shut me in,
For me the myriad births of stars and suns
Do but begin,
And here how fragrantly there blows to me
The holy breath,
Sweet from the flowers and stars and hearts of men,
From life and death.

We are not old, O heart, we are not old,
The breath that blows
The soul aflame is still a wandering wind
That comes and goes;
And the stirred heart with sudden raptured life
A moment glows.

A moment here—a bulrush's brown head
In the grey rain,
A moment there—a child drowned and a heart
Quickened with pain;
The name of Death, the blue deep heaven, the scent
Of the salt sea,
The spicy grass, the honey robbed
From the wild bee.

Awhile we walk the world on its wide roads
And narrow ways,
And they pass by, the countless shadowy troops
Of nights and days ;
We know them not, O happy heart,
For you and I
Watch where within a slow dawn lightens up
Another sky.

Love's Mendicant

I A T do I want of thee ?
 No gift of smile or tear
 Nor casual company,
 But in still speech to me
 Only thy heart to hear.

Others contentedly
 Go lonely here and there;
 I cannot pass thee by,
 Love's Mendicant am I
 Who meet thee everywhere.

No merchandise I make;
 Thou mayst not give to me
 The counterfeits they take.
 I claim Him for Love's sake,
 The Hidden One in thee.

JAMES H. COUSINS

The Quest

THEY said : ' She dwelleth in some place apart,
 Immortal Truth, within whose eyes
 Who looks may find the secret of the skies
 And healing for life's smart!'

I sought Her in loud caverns underground,—
 On heights where lightnings flashed and fell;
 I scaled high Heaven ; I stormed the gates of Hell,
 But Her I never found

Till thro' the tumults of my Quest I caught
 A whisper : c Here, within thy heart,
 I dwell; for I am thou : behold, thou art
 The Seeker—and the Sought.'

Vision

WHEN I from life's unrest had earned the grace
 Of utter ease beside a quiet stream;
 When all that was had mingled in a dream
 To eyes awakened out of time and place;
 Then in the cup of one great moment's space
 Was crushed the living wine from things that seem;
 I drank the joy of very Beauty's gleam,
 And saw God's glory face to shining face.

Almost my brow was chastened to the ground,
 But for an inner Voice that said : c Arise !
 Wisdom is wisdom only to the wise:
 Thou art thyself the Royal thou hast crowned:
 In Beauty thine own beauty thou hast found,
 And thou hast looked on God with God's own eyes.'

ALICE MARY BUCKTON

The Great Response

I E T me come nearer Thee,
 L J O Perfect Soul!
 Down-looking on me, whereso'er I tread,
 With earnest gaze from cliff, and sky o'erhead,
 From clustered leaves and buds and bowers of green—
 Let me come nearer Thee!c3

Seeking Thine intercourse
 I wander wide
 O'er hills and valleys, under moon and stars,
 Rapt in a secret tumult of delight
 At every passing cloud, and changing light
 On stream and mountain side.

I kiss thy cheek, fair rose!
 Its pearly hue
 Reflects the darker passion blood of mine:
 Thy tender breath, responding to the lips,
 Is sweeter to the soul than new-mixt wine.

Young veined leaf uncurled,
 And tendril green,
 Clinging about my finger slenderly,
 Thou seest not: what wouldst thou have of me ?
 What happy sense hast thou, to know the touch
 Of the unseen ?

Blue dome of heaven that guards
 The living world
 Like a green gem within a casket rare,
 Fretted with brooks, and set in silver seas,
 What Breast contains ye both, the moving Earth
 And the free Air ?

And lo ! within my soul
 Some happy Thing
 Betrayed the secret sigh of heart's content :
 And, from the hollows of the breathless hills
 There came a quiet Voice : Look round on Me,
 The Presence, the Desire that moves and fills,
 The whole—the part!

I rise upon the winds:
I draw the stars
Thro' realms of night, on paths of trackless dawn!
Mine Eye contains the light of Day : mine Arm
Unfurls the cloud, and flings the grateful shade
On hill and lawn !

In glimmering regions, yet unfound,
I penetrate
The Abyss of Being, and the Springs of Thought:
I order things that be : and blamelessly
Divide the heavens and earth, reprov'd of nought,
Of Joy and Power, insatiate!

I linger in the twilight land of grief:
With health divine
Breathing on frozen hearts that know me not;
They lift their marred and chilly lips to me,
Swooning into my bosom dreamlessly,
For Grief and Death are mine!

I gather up the fleeting Souls that seem
All day to die :
Their beauty, melting, passeth not away!
Woven into the golden mist of Life
Theycmerge again upon the teeming Strife
That worketh endlessly!

. And Man, the fairest of my children ! Thou
That battiest darkly with thy Destiny,
Whom I have made for god-like liberty,
And fain had lifted up to be with Me—
My son and fellow-worker ! know

I only Am : unhasting, uncontrolled,
My Perfect Will
Fulfil its perfect Self, around, above!
My HIDDEN NAME is Joy! O mortal, yield
Unto the Breath that would thy being fill,
The Breath of Love!

Before the Dawn

THOU, for whom words have exhausted their sweet-
ness—
Thou, the All-End of all human desire—
Thou, in whose Presence the ages are hourless,
Gather me nigher!

Husht in the chambers where Reason lies sleeping,
Ere the Day claim us, to which we are told,—
Wrapped in the veil of Thy slumbering Beauty,
Fold me, oh fold !

Fill me afresh with the wonder of wakening—
Draw me again with Thy splendour and might—
Open my lids but a moment, and grant me
Sight of Thy sight!

Out of the furthest high Throne of Thy Dwelling,
A motionless Flame on the Bosom of Thought,
Deign to uncover Thyself, O Eternal
Seeker and Sought!

Pure in the Body that offers Thee homage,
Blest in the Thought that embraces Thee far,
Next to Thy secret and innermost Breathing
Thy worshippers are!

Forth to the Day that I know not awaiting,
Out to the highway Thy glory hath trod,
Glad as a child, and as passionless, fearless,
Lead me, O God !

ANNA BUNSTON (MRS. DE BARY)

A Basque Feasant returning from Church

O LITTLE lark, you need not fly
To seek your Master in the sky,
He treads our native sod;
Why should you sing aloft, apart i
Sing to the heaven of my heart;
In me, in me, in me is God!

O strangers passing in your car,
You pity me who come so far
On dusty feet, ill shod;
You cannot guess, you cannot know
Upon what wings of joy I go
Who travel home with God.

From far-off lands they bring your fare,
Earth's choicest morsels are your share,
And prize of gun and rod ;
At richer boards I take my seat,
Have dainties angels may not eat:
In me, in me, in me is God!

O little lark, sing loud and long
To Him who gave you flight and song,
And me a heart aflame.
He loveth them of low degree,
And He hath magnified me,
And holy, holy, holy is His Name!

A Great Mystery

Shall I, the gnat which dances in Thy ray,
Dare to be reverent ?—COVENTRY PATMORE

STRANGELY, strangely, Lord, this morning
Camest Thou beneath my roof,
Shorn of all Thy royal adorning,
Stripp'd of judgement and reproof,
The King of kings yet gladly scorning,

Every plea but love's behoof. c Can this be God ? c I said, c who

This be God who climbs my stair f
God sits high in heavenly centres,

And though He hath us in His care, c Tis as His adopted ch

Slaves redeemed from Satan's snare.
God is mightier than the mountains.

Far more majesty would wear,
This One comes like summer fountains,
Hath no snow upon His hair.
With eagle pinions God will cover
Those who seek for refuge there,
But these are dove-like wings that hover,
God was never half so fair.'

Then with voice like falling water
Viewless angels sang to me,
Fear not thou, O virgin daughter,
Thy King desires thy poverty. c

At that c Ave Maria'
I arose and I obeyed;
O my King Cophctua,
I, Thy blessed beggar-maid,

Who once lay among the potsherds
Stand in silver plumes arrayed;
I, who lonely in the vineyards
Morn and noon and evening strayed,
Now am wrapt in Thine embraces,
'Neath Thy banner 'Lovec am laid,
Made partaker of Thy graces,
I, the outcast beggar-maid.

No excuse and no invention
Makes me less unworthy Thcc,
No prostration, no pretension
Of unique humility,
But Thy glorious condescension
Blazes through my misery,
And Thy love finds full extension
In the nothingness of me.
Dark my soul, yet Thou hast sought her,
My night allows Thy day to shine,
Thou the grape art, I the water—
Both together make the wine.
I the clay and Thou the craftsman,
I the boat and Thou the strand,
I the pencil, Thou the draughtsman,
I the harp and Thou the hand.

But the world with envy raging
Fain would snatch me, Lord, from Thee,
And Death and Hell their war are waging,
Therefore go not far from me.
By the mystery of this housel,
By this momentary truth,
By the love of this espousal,
By this kindness of my youth,

By Thy promise of remembrance,
 By that sweet perversity
 That makes my dark uncomely semblance
 Seem desirable to Thee—
 Leave me not lest faith should falter,
 O ! secure my fealty,
 I the victim on Thine altar,
 Thou the fire consuming me.

*'O Sovereign Lord, Thou Lover of Men's
 Souls!*⁹

THOU hope of all Humanity,
 What of all this that meets the sight,
 The blood, the tears, the misery f
 Raiment of needlework outspread
 Wrought curiously with golden thread,
 That my bride may be fitly adorned to-night.

But, oh thou Bridegroom of the Soul,
 What of the sounds, the sounds of fear,
 The groans of men, the bells that toll ?
 Thou hearest the minstrels tune their lutes,
 Thou hearest the young men try their flutes
 For the feast of the marriage that draweth near.

Yet, oh thou Bridegroom of the Soul,
 What of the mind's captivity ?
 What of the spirit's doubt and dole ?
 Out of the ebony halls of night,
 Aloes, cassia, myrrh, delight,
 The bride in her palace of ivory.

Then, oh thou Bridegroom of the Soul,
What of the songs from woods new-clothed,
The laughing flowers, the sunlit knoll ?
 My footsteps that follow along the shore,
 My fingers about the latch and door,
My face at the window of my betrothed.

Under a Wiltshire Apple Tree

SOME folk as can afford,
So I've heard say,
Set up a sort of cross
Right in the garden way
To mindcem of the Lord.

But I, when I do see
Thik apple tree
An' stoopin' limb
All spread wi' moss,
I think of Him
And how He talks wi' me.

I think of God
And how He trod
That garden long ago;
He walked, I reckon, to and fro
And then sat down
Upon the groun'
Or some low limb
What suited Him
Such as you see

On many a tree,
 And on thik very one
 Where I at set o' sun
 Do sit and talk wi' He.

And, mornings too, I rise and come
 An' sit down where the branch be low;
 A bird do sing, a bee do hum,
 The flowers in the border blow,
 And all my heart's so glad and clear
 As pools when mists do disappear:
 As pools a-laughing in the light
 When mornin' air is swep' an' bright,
 As pools what got all Heaven in sight
 So's my heart's cheer
 When He be near.

He never pushed the garden door,
 He left no footmark on the floor;
 I never heardcUn stir nor tread
 And yet His Hand do bless my head,
 And whenctis time for work to start
 I takes Him with me in my heart.

And when I die, pray God I see
 At very last thik apple tree
 An' stoopin' limb,
 And think of Him
 And all He been to me.

DARRELL FIGGIS

Slaibb Mor

I STOOD among the ancient hills,
While all the dusk eve's blue array
Swept round with softly rustling wings
To still the glamour of the day.
The murmur of persistent rills,
A lone thrush with his communings
Of music, folded in some trees,
A piping robin ere he flew,
And the soft touch of a calm breeze
Sighing across the heavenly view,
Were the sole voices whispering round
The slope hills with reflective sound,
So still the whole earth was:
So very still it was.
The solemn conclave of the hills,
In an erect fra'ternity,
Expectant of the hour to be,
Were trembling in the calm that fills
The house of Being with its peace.
A measured rhythm flowed abroad
From old Earth of the heart so strong,
That was itself a manner of song,
Bidding the day's tame tumults cease
Before the coming of her lord.
The throstle, as he communed low,
Enchanted seemed, and tranced, and spelled,
To catch the measure of that flow
That from the mighty heart upwelled,
That his own song thereby should be
Lost in the inner immensity.

The trickling music of the rills
Along the bosom of the hills
Was to that larger rhythm bent,
And in that larger silence played.
The very winds that came and went
Were in their courses stayed,
Hushed in a mute expectancy.
The silent Earth was bent in prayer.
And I, as I stood there,
Scarce witting what my body knew,
Was hushed to adoration too.

Like a charmed cadence throbbing low
Along her scarred, mute visage so,
Flowed the Earth's spirit thro' the air
Emerging from its ancient lair,—
Flowed round the dusk and glooming hills
That stood in solemn peacefulness,
Flowed thro' the shimmer of air that fills
The Valleys with a shadowy tress,
Flowed up where stars began to peep,
Flowed where the hushed winds lay asleep,
And sank again while peace profound
Wrapped all the ancient hills around.
Not a breath stirred ;
No voice or song was heard.
It was a silence vaster than the dead;
It was a silence where in all its power
Being raised up its mighty head an hour.
And I, tho' I scarce knew what chanced,
Caught in the measured rhythm, and tranced,
Was yet raised to a terrible dread
Of the great hush that wrapped the hills:
That spell upon the standing hills.

I could have fled, but that the awe
Of an unfurling and strange might
Had me transfigured in its law.
And yet the fear that stirred in me
Was mingled with a wild delight
That thrilled with very ecstasy
Thro' every nerve and vein and mesh
Building my quivering house of flesh.

Then a strange shudder shook the hills.
Some movement swayed them in eclipse,
As tho' a dread apocalypse
Were waiting till they were unfurled
With all the travail of the world.
They were transformed, and shadowy-high
They stood there, and yet floated by;
While from some inner place of flame
A boom of distant music came
Suddenly thro' the air,
And huge and silent chords of sound
Soared o'er the quivering hills around,
As I hung trembling there.
My house of flesh could scarce contain
The rolling chords that swept abroad
And undissolved remain,
My joy stirred in me with such pain.
Loosed on the silence that had been,
Obeying its symphonic lord,
The music rolled thro' time and space,
Booming in changing chord on chord
Amidst a silence that seemed still
Upon the old Earth's brooding face.
It rolled round each reverberate hill;
It crashed its high symphonic will

And floated all the vales between,
 In clouds of colour mounting high,
 In waves of music sweeping by,
 Booming above the ancient peace
 Betwixt the ancient silences.

What chanced I do not know.
 How is it I should know ?
 Like rolling clouds before the day
 The booming music rolled away;
 And, like a storm of splendour past,
 The silence seemed yet to outlast
 The music it had ushered so.—
 Then slowly the wise thrush arose
 And mused away the evening's close.

CLIFFORD BAX

The Meaning of Man

Take courage; for the race of man is divine.

The Golden Verses.

DEAR and fair as Earth may be
 Not from out her womb are we,—
 Like an elder sister only, like a foster-mother, she,
 For we come of heavenly lineage, of a pure undying race,
 We who took the poppied potion of our life, and quaffing
 deep
 Move enchanted now forever in the shadow world of
 sleep,
 In the vast and lovely vision that is wrought of time and
 space.

Overhead the sun and moon
Shining at the gates of birth
Give to each a common boon,—
All the joy of earth ;
Mountains lit with moving light,
Forest, cavern, cloud and river,
Ebb and flow of day and night
Around the world forever.

These and all the works of man may he who will behold,
Mighty shapes of bygone beauty, songs of beaten gold,
Starlike thoughts that once, in ages gone, were found by
seer-sages,

All the throng'd and murmuring Past, the life men loved
of old.

Yet sometimes at the birth of night when hours of heat
and splendour

Melt away in darkness, and the flaming sun has set
Across the brooding soul will sweep, like music sad and
tender,

Sudden waves of almost passionate regret,
For then the hills and meadowlands, the trees and flowerful
grasses,

All the world of wonder that our eyes have gazed upon,
Seems remote and mournful, as a rainbow when it
passes

Leaves the heart lamenting for the beauty come and
gone,

And in the deep that is the soul there surges up a cry Whence are all things

Whence the olden planets and the sun and moon and
earth

Out of what came all of these and out of what came I ?'

And far away within the same unfathomable deep

Comes an answer rolling 'Earth and moon and sun,

All that is, that has been, or that ever time shall reap,
Is but moving home again, with mighty labours done,
The Many to the Everlasting One.'

And this is the meaning of man,
The task of the soul,
The labour of worlds, and the plan
That is set for the whole,
For the spark of the spirit imprisoned within it,
In all things one and the same,
Aeon by aeon and minute by minute,
Is longing to leap into flame,
To shatter the limits of life and be lost in a glory intense
and profound
As the soul with a cry goes out into music and seeks to be
one with the sound.

For as those that are sunken deep
In the green dim ocean of sleep,
In a thousand shapes for a thousand ages the one great
Spirit is bound.

The air we inhale and the sea,
The warm brown earth and the sun,
Came forth at the Word of the One
From the same First Mother as we,
And now, as of old when the world began
The stars of the night are the kindred of man,
For all things move to a single goal,
The giant sun or the thinking soul.
Ah what though the Tree whose rise and fall
Of sap is fed from the Spirit of All,
With suns for blossoms and planets for leaves,
Be vaster yet than the mind conceives f
Earth is a leaf on the boundless Tree,
And the unborn soul of the earth are we.

O man is a hungering exiled people, a host in an unknown
land,
A wandering mass in the vast with only a black horizon
to face,
Yet still, though we toil for a time in the heat over
measureless deserts of sand
The longing for beauty that shines in the soul is the
guiding-star of the race.
It is this that alone may redeem
A world ignoble with strife,
This only bring all that we dream
From the shattered chaos of life.
And this that forever shall spur us and lead us from peak
unto peak on the way
Till body and spirit be welded in one and the long Night
fall on the Day,
And all the sonorous music of time, the hills and the woods
and the wind and the sea,
The one great song of the whole creation, of all that is
and that yet shall be,
Chanted aloud as a paean of joy by the Being whose home
is the vast
Shall tremble away in silence, and all be gone at the last,
Save only afar in the Heart of the Singer of whom it was
chanted and heard
Remembrance left of the music as a sunset-fire in the
west,
Remembrance left of the mighty Enchanted Palace that
rose at His Word,
This, and a joy everlasting, an immense inviolate rest.

ELSA BARKER

He who knows Love

HE who knows Love—becomes Love, and his eyes
 Behold Love in the heart of everyone,
 Even the loveless : as the light of the sun
 Is one with all it touches. He is wise
 With undivided wisdom, for he lies
 In Wisdom's arms. His wanderings are done,
 For he has found the Source whence all things run—
 The guerdon of the quest, that satisfies.

He who knows Love becomes Love, and he knows
 All beings are himself, twin-born of Love,
 Melted in Love's own fire, his spirit flows
 Into all earthly forms, below, above ;
 He is the breath and glamour of the rose,
 He is the benediction of the dove.

The Slumberer

O THOU mysterious One, lying asleep
 Within the lonely chamber of my soul!
 Thou art my life's true goal,
 Thine is the only altar that I keep.
 Rapt in the contemplation of thy repose,
 I see in thy still face that Mystic Rose
 Whose perfume is my soul's imaginings,
 And Beauty at whose awesomeness I weep
 With over-plenitude of ecstasy.
 Thy slumber is the great world-mystery—

The paradigm of all the latent things
 That in their destined hour Time magnifies:
 Its emblems are the intimate hush that lies
 Over the moonlit lake ;
 The wonder and the ache
 Of unborn love that trembles in its sleep;
 The hope that thrills the heavy earth
 With presage of becoming, and vast birth;
 The secret of the caverns of the deep.

The Mystic Rose

I, W O M A N, am that wonder-breathing rose
 That blossoms in the garden of the King,
 In all the world there is no lovelier thing,
 And the learned stars no secret can disclose
 Deeper than mine—that almost no one knows.
 The perfume of my petals in the spring
 Is inspiration to all bards that sing
 Of love, the spirit's lyric unrepouse.

Under my veil is hid the mystery
 Of unaccomplished aeons, and my breath
 The Master-Lover's life replenisheth.
 The mortal garment that is worn by me
 The loom of Time renews continually;
 And when I die—the universe knows death.

Microprosopos

BEHIND the orient darkness of thine eyes,
The eyes of God interrogate my soul
With whelming love. The luminous waves that roll
Over thy body are His dream. It lies
On thee as the moon-glamour on the skies;
And all around—the yearning aureole
Of His effulgent being—broods the whole
Rapt universe, that our love magnifies.

O thou, through whom for me Infinity
Is manifest! Bitter and salt, thy tears
Are the heart-water of the passionate spheres,
With all their pain. I drink them thirstily
While in thy smile is realized for me
The flaming joys of archangelic years.

PAUL HOOKHAM

A Meditation

'T H E Self is Peace ; that Self am I.
The Self is Strength ; that Self am I.'
What needs this trembling strife
With phantom threats of Form and Time and Space ?
Could once my Life
Be shorn of their illusion, and efface
From its clear heaven that stormful imagery,
My Self were seen
An Essence free, unchanging, strong, serene.

The Self is Peace. How placid dawns
The Summer's parent hour
Over the dewy maze that drapes the fields,
Each drooped wild flower,
Or where the lordship of the garden shields
Select Court beauties and exclusive lawns!
'Tis but the show
And fitful dream of Peace the Self can know.

The Self is Strength. Let Nature rave,
And tear her maddened breast,
Now doom the drifting ship, with blackest frown,
Or now, possessed
With rarer frenzy, wreck the quaking town,
And bury quick beneath her earthy wave—
She cannot break
One fibre of that Strength, one atom shake.

The Self is one with the Supreme
Father in fashioning,
Though clothed in perishable weeds that feel
Pain's mortal sting,
The unlifting care, the wound that will not heal;
Yet these are not the Self—they only seem.
From faintest jar
Of whirring worlds the true Self broods afar.

Afar he whispers to the mind
To rest on the Good Law,
To know that naught can fall without its range,
Nor any flaw
Of Chance disturb its reign, or shadow of Change;
That what can bind the life the Law must bind—
Whatever hand
Dispose the lot, it is by that Commaad;

To know no suffering can beset
Our lives, that is not due,
That is not forged by our own act and will;
Calmly to view
Whatever betide of seeming good or ill.
The worst we can conceive but pays some debt,
Or breaks some seal,
To free us from the bondage of the Wheel.

WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

Foreword

A Song of the Little City

AT intervals of tunes
And under lonely towers,
Where silences of noons
Cover their secret flowers,
In places no one knows,
Where winding ways go down,
In the dim heart of a rose,
I find the Little Town.

When my soul wearieth
Of cities proud and great,
Whose skies are dark as death,
But gold is in their gate :
When my soul sorry is
For ships of great renown,
And rich men's palaces,
I seek the Little Town.

Upon a hill it stands,
Built up with quiet walls,
Guarding inviolate lands,
A place of festivals,
A place of happy bells,
Where comes no earthly one,
Beyond the heavens and hells,
Between the moon and sun.

Between the moon and sun,
Far, far beyond the stars,
Where comes not any one,
Nor roll the great world's cars,
With an angel all day through,
That wears a golden crown,
And is robed in red and blue,
I find the Little Town.

Fountains are playing there,
And children dance all day,
Who are far lovelier
Than any fabled fay,
And in their festivals
Far, far away behold,
From the high carven walls,
Dim mountains made of gold.

And high above it all,
With arches rich and fine,
A minster towering tall
Proclaims the place divine:
Where none to veil Him be,
And the birds of Eden sing,
I find the lord of me,
The Little City's King.

*Tunis Eburnea**A Song of God's Fool the Mystic*

MY soul is like a fenced tower,
And holds a secret room:
I hide me in it many an hour
Amid its dim perfume:
I have my holy bloom,
The Rose of Heaven in flower:
I hold my inner bower
In strait and dreaming gloom,
My soul my fenced tower.

The Rose of soil angelical,
That shines not over earth,
I have its buds and petals all,
Inestimable of worth,
Its blood-red calyces
Dyed with the wine of God,
Roots earthy from that sod,
Which dews in Syon bless,
And leaves of loveliness.

Its radiant heart unfolds to me,
Its starry soul is plain
In glimmering felicity,
Dyed deep with love and pain:
And while my glad eyes gaze
Upon its petalled crown,
I hear a song come down
With thanksgiving and praise
Of the celestial town'

The moon, that torch Dianian,
Dreams ever paganly:
But I am only a simple man
In a white tower by the sea :
There comes a liturgy,
Even for a little span,
Great voices Christian,
Songs of my Lord to me,
To me, a simple man.

A tower of ivory it is
Beside a shoreless sea:
I look out of my lattices
And the saints appear to me,
A singing company
From heaven's high palaces,
Chaunting their litanies:
White luting Cecily
Their first choir-maiden is.

The sea-wave crashes in my ears;
Again their viols cease:
I have been here for endless years,
And the room is full of peace.
Dim-sliding harmonies
And dreaming voice of seers
Come past all barriers:
With God I have no fears,
And round me roll His seas.

SAROJINI NAYADU

The SouPs Prayer

I N childhood's pride I said to Thee: O Thou, who mad'st me of Thy breath
 Speak, Master, and reveal to me
 Thine inmost laws of life and death.

' Give me to drink each joy and pain
 Which Thine eternal hand can mete,
 For my insatiate soul would drain
 Earth's utmost bitter, utmost sweet.

' Spare me no bliss, no pang of strife,
 Withhold no gift or grief I crave,
 The intricate lore of love and life
 And mystic knowledge of the grave.'

Lord, Thou didst answer stern and lew:

'Child, I will hearken to thy prayer,
 And thy unconquered soul shall know
 All passionate rapture and despair.

' Thou shalt drink deep of joy and fame,
 And love shall burn thee like a fire,
 And pain shall cleanse thee like a flame,
 To purge the dross from thy desire.

' So shall thy chastened spirit yearn
 To seek from its blind prayer release,
 And spent and pardoned, sue to learn
 The simple secret of My peace.

' I, bending from my sevenfold height,
 Will teach thee of My quickening grace,
Life is a prism of My lights
*And Death the shadow of My face.*³

In Salutation to the Eternal Peace

MEN say the world is full of fear and hate,
 And all life's ripening harvest-fields await
 The restless sickle of relentless fate.

But I, sweet Soul, rejoice that I was born,
 When from the climbing terraces of corn
 I watch the golden orioles of Thy morn.

What care I for the world's desire and pride,
 Who know the silver wings that gleam and glide,
 The homing pigeons of Thine eventide ?

What care I for the world's loud weariness.
 Who dream in twilight granaries Thou dost bless
 With delicate sheaves of mellow silences ?

Say, shall I heed dull presages of doom,
 Or dread the rumoured loneliness and gloom,
 The mute and mythic terror of the tomb f

For my glad heart is drunk and drenched with Thee,
 O inmost wine of living ecstasy !
 O intimate essence of eternity!

To a Buddha seated on a Lotus

LORD BUDDHA, on thy lotus-throne,
 With praying eyes and hands elate,
 What mystic rapture dost thou own,
 Immutable and ultimate ?
 What peace, unravished of our ken,
 Annihilate from the world of men ?

The wind of change for ever blows
Across the tumult of our way,
To-morrow's unborn griefs depose
The sorrows of our yesterday.
Dream yields to dream, strife follows strife,
And Death unweaves the webs of Life.

For us the travail and the heat,
The broken secrets of our pride,
The strenuous lessons of defeat,
The flower deferred, the fruit denied ;
But not the peace, supremely won,
Lord Buddha, of thy Lotus-throne.

With futile hands we seek to gain
Our inaccessible desire,
Diviner summits to attain,
With faith that sinks and feet that tire
But nought shall conquer or control
The heavenward hunger of our soul.

The end, elusive and afar,
Still lures us with its beckoning flight,
And all our mortal moments are
A session of the Infinite.
How shall we reach the great, unknown
Nirvana of thy Lotus-throne i

R. A. ERIC SHEPHERD

Intimations

I THINK that in the savour of some flowers
 God hides the loveliness we fain would know ;
 And that He makes it poignant with His showers
 To lure us on toward what He longs to show.
 I know He seeks in tiny wistful airs
 To give my soul bright gleams of what shall be,
 And that in plainsong endings quick despairs
 Glitter like angels o'er a shadowed sea.
 There is no thing God may not make His own
 That smelleth sweet and is of good report. . . .
 The leastest thing that we have longest known
 May truth reveal beyond the range of thought.
 And so each tiniest act and merest ploy
 May grow instinct with sacramental joy!

C. M. VERSCHOYLE

Crucifixion on the Mountain

The soul would endure splendid martyrdoms, but her Lord lays
 upon her the ultimate reward of failure and of death.

I FOUND full many a hindrance on the road
 That led up to the summit of desire,
 Sharp rocks and wounding thorns; and in the mire
 I fell, and soiled the garment I had care
 To keep so fair
 For the great rites awaiting me in Love's abode.
 Yet on I pressed,
 Dreaming of rest
 That should be sweeter for toil undergone,
 When on my Saviour's breast
 Divine and human should be one.

Deep ran the chasms across the way,
Chasms my wilfulness had made,
But Love had cast a bridge above the spray
Flung by the roaring waters far below ;
And with the cross my strength, the cross my guide,
My worser self for ever crucified,
I climbed toward the line of snow
That Love had laid
Far up, to mark the final stage
Of chill forlorn desertion, that should close
My pilgrimage.

High on the summit shone the mystic cross
Beside which life is death, and riches dross;
Not such the cross that companies my way,
A harsh rude copy meet for every day,
Beauty it lacks, untrimmed and harsh the wood,
And bitter as Christ's rood ;
Heavy as death, no staff to life is this,
But such a weight
As leaves the soul unsoothed, disconsolate,
And drags the body down to the abyss.

Upward I crawl, the dream of joy is past,
I, that would share the sorrow of my Lord
And feel the piercing sword
Divide my flesh and spirit, now at last,
Discern the failure I am forced to share,
And see the garment I would keep so fair,
Foul from the dirt of many a foolish fall
The world might mock at. When I set my feet
Upon the path I said—
A martyrdom were sweet;
Come sword, come fire,

All tortures are less sharp than my desire.

Let me have flints for bed,
And thorns, such as once wove my Master's crown,
Spurring me on to share in His renown.

And lo ! I faint
Beneath a common cross I cannot raise.
Mankind might jeer, but on celestial praise
Free from all envious taint
I counted ; wherefore then this loneliness
Weighted with death ?
Give me the nails, the spear, oppress
My soul with every pang till my last breath,
And then, the victor's wreath.

Yet I climbed still, the bitter words I spoke
Fell into silence and no echoes woke ;
But in my heart a small voice murmuring
Whispered,—thy King
Humbly exchanged celestial gain for loss,
Requiring no place to lay Him down,
No victor's crown,
But only wood enough to make a cross.

I bowed my head in shame, and upward went
Slowly, beneath my burden bent ;
Deep in the snow my bleeding feet
Sank at each step, and on the sheet
Of dazzling white left scarlet stains.
My eyes grew blind, my trembling knees gave way,
My body was a mass of fiery pains:
And still I rose and fell,
And struggled on a space,
Half dreaming broken words from **far** away,

The heavenward way,—
 The pains of hell,—
 And murmuring, weeping, falling,
 Upon my Master calling,
Unconscious now of all save agony,
I still endured, until I lay
 On the appointed place
Upon the summit, faint and like to die.

So, I thought, heaven is won,
 Gone is the burden that so long I carried ;
 Yet still the summoning angels tarried.
I lay alone,
Almost desiring back the fardel gone,
 That was my bliss and bale ;
And so methought a thousand years
 Of silence passed.
At last
 I raised my eyes to see
Some angel that should bind my wounds and wipe my
 tears,
 But there was Calvary,
And black and gaunt three crosses rose
Untenanted, among the snows.

Then, deep within, the silence spoke,—
 Now thou hast left Gethsemane,
 Stretch thy rebellious limbs upon the tree,
 Giving thy body up for Me.
(nd I obeyed,
And laid
 My feet and hands to bear the stroke
Of piercing nails.
 And so I hung another thousand years.

The wind arose, and far below me tossed
A sea of sombre-crested pines; the cloudy skies
Burst with the gale, and showed an orange rent,
And heavy clouds, like boats with tattered sails,
Flapped low, and dipped and raced about the height
Until they sank in mist that swathed my sight.
Then I closed my eyes,
And tore my way from the poor earthly tent,
And free, I knew my labours all well spent,
And no pang lost.

Abandoned hung the earthly form
While round it swayed and shrieked the storm ;
But my soul, being free,
Rejoiced most thankfully,
Until a voice cried,—nay,
Still must thou lay
Thy soul upon the rood.
So my stripped soul was fastened there,
And that cross stood
Beside the centre, towering gaunt and bare
While other thousand years went by;
Till my purged spirit burst its sheath,
And free of soul and body knelt beneath
The triple emblem of a conquered death.

Now let my spirit rise to God who gave—
Not through the grave,
But upward into light.
Aye, chanted seraphs with their dulcimers,
The ladder it prefers
Is the great midmost cross.
My spirit trembled, but I clomb—
Ah, then fell night;
This, this is **not** my home'

And in a horror far too deep to tell
I knew the pains of hell,
And for a thousand years I drank this bitter cup,
Until my spirit yielded itself up,
And hands of love
Stretched from above
Upraised me in a most delicious rest,
Upon that cross and ladder of delight,
Which now I knew was but my Master's breast

The Deliverer

THE city quakes, the earth is filled with blood—
I, I that love Thee raised Thee on this Rood!)

Lord, I am least of all Thy followers,
Yet greatest in my love : devotion spurs
Me on to strange deep thoughts and stranger deeds
My roughness planned not erst,
For all unversed

In ways of love I would content Thy needs,
Delight Thee with a flower, a word, a song,
Striving to make Thy toilsome way less long,
Its stones less bitter, its rebuffs less rude,
To guard Theecgainst the sharp ingratitude
those who beg Time and Eternity,
i worlds at once, abusing clemency.

le them, Master, with a word
1 as the universe has never heard;
Whisper it till the earth's foundations quake,
And fiery worlds awake
nd shake

Then burning pinions, and ring out the cry
That shrilly echoes
Where between whirling planets flows
The ardent stream of palpitating light.
Destroy the worlds, Oh Lord,
With the one whispered word,
And with consuming flame illumine the sight
Of all those muddy souls who love Thee not:
Or bid the flying circles cease
And a great peace
Thunder across immensity,
Enwrapping heaven and earth and sky.
Bid the air cease to hum
And all the murmuring orbs be dumb,
Suddenly, utterly,
And shatter them with silence—

Yea, Master, I have borne to see Thee weep,
More deep
The iron scarce could pierce my suffering soul;
Have seen Thee fast and pray,
Struggle and sweat.
While the eleven slept the night away
My brow was wet,
My heart beat high,
For, lo, I read
The scroll of Heaven emblazoned,
And knew Thy triumph nigh—

(The city quakes, the air is full of blood—
I, I that love Thee raised Thee on this Rood!)

Scourged, spit upon, denied,
I suffered all with Thee ;
Raising Thee high that all should bend the knee.

That very royal crown of thorns
That crimsoneth Thy brow—
So might gleam rubies set on snow,—
I offered it ; dear Master, look on me,
Say, have I not done well ?
How my poor heart would swell
At praise from Thee—
For see, without my deed,
Thy deed had not been done ;
Tliis be my meed
Thy battle won—
And that down future ages, lighted by the torch
That Thou dost kindle, men shall say—

(The city quaked, the air was full of blood,
Judas that loved Him raised Him on the Rood !)

Peter in the porch
Warmed his chilled hands as he denied,
While Judas' teeth did chatter before Caiaphas ;
My darkness seemed a heavy monstrous mass
With but one quivering light—Thy tortured death—
Ay, for it pierced beneath
My heart into my spirit—yet I knew
Before the worlds that task I had to do ;
God set it me, let me fulfil
His very bitter will—

Master, my voice is harsh, mine eyes are dim,
I should rejoice and hymn
Thy great uplifting, high above all towers—
Follow the circle round, there Judas cowers,
Lonely, forsaken, outcast, anguish-swayed ;
Yet we **are** one, betrayer and Betrayed ;

Thou drinkest of my cup, I drink of Thine,
Thou art immortal, I shall be divine ;
Dreaming, Thou risest from Thy painful Throne,
Waking, Thou drawest to Thee me, Thine own.

I kissed Thee gently—Thou hast understood ?
Out on the silly cowards who deserted Thee,

Whom men call good.

Thou and I are free,
We see not as the others see,

We dream—

And that is times away.

Far down the stream
Of heavenly ways we see our paths unite

Where the veils fall, and day
For me replaces night—

(The city quakes, the earth is full of blood—
I, I that love Thee raised Thee on this Rood !)

Farewell, my Love, my Master, I have dared
For Thee that lesser men had left undone,
Be my love hereby proved, I have not spared
To give my God where God but gave His Son.

I bear such pains, my body was not formed

To see the struggles of a dying God,
Or hold the terror of a prisoned soul

Striving for freedom : I am fain

Of silence, and the peace of night again.

Night brooding over Galilee,

And our small company

Each with his portioned dole

Quietly laid about Thee on the sod,
Beneath which, now, there is no peace for me,
For Thou and I have work to do—Oh God !

Forsaken, helpless, therefore doubly to be Loved-
See how I yearn o'er Thee !

Yet are Thy throes soon past,

And mine, aeonial, scarce begun,

For where Thy name is honoured, I am cursed ;

Outcast, reviled, I down the ages go,

Death but delivers me to greater woe.

But where Thy passion is rehearsed

Our names are linked still,

And Thine shall such a heavenly dew distil

That mine shall be washed pure and sweet some day,

And children's lips sing 'Judas', like a kiss,

But in no softer way

Than fell that kiss with which I did betray

Thy sad humanity,

Freeing the Godhead for eternity—

(The city quakes, the air is full of blood,—

Judas that loves Thee raised Thee on this Rood !)

These triumphs are too keen, we die,

So sharp the sacrifice, the agony.

Keep Thou the hapless Judas in Thy heart,

Nor fail me on that far-off day

When all that erred in my sad deed is purged away.

My lowly part

Was just to make the sacrifice complete,

Adding to heavenly stature earthly feet:

Thou art uplifted, I shall be cast down,

Master, farewell, until *my* destined crown

Is won, and all Thou strivest for fulfilled.

I am not worthy that my blood be spilled

Like Thine : in grosser pangs be spirit torn

From my gross body, let the wide world scorn

So I but join Thee aeons after
Where the soft laughter
 Of the redeemed echoes about the heavenly space;
 And find, crouched at Thy feet, a little quiet place.
Then, when my courage grows, after awhile,
Murmur to me, with Thy celestial smile—
Judas! for the great love I bear to Thee
I grant thee to be crucified with Me !

AMY K. CLARKE

'Vision of Him'

THROUGH the Uncreated,
 Uncleft, Untrod,
Breathed for a moment
 Sorrow of God.

And lo ! it fell starlike—
 Trembling to cease
In His Infinite gladness
 Infinite peace.

Out of that tremor
 Time was made,
Worlds crept into being
 Young and afraid.

Slowly, by beauty,
 His creatures-grew wise,
Slow dawned its wonder
 On opening eye&'

Men watched adoring
 His waters roll,
 Deep flowed His colours
 Through sense and soul.

Moan of creation—
 Rapture that stirs—
 Blindly they learned it,
 Years upon years.

Till clearly one spirit
 Cried on His Name
 From all her lovely
 And earthly frame.

Light could not veil it,
 Nor darkness dim,
 Flesh but receive it—
 Vision of Him.

Deep sunk His answer,
 The Word that sufficed—
 Out of her Body
 Cometh His Christ.

RUTH TEMPLE LINDSAY

The Hunters

'The Devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he
 may devour.'

THE Lion, he prowleth far and near,
 Nor swerves for pain or rue ;
 He heedeth nought of sloth nor fear,
 He prowleth—prowleth through

The silent glade and the weary street,
In the empty dark and the full noon heat;
And a little Lamb with aching Feet—
He prowleth too.

The Lion croucheth alert, apart—
With patience doth he woo;
He waiteth long by the shuttered heart,
And the Lamb—He waiteth too.
Up the lurid passes of dreams that kill,
Through the twisting maze of the great Untr
The Lion followeth the fainting will—
And the Lamb—He followeth too.

From the thickets dim of the hidden way
Where the debts of Hell accrue,
The Lion leapeth upon his prey :
But the Lamb—He leapeth too.
Ah ! loose the leash of the sins that damn,
Mark Devil and God as goals,
In the panting love of a famished Lamb,
Gone mad with the need of souls.

The Lion, he strayeth near and far;
What heights hath he left untrod ?
He crawleth nigh to the purest star,
On the trail of the saints of God.
And throughout the darkness of things unclean,
In the depths where the sin-ghouls brood,
There prowleth ever with yearning mien—
A Lamb as white as Blood I

HORACE HOLLEY

The Stricken King

O WHAT am I that the cold wind affrays,
 O What am I the ocean could confound
 A fort so open to the rebel days
 And nature's mutiny and human wound ?
 O What am I so weak against the world,
 Yea, weaker in my heart that should be strong,
 On whom this double warfare is unfurled,
 Of outer violence first, then inward wrong f
 I am a fair, a fleeting glimpse of God
 One moment visible in mortal state,
 A bit of heaven caught i' the prison-clod,
 That I nor nature's self may violate;
 Ev'n as a jewel lost from kingly crown
 That's royal still, though fingered by a clown. . .

We of the world who shuffle to our doom,
 Who dull with common lead the gold of time,
 Despoiling where we may the tender bloom
 Of all unworldly souls that rise sublime;
 Still scourging wisdom nobler than our use
 And scorning pity bent on our despair,
 Fouling earth's seldom beauty by abuse
 In rage at strength too strong, at fair too fair;
 Nathless we suffer pain with them we slay,
 And more than they, as we their death survive.
 Weep not for them so glorious in decay,—
Weep thou for us, inglorious and alive:
 Stricken ourselves in their destruction, **till**
 That inward Saviour come we cannot kill....

Yet, longer dwelling in that ruined court
Where man, the stricken king, so ill does reign
I find his folly wiser than report
And his defilement daughter of his pain.
He's like a king who never knew repose
But lives in constant dread to be o'erthrown,
Buying a half-obedience from his foes
And half-a-king to them who would have none.
And so his robe is stained, his front dismayed,
His court a mock, himself but half a king;
And so his magnanimity's arrayed,
So foully gowned, a self-impeaching thing is so his royalty would be a s
If it were not too piteous and forlorn.

Himself his foe and bitter regicide,
Himself the faction risen in his state,
Himself his spy and minister, to chide
Himself to wrath, and nourish his own hate;
Himself his fool that can himself beguile,
Himself his scullion, foul to that degree,
Himself his beggar, skilled in cunning wile
Himself to plead in his necessity ;
Yet king withal, and proved by future act
When all that baser self he may resign,
Leagued with himself and firm in his own pact
To live a monarch, noble in his line!

A king withal, and nowise made more clear s
His knavish self his lordly self does fear.

JOHN OXENHAM

Rverymaid

KING'S Daughter!
 Would'st thou be all fair,
 Without—within—
 Peerless and beautiful,
 A very Queen ?

Know then :—
 Not as men build unto the Silent One,—
 With clang and clamour,
 Traffic of rude voices,
 Clink of steel on stone,
 And din of hammer ;—
 Not so the temple of thy grace is reared.
 But,—in the inmost shrine
 Must thou begin,
 And build with care
 A Holy Place,
 A place unseen,
 Each stone a prayer.
 Then, having built,
 Thy shrine sweep bare
 Of self and sin,
 And all that might demean;
 And, with endeavour,
 Watching ever, praying ever,
 Keep it fragrant-sweet, and clean:
 So, by God's grace, it be fit place,—
 His Christ shall enter and shall dwell therein.
 Not as in earthly fane—where chase
 Of steel on stone may strive to win
 Some outward grace,—
Thy temple face is chiselled from within.

JOHN SPENCER MUIRHEAD

Quiet

THERE is a flame within me that has stood
 Unmoved, untroubled through a mist of years,
 Knowing nor love nor laughter, hope nor fears,
 Nor foolish throb of ill, nor wine of good.
 I feel no shadow of the winds that brood,
 I hear no whisper of a tide that veers,
 I weave no thought of passion, nor of tears,
 Unfettered I of time, of habitude.
 I know no birth, I know no death that chills;
 I fear no fate nor fashion, cause nor creed,
 I shall outdream the slumber of the hills,
 I am the bud, the flower, I the seed:
 For I do know that in whatever I see
 I am the part and it the soul of me.

GERTRUDE M. HORT

The Paradox

WHEN I have gained the Hill
 Where beats the clear and rigid light of God
 Full on the path by fearless comrades trod ;
 When I have tuned to theirs my will and word,
 And by my prompting voice their ranks are stirred
 To hail each height with ' Higher ! Higher still !'
 That luring glow which from the Valley streams
 Warns me I am not what my spirit seems.

II

But when my life descends
Into the Hollow, where no wild thoughts reach,
And all that lawful yearning can beseech
Sits at my hearth, or in my garden grows;
When I need match no more with noble foes,
Nor share the yoke with unrelenting friends,
That strange veiled star which o'er the Hill-top beams,
Shows me / am not what my body dreams!

Thanksgiving

i

SOME thank Thee that they ne'er were so forsaken
In dust of death, in whirling gulfs of shame,
But by one kindred soul their part was taken,
One far-off prayer vibrated with their name !
I thank Thee too—for times no man can number,
When I went down the rayless stairs of Hell,
And to my comrades, at their feast or slumber,
The echoes cried : c All's well !'

II

Some thank Thee for the stern and splendid vision,
Of truth, that never let them shrink or swerve !
Till on their dearest dream they poured derision,
And broke the idols they had sworn to serve!
I thank Thee that, for me, some mystic terror
Still haunts the accustomed shrine, the accustomed way,—
So, though Truth calls me with the mouth of error,
I need **not** disobey!

III

Some thank Thee for the Voice that sounds unbidden,
Above the altar of their sacrifice;
For that great Light wherein they stood unchidden,
And watched, reflected, in each other's eyes.
I too—for whom came never word or token,
Whose prayer into a seeming Void descends,
I praise Thee for the trustful hush unbroken,
The right of perfect friends!

HAROLD E. GOAD

Spring's Sacrament

' LIFT up your hearts!' The holy dew
 Lc Asperge the woodland throng;
Dawn after dawn the lark renews
 His miracle of song;
While taper-like the crocus pricks
 Athwart the yearning sod;
The primrose lifts his golden pyx,
 And God looks forth to God.

The symbols blind, the visions fail,
 Our souls strain out to Thee;
Within the leaf, the light, the veil,
 Is Thy Felicity.
O Heart of all the world's desire,
 Breathe from around, above,
The mystic kiss of Fire to fire
 That Love will yield to love !

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Abercrombie, Lascelles, 556.

A. E., 495.

Alexander, William, 248.

Anonymous, 1, 6, 548, 549.

Arnold, Sir Edwin, 266.

Arnold, Matthew, 228.

Bailey, Philip James, 209.

Barker, Elsa, 602.

Barlow, George, 371.

Barlow, Jane, 503.

Bax, Clifford, 598.

Beeching, Henry Charles, 426.

Benson, Arthur Christopher,
468.

Benson, Robert Hugh, 517.

Blackie, John Stuart, 169.

Blake, William, 89.

Bourdillon, Francis William,
38?.

Bowles, Fred. G., 577.

Bronte, Emily, 214.

Brown, Thomas Edward, 258.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett,
146.

Browning, Robert, 171.

Buchanan, Robert, 319.

Buckton, Alice Mary, 585.

Bunston, Anna, 589.

Byrom, John, 84.

Carman, Bliss, 450.

Carpenter, Edward, 359.

Carpenter, Henry Bernard, 310.

Caswall, Edward, 207;

Cawein, Madison Julius, 477.

Chesson, Nora, 579.

Chesterton, Gilbert Keith, 519.

Childe, Wilfred Rowland, 606.

Clarke, Amy K., 623.

Clerke, Ellen Mary, 309.

Coleridge, Mary Elizabeth, 448.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 126.

Constable, Henry, 13.

Cousins, James H., 584.

Cowper, William, 87.

Craik, Dinah Maria (Mulock),
250.

Cranch, Christopher Pearse,
203.

Crashaw, Richard, 32.

Cripps, Arthur Shearly, 510.

Crowley, Aleister, 520.

Daley, Victor James, 408.

Dawson, William James, 391.

Deland, Margaret, 400.

De Vere, Aubrey Thomas, 208.

Dietz, Ella, 531.

Dixon, Richard Watson, 273.

Dolben, Digby Mackworth, 373.

Donne, John, 15.

Dowden, Edward, 337.

Drane, Augusta Theodosia,
240.c

Duclaux, Agnes Mary Frances,
401.

E., A., 495-

Earle, John Charles, 508.

Ellis, Edwin J., 569.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 137.

Faber, Frederick William, 205.

Field, Michael, 555.

Figgis, Darrell, 595.

- Fletcher, Phineas, 19.
 Fraser-Tytler, Christina Catherine, 375.
- Goad, Harold E., 631.
 Gore-Booth, Eva, 581.
 Goss'e, Edmund, 377.
 Gray, John, 571.
 Greenwell, Dora, 228.
 Gurney, Alfred, 568.
- Harvey, Christopher, 31.
 Havergal, Francis Ridley, 285.
 Hawker, Robert Stephen, 143.
 Henley, William Ernest, 376.
 Herbert, George, 23.
 Herrick, Robert, 20.
 Hickey, Emily Henrietta, 370.
 Hinkson, Katherine Tynan, 464.
 Holley, Horace, 626.
 Holmes, Edmund Gore Alexander, 381.
 Hookham, Paul, 604.
 Hopkins, Gerard Manley, 353.
 Hort, Gertrude M., 629.
 Houghton, Lord, 154.
 Housman, Laurence, 487.
- Ingelow, Jean, 263.
- King, Harriet Eleanor Hamilton, 312.
- Lampman, Archibald, 445.
 Le Gallienne, Richard, 485.
 Lindsay, Ruth Temple, 624.
 Lyall, Sir Alfred Comyn, 283.
- MacDonald, George, 244.
 Mangan, James Clarence, 136.
 Marvell, Andrew, 54.
 Masfield, John, 550.
 Mason, Eugene, 577.
 Meredith, George, 254.
- I Meynell, Alice, 461.
 Milnes, Richard Monckton, 154.
 Mitchell, Susan, 582.
 Monro, Harold, 534.
 Morris, Sir Lewis, 269.
 Muirhead, John Spencer, 629.
 Myers, Frederick William Henry, 332.
- Nayadu, Sarojini, 6ro.
 Newbolt, Sir Henry, 466.
 Newman, John Henry, 133.
 Noel, Roden Berkeley Wriot hes - ley, 278.
- I Noyes, Alfred, 536.
- j O'Shaughnessy, Arthur William Edgar, 346.
- I Oxenham, Henry Nutcombe, **I 255.**
 Oxenham, John, 628.
- 1 Palgrave, Francis Turner
 1 249.
 , Patmore, Coventry, 236.
 j Plunkett, Joseph Mary, 560.
 I Poe, Edgar Allan, 153.
 j Pope, Alexander, 84.
 Probyn, May, 404.
- Quarles, Francis, 21.
- Rhoades, James, 323.
 Rodd, Sir James Rennell, 406.
 Rolle, Richard, 1.
 Rossetti, Christina, 257.
 Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 252.
 Russell, **George** William ('A. I E.'), 495-
- 1 Santayana, George, 469.
 Scott, William Bell, 201.
 Sharp, William, 398.
 I Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 128.

- Shepherd, R. A. Eric, 613.
 Shorter, Dora Sigerson, 501.
 Southwell, Robert, 11.
 Stephens, James, 504.
 Swinburne, Algernon Charles,
 286.
 Sylvester, Joshua, 13.
 Symonds, John Addington,
 305-
 Symons, Arthur, 474.
 Tabb, John Bannister, 367.
 Taylor, Rachel Annand, 546.
 Tennyson, Alfred, 157.
 Thomas, Edith Matilda, 392.
 Thompson, Francis, 409.
 Traherne, Thomas, 6\$.
 Trench, Herbert, 470.
 Trench, Richard Chenevix,
 152.
 Tynan (Hinkson), Kathenne,
 464.
- I Underhill, Evelyn, 524.
 Vaughan, **Henry**, 56.
 Verschoyle, C. M., 613.
 ! Waddington, Samuel, 367.
 ' Waite, Arthur Edward, 435.
 j Walworth, Clarence A., 564.
 j Ward, Frederick William Orde,
 344-
 i Wasson, David Atwood, 561.
 j Watts, Isaac, 83.
 I Weekes, Charles, 501.
 Whitman, Walt, 216.
 Wilde, Oscar, 395.
 Williams, Sarah, 318.
 Wilmshurst, Walter Leslie,
 481.
 Wordsworth, William, 109.
 Yeats, William But lei, 472.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A double debt he has to pay	133
A flame in my heart is kindled by the might of the morn's pure breath	381
A garden is a lovesome thing; God wot!	260
A new world did Columbus find	568
A pious friend one day of Rabia asked	154
A shape, like folded light, embodied air	143
A voice in the dark imploring	439
Again that Voice, which on my listening ears	323
Age cannot reach me where the veils of God	583
Ah, Christ, it were enough to know.	570
Ah ! Nature, would that I before I pass	278
All are but parts of one stupendous whole	84
All around him Patmos lies	392
All living creatures' pain.	345
All night by the shore.	359
All parts away for the progress of souls	218
All sights and sounds of day and year	244
All that began with God, in God must end	306
All that is broken shall be mended.	58
All things are full of God. Thus spoke	169
All things once are things for ever	156
Alpha and Omega, God alone	13
Amid the eternal silences	205
And did those feet in ancient time	108
And none can truly worship but who have	213
And then I thought that He whom we name God	311
And while they talked and talked, and while they sat	506
And will they (ast the altars down.	463
Apart, immutable, unseen.	520
As Christ the Lord was passing by.	448
As the slow Evening gather'd in her grey	577
At intervals of tunes.	606
At night in each other's arms	362
Backward !—beyond this momentary woe	334
Batter my heart, three person'd God ; for, you	15
Before me grew the human soul	445
Behind the orient darkness of thine eyes	604
Beneath this world of stars and flowers	402

	PAGE
Betwixt the dawning and the day it came	344
Beyond ; beyond ; and yet again beyond !	537
Blow gently over my garden.	464
Bright Queen of Heaven ! Gods Virgin Spouse	61
But she, the wan sweet maiden, shore away	164
But so deep the wild-bee hummeth.	558
By one great Heart the Universe is stirred	400
By one pervading spirit.	113
By those heights we dare to dare.	406
Calm soul of all things ! make it mine	232
Chanting the square deific, out of the One advancing, out of the sides.	224
Christ, as a light.	136
Come, dear Heart.	530
Come down, O Christ, and help me ! reach thy hand .	395
Come, Hesper, and ye Gods of mountain waters	378
Comest Thou peaceably, O Lord ?.	488
Consider the sea's listless chime.	252
Could my heart but see Creation as God sees it,—from within	384
Creation's and Creator's crowning good	239
Darkness broods upon the temple.	250
Dead ? Not to thee, thou keen watcher,—not silent, not viewless, to thee.	393
Dear and fair as Earth may be.	598
Dear friend, far off, my lost desire.	162
Deep on the convent-roof the snows.	157
Each wave that breaks upon the strand	367
Elder father, though thine eyes.	519
Elected Silence, sing to me.	353
En Soph, uncomprehended in the thought	350
Ere aught began	574
Even as a bird sprays many-coloured fires	495
Ev'n like two little bank-dividing brooks	22
False life ! a foil and no more, when	63
Far in the Heavens my God retires.	83
Far off, most secret, and inviolate Rose	473
Fate, which foresaw	230
Flight is but the preparative. The s i g h t	66
Flower in the crannied wall.	162
For I have learned.	121
For years I sought the Many in the One	581
Fountain of Fire whom all divide.	471
Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth nor blessed abode	551

	PAGE
From age to age in the public place	435
From the Silence of Time, Time's Silence borrow	400
From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary lines	216
From twig to twig the spider weaves	254
From what meek jewel seed	57i
Give reverence, O man, to mystery	201
God, God!	147
God is the sole and self-subsistent one	211
God was, alone in unity. He willed	211
God, who made man out of dust	487
Good Friday in my heart! Fear and affright!	449
Grand is the leisure of the earth.	263
Grand is the seen, the light, to me—grand are the sky and stars	227
Grow old along with me !	194
Hail, sacred Order of eternal Truth !	207
Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluia!	167
Happy those early days ! when I	57
He is made one with Nature : there is heard	131
He stood there. Like the smoke	179
He who knows Love—becomes Love, and his eyes	602
Hear now, O Soul, the last command of all	466
Hearken, oh hearken ! let your souls behind you	146
Hemmed in by petty thoughts and petty things	387
Her feet are set in darkness—at Her feet	548
Here is the efflux of the Soul.	217
Here kneels my word, that may not say	569
Here on this little bridge in this warm day	201
Here, Pan, on grey rock slab we set for Thee	510
High stretched upon the swinging yard	260
Himself his foe and bitter regicide.	627
His wide Hands fashioned us white grains and red	5 "
How like an Angel came I down !	63
How shall I find Him, who can be my guide	577
I am beloved of the Prince of the garden of pleasure	533
I am that which began.	286
I am the God of the sensuous fire.	283
I am the Reaper.	376
I am the song, that rests upon the cloud	501
I am the spirit of all that lives.	579
I am the wind which breathes upon the sea	1
I begin through the grass once again to be bound to the Lord	500

	PAGE
I came into the world for love of Thee	438
I come in the little things	524
I did not think, I did not strive	552
I fled Him, down the nights and down the days	409
I found full many a hindrance on the road	613
I found Thee in my heart, O Lord	340
I give you the end of a golden string	109
I got me flowers to straw Thy way.	23
I had no God but these	
I have gone the whole round of Creation: I saw and I spoke !	175
I have seen.	III
I knew, I felt, (perception unexpressed	173
I knowctis but a loom of land	261
I like a church ; I like a cowl	137
I missed him when the sun began to bend	247
I pass the vale. I breast the steep	508
I paused beside the cabin door and saw the King of Kings at play.	498
I sat me down and looked around	54
I saw Eternity the other night	59
I saw the Son of God go by.	547
I saw the Sun at midnight, rising red	560
I see his blood upon the rose	561
I sing the Name which None can say	33
I spin, I spin, around, around	341
I stood among the ancient hills	595
I struck the board, and cry'd, No more'.	30
I think that in the savour of some flowers	613
I was not with the rest at play.	346
I will arise and to my Father go	509
I wish a greater knowledge, then t'attaine	21
I, woman, am that wonder-breathing Rose	603
If the red slayer thinks he slays	142
If there had anywhere appeared in space	152
If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt dive	167
Imagination—here the Power so called	123
In childhood's pride I said to Thee	610
In some green bower.	124
En strenuous hope I wrought	236
In the light of the silent stars that shine on the struggling sea	536
In the secret Valley of Silence	398
In the vaile of restles mynd.	6
In what torne ship soever I embarke	18
In Youth, when through our veins runs fast	408

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

639

	PAGE
Is it the moved air or the moving sound .	
Is not the work done ? Nay, for still the Scars	493
It lies not on the sunlit hill	398
King's Daughter !	628
Lay me to sleep in sheltering flame .	400
Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom .	'35
Leave, leave, thy gadding thoughts .	56
¹ Leave the romance before the endc	512
Let mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this	17
Let me come nearer Thee	
Lies yet a well of wonder	503
Life of my life ! soul of my inmost soul ! .	387
Lift up your heads, gates of my heart, unfold .	306
' Lift up your hearts ! ' The holy dew .	631
Like a tired lover I rest on her bosom	
Like soundless summer lightning seen afar	3^4
Lo as some bard on isles of the Aegean .	335
Lo here a little volume, but great Book .	50
Lo, in the sanctuaried East	416
Lo ! in the vigils of the night, ere sped .	330
Look, O blinded eyes and burning .	33 ²
Lord Buddha, on thy lotus-throne .	611
Lord, I have knelt and tried to pray to-night .	340
Lord of the grass and hill	450
Lord, said a flying fish	452
Lord, Thou art mine, and I am Thine	28
Lord, when the sense of thy sweet grace .	49
Loud mockers in the roaring street .	485
Love came to crave sweet love, if love might be	367
Love, flooding all the creeks of my dry soul	377
Love, thou art Absolute sole lord .	40
Luf es lyf Eat lastes ay, pair it in Criste es feste .	1
Mariner, what of the deep ? This of the deep .	3i8
Me Lord ? can'st thou mispend	19
Men say the world is full of fear and hate.	611
* Mortals, that behold a Woman' .	419
My contemplation dazzles in the End	76
My genial spirits fail	127
My God, I heard this day	24
My good blade carves the casques of men .	158
My heart did heave, and there came forth " O God ! "	24
My Lord, my Love ! in pleasant pain	257
My naked simple Life was I .	71

	PAGE
My sorrow had pierced me through ; it throbbed in my heart like a thorn	468
My soul is like a fenced tower.	608
My Spectre around me night and day	91
No coward soul is mine.	215
Not alone in Palestine those blessed Feet have trod	555
Not made with hands, its walls began to climb	399
Now God forbid that Faith be blind assent	518
O beat and pause that count the life of man	401
O Captain of the wars, whence won Ye so great scars ?	423
O chantry o f the Cherubim	389
O gain that lurk'st ungained in all gain !	424
O God, where does this tend—these struggling aims ?	171
O joyes ! Infinite sweetnes ! with what flowres	58
O life ! what lets thee from a quicke decease	n
O little lark, you need not fly.	589
O living will that shalt e n d u r e	163
O Lord, the Giver of my days	269
O martyred Spirit of this helpless Whole	469
O me, man of slack faith so long	226
O nectar ! O delicious stream	80
O Power to whom this earthly clime	446
O somewhere, somewhere, God unknown	337
O thou mysterious One, lying asleep	602
O Thou not made with hands	249
O Thou that movest all, O Power.	402
O tree of life, blissful tree	426
O vast Rondure, swimming in space	219
O what am I that the cold wind affrays	626
O world invisible, we view thee	425
O world, thou choosest not the better part !	469
O Yeares ! and Age ! Farewell	20
O'er boundless fields of night, lo, near and far	504
Of all great Nature's tones that sweep	208
Of that external scene which round me lay	122
Oh, fair immaculate rose of the world, rose of my dream, my Rose!	399
Oh! little blade of grass.	228
Oh, tempt me not! I love too well this snare	491
Oh, there are moments in man's mortal years	310
Oh where the immortal and the mortal meet	371
Om, Amitaya! measure not with words	266
On a rusty iron throne	505
On the heights of Great Endeavour.	480

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

641

	PAGK
Once, long before the birth of time, a storm	534
Once, when my heart was passion-free	367
One of the crowd went up	462
One thing in all things have I seen .	499
Only to be twin elements of joy	55*
Our seer, the net-mender	470
Out of the depths of the Infinite Being eternal ,	53*
Out of the seething cauldron of my woes .	5 ² 4
Over the great city.	363
Pilate and Calaphas	5 "
Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World .	472
Round holy Rabia's suffering bed .	156
See how the orient dew.	54
She moves in tumult; round her lies	5*7
Silent is the house : all are laid asleep	214
Sleep sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast	16
Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide	461
Snowflakes downfloating from the void	482
So thin a veil divides.	364
Some evil upon Rabia fell	154
Some folk as can afford.	593
Some thank Thee that they ne'er were so forsaken	630
Sometimes, as in the summer fields .	375
Sometimes, I know not why, nor how, nor whence	391
Souls there be to whomctis given .	483
Spirit! that dwellest where	153
Stars i n the heavens turn	476
Still as great waters lying in the West	546
Still deep into the West I gazed ; the light	337
Strange, all-absorbing Love, who gatherest	373
Strangely, strangely, Lord, this morning .	590
Such was the Boy—but for the growing Youth .	109
Summer, and noon, and a splendour of silence, felt	295
Sunshine let i t b e o r frost	45°
Sure Man was born to meditate on things .	68
Sweet Infancy I	68
Sweetest Saviour, if my soul .	26
Swirl of the river aflow to the sea .	481
Teach me, my God and King	29
Tell us, tell us, holy shepherds	374
That ail things should be mine	75
The altar tiles are under her feet	564
The angels' eyes, whome veyles cannot deceive	11
The awful shadow of some unseen Power .	128

	PAGE
The body is not bounded by its skin	510
The brook and road	124
The buried statue through the marble gleams	582
The city quakes, the earth is filled with blood	618
The desire of <i>lowe</i> , Joy.	39«
The knowledge of God is the wisdom of man	209
The Lion, he prowleth far and near.	624
The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd	87
The Maiden caught me in the wild.	104
The man that hath great griefs I pity not.	258
The Master said.	319
The Master sfood upon the mount, and taught	228
The Mother sent me on the holy quest	582
The peaks, and the starlit skies, the deeps of the fathomless seas.	271
The Secret of the World is lowly.	56i
The Self is Peace : that Self am I	604
The spirit grows the form for self-expression	280
The sun descending i n the west	90
The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains	161
The Vision of Christ that thou dost see	94
The Western Road goes streaming out to seek the cleanly wild	527
The Woof that I weave not.	321
The world is charged with the grandeur of God	355
The world uprose as a man to find Him	433
Then came Sir Joseph, hight, of Arimathee	145
There-are who, when the bat on wing transverse	305
There came one day a leper to my door	370
There is a flame within me that has stood	629
There is a glory in the apple boughs	477
There is a rapture that my soul desires	242
There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind	126
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream	114
There were no shadows till the worlds were made	204
These Houres, and that which hovers o're my End	32
They said :c She dwelleth in some place apart'	584
They say there is a hollow, safe and still	285
This is he, who, felled by foes.	143
This outer world is but the pictured scroll	544
This spiritual Love acts not nor can exist.	125
This, this is what I love, and what is this ?	248
Thou, for whom words have exhausted their sweetness	588
Thou hope of all Humanity.	592
Thou, so far, we grope to grasp thee	203

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

643

	PAGE
Hiou, who didst wrap the cloud *	110
Though the long seasons seem to separate	581
Thrice bless'd are they, who feel their loneliness	133
Through the dark night I wander on alone	240
Through the Uncreated.	623
Thus while the days flew by, and years passed on	121
Thy God was making hast into thy roofe .	33
Thy voice is on the rolling air .	163
'Tis Man's own Nature, which in its own Life .	84
To every Form of being is assigned	112
To God, the everlasting, who abides	3°7
To make the Body and the Spirit one	396
To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love	89
To my friend Butts I write.	106
To see a World in a grain of sand	105
To the assembled folk	457
To the elements it came from.	233
To-night I tread the unsubstantial way .	522
Toy-bewitched.	127
Trimurti, T r i m u r t i	170
Truth is within ourselves ; it takes no rise	173
Truth, so far, in my book ;—the truth which draws .	150
Under the flaming wings of cherubim	342
Unfold thy face, unmaske thy ray	31
Victim of love, in manhood's prime	*55
Visionary power attends the motions of the viewless winds	123
We are resolved into the supreme air	395
We know Thee, each in part.	369
We of the world who shuffle to our doom .	626
We sow the glebe, we reap the corn	148
We suffer. Why we suffer,—that is hid .	315
Well-meaning readers ! you that come as friends	46
* What art Thou, dearest Lord, and what am I'	5 "
What do I want of thee ?	• 584
What do you seek within, O Soul, my Brother ?	526
What domination of what darkness dies this hour	496
What happy, secret fountain	62
What is that bevond thy life	501
What is there hid in the heart of a rose	544
What is this ?	273
What is this maiden f a i r	237
What is this reverence in extreme delight.	474
What love I when I love Thee, O my God	248
What, O Eternity.	368

	PAGE
What of the Night, 0 Watcher ?	478
What powerful Spirit lives within!	81
What's that which, ere I spake, was gone	236
When all the shores of knowledge fade	549
When first thy Eies unveil, give thy Soul leave	59
When for the thorns with which I long, too long	55
When God at first made man	28
When He appoints to meet thee, go thou forth	263
When I am dead unto myself, and let	246
When I from life's unrest had earned the grace	585
When I have gained the Hill	629
When I was young the days were long	465
When our five-angled spears, that pierced the world	528
When Rabia unto Mekkeh came	155
When the hermit made an end	165
When the Soul travails in her Night Obscure	547
When the storm was in the sky	404
When thee (O holy sacrificed Lambe)	13
When thou turn'st away from ill	245
When weight of all the garner'd years	343
Where is the land of Luthany	415
Where shall this self at last find happiness ?	475
Who can blot out the Crosse, which th'instrument	15
Who gave thee, 0 Beauty	139
Why should I call Thee Lord, Who art my God ?	258
Wide fields of corn along the valleys spread	509
Wild air, world-mothering air	355
Wise, 0 heart, is the heart which loves; but what of the heart which refrains	444
With a measure of light and a measure of shade	445
With brain o'erworn, with heart a summer clod	339
With tear-dimmed eyes I went upon my way	370
With thee a moment! Then what dreams have play	495
With this ambiguous earth	463
Would I could win some quiet and rest, and a little ease	550
Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build	189
Yet, longer dwelling in that ruined court	627
Yonder the veil'd Musician sits, His feet	321
* You never attained to Him.' * If to attain	462

