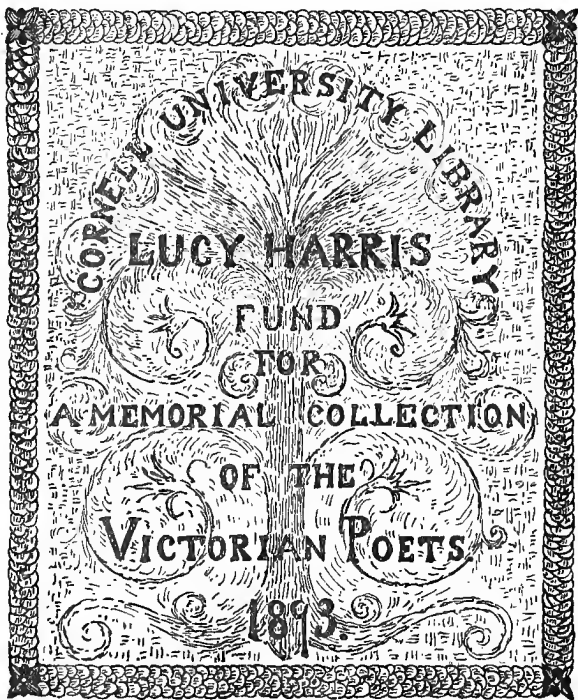


JUSTINE.

A Martyr.

AND OTHER POEMS.



A. 17574

24/2/1904

Cornell University Library
PR 4161.B58J8

Justine, a martyr, and other poems.



3 1924 013 438 803

olin



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.



See page 43.

J U S T I N E :

A Martyr.

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

J O H N B R E N T, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF "VILLAGE BELLS," "ATALANTA," "CANTERBURY IN THE
OLDEN TIME," ETC., ETC.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

1881.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. OGDEN AND CO.,
172, ST. JOHN STREET, E.C.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
JUSTINE	I
TRUE WORK	68
"YES, ON HER BROW WHAT GRACES BLOOM"	69
THE CATHEDRAL WINDOW	70
"I AM MY MOTHER'S MAID"	72
RETRIBUTION	75
EVENING	77
CHANGE	78
PESTAL	79
LOVE, THE STRONG?	82
NEARER—MORE NEAR	83
A MEMORY	85
LIFE'S LIKE A BALLAD	87
A FIRESIDE	89
FAR AWAY	91
BENEATH A CLOUD I'VE SEEN THE SEA	92
THE LITTLE RED ROSE (from the German)	93
THE NUN " "	95
THE VILLAGE SCHOOL	96
NOTES TO JUSTINE	101

J U S T I N E :

A QUARTER.

SWIFTLY the twilight gathers round the hills,
Another world seems rising through the shade,
A world unknown, as Night's vast presence fills
The space where late the golden sunlight played :
All is not dark as yet, for still there seems
A shifting glimmer on the far-off streams,
As like small clouds, the mists now floating low,
Stirred by no wind, with calm, unbroken flow,
Glide as the river glides, more rare and white than snow.
And listen ! Twilight hath her spells to wake
Each timid creature moving through the brake,
Watchful and stealthy ;—now a leveret stirs ;
Now a shy squirrel bounds amongst the firs ;

Then suddenly arises, soft and clear,
A maiden's voice from garden orchard near :

“ Sweet day, thou diest in splendour golden,
One star thy mourner only,
Soft night, thou com'st like one from olden
Times—a shadow lonely.

There are unseen divinities,
That haunt the sky, the stream, the wood ;
A spell that in seclusion lies,
Like a bird's song in solitude.

I love thee for thy stars, O night,
And for thy darkness too,
Thy glorious isles of life and light,
Thy deep eternal blue :

The ages come, though still remote,
In ancient songs prophetic told,
That higher aims, and life denote,
Ages of goodness, not of gold.”

I.

So sang Justine⁽¹⁾, a Roman maiden, whose
Sweet daily tasks were simplest ministries,
Wrought with such grace,—Oh, not a charm they lose,
'Neath the soft shadows of her earnest eyes.
Yet had she pride withal, that she had come
Of a long line of heroes—who had made
Their names as watchwords once in ancient Rome ;
To her such memories were like music played
In some vast storied hall of old renown,
That far-off voices from the past conveyed,
With echoes that made all that past their own :
And him she loved, the Roman Marcion—brave,
Proud, earnest, little tolerant of wrong.
To Rome's old myths he ready credence gave,
More that he loved them, than that faith was strong,
Yet confident enough the world should be
Ruled by Great Rome, through Romans such as he.

Her gods his gods—whate'er her priests avowed,
Obeyed ; 'twere best, at Mars' red shrine he bowed.
Not so the fair Justine—she strove to prove
The gods she worshipped worthy of her love,
All truth with her, was what was holiest—best,
And faith would falter when she lacked such test :
Again, but not in song, as now she spoke,
And from her earnest lips these mournful murmurs broke :

“ Life no more to me is real,

 And the waves of time are flowing,

Onward to the dark Ideal,

 And the phantom flowers are blowing,

 And the phantom clouds are going,

Onwards ever to the sea

Of some wide infinity !

 The world's a Wizard, mocking, dreaming,

 Things are not what to their seeming

I could wish them aye to be ;

 Oft amid this darkness, feeling

My blind way, no friend beside me,
Could I see one star to guide me,
To some haven bright and blest ;
Find some hallowed influence stealing
Round me—like a child in tears,
That, trustful, puts away its fears,
And turns it to its mother's breast ;
I might find a holy rest.

Oh, where art thou ? Come and take me,
Let me give my life to thee,
Never, never to forsake thee, thou divine
Humanity !”

“ Justine ! ” ’Twas Marçion’s voice—

The branches stirred—

“ How strange, Justine, the appeal I now have heard !
Methought of Christians ’twas the frantic cry !
Thou canst not love me, and thus wish to die !
Yet further,—say ? ”—Her hand on his she laid,
“ Be not, dear Marçion, of my words afraid ;

I ask—'tis my whole being feels the need,—
A purer, holier, self-denying creed ;
Not one in groves, or temples here, that lies,
Of passionate spells and dark Divinities—”
“Justine, Justine !

This world is yours and mine,
And of our gods at least there's one divine :
Then come, tread lightly, sunshine in thy face,
From Love's soft garland not a flower displace,
All shadows banish and all fears despise,
Hope's cloudless blue be mirrored in thine eyes.”
“Flatterer ! no more. The Poet and the Priest
Answer for much ; their knowledge should at least
A nobler credence, nobler faith proclaim,
Not trust in gods who are but gods in name ;
The mightiest kings who trod the Earth in scorn,
Died to be deified and starward borne ;
But oh, for sinful man, repentant, weak,
What Saviour lives? Ah me ! Thou dost not
speak !”

“ Nay, nay, Justine—shall come the age of gold
By Rome’s great Sibyl ages since foretold,
Flowers spring spontaneous from the soil unsown,
And Love and Beauty make the world their own.
Yes, Beauty is a soft and exquisite thing
In semblance, as a gift celestial thrown
On this lone world to make it still less lone.
Gods were men only of a higher range,
By time unminuted, unchanged by change,
Fraught with like powers, magnificently strong,
In love, in hate, intensely right or wrong ;
Yet Nature loves the loveliest, and provides
Exquisite forms where Grace or Naiad glides :
Rose of the spring, star of the sunbeam rare,
Now glows an Iris, now a Goddess fair,
And oh, beyond the gift of Beauty bright,
Idalian Venus, Empress of Delight,
The waves of Ocean, glowing at her birth,
Died in a murmurous music, as on Earth
She stepped ; sweet buds, from their green leaves astir,

In light and gold awoke to welcome her ;

The warrior dropped his sword ; the solitude

Burst out in song like an enchanted wood !”

“ Yet evil springs from the same source as good !

From the same soil, and night dew's soft, are born

The deadly Aconite, the nourishing corn !

So low-browed Mars has filled the Earth with war,

And heaven (they say) was fired by Phaeton's
car ? ”

“ Nay, nay, Justine, to-night is Venus' feast,

Oh, be no infidel to her, at least ;

Remember we ourselves have vows to pay,

And trust in Love to bless life's devious way.’

“ Must I go with you—*there* ? ” was her reply.

“ Gloom gathers round us, and the end seems nigh,

The gods of Rome, whom we divine declare,

Ne'er sent one ray from Heaven to guide us there.”

“ Justine, Justine, such words are over bold,

Great truths to simple minds are rarest told,

'Tis lightning's flash, the revelation given,

That fires or kills—the strongest minds have striven
In vain,—the serpent Doubt's black folds remain
unriven."

"Bear with me, Marcion," Justine said, and sighed ;
He bowed, and on her lips in softened mood replied.

II.

HYMN TO VENUS.

“ Hail, Goddess, hail ! this night we thee invoke,
For Love was nigh when first Creation woke ;
Then were low murmurings all around,
A whispering melody of sound,
Voices of brooks, and the faint sighs
Of budding leaves, and glancing things,
That made rejoicings with their wings—
And, lo ! thy Spirit, deepest Love,
Seemed o’er the teeming earth to move :
Each sister flower embraced its brother,
And woodbines, when they could not find
A tree created to their mind,
Turned and entwined each other :
Young roses, kissed by the sweet dew,
Budding, half bloomed, and lovelier grew,

As to their neighbours, with mute glee,
They said, "How beautiful are we!"
Then half ashamed of their delight,
Blushed in the morning, rosy bright.
Thee, Goddess of Delight, we hail!
Dwell with us now and prompt each winning tale:
Thy votaries come, O kindly bless their greeting—
Hearts quicker beat where loving lips are meeting!"
So sang Theora at her goddess' shrine,
In bridal white, and looking half divine;
So sang Theora, Priestess, on whose brow
Pure roses towered, a pyramid of snow;
The air was filled with stir of fluttering things,
Of sparrows freed, and doves with purpled wings,
When to the temple, self-engrossed, appear
Justine and Marcion slowly drawing near.
"Justine!" Theora cried; a shadow pass'd
Across her brow. "Justine! and mine at last!
I will enlist her—Thinks she still to pay
An empty homage? bow, and pass away?"

*

Never !” Then as the lovers nearer came,
“ Justine, fair Roman girl, I know thy name,
This garland bear, ’tis thine, and lead the way
Affianced Bride, Queen of our Rites to-day !”
“ The wreath ! the wreath !” then Justine has she
crowned.

Royal with roses, Justine cast around
One timid glance, as hesitating still,
Trembling, half conscious of some coming ill ;
When, suddenly, from out a grove repair,
Loose robed, a group of women, passing fair :
Soft lays they sang, then hailed her as their Queen,
Their Queen and victim too !—“ Justine ! Justine !”
They pressed upon her, swiftly borne along,
With shouts and jests and many a wanton song,
On ! to the fane—the goddess’ statue there
Shone white and ghastly ’midst the torches glare,
Shone white—then paused these reeling girls to mark
Their youthful lovers coming from the dark
Of a dense wood ; the flutes awoke a strain

Of amorous dalliance, echoed back again
By soft warm lips, till down there came a rain
Of honied cakes that seemed to strew the ground ;
Then on in wanton curves they reeled and danced
around.

Justine held back—in shame, in agony :

“ Oh, where is Marcion ? Whither can I fly ?

’Twere death if caught, as, trampled to the sod,

They’d deem it virtue to avenge their god ;

Yet perish rather than approach that fane.”

Soft breathed the flutes a more voluptuous strain,

Justine has dashed her chaplet to the ground,

And down a wood path plunged into its gloom profound.

They followed not, they’d other rites to pay,

Their shouts gave Justine wings to urge her way.

“ Stay—Marcion,” cried Theora. “ To the fane !

The goddess is incens’d—and her escape is vain.”

* * * * *

Forced by a devious way long miles to roam,

Justine at last has reached her welcome home ;

Her young attendant met her at the door,
And Justine kissed with tears her bondsmaid poor.
Justine an orphan was, and dwelt alone,
The little Sabine farm was all her own ;
Yet lived her sire, and in a distant land
Held in the " Legio Victrix " high command,
With daily battle on debated ground,
As northern tribes his eagles pressed around,
His sword, his breast, presented to his foes,
A victory snatched sometimes, but no repose !
War ! War ! Then wonder not his thoughts would
 roam
To his fond girl afar in the old home,
As oft again at night the Legion stood
To arms ; and the red dawn was streaked with blood.
Down from the North, the East, came gathering
 crowds,
Like as a sky that suddenly with clouds
Fills, and a peal of thunder rolling far
Rims the horizon round, the thickening war

Of tribe, and race, did ever rushing come,
All with one cry, in life, in death—"To Rome!"
Thousands were slain, yet aye their myriad feet
Passed o'er the dead, and never knew retreat:
Defeat itself was but a brief delay,
Each combat to the foes made clear the way,
Each combat to the foes was still a gain,
Each battle won seemed ever fought in vain:
Rome rocked convulsed.

She shrieked with fearful cry,
"The gods desert us! let the Christians die!"
Justine had listened, heard that frantic moan,
Heard it and trembled, felt she was alone—
Felt as one feels from a dark dream who wakes,
And asks some friend in wonder or in fear,
If they be real faces scowling near,
And wherefore yon grim figured tapestry shakes?

III.

Again behold Justine—there lies
More of content on her pale brow,
A depth, a purpose in her eyes,
Not fully, truly shown till now.
Though sadly all her soft voice falls,
Murmurous of music, it enthalls
The listener's heart! Ah, well it may.
Ah, well, his eyes to hers will stray,
Wondering whence comes their splendour new,
As breathing thoughts within them shone,
Like sparkle of the midnight blue,
Clear with the light of worlds unknown.
Oh, earnest eyes! oft sad in your confession,
As ye had sought in vain the best, the true,
As if some holy thought inspired expression,
And mysteries taught which angels only knew.

Still, not at once could Justine break away
From the old ties, which bound her to a creed
That lingered even yet, and held its sway,
When she of purest faith had sorest need:

“ Sometimes, when the woods have darkened,
And the stars have left the sky,
In the stillness I have hearkened
To a murmur that went by.

Unseen things to which are given
On Earth to bide a moment only ;
Friends departed, shadows driven,
Dead leaves of Life's autumn lonely.

Aye we think so, yet they leave us
Not a keepsake when they're nigh ;
Nothing, lest their sad eyes grieve us ;
Nothing, but a passing sigh.”

There ever seemed some inspiration near
In the night-haunted forests, shadowy skies,—

Some gentle muse that murmured in her ear :

“ There is an inner life that never dies.”

Last night, Ah ! did she hold a firm control,

Did not wild beauty tremble down the chord—

A music vibrating 'twixt sense and soul,

'Twixt what she dearest loved, and most abhorr'd ?

Ah ! was there not 'twixt darkness and the day

A twilight hour when the old gods had sway ?^(a)

IV.

With melody, with melody, there played
Through an old wood an intertangled brook,
That now in sunlight, now in shadow strayed ;
And now from its monotony betook
A cadence soft, to fairy music dear.
The tender leaves, like whispering voices, shook :
Yet 'twas as if a spell seemed woven near,
That lulled to sweet repose all things around—
All save a little bird with golden crest,
And dark wings edged with rays of fire, and bright,
That from a bough would sing—O song so blest !
With linkèd notes that on each other call,
Like waves that onward glide in emerald light,
Leaping a green and mossy waterfall.
Ere long the bird invoked a sadder strain,
That seemed to say the loveliest things of earth
Were wedded to some sorrow from their birth ;

That the fond beauty of woman soonest dies ;
That grief looks deepest in the sweetest eyes ;
That the immortal, oft so named in vain,
Greatness, and Glory, are as grass that waves
A little longer greener o'er some graves
Than o'er our own—the winter comes, and lo !
Oblivion wraps the past in one cold pall of snow.
Justine within the borders of that wood,
Now stayed entranced ; what time the golden West
Grew pale, her sweet lips parted as she stood :
The bird close by—to clasp it to her breast,
To store it there, as if its only part
Were to rest calmly on her saddened heart.
No—her desire was vain.

“ Best follow me,
Justine,” the gentle creature seemed to say,
“ Adown the wood path where the purple heath,
With harebell twined, embowers the moss beneath.”
Yes, on it flew, and sang ; then seemed to stay,
Yet, ere she touched it, ever onward flew

Until—It was the summer's twilight dawn.
 Justine a little chapel now espied,
 Reared amidst trees upon a grassy lawn ;
 A rustic structure, built of broken stone,
 As of some ruined temple it were wrought,
 Of gods o'erthrown, and scarcely then rain-proof :
 Yet what surprised her most, high o'er its roof
 A pure white cross arose ;⁽⁸⁾ a symbol fraught
 With suffering, death, of her dear Lord to be,
 Henceforth for life, time, death, eternity !

Its part was played—gone was that little bird,
 And soft ! the portal of the temple stirred—
 Now not quite closed,—with sound of voices there,
 And Justine heard, low-toned, the Christians' Prayer.

HYMN. ⁽⁴⁾

“ Lead us, O Shepherd true
 (Thy mystic sheep, we sue),
 Lead us, O Holy Lord,
 Who from Thy sons doth ward,

With all-prevailing charm,
Peril and curse and harm.
O path, where Christ hath trod ;
O way that leads to God ;
O Word abiding aye ;
O endless Light on high !
Mercy's fresh-springing flood,
Author of all things good.
O glorious life of all
That on their Maker call,
Christ Jesus—hear ! ”

“ Hear what ? hear me ?—will this new God e'er
deign

To bless the poor, or break the bondsman's chain ?
To show us what the world to come will be,
And, if there be a world to come, for me ? ”—

She paused, then heard a voice :

“ Our God is Life,

And in that Life, the Light of men ; 'tis here

Midst darkest throes of mortal pain and strife,
That Light is ever present, shining, clear :
Come all, and kneel ; all ye of aching hearts,
Mark well the mystic heathendom of old
Now falls dethroned, 'tis Life and Light, behold,
Stream from His cross, and all the gloom departs ! ”
Again the voice—“ The Shepherd true hath come,
To guide His sheep unto their glorious home ;
To consecrate Humanity, to raise
The meekest, lowliest sufferer to His heart :
Great Son of God, we kneel, we sing Thy praise,
Proclaim our faith, and dare the Martyr's part.”
Then, as she listened, Justine nearer drew :
“ Long hath the world—its God that never knew—
In darkness sat ; the Light is shining near,
For God is love, and love dispelleth fear ! ”
“ Ah, will all violence cease—all peace prevail ?
The golden age then prove no poet's tale ?
Will gentleness and charity assuage
All suffering, wrong, and tame the lion's rage ? ”—

“ O Saviour Lord, we own Thy love sublime ;
O Son of man, who gave His life for those
Who mocked Him on that cross which, towering
 throws
Its golden presence down the waves of Time ;
O Saviour, in our hearts awhile abide,
The dark night comes ; e'en now tis eventide.”
Justine has entered—knelt—the deep-breathed prayer
Inspired her like a holy presence there ;
Saddened, ah ! deeply saddened, yet such grief
Brings to the orphaned heart its own calm, sweet relief.

V.

Within her garden Justine went to wait
For Marcion—and she sighed, “He cometh late.”
Sabrina sat within a door and span,
And with her mournful wheel the words more mourn-
ful ran—

“I see a mother’s eyes that keep
A watch o’er her two boys, that float
Upon a stream a tiny boat ;
It glides away ; ah, she doth creep
Anear her dear ones, lest there reach
A peril from the waves to teach
How close misfortune ever lies
To what is loveliest in our eyes.
Each little child puts out a hand
To reach the shallop—Soft ! there blows
A breeze that on a bar of sand
Drifts it a moment—then it goes

Away, away, through far-off reeds,
Where'er the wayward river leads.
The mother clasps her boys, and cheers
Their sorrows, kissing off their tears:
I, too, a boat remember well—
A tiny bark of osiers wove,
Gliding o'er Severn's turbid swell ;
It had no helmsman but sweet love ;—
Ah me, ah me ! O wretched day
(For sullen were the gods and sky)—
Empty and oarless, drifting by,
Empty and oarless ; well I knew
The Roman who my lover slew,
That spurned the little boat away :
I see it still, and still it seems,
Empty and oarless in my dreams."

"Where is Justine?" That voice oft heard she knew
As Marcion in the doorway stood in view :
Sabrina pointed to the garden gate,
"'Tis well," he muttered, "I have made her wait."

A Roman garden full of statues quaint ;
And honeysuckles 'neath whose breath would faint,
In the hot days of spring, the violets pale ;
Whilst climbing things beside the pathways trail
Their tender buds—Afar was heard the sound
Of a small fountain in a gloom profound
Of chestnuts ; and you felt the cooling air,
And saw how mossy green the ferns looked there.
Justine, half weary, sweetly indolent,
Just bent her o'er her flowers, then slowly went
Down towards a seat within a rustic cell,
By her once loved and Marcion, too—as well.
She stops—how sensitive is maiden's ear,
When sounds the step she wishes most to hear !
She turns ; and, with the slightest blush, she stands,
And lifts to greet him, childlike, both her hands ;
One he took coldly—

“ So Justine, your flight
In safety was accomplished yesternight—
The dark woods did not scare you ? ”

“ Nay, I own

I felt that hour I doubly was alone—

And he who could have guarded, guided best,

Absent, I fear me on no sacred quest.”

“ Indeed! it was the goddess’ highest feast,

And if not sacred, ’twas divine at least.

Listen—Justine! you are denounced; the cry

(The worst against the gods), impiety!

Bought I not off with gold that clamorous

crew,

And sued Theora—”

“ To Theora sue? ”

“ Aye, and I’ve sworn to-morrow night you go,

And, contrite, on the goddess’ shrine bestow

Some gift—”

“ No gift will I bestow.”

“ Beware!

There’s a low thunder muttering in the air.

Yes! the dark edict of a former reign⁽⁸⁾

Against the Christians, is invoked again;

Perils are round you, and no more, Justine,
My power, my rank, your doubting faith might screen."

" My faith ? "

" Your errors then : obey, obey ;

A Roman girl says not her lover, " Nay."

Are you not my betrothed ? I'd tear the deed

That made me once so blest, could I not lead

The maid I loved to any temple, shrine,

I chose, and that our priests pronounced divine.

What's this wild dream of higher faith to us ?

There's love in life, and love confesses—thus—(*kisses her*)

Then yield. To-morrow I will come ; prepare

To Venus' shrine some costly gift to bear,

Repentant—contrite—"

" Ask not that," she cried ;

Then, with a dash of her old father's pride—

" Marcion, I love thee—truly would bestow

All faith, devotion which a wife should owe ;

Yet go where wild Theora leads, no more ;

That dream, delusion—if once mine—is o'er.

Dark though my path and dangerous be, yet still
 No gods like these shall e'er enthrall my will.
 With thee, thy hand in mine, life's pathway strewn
 With roses culled from gardens all our own—
 Marcion !”

“ Thou wilt not go ? ”

“ O do not ask—

Impose not, I entreat thee, such a task ? ”

“ I do, 'tis final—”

“ Final ? ”

“ Yes,” he cries—

“ I see there is defiance in thine eyes.
 Behold our contract ! ” From his breast he took
 A paper ; tore it ; towards her fiercely shook
 The fragments cold as snowflakes o'er her feet :
 “ 'Tis over ! we're absolved, and no retreat !
 Mark well the hour, the ides, the time, the date ;
 Farewell, Justine, I leave you to your fate ! ”
 He went : she cried, “ The fatal die is cast,
 And in this world so bleak I am alone—at last ! ”

She sank upon the turf—the cool night air
Fluttered a tress adown her shoulders fair,
The dews made damp her brow ; she lay so still
That one who glided out of shadows chill,
Sabrina, kneeled to note that yet she breathed ;
Then, childlike, round her neck her arms enwreathed,
Kissed her, half raised her, cried and kissed again—
“ There’s life for thee, and hope, thy lover is not slain.”

VI.

Three days for Rome—triumphant!⁽⁶⁾ but no more!
'Twas said the Emperor from the Illyrian shore
Returned victorious ; but the rumour lied.
Its place was by a drear suspense supplied,
Then came the news of routed legions, home,
And Goths and Moesians in hot march for Rome.
Implore the gods ! if lambs and kids should fail,
Let hecatombs, or human lives avail ;⁽⁷⁾
Implore the gods ! let flamens, prætors, lead
Processions daily, 'tis our greatest need ;
There's Isis, long adopted as divine ;⁽⁸⁾
Mithras, and Jupiter Capitoline ;
Bellona too : ye infidels the more
Your offerings give, who never gave before.
The Christians ! see, behind the dense array,
Three men walk bound and guarded ; old are they ;

Christians, so named, but now they march in line,
To scatter incense at the Emperor's shrine.⁽⁹⁾
The Priests and Augurs, in their wildest moods
Invoke, with passionate cries, the multitudes ;
And for their gods, as if dethroned, implore
With old heroic songs and legendary lore.

“ Virginius raised his streaming knife,
 ' Bove crowds that round him press'd ;
The blood that warmed it was the life
 Of her he loved the best !

“ In vengeance then the father spoke—
 The Lictors clashed their rods—
‘ Thee, Appius Claudius, I devote
 To the infernal gods !’

“ Were they not near, were they not by,
 To claim the victim given ?
A peal of thunder shook the sky—
 Oath ratified by Heaven !

“ The noble Twins ; they have abode
Long in their temple, here ;
Who, down the ranks of battle, rode,
Regillus’ fight to cheer :

“ Closed not the gulf, where Curtius leapt ?
A deed transcending gold !
The sacred shield ’twas Numa kept,
Gift of the gods of old.

“ Tanaquil won the eagle’s crown,
Say ye our gods are dead ?
Let those who dare their power disown,
Bide—where our lions tread.

“ Thee, Jove Capitoline, we pray,
Awake ! Arise ! they come,
Our foes !—Thy thunder not delay
Strike—for imperial Rome !”

So passed the Flamens and their friends along,
In slow procession, or in state array ;

The people followed, an impatient throng,
Like waves of broken seas which winds impetuous sway.
The Priests of Isis, see, yon mystic band,
Veiled is the statue which their rites command ;
Then came the Salii, priests of Mars, who trod
The causeway dragging victims to their god,
Horses and wolves ; for naught might Mars suffice,
But streaming altars, blood-red sacrifice.
In distance soon the surging clamour died,
Yet mark those senators who stand aside !
Staid men, yet on their lips a cold, dark smile
Rests as they converse hold, low-toned, awhile.
Followers of bold Lucretius ; ⁽¹⁰⁾ light their creed,
A faith in gods, who take of men no heed :
Atomic forces, occult seeds of thought,
Are their Creator, things minute, self-wrought
To form and stature,—the whirl and the rotation
Of particles, producing sense, sensation ;
Swarming the skies till, by some chance combined,
They now a mountain make, and now a mind,—

Affirm the soul from atoms smooth and small
Evolved, then perishes—(no soul at all) ;
That, as the body dies, its covering lost,
Like a poor naked thing, gives up the ghost.
Moral, perchance, these men—for health 'twere best :
And health is Life—to Chance leave all the rest :
For God, confounding laws which He has made,
Creative force in crystals perhaps displayed ;
Transcendent essences, that lurk beneath
Decay itself, engendering life in death.
Yet were they safe, their unbeliefs ne'er trod
The heels of others—each man his own god :
If clamour rose—cast incense on some shrine,—
Worship Trajanus Decius, as divine ! *
Soon all grew dark—the twilight swiftly fell,
O'er dome and palace, tower and citadel,
Rome seemed so still—the mighty heart beat low
Awhile—awhile, soon shall its pulses glow ;

* The reigning Emperor.

When this hot crowd return all passion driven,—
 Meanwhile, a hymn like this pealed up to the blue
 heaven.

“ 'Tis night, and night with all her stars
 The universe that fills,
 The watch-lights of a sky, that gleam
 O'er Earth, o'er Ocean's dark blue stream, *
 And the eternal hills.

Yes, gazing on that glorious heaven,
 Rises no reckless thought that jars
 With all that seems in mercy given,
 To lift us up beyond the drear
 Dark clouds through which we stumble here—
 Ye Stars! so widely, brightly strewed
 Adown the dark infinitude;
 Be ye the homes where angels trod,
 When they in glory gazed upon
 This grey Earth, sweeping swiftly on

* Homer, *Od.* Bk. 24, calls the sea "the Ocean stream" in that passage wherein he describes "the Leucadian rock."

Her course? Ere grief and sin had thrown,
Their veils o'er faces, fixed as stone,
 And turned away from God?
Light! aureole on thy Maker's brow;
 Creation's first-born, wonderful!
Whence com'st and whither goest thou?
 For ever—ever onward flowing;
For ever on to bounds of gloom,
Yet never there to find a tomb;
But, in some subtler influence,
Electric force, or life intense,
 Thy presence still bestowing?
O for an echo of that hymn,
Sung by the star-throned Seraphim!
Yes, up yon golden stair to climb,
And read the histories sublime,
Of glorious Angels who have trod
 The meadows of each golden shore—
Who veil their faces before God,
 Their faces,—and adore!

VII.

In the dark azure of her eyes,
A calm till now unwonted lies,
A sweet repose, as she had pass'd
Life's greatest trials, and its last !
Ah yes, with Youth's sweet hopes and fond,
She looked through night to golden stars beyond.
And now the soft light on her cheeks
Of holier thoughts the dawn bespeaks ;
The forehead gently bowed, the look,
By every trait of pride forsook ;
The smile too on her lips that lay,
With motion like some sunset ray
On rippling waters softly clear,
Made her more exquisitely dear ;
So that each gazer to his heart
Would wish to clasp her, never more to part !

And her new friends, the women, men,
Whom she had found in that lone hour,
When, in the temple in the glen,
She first had recognised the power
Of that bright creed—they gathered round
The fair young convert newly found ;
With tears of joy intent to prove
Her claim to share their Master's love.
And O, her joy to know there lay
A world beyond that Yesterday
Of doubt and gloom, the brightest, best !
And softly, as the vesper hymn
Breathed of a love divine, it threw
A hallowed sense of hope and rest ;
Made Life's dark mysteries clearer seem,
And nobler aims to rise in view ;
And, of a future world, that dream—
So beautiful, but transient too—
Gave hope, and an assurance new !
As falls at starry summer eves,

The dew on flower-buds wrapt in leaves,
Making them burst in life and gold:
So the dear simple faith of old,
Fell consecrating human love,
Turning to beauty all things here,
By faith and trust, and making clear,
The sweet fruition of our hopes above.

* * * * *

Softly she moved adown Life's chequered way,
Sunnier than summer, with spring's burst of song,
When the glad brooklet leaps into the day
From woodland knolls, the quiet hills among.
Ah, I remember one—have felt the play
Of her soft tresses, wave-like as she moved
Beside me, and the joy that moved with her ;
Spring seemed with all sweet impulses astir,
And Earth—for a short space—an Eden proved.
Her eyes—how soft were they ? there's no disguise :
How sweet to all who love, are loving eyes !

VIII..

With drowsy whirr the spinning-wheel went round,
Now swift ; now almost motionless, it stood ;
When on Sabrina's ear there fell a sound,
Whilst listlessly her hand the tangles wooed ;
A step ; a voice :

“ You will be sad to hear,
Sabrina, I must leave you ? ”

Half in fear,
And half in wonder, her large eyes she raised,
To meet Justine's—they fell beneath that gaze,—
So calmly clear, yet sweet and full of woe :
“ Sabrina ! my farewell, before I go ;
I may come back to you—O never more !
The days are full of peril—yet, O yet,
Your gentle services I ne'er forget,
Of love, obedience—Ah—not now—give way ?

The cup my lips must touch—O Life ! swift flown,
O little life ! they claim it as their own !
O starry memories once of Youth's bright days !
As one who from a dream, a darkened maze,
Awakes—and, seeing death before she died,
Draws off her rings, and puts her gems aside—
So I, not gems, give loving words and true,
That you may think of me in after years.
O little stranger girl, bondsmaid no more ;
Within thy heart, as in a sacred store,
Keep the dear faith I've taught thee—trust and pray ;
The Shepherd Good thy youthful steps shall turn
From harm, and watch lest that His lamb should stray.
Oh, think of Him who trials and sorrow bore !
Again we meet, again,—Death's dark night, o'er—
And rest for ever 'neath the golden day.
Sabrina, keep for me this little urn,
It may be, dearest ! I no more return ;
Besides some gold, it holds two precious things :
Thy freedom, and the latest hope that clings

To a lost love,"—faltering, her voice grew low :
" It holds a scroll for Marcion ; let him know
I've placed thee 'neath his care until there come
A poor old soldier, seeking his old home,
And his dead child. Ah, he hath loved me so !
O break it to him slowly, soft and low —— "

Justine could say no more—she bowed her head,
Her face within her hands. As with the dead
A silence dark doth dwell the turf below,
So all was still within that lone retreat ;
Till, ghost-like, white-robed Justine moved to go ;
Then, down Sabrina knelt, and held and kissed her
feet.

IX.

“ See, through the cloud a golden light is streaming ;
See, through the night there floats a guiding star—
O storm-tossed skiff! lost till this moment seeming,
Glide safe by sunken rock and sandy bar.

“ See, through the storm comes One, towards us
wending,
His glorious presence o'er the deep is cast ;
' Peace, peace, be still.' His message onward tending,
The throbbing waves of grief find rest at last :

“ Hark ! angels' voices through the darkness ringing,
To the lone pilgrim sweet assurance prove ;
He comes, He comes, the glorious message bringing,
That Death's dark night wakes dawn of endless love.

“ O sweet to live the myrtle garland wearing,
Floating in sunshine down Life's tranquil sea :

Sweeter to die, Truth's glorious standard bearing,
But sweeter far, O Lord, to die for Thee !”

Such was the Hymn beneath the evening sky,
From those now gathered in their temple rude ,
Soft, as a silver cloud that mounting high,
Exhales its beauty in infinitude ;
Soft, as o'er withered flowers, a summer rain
Falls, till it half recalls their subtle lives again.
Within the Christian fane a resolute few
Remained ; they knew their peril, but were true ;
Justine was with them, by her Pastor's side,
Sad, thoughtful, calm ; yet with heroic pride
Prepared with him, with all, her fate to meet ;
And standing on Death's threshold, pure and
sweet,
And young as beautiful. To Age and Time
Faith yields a glance, that makes the brow sublime.
Sweeter than sweetest dirge, when “ dust to dust ”
Is laid, in all the sanctity of Trust.

Great was the cause, yet some would bid her fly :

“She was too young,” they murmured, “yet to die.”

“Ah, no !” she smiled and said ; “on the brow of death

We oft the spring-flower twine to make the wreath.”

The hour is nigh, the timid leaves around

Tremble—no sound, but yet a coming sound ;

And see, a gleam of torchlight midst the trees—

A woman urging, too, the soldiers on ;

“It is Justine !” Theora cries, “with these

She doth consort, and is the chiefest one !

Arrest her, for the cause brooks no delay ;

The others may conform, and incense pay ;

She hath profaned great Venus’ shrine.”

“Not I,”

Calmly Justine replied, “I did but fly

From rites unhallowed at a shrine impure.”

“Seize her, Centurion, see that ye make sure,

As ye would answer to the Empress.”

“ So,”

Their Captain said, as on his heel he swung,
“ Spare the old women—take the fair and young,
This was not creed of mine some time ago ;
Ah yet, my girl Justine ! it were but right,
You bear a garland to the fane to-night,
Scatter some incense, so you shall not die ? ”
“ I may not—dare not,” was Justine’s reply.
“ Enough ! ” Theora cried, “ Away, away ! ”
“ Stay,” said the Christian pastor, “ Soldier, stay ;
You may repent your part—be on your head
The blood of this fair child ; a sire hath she
Fighting for Rome where hottest battles be ;
He may come back and cry, ‘ I’ve bled in vain :
This my return—to find all desolate,
My house deserted, and my daughter slain ! ’
Spare her, Centurion, dost thou know the fate
Of Rome—thy country ? what avengers wait
On deeds of wrong ? behold, the end draws nigh,
In thy dark creed, brave man, thou shouldst not die ?

A brighter light than light of stars above
Should shine upon the soul, Redeeming Love ;
Spare then, Justine ! her faith shall be thine own :
Sheathe thy rash sword—they fall, thy gods of stone ! ”
“ To disobey were death,” the soldier cried ;
“ Such death to thee were life—” the Priest replied.
In vain all words ! the armèd men surround
Justine ; her hands—not rudely—yet, were bound,
“ Farewell, dear friends, farewell ! ” Their tears, their
sighs

The only answer ; as, in gloom and light,
The torches cast strange phantoms down the night.
Midst gleam of swords, Theora, tall and proud,
Murmurs suppress'd, and prayers scarce breath'd aloud,
Justine stood braided, a pale flower, within
A wreath of thorns ; or, as if glided in
The gentle moonlight with its softening ray,
Upon a turbulent throng that to-and-fro did sway.
Then hark ! a hymn, a chant, as she had died,
And the response some broken sobs supplied.

Justine one look on her lost friends has cast :
How much was in that look ! a calm distress—
And yet a smile, that lovingly could bless ;
One look—then bow'd, and o'er the threshold pass'd.
Away the soldiers with their prisoner go,
Whilst from the fane came prayers and murmurs low :
“ O Father, holiest, true ; Thy will be done !
On Thee, on Thee—through the Beloved Son,
And Spirit Holy, we Thy children call ;
Invoking that great Love, redeeming, hallowing all ! ”

X.

Within a cell marked "Seven" upon its gate,
In red, they thrust Justine, and bade her "wait"—
Justine, become a cipher 'mid the host
Of myriad beings, like a foam-flake tost,
From the great ocean, beating on the shore,
Of life or death : a cipher—nothing more.
"Alone—at last !" she cried, "O be thou near,
Thou Saviour Lord, this fainting heart to cheer ;"
She knelt, and bowed her to the floor of stone,
Then look'd around and murmur'd, "Lone !"—alone.

* * * *

The theatre fills : men, women, children, too,
Their places take ; yes, some to those they knew,
Nod, with a smile ; whilst others look aside—
Excited, warm, their nerves may yet be tried.
When hush ! comes one, the fiercest who might tame,

A tall, imperial woman,⁽¹¹⁾ one whose name
“Is writ in water ;” to no deathless fame :
Right regal she, with broad low brow, lips full
And sensuous ; eyes dark, sunken, dull,
Yet red at times with the lion’s glare of flame,
When he snuffs blood afar. The chiefest place
She took, her women standing ; a great cheer
A minute shook the galleries—the woman’s face
Lit with a passing fire : she looked around ;
Then, as she bowed, it seemed she caught the sound,
Mixed with the people’s cheers—sharp, savage, clear,
Of beasts that snapped in caverns underground.
At first the sport lacked zest : scant blood was shed,
A gladiator long-renowned has fled,
Crouched and imploring ’neath th’ imperial throne,
He sued for mercy—mercy, there was none :
The woman with the bloodless lips and brow,
Put down her thumb, and waved him to his foe.
A shout of savage triumph hailed the deed,
And those who backward sat—stood up to see him bleed.

Then, leaping to the dogs, a panther came ;

“ She would not fight,” they murmur’d, “ She was
tame ; ”

Played like a kitten, torn by teeth and mauled,

Dragging her foes across the floor she crawled.

The lions grew excited ; from each den,

Beast roared to beast—“ Let lions fight with men ! ”

“ Or *women !* ” shrilled Theora. Hark ! they cheer :

“ There shall be sport, anon—the’re Christians here !

Clear, clear the floor ! ” The low-browed Empress’
cheeks,

Flushed, and red fire in her sunk eyes ‘bespeaks,

She loved the sport to come. A sudden wave

Of her small hand called each attendant slave ;

She rose, “ ’Tis vengeance for our gods we claim,

We’ll see if Christian girls can lions tame. ”

Grim joke, well heard, well echoed round and round,

The whiff and snap of beasts prolong the sound.

“ Justine ! ’tis time,” a hand is on the gate,

Thou slave that doth on the poor captive wait,

Step by—they'll hurl thee to the lions yet?
And canst thou, that she be so fair, forget?
Or, hast reserved thyself the luxury
To lead the Christian maiden forth to die?
Ah, trembling, beaten slave, but now a king,
Powerless to save; but that poor child may cling
To thy crooked knees for life! It might repay
The blows thy master dealt thee yesterday,
And the knobbed stick's red wale upon thy brow—
Blows make the unpitied pitiless, we know.
Soft! he steps back, amazed. She sleeps, poor girl!
Worn out at last by fear, anxiety—
Sleep on, sleep on, and in thy slumber die.
One hand lay on her brow; one long, wild tress,
Adown her neck, down to its heaving snow,
Swayed as the little heart beat quick below.
Dreams she her mother by her side doth keep
Her fondling, soothed by kisses into sleep,
As once?—Ah! what was that? Some fierce thing's
cry!

Her eyes, half-opening their blue orbs, though dim,
Grew wider, wilder, as they gazed on *him*,
Her guard. Then a quick step ; she rose ; she cried
“ Marcion ! ” and Marcion thrust the slave aside :
“ Rise, Justine—rise ! ”—the poor girl feebly rose—
“ Dost thou not hear the shoutings of thy foes ?
For thee they call, and will not be denied ;
Then, Justine, come—my sweet, my love, my bride !
I’ll wring the black drop from my heart, and be
Christian or pagan, each or both, for thee !
I’ve friends amid the crowd ; thou shalt not die—
Not till the aréna swim with blood. Then fly ! ”
“ Whither—ah, whither, Marcion ? Vain were all
Rescue. Those thousand faces from yon wall—
Try not my faith, I thee implore, I go.
O, plead not with thy looks ? Weak woman still,
To die were sad—to live, a greater ill.
Yet promise—promise that, as death comes nigh—
And such a death—*thou* wilt not see it ? No ! ”
“ Time, time ! ”

Then to the slave she cried, "Lead on!
The road is rugged ere the palm be won.
O Thou, dear Lord! in this dark hour be near;
Forsake me not in my last mortal fear!
Must I be bound?" she murmured.

"Then this wise
I would not see,"—a tremor caught her breath—
"Although a Roman girl, my cruel death.
No, no—no, *no!* I will not veil my eyes.
My Saviour Lord, far up in Paradise
I see Thee stand; stretch out Thy hand. I come,
My God, to Thee, and my eternal home!"
No other word she spoke, and now alone
She stands in the arena. Fixed as stone
Was every face; that white-robed figure tall
A moment seemed their senses to appal—
A moment only, a dark shadow springs
Forward, a cell is opened, and there rings
A sound confused and wild, and one fierce cheer,
And shrieks of women who not feel but fear.

JUSTINE.

The lion stayed not. O thou Angel rare !
'Midst whirl of sand, and gusts of stifling air,
Some said was heard the smallest, weakest cry ;
Some said one little hand she waved on high.
“ Justine ! thou did'st not struggle with thy foe,
In briefest time, dear Saint, 'twas thine to die.”
Some said—remember this was long ago—
And men for mystery oft will fact forego—
A silver light played, crown-like, o'er her brow,
And a low strain of music murmured by !
The lion conqueror stood, and shook his mane,
One foot upon her heart—she was already slain.
The lion—ah, behold ! how dazed he stands !
What sudden glow like flare of reddening brands !
“ Fire ! fire ! ” around, above, arose the cry,
“ The Goths—the Goths have lit the canopy ! ”⁽¹⁸⁾
Wild the confusion then of panic, fear ;
The lion crouched, and crouched, then fled for fear.
The awning all ablaze, the walls alone
Resist destruction, arch and pillar of stone.

But, trampled down, men, women, children fall,
And the red, blazing ruin covers all.
The Empress ! Save her ! Yes, she wildly craves
“ For help ! for life ! ”

They bear her out—her slaves !

The tremble of the light of stars to-night
Is still serenely bright :

Clustered adoringly, as if they shone
Around God's throne.

Yet are there spaces dark, by no worlds lit,
All void, and infinite.

The small cloud spreadeth in the starry blue,
And coldly falls the dew,

The whisper of a stillness so intense,
It seems some stronger sense ;

Footfalls that ever go, and come again,
A long mysterious train,

As Death were on the Earth, and almost nigh—
He will not pass us by.

Despondingly we look for help around ;
Then comes a still, sweet sound,

A Voice Divine that says, “ Be of good cheer,
For I am here—

And hold the keys of Paradise, the Blest ;
The wicked cease from troubling, the oppress'd
And weary ones shall rest ! ”

XI.

A gleam of light amidst the gloom ;
A torch, it might be? Yes, they come !
Mourners, slow-moving, who, with care,
Some burthen on a litter bear.
It is the dead Justine—a bride
Uncoffined, white-robed, as she died.
Oft fell the torch-light on her face,
As, through those galleries underground, (14)
Where death and silence reigned profound,
They bear her to her resting-place
In prayer ; and, as they onward go,
In hymns like these their sorrow seemed to flow ;
Faithfully, faithfully, on to the last,
 Fairest of flowers, the bud and the bloom,
The hour of thy bitterest agony past,
 Saint-like we bear thee, Justine, to thy tomb :

The Cross of thy Lord, whom thou lov'st ere thou
knew'st,
Thou hast borne, thy true faith through deep suffering
to prove ;
And the Saviour of all takes His lone one, His truest,
To enfold her for aye in the arms of His love.

With our tears have we woven the chaplet that's
crowned thee ;
There's a light from the roses thy brows that have
press'd ;
And the few faithful friends who've now gathered
around thee,
Hold that cross to their hearts, thy sweet lips have
caress'd.

It was a tomb of snow—
A tomb as white as snow ;
Their pace they stay, nor further go.

Ah, there the dead Justine they place
Within its cold and dark embrace.
And what is that upon her face—
So softly calm, so calmly fair ?
It seemed almost a smile was there !
It is not that the crownèd wreath
Proclaims a royalty in death—
But that its strange, deep silence ; all
Absence from pain, or joy, or hate
Invests it with a kind of state,
And holds our senses in its thrall :
So helpless, yet so calm, so strong,
To touch, approach, to dream of wrong
To her, fenced round by sanctities,
As angels stood at foot and head !
Speak low, and ever softly tread ;
She smiles not, sighs not, yet she lies
In moveless slumber, without beat
Of pulse or heart. She hears no moan
Of those who mourn around ; the tone

Of voices sweetly from some shore
May, far away, swell more and more,
Unheard by us. Yes, she is gone,
And only Death's left there alone !
Crosswise her hands lay on her breast ;
A mourner there besought the rest
To part the long brown curl which lay
Adown her neck, that each might share
Some relic ere he went his way.
They linger yet, as loth to part,
A spell seemed shed o'er every heart ;
As loth to move the lid of stone,
And shut out all, and leave her *there*, alone.
And one stood near, yet half aside,
With brow of gloom, and look of pride,
Hopeless, with passionate despair
Daring—with nothing left to dare ;
Yet, with remorse within his soul,
And grief e'en pride could not control.
He spoke not, yet he seemed to speak :

Helpless, yet scorning help ; too weak
To yet be strong enough to own
The wrong—now powerless to atone.
'Twas he the blazing torch had thrown,
And lit the awning ; *he*, with a few
(Whence they had come he never knew,)
Poor men, in that confusion dread,
When, panic-stricken, all had fled,
Bore off Justine ; then quickly came
Kind women, the dead girl to claim.
But now, apart, in unbelief
Of all save grief—or pride of grief—
He stood ; he mourned her to excess ;
He envied, almost hated, those
Who bore her to her last repose,
So rough seemed all their tenderness !
And she, sweet child of gentle mien—
Could he have met the lion so ?
Where had his boasted courage been
In such a trial as thine, Justine,

And matched 'gainst such a foe ?
 There is an inward power which stirs
 The faithful heart—was it not hers ?
 Was it some god stood by to bless,
 When she of gentlest, tenderest birth,
 Whose very feet for delicateness
 Seemed scarcely fit to touch the earth,
 Dared meet the lion, and such a death,
 Whilst savage Rome looked on, and cheered with
 bated breath ?

'Twas over ; still they seemed to stay,
 Their only torch burnt low and dim,
 And dark and long their homeward way.
 They spake of her, then looked at him,
 So stern and unreclaimed his mood,
 As mute, with folded arms, he stood ;
 They whispered gentle things of her,
 Such as the coldest heart might stir ;
 How bright in all her hopes and fears,
 A joy, a radiance 'midst their tears ;

How blest in thought that she had won
Some deep, pure faith to lean upon ;
In earthly love how true to one !
He to a broken column moved,
Bowed, with his robe drawn o'er his face,
With strong emotion, unreprieved,
The pillar trembled to its base.
At length they murmured, " Come, away ;
The light has died out of the day :
And was she then so dear to thee ?
Perchance, and ye again may meet."
He sighed : " Such things may scarcely be ;
She rests at her God's angels' feet."
They parted. Out in the fresh air
The stars had lit the purpled dark ;
Muffled in cloud, and mist, and gloom,
The mighty city seemed a tomb,
No living thing within its ark ;
Silent, save when a sound would stray,
As ebbing Tiber held its way

'Midst tower, and pinnacle, and dome—
Yet still it was Imperial Rome,
A mighty presence to the world,
Now like some mute colossal thing,
In sin, in sloth, in luxury curled ;
Or lived she yet for one last spring
'Gainst foes whose myriads from afar,
Came with barbed angon, torch, and scythe-
winged car ?

TRUE WORK.

It is said that at morning's soft splendour,
Breathed the statue, as music had won it ;
So many a cold heart, touched, grows tender,
And melodious, when light falls upon it.

O that light ! 'tis the word rarely spoken,
Word of kindness (like fond bird's soft warble)
To the lone one, crime-hardened, heart-broken,
That's the light that can soften the marble.

The swift world sweeps on through the starlight,
Dim and shadowy, her mission unended,
The flower shuts, and softly in far light
The landscape and twilight are blended.

We must work while there's light left to cheer us,
Work *truly*, Time bides not our keeping ;
There's many a sad heart throbbing near us,
Many an eye dim and darkened with weeping.

"YES, ON HER BROW WHAT GRACES
BLOOM."

From mine did her soft eyes decline

When first I spoke of love ;

Dear eyes ! within whose light *divine*

My fate I sought to prove :

First gently, fondly, downwards bowed,

By fear, by hope beguiled,

Till as my heart's deep faith I vowed,

They met mine own, and smiled :

That moment, *that*, by far outpaid

All cares, all doubts beside,

And not an afterthought outweighed

The glory of its pride.

Yes, on her brow what graces bloom,

How beautiful was she,

Whose presence through life's chequered gloom

Was starlight unto me !

THE CATHEDRAL WINDOW.

As in the window of an ancient fane,
Where gules and amethyst and amber shine,
And lilies, and green branches of the vine
Entwine the border like a leafy lane,
As eastern ferns their graceful fronds unfold ;
Whilst in the centre stand three ancient men,
Bringing their gifts to greet the holy child,
Their gifts of gems and frankincense and gold ;
As by the shepherds see their sheep so mild
Sweetly regard that mother blest and fair,
The purple, and the rich old ruby rare,
Shed " dim religious light " as half divine,
Till modern art, with symptoms of repair,
Steps in, and all congruity is lost,
As men who failed in zeal, whilst counting cost :

So not a relic from the past descends,
Bringing old memories, echoes, and old dreams,
But that some rude discordant spirit screams,
“ The man who manufactures, cheapest mends ;
Repair the window, but with frugal hand,
You’ll buy a *cheap* material in the ‘ Strand ’ ! ”
So tints upon a Venus make all sure,
The marble need be neither white nor pure !

"I AM MY MOTHER'S MAID."

O Kentish lanes, which boughs o'erarch,
Where many a primrose dwells,
As winding here, and winding there,
You slope to violet dells !

Yes, wandering at one noon-tide hour
When softly west winds sighed,
Each snow-white violet in her bower
Looked like a rustic bride.

The arum her green hood had spread,
The strawberry's petals fair
Shone star-like 'midst the grass, and all
The daisy host was there.

The blossoming buds on blackthorn boughs
Were kissed by wandering bees,
And little shadows danced where waved
The wild Anemones.

A group of children climbed a bank
For their first spring-time raid :
Some made of primroses their prize,
Some wove a daisy braid.

One little thing, with hair so dark,
Too small to climb was she,
Just leaned against the bank and gazed
With her large eyes on me.

"Your name?" she looked upon the ground,
Half sly, and half afraid ;
"Your name?" her lips in whispers moved,
"I am my mother's maid."

"No other name? nor Kate nor Nell?"
A dimpled smile just played
Around her mouth—she nothing spoke
But "I'm my mother's maid."

At this the group of urchins small
Laughed out at me, and said,

“ She is the youngest of us all,
She is her mother's maid ! ”

Dark jets of hair fell o'er her eyes,
Yet not their light eclipse,
And little teeth like cherry stones
Shone out 'tween cherry lips—

Then to my hand, half sly, half shy,
A daisy she conveyed,

“ You'll tell your name ? ” I whispering cried :
“ Yes—I'm my mother's maid ! ”

RETRIBUTION.*

As one who strode her room of old,
And with a rusty sword,
Would pause, then stab the Arras' fold,
At foes unseen, abhorred ;
No foes were there, in her despair
She did but wound the empty air :
So have I smote, and smote in vain :
My foes still me defy
With jeering shout, or cold disdain ;
Their Scythian shafts fall thick as rain,
They fight me—as they fly—
My chivalry was vain—no steel
Or sword of proof could make them feel.
Aye—yes, there's one upon his knees
Who wronged me long ago,

* Queen Elizabeth, as described by Sir John Harrington, after the death of Essex.

Rise up, go hence, I will appease
My wrath 'gainst such a foe,
He were too weak—too base a slave—
I stabbed him twice when I forgave.

EVENING.

The golden writing of the sky,
The prophet stars ; the heaven's deep blue,
Seemed nearer as God's presence grew
In motion of each budding flower,
In the soft wind that, with a sigh,
Came westering, where the violets made
A purple shadow, in the woodland shade.

CHANGE.

Drawing his careless line across the brook,

“Minnie,” he said, “I think ’tis somewhat strange
That we are lovers now? I never took
Much to you till of late—but people change.”

“Ah, was it so?” she thought; her heart beat high,
As o’er her brow there passed a flush of pain:
“Oft you’ve sworn otherwise, my friend, good-bye,
’Twere best we part lest you should change
again.”

PESTAL.

Hark ! it is music softly sad—a strain,
Dear as loved voices of long-cherished years,
A fountain falling with melodious tears,
And sparkling as it falls, like sunlit rain.
I'll make it mine, hereafter it may be,
A memory sweet of my lost home and me.

(Writes.)

Day hastens, and the night is soon ;
Ah, shall I never see disclose
Another flower in June ?
E'en now my heart a pilgrim goes
Back to that time when once I placed a rose
Within a hand I tremblingly had pressed ;
She held the flower a little while,
Then with a blush, a timid smile,
She placed it in her breast—

What, live ? once more to see her—to be free—
Again to feel that by my side she strayed,
And as she spoke a sweeter music played
Than I had ever deemed on earth could be ?
I know not—yet sometimes the fervent mind
Can fond illusions from its memories take,
And deem what it has lost, is left behind,
And lingers yet, as moonlight on a lake
Silvers the far-off waves that only fall and break.

* * * * *

Dark is my prison, with close walls around,
My kingdom for this night above the ground !
Then underneath ? Ah, who will seek me *there*,
What Emperor ? Tsar ? will claim my bed to share ?
They live the best—to die, who bravest dare !
I've looked around me on this world, to scan
If there be yet a sod left free for man,
If what God made,—kings, not unmake again,
And chain the earth, as Xerxes did the main ?

In vain—ah ! yes, in vain.

Life has great duties that are noblest done

When the large heart doth own its many ties :

The cause lives ever—though the martyr dies.

As wintry Russia takes her pall of snow,

(She threw a pall o'er Poland long ago)—

So chill the pulses of this fevered heart,—

I gather up my fetters and depart ;

All is not gloom, the lightning's flash shall come

To light to a new heaven—to a new home :

And hark ! that bell ! so, I no longer dream,

It tolls me out of life ; a ruddy gleam

Streams through yon loophole : yes, the day is nigh !

There's light in Russia then—wherein to die ?

Those steps ! the rusty bolts !—Awake, appear

Ye shades of martyred heroes ; be ye near,

Ye old heroic forms ! some crowned, and some

Headless,—I come, God of the Free, I come !

LOVE, THE STRONG.

The cold north-east makes oak trees strong ; and men,
Like oak trees, gather strength from storm and strain,
And so grow great. 'Tis a good wrestle, when
The noblest spirits battle wrong and pain.
Life has dark problems, but we solve them best
When we best know all sorrow, wrong, distress,
Finds in the Christian's hope its sure redress.
Ah, what can consecrate this world's unrest,
But that our God is ever good, and wise,
And sees not human things with human eyes ;
Alike sends down on Tyrant, and th' Oppress'd,
The same soft rain beneath the same sweet skies.
And aye, and aye, uprises Love the Strong,
Throwing the light of a bright world to come
O'er all the dear humanities of home :
Eternity shall right, what Time makes wrong.

NEARER—MORE NEAR.

O listen, how those bells' soft chimes,
The deep woods murmuring through,
Like memories seem of far-off times—

As saddening too!

So Ellie, oft thy gentle voice
A kindred grief endears—
The music of our heart's best choice
Is kin—to tears.

The shadow of the twilight skies
With yon sweet lake inwrought,
Is pictured in thy starry eyes,
When dark—with thought.

The touch, too, of thy hand so small,
Thrills like a frightened bird—
A bird? I free its wings—and yet,
It has not stirr'd!

I note upon thy cheeks' sweet hue,
A change so soft—so dear,
Come nearer to my heart—tis true—
Nearer—more near.

A MEMORY.

There was a step once in a garden walk
That stole upon the twilight's hush'd repose ;
Then all the watchful flowers would whispering talk,
The Lily, and the Rose—
Saying, they each their choicest buds could spare,
For her whose footfalls made sweet music there.

There was a voice responding to a lute,
Toned like an anthem, sacred, soft, and true ;
Upon its ledge the waterfall lay mute,
Entranced a moment ; then, all heedless threw
Itself in a wild ecstasy adown
Fragment, and moss, and stone, as then it knew
The songs of brooks and waves, had vocal part,
With God's own music in a loving heart.

There came a day, O Rose, O Lily too—
'Twas on that morning she receiv'd from you

Your choicest buds ; her gentle steps once more
Down the old garden walk glad echoes sent ;
Then loving eyes on loving eyes were bent,
And all past doubtings fled, and sorrows o'er—
A dear face smiled on me in calm, sweet, fond content.

LIFE'S LIKE A BALLAD.

O Life's like a ballad, a mournful song,
When to days that are past its best echoes belong—
Its sweetest, its purest, when the present looks grey,
And the tear will start, and the sigh will stay ;
And the word that was spoken, though half in jest,
Like a barbèd dart to the heart is press'd ;
And our fondest hopes, like the flowers that are dead,
For their bloom leave a withered wreath instead.

O Life's like a ballad, when words ever sweet
Make a music like winds that with harp-strings meet ;
When no blight in the bud brings the bloom's decay,
And the shadow of sorrow seems far away ;
When affections have spells which the heart infold
Like the richest of gems in a setting of gold ;
And all timidly sweet, the fond lips that we love
Own a faith that for ever should constant prove.

O Life's like a ballad, a clarion song,
That stirs all the blood as we march along—
When the world is full of discordant cries,
And the patriot falls, and the martyr dies ;
When on high lifts Oppression its rampant head,
And the sweet band of charities all have fled ;
Then we rouse from our sleep—for the true, and the
 right,
Sound the strong trumpet-call, as we arm for the fight.

.

A FIRESIDE.

To gather up a portion of the thread
Of my past life, its hopes and fantasies ;
To wander back to days of joy long fled ;
To muse on sundered friendships—broken ties,
And of the loved ones once anear me, gone !
So sitting by the fireside, and alone.

O terrible stab to memories tempest-tost !
Dark, desolate, forlorn, why wait I here ?
Cannot I call up from the Past, one ghost,
Gentle, with loving eyes so soft and clear ?
Be one arm round me yet a moment thrown,
I, sitting by *our* fireside, and alone.

Stir out the embers, see the faces there ;
What if they grin in mockery of my grief ?
Rise up, rush out, go seek, search everywhere,
But not *at home* to find thy heart's relief :

Up to the stars ! beyond the twilight flown—
The fire burns low, 'tis cold, and I am all alone.

O come ye back once more, a moment yet,
We will not ask ye what ye are, or do,
Only that us ye do not all forget—
One smile, sweet, true, and when ye breathe adieu,
Soft as a promise of return in tone,
The fire shall then grow warm, and I, not quite
alone.

FAR AWAY.

In the far, far away, over mountain and ocean,
Beyond gleam of the sunset, or darkness profound,
Far away!—does no sense of our heart's best emotion
Feel *one* step coming near from Death's silence around?
Not a touch of a hand, though a phantom hand only;
Not a tone of a voice, though a murmur so lonely?
Once so sweet, and so soft, like a summerly rain
That on faint flowers falls, waking a new life again!
Yet distance seems nearness—each old life's affection,
Ever lives to recal the dear spirits of home;
Brings them lovingly close, as a star's dim reflection,
From the wide bounds of space through our casement
will come.

BENEATH A CLOUD I'VE SEEN THE SEA.

Beneath a cloud I've seen the sea,
Lie dead without a sound ;
Yet landward, from a stricken tree
Fell one leaf to the ground ;
Suddenly, as a spirit passed,
The waves rose to the darkening blast:
And so it was with me—O Fate !
One shipwrecked heart—and desolate !

THE LITTLE RED ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A boy caught sight of a rose on a heath—
A little rose slyly hiding
Among the boughs ; O ! the rose was bright,
And young, and it glimmer'd like morning light.
The urchin sought it with haste, 'twas a flower
A child indeed might take pride in—
A little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding.

The wild boy shouted—" I'll pluck thee, rose,—
Little rose vainly hiding,
Among the boughs ;" but the little rose spoke,
" I'll prick thee, and that will prove no joke :
Unhurt, oh then will I mock thy woes,
Whilst thou thy folly art chiding."
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding !

But the rude boy laid his hands on the flower,
The little rose vainly hiding
Among the boughs ; O, the rose was caught,
But it turned again, and pricked and fought,
And left with its spoiler a smart from that hour,
A pain for ever abiding ;
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding !

GOETHE.

THE NUN.

Through the silent cloister garden
Doth a gentle maiden move—
Ah, in her eyes' soft splendour,
Stand tears of tender love.

“ My true love hath departed,
'Tis well ; I break no vow.
His dwelling is with angels ;
I may love angels—now ! ”

At Mary's shrine still trembling,
She knelt. The Mother mild,
Looked on the broken-hearted,
And softly, sweetly smiled !

She sank—yes, one glance upwards !
What holy rest doth fall
Upon her face, her eyelids,
The *veil*—that shadows all !

UHLAND.


THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

The school bell rang, the school was up !
By ones, and twos, and threes,
The merry little girls went forth
And scampered o'er the leas.

Some stopped to pluck a wayside flower,
And some ran wildly on,
Some turned aside—but one fair child
Walked stately and alone.

I said, "You by the violets pass,
Is that your constant rule ?"
"I've flowers at home; I like those best
That farthest grow from school."

Then, harum-scarum, came a troop
And little Kate drew nigh,



A fluttering bird she closely held ;
It was too young to fly.

“ I found it, quivering, in the grass,
'Tis such a darling thing !
I'll keep it for a year at least,
Until it learn to sing.”

“ 'Twill quickly die—O let it find
Some shelter in yon grove ? ”

“ No, no,” she cried; and kissed its head,
“ I've nothing else to love.”

“ My little brother died last week,
The last of us—but me ;
And mother's gone, I know not where,
And father's o'er the sea :

And, in the room where twenty sleep,
There's but one window high—
So high, I scarcely see a star,
Or glimpse of purple sky.”

A little pauper girl was Kate—
Thereat felt no disgrace—
With small white cap, and cloak of grey,
And clean-washed, shining face.

Her eyes were beadlike as her bird's,
And black, and sparkled so—
And yet she shook her head, and said
“ I wish that I might go,

To find where tiny baby is,
And May that was so fair;
They tell me little dying things,
Have wings and fly—somewhere ?

And this poor bird, 'twas very near,
Close by, where funerals pass—
By Charlie's little grave it lay,
And fluttered in the grass.

Ah, perhaps, 'tis he ? he was so small,
So weak—he scarce could fly—”

And then she sobbed, and kissed her bird,
And said, " Would I could die ! "

" O let that workhouse window wide
Be opened night and day,
That I may, with this little bird,
Some morning—fly away."

 NOTES.

(1) Justine—*latinè*, Justinia—does not represent the Saint of that name, but is intended as the possible type of a Roman maiden, who, in the days of persecution under the Empire, became a martyr to the avowal of her belief in the Christian faith.

At the period of the narrative, the great questions of the Church had not been formularized; at least, not defined and pronounced by General Councils.

(2) " *A twilight hour when the old Gods had sway.*"

It was an ancient myth that, in the period between sunset and night, the old gods of the Pagan world were permitted to resume some of their functions on earth. Professor Kinckell has illustrated this belief in his beautiful little poem, " *Dammerung Gottschen*," a few verses of which I give :

" Soft from her sleep among the golden corn,
Ceres awakes to the young fledglings' cry,
Whilst, as the sunset rich, from Heaven outpours,
Bacchus, ambrosial wine.

" Then rises Venus from the myrtles, waving
Her golden locks, as with soft tears she closes
The rose's chalice, lest it aye remind her
Of her Adonis' love.

* * * * *

" All passed; already fades the twilight kingdom;
At the first star-glance reign the gods no more;
The beautiful, the lovely pass, and lonely,
Out-bleeds the heart in darkness."

(³) "A pure white cross arose, a symbol fraught."

The cross was always the symbol of the Christian faith. Justin Martyr, who wrote his "Apology" A.D. 126, alludes to the cross.

The crucifix was not adopted before the fifth or sixth century,—Curzon's "Mons Levant," p. 14.

(⁴) This hymn is not mine. The verses given are from Mr. Plumtre's version of the Greek hymn, ὕμνος τοῦ σωτηρος Χριστου ("Hymn to the Saviour Christ," one line only being omitted), which is considered by both the Greek and Latin Church to be the earliest relic of a Christian hymn.—*Athenæum*, No. 2236, p. 300.

(⁵) "Know the dark edict of a former reign."

A great persecution of the Christians took place in the reign of Trajanus Decius. It temporarily ceased, however, with the death of the Emperor, who was defeated and slain by the Goths. In the time of Trajan, Christians were not suffered to be attacked by individual accusers. Canon C. Robertson, however, tells us, in his excellent and learned "History of the Christian Church," vol. i. p. 19, that "the multitudes assembled at public festivals learnt to call for a sacrifice of the Christians, as wretches whose impiety was the cause of floods and earthquakes, of plagues, famines, and defeats, and it was seldom a Governor dared to refuse the demand."

"Vivia Perpetua, who was, A.D. 238, condemned to the heasts, returned, after she had received her sentence, to her prison rejoicing."—*Robertson*.

(⁶) "Three days for Rome—triumphant."

In the battle with the Goths in Moesia, A.D. 251, the Romans were victorious in the early stages of the contest. A portion of the barbarians, however, strongly defended by a morass, withstood their assailants, and finally secured a victory, discomfiting, and almost annihilating the Roman legions. The Emperor, Trajanus Decius, was slain.

(7) "Let hecatombs, or human lives avail."

Tatian, A.D. 172, says "his faith in heathenism was first lessened by witnessing human sacrifices at Rome."

Suetonius, who lived in the time of Hadrian, alludes to human victims offered up to Jupiter Latialis.

Pliny has stated that the statue of Jupiter, on certain days, was covered with vermilion—perhaps in allusion to these blood-red sacrifices. The fact of human sacrifices, otherwise than that of criminals, has been disputed, but I think without success.—See "Archæologia," vol. xlii. p. 242.

A succession of Christian authors, from Justin Martyr, in the middle of the second century, down to Athanasius and Prudentius, in the fourth century, mention it as a notorious fact that human sacrifices were regularly offered to Jupiter Latialis at the *Feriæ Latinæ*.

Porphyrus, a Pagan, A.D. 304, corroborates the fact. In the great Gallic war, B.C. 225, it prevailed; and also, immediately after the battle of Cannæ, the Augurs consulted the Sibylline books, and, by their express authority, buried alive, in the Forum Boarum, a Greek man and woman, and a Gaulish man and woman; the reason being, as Dio Cassius observes, "that it was due to the oracle, which pronounced 'that the Greek and the Gaul should possess the city.'"

Pliny also speaks of the practice of *vivi-sepulture*, saying, "*Etiam nostra ætas vidit;*" and Plutarch alludes to the prevalence of the same custom.

There was a tradition that Marius offered his daughter Calpurnia as a propitiatory sacrifice in the course of the Cimbric war.

Tertullian represents the Romans as performing human sacrifices at their games, and alludes to criminals being condemned to fight with beasts.

It was easy enough to raise the cry of impiety, and give the supposed criminal to the lions.

(8) " *There's Isis, long adopted as divine.*"

The Paganism of Rome might already be considered as an out-worn creed.

The practice of necromancy, magic, and incantations amongst the heathens, was in full activity, however, in the early ages of Christianity; but the faith in the old gods of Greece and Rome was on the decline, as instanced not only in the scepticism of the upper and educated classes, but also in the readiness with which the Romans adopted the deities of other countries.

The Legate of a Roman legion, as we are informed by Mr. Kenrick, rebuilt a temple to the Egyptian Serapis; and the worship of the Asiatic Mythras, Isis, and other foreign deities, was adopted in Rome itself; whilst, in the distant provinces, altars were erected to foreign deities, all unknown to the Romans of the capital. Thus, in Britain, as Mr. Kenrick again informs us, there was an altar to the tutelary goddess of Brigantia, and to Viterineus, also a local deity of the neighbourhood of Hadrian's Wall, and the unknown god Arciacon. The Roman gods, also, were often associated with the deities of the barbarians, such as Mogon, Vitivis, Hammia, Ariociticus, and Belatucader; Sul Minerva was worshipped at Bath.

Apollo was worshipped, under the name of "Sul," in Brittany. See Scarth's "Aquæ Solis."

Nymphs, Sylphs, Lares, and Genii, were addressed in supplications, or in monumental inscriptions—many of them being of local affinity, as the nymph Coventina—by the German auxiliaries in the Roman legions stationed near Hadrian's Wall.

(9) " *To scatter incense at the Emperor's shrine.*"

Cruel as were the persecutions exercised upon the Christians by the Roman officials, they were sometimes condoned by the payment of a bribe, or a subterfuge—the accused offering sacrifice, or obtaining from the Prætor, or other acting officer, a declaration that he had bestowed incense at the shrine of some god or deified Emperor. Sometimes, too, a single victim was selected, and fell by

the sword, or was massacred in the Amphitheatre; and, as if the example of the principal offender was sufficient, his co-religionists were permitted to escape.

The frenzy of the Roman populace was, however, often excited by a public calamity, the cry of vengeance was raised, and the Christians were denounced.

(10) "Followers of bold Lucretius,"

Bold as Lucretius was in his speculations and opinions, he did not at once grapple with the popular belief, and deny the existence of the gods. He merely took from them all power over mankind, and all interest in their affairs. He spoke of them as dwelling in inglorious repose, indifferent to events, and incapable of action; thus virtually ignoring their existence.

In his "De Rerum Natura," Lucretius has displayed great mental resources, and anticipated many of the theories of modern unbelief. His doctrine of atoms, uncreate, with innate forces, forms the basis of his "Principia;" and even the theory of "Selection" was, in some degree, by him anticipated and set forth.

His opinions had widely spread amongst the upper classes of Pagans in the first century of the Empire. Even before that time, such minds as those of Julius Cæsar had embraced their principal tenets; Cato and Cicero, however, had withstood them.

In the 5th and 6th Books of his great poem, Lucretius attempts to account for the various phenomena of nature. His reasons why the waters of the ocean do not increase are tolerably sound; but on most other subjects they are extremely fanciful—such as the cause of day and night, the origin of earthquakes, the nature of the magnet, the rise of the Nile, &c. Ignorant of the principles of gravity and cohesion, he accounts for the aggregation of clouds by the rough and hooked nature of certain of his atoms. As might also be expected, he was unacquainted with the very rudiments of astronomy; and his reason why the earth remains suspended, without rising or falling, in the "thin air," is almost ludicrous. The

sun and moon he asserted to be no larger than they appear, and that the seasons were produced by the possibility that the sun was periodically driven by the force of certain currents of air from the summer signs into the winter part of his course: The heavenly bodies, he supposed, were borne through the sky by currents opposed to each other. The cause of night is still more unphilosophically set forth. It is produced, says Lucretius, either by the weariness of the sun after his long diurnal journey, or because the same forces that bear him above the earth compel him to turn his course beneath it (p. 217). Why, he does not attempt to say. The poem concludes, somewhat abruptly, with a forcible but very ghastly account of the great plague which desolated Athens in the time of Pericles.

(11)

"A tall imperial woman,"

Etruscilla was the wife of Trajanus Decius. She could consistently have presided over the Public Games in the absence of the Emperor, the news of whose death might not have yet reached Rome, although rumours prevailed of the discomfiture of the Roman army. Of the character of Etruscilla nothing has been related. The Empress then in question must be considered as a type, not as a reality.

(12)

"We'll see if Christian girls can lions tame."

Gibbon speaks of the general indulgence of Polytheism except when under cases of political excitement, but—"It was not in an amphitheatre," he observes (vol. 2, p. 421), "stained with the blood of wild beasts and gladiators, that the voice of compassion could be heard; the impatience of the multitude, venturing to accuse by name some of the most distinguished of the new votaries, required with irresistible vehemence that they should be instantly apprehended, and cast to the lions."

(13) The Coliseum begun by Vespasian was finished by Titus.

It had a temporary velamen or awning, as a protection against sun and rain.

(14) " *As through those galleries under ground,*"

The Catacombs of Rome. These subterranean galleries of the dead, which have been concealed for ages, afford, in the neighbourhood of Rome, some affecting evidences of the devotion and simplicity of the faith of the early Christians. Very brief, often, and simple were the notices they recorded of the deceased, the persecuted and proscribed followers of the Cross.—such as, " My most sweet wife," " My innocent dove," &c.

Strange, perhaps, that they should have been preserved so long, alike from superstitious rancour and from barbaric fury.

The violation of a sepulchre, however, was a great moral offence amongst heathen and uncivilised nations.

In a civilised age, the graves of Cromwell and Bradshaw were outraged by Christian men, and the fury of a Parisian mob spared not the ashes of its kings.

The emblem of the " Good Shepherd," the monogram of Christ, the Alpha and Omega, a crown or bough of palm leaves, the symbol of the Cross, the vine, or the simple sketch of a dove, were often the only mementoes recording that a Christian slept beneath the inscribed stone or coffin-lid.

Some of the interments in the catacombs may be traced back to the beginning of the second, perhaps to the close of the first century ; that is, but a few years later than the time when St. Paul preached and wrote.

The " loculi " which contained the Christian dead, sometimes exhibited a few relics of the departed, as did the Anglo-Saxon and the Roman cemeteries in this country—mirrors, combs, brooches, earrings, buckles, beads, rings, and armlets.

In the little coffin of a child was occasionally placed a tribute alike to its amusements when living, and to the affection of its parents : some of its playthings—such as the little jointed doll of ivory, fishes of glass, and mice made of bronze or terra-cotta. Examples may be noted in the Christian department of the museum of the Vatican. Similar tributes of memory and regret did the

Pagan, Anglo-Saxon, and sometimes the Roman pay, as exhibited in their cemeteries when they were in the occupation of this country. I have seen taken from the grave of an Anglo-Saxon child, a minute golden bracelet, a few small beads (sometimes a single bead), and the bronze model of a little axe, a plaything doubtless. Some of these graves, however, though on the sides of the lone hills and downs of Kent, contained the bodies of Christians. Even amongst the Roman settlers or legionaries in England, two or three centuries before the advent of St. Augustine, there existed Christian men and women. I might record an interesting instance of a Roman grave found not long since in the parish of Barham, Kent. It lay un-surrounded by other interments, and amongst the relics were two small Roman pateræ, each inscribed on the under part with the Christian monogram.

