



Saint Kabin
Seballan

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Saint Kabin

a ballad

This St. Kabin was a most
 Modern sort of saint, indeed;
 All the virtue he could boast
 Was not found in any creed.

His philosophy involved
 No more theory than the wind;
 With his own smile he absolved
 Every sin he ever sinned.

Wetland and woodland creatures came,
 Of outlandish tongue and dress,
 And allured him to proclaim
 The nirvana of idleness.



Little wonder then, poor soul,
 That his teaching should be queer,
 And his calendar unroll
 With new feast-days every year.

With a streak of things that bray,
 Yet too modern to insist,
 You had your will, he had his way, —
 Sybarite and pessimist.

Rabin he was long and lean,
 And his hair was like a thatch,
 And his eyes of yellow-green
 Never saw nor missed too much.

Body of a battered Greek,
 Gothic epicure of soul,
 Living only by the week,
 Half content with half a dole.

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Never angry when he swore,
Always loving when he kissed ;
Sabe ambition, with no more
Passion than a Buddhist priest.

He was something like a gnome,
Or a sphinx let out of school,
He could always be at home
Just beyond the reach of rule.

He loved men because to him
They were generous and kind, —
Women, just because his whim
Always was that way inclined.

Men he could not understand,
Nor the world, that painted dream ;
But to touch a woman's hand,
Made things better than they seem.

Mercury and Saturn stood,
Grave and subtle, at his birth.
Fate and failure's likelihood
Curdled him to gentle mirth.

When despair obscured the sun,
And another hope lay dead,
"Cynic is the name for one
Leading a dog's life," he said.

Man to him meant little more
Than a higher sort of bug,
Yet he beauty could adore
In a Patoncee or a Thug.

Though he could not wear the hat
Of the least philosopher,
He knew what the wind was at
When it made the grasses stir.



Though he never could love well,
And could never hate at all,
He knew something, as a shell
Knows the sea's eternal fall.

Knowledge came to his front door
Sometimes; then away he crept
To his little attic floor
Where his mistress Wisdom slept.

There he let the starry night
Fold them in her easy span,
While professor Knowledge might
Go ring up another man.

Kabfn's house was always clean,
Though the blinds were always down;
Who might there at dusk condene,
Was the gossip of the town.

For at times he would let in,
At the side door or the back,
Some broton vagrant from the inn,
Or a youth who bore a pack.

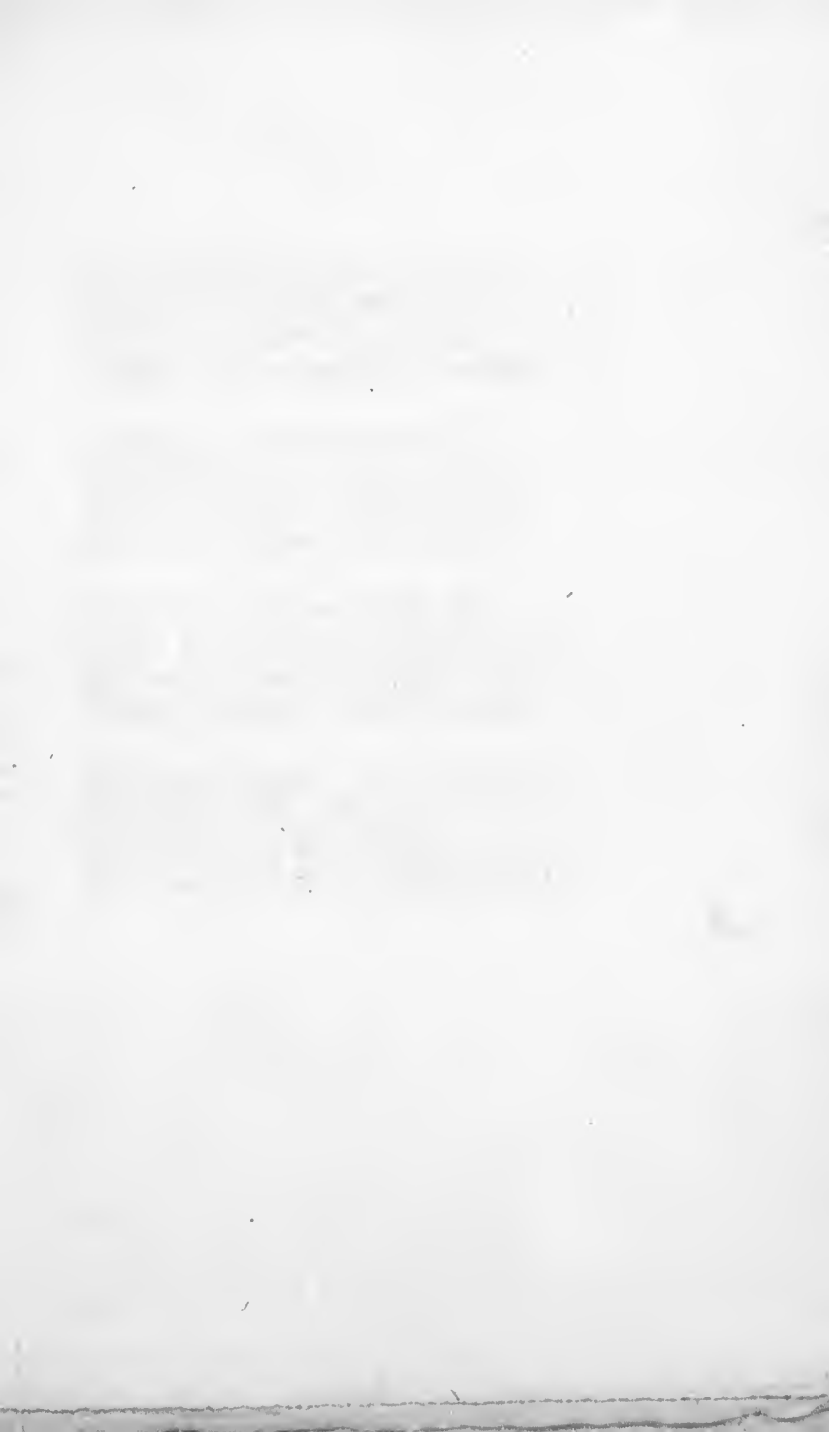
Richard of the demtjohn,
Or the Old Man of the Marsh,
Royal Karl, or any one
Save the pompous and the harsh.

Doctor George or "Pretty Pierre;"
Tom or Kabanagh or Kim;
Tyng, the scholar; Teddy rare;
Every pal was prince to him.

All the Belialac crew
Who inhabit Province Court,
Visionists without a view,
Dreams their sad, and drool their forte:









The unbarbered man of books,
Seven centuries out of style;
B. G. who belled his looks,
With a mood beneath his smile;

Ralph, the royalist in bond
To these days of dull restraint;
Herbert bearded; Herbert blond;
Herbert the lean bookish saint:

Poor Edmundus; Little Mac;
Silent sometimes all night through,
He would watch the ivory stack
Clicking red and white and blue;

The dark Sultan; Southern John;
Will, the sober naturalist;
The huge Scot whose fame is won;
And young Thede the Symbolist;

Well, the prose-master ; long Clare
Mellow as an autumn day ;
And all these who sojourned there
Blessed this Kabin by their stay.

Then you 'd see a gleam of fire
Through the shutter chinks, and guess
He was habing his desire
With his cronies, none the less

For the mud upon their shoes,
Trousers torn and wrinkled blouse,
Gibing him the latest news,
While their laughter filled the house.

There they sat and warmed their shins,
Let the neighbors mind the night ;
Never heard of half their sins,
Somehow thought it was all right.



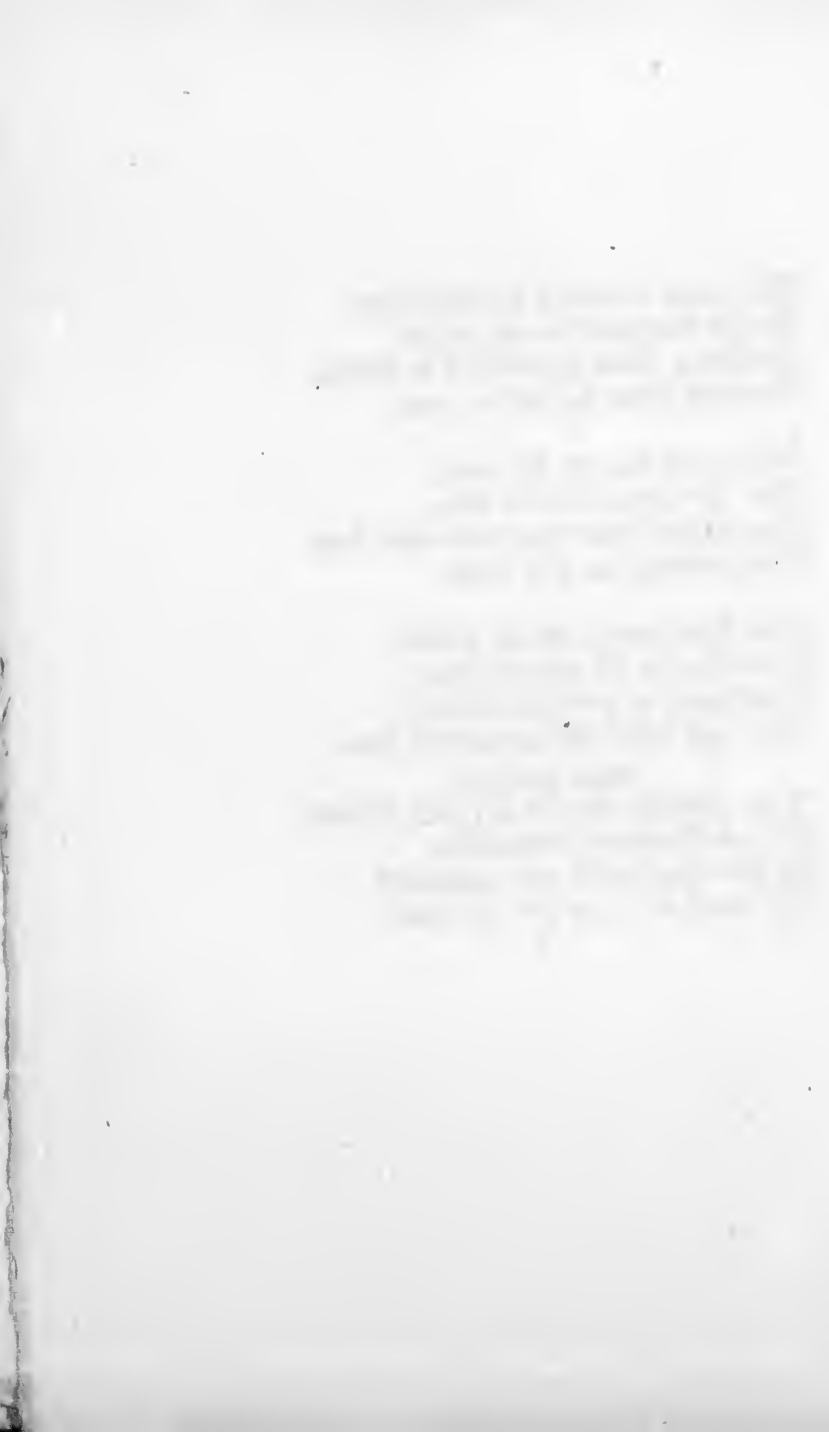
Then next morning he would go
To his business in the street,
Knowing those he wished to know,
Meeting those he had to meet.

Sober and austere he went,
Like the very saint he was.
You might think his mind was bent
On philosophies and laws.

Take him gently by the sleebe,
Lead him to the nearest inn!
Something in his eye, believe,
Tells you what the night has been.

Post Scriptum.

If his friends should tell you, friend,
This is Kabin's portraiture
By his own hand, and commend
The truth of it, be not too sure!







By the Grace of God, and the Help of John
Wilson, Printer, in the last Days of
June in the year of our Lord a thousand
eight hundred and ninety-four, at Cam-
bridge in Massachusetts, this Ballad
of Saint Kabin was made and printed
in fifty copies for the Visionists and
the Guests of their House at No. iii
in Province Court, Boston.