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POEMS

OF

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH



MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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POEMS

OF

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

SOMETIME FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE
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EARLY POEMS.

AN EVENING WALK IN SPRING.

It was but some few nights ago
I wandered down this quiet lane ;
I pray that I may never know
The feelings then I felt, again.
'The leaves were shining all about,
You might almost have seen them springing ;
I heard the cuckoo's simple shout,
And all the little birds were singing.
(It was not dull, the air was clear,
All lovely sights and sounds to deal,
My eyes could see, my ears could hear,
Only my heart, it would not feel ;
And yet that it should not be so,
My mind kept telling me within ;
Though nought was wrong that I did know,
I thought I must have done some sin.
For I am sure as I can be,
That they who have been wont to look
On all in Nature's face they see,
Even as in the Holy Book ;
They who with pure and humble eyes
Have gazed and read her lessons high,
And taught their spirits to be wise
In love and human sympathy,—
That they can soon and surely tell
When aught has gone amiss within,

When the mind is not sound and well,
 Nor the soul free from taint of sin.
 For as God's Spirit from above,
 So Beauty is to them below,
 And when they slight that holy love,
 Their hearts that presence may not know.)
 So I turned home the way I came,
 With downcast looks and heavy heart,
 A guilty thing and full of shame,
 With a dull grief that had no smart.
 It chanced when I was nearly there
 That all at once I raised my eyes—
 Was it a dream, or vision rare,
 That then they saw before them rise?
 I see it now, before me here,
 As often, often I have done,
 As bright as it could then appear,
 All shining in the setting sun.
 Elms, with their mantling foliage spread,
 And tall dark poplars rising out,
 And blossomed orchards, white and red,
 Cast, like a long low fence, about;
 And in the midst the grey church-tower,
 With one slight turret at its side,
 Bringing to mind with silent power
 Those thousand homes the elm-trees hide.
 And then there came the thought of one
 Who on his bed of sickness lay,
 Whilst I beneath the setting sun
 Was dreaming this sweet hour away.
 I thought of hearts for him that beat,
 Of aching eyes their watch that kept;
 The sister's and the mother's seat—
 And oh! I thought I should have wept.

And oh ! my spirit melted then,
 The weight fell off me that I bore,
 And now I felt in truth again
 The lovely things that stood before.
 O blessed, blessed scene, to thee,
 For that thy sweet and softening power,
 I could have fallen upon my knee,
 Thy stately elms, thy grey church-tower.
 So then I took my homeward way,
 My heart in sweet and holy frame,
 With spirit, I may dare to say,
 More good and soft than when I came.

1836

AN INCIDENT.

'Twas on a sunny summer day
 I trod a mighty city's street,
 And when I started on my way
 My heart was full of fancies sweet ;
 But soon, as nothing could be seen,
 But countenances sharp and keen,
 Nought heard or seen around but told
 Of something bought or something sold,
 And none that seemed to think or care
 That any save himself was there,—

< Full soon my heart began to sink
 With a strange shame and inward pain,
 For I was sad within to think
 Of this absorbing love of gain,
 ^ And various thoughts my bosom tost ;
 When suddenly my path there crossed,

Locked hand in hand with one another,
 A little maiden and her brother—
 A little maiden, and she wore
 Around her waist a pinafore.

^ And hand in hand along the street
 This pretty pair did softly go,
 And as they went, their little feet
 Moved in short even steps and slow :
 It was a sight to see and bless,
 That little sister's tenderness ;
 One hand a tidy basket bore
 Of flowers and fruit—a chosen store,
 Such as kind friends oft send to others—
 And one was fastened in her brother's.

✓ It was a voice of meaning sweet,
 And spake amid that scene of strife
 Of home and homely duties meet,
 And charities of daily life ;
 And often, should my spirit fail,
 And under cold strange glances quail,
 'Mid busy shops and busier throng,
 That speed upon their ways along
 } The thick and crowded thoroughfare,
 I'll call to mind that little pair.

1836

THE THREAD OF TRUTH.

^ TRUTH is a golden thread, seen here and there
 In small bright specks upon the visible side
 Of our strange being's party-coloured web.
 How rich the converse ! 'Tis a vein of ore

Emerging now and then on Earth's rude breast,
 But flowing full below. Like islands set
 At distant intervals on Ocean's face,
 We see it on our course ; but in the depths
 The mystic colonnade unbroken keeps
 Its faithful way, invisible but sure.
 Oh, if it be so, wherefore do we men
 Pass by so many marks, so little heeding ?

1839

REVIVAL.

So I went wrong,
 Grievously wrong, but folly crushed itself,
 And vanity o'ertoppling fell, and time
 And healthy discipline and some neglect,
 Labour and solitary hours revived
 Somewhat, at least, of that original frame.
 Oh, well do I remember then the days
 When on some grassy slope (what time the sun
 Was sinking, and the solemn eve came down
 With its blue vapour upon field and wood
 And elm-embosomed spire) once more again
 I fed on sweet emotion, and my heart
 With love o'erflowed, or hushed itself in fear
 Unearthly, yea celestial. Once again
 My heart was hot within me, and, me seemed,
 I too had in my body breath to wind
 The magic horn of song ; I too possessed
 Up-welling in my being's depths a fount
 Of the true poet-nectar whence to fill
 The golden urns of verse.

1839

THE SHADY LANE.

WHENCE comest thou, shady lane? and why and how?
 Thou, where with idle heart, ten years ago,
 I wandered, and with childhood's paces slow
 So long unthought of, and remembered now!
 Again in vision clear thy pathwayed side
 I tread, and view thy orchard plots again
 With yellow fruitage hung,—and glimmering grain.
 Standing or shocked through the thick hedge espied.
 This hot still noon of August brings the sight;
 This quelling silence as of eve or night,
 Wherein Earth (feeling as a mother may
 After her travail's latest bitterest throes)
 Looks up, so seemeth it, one half repose,
 One half in effort, straining, suffering still.

1839

*THE HIGHER COURAGE.**

COME back again, my olden heart!—
 Ah, fickle spirit and untrue,
 I bade the only guide depart
 Whose faithfulness I surely knew:
 I said, my heart is all too soft;
 He who would climb and soar aloft
 Must needs keep ever at his side
 The tonic of a wholesome pride.

Come back again, my olden heart!—
 Alas, I called not then for thee;
 I called for Courage, and apart
 From Pride if Courage could not be,

* This and the following Early Poems are reprinted from the volume called *Ambarvalia*.

Then welcome, Pride ! and I shall find
 In thee a power to lift the mind
 This low and grovelling joy above—
 'Tis but the proud can truly love.

Come back again, my olden heart !—
 With incrustations of the years
 Uncased as yet,—as then thou wert,
 Full-filled with shame and coward fears :
 Wherewith amidst a jostling throng
 Of deeds, that each and all were wrong,
 The doubting soul, from day to day,
 Uneasy paralytic lay.

Come back again, my olden heart !
 I said, Perceptions contradict,
 Convictions come, anon depart,
 And but themselves as false convict.
 Assumptions, hasty, crude and vain,
 Full oft to use will Science deign ;
 The corks the novice plies to-day
 The swimmer soon shall cast away.

Come back again, my olden heart !
 I said, Behold, I perish quite,
 Unless to give me strength to start,
 I make myself my rule of right :
 It must be, if I act at all,
 To save my shame I have at call
 The plea of all men understood,—
 Because I willed it, it is good.

Come back again, my olden heart !
 I know not if in very deed
 This means alone could aid impart
 To serve my sickly spirit's need ;

But clear alike of wild self-will,
 And fear that faltered, paltered still,
 Remorseful thoughts of after days
 A way espy betwixt the ways.

Come back again, old heart ! Ah me !
 Methinks in those thy coward fears
 There might, perchance, a courage be,
 That fails in these the manlier years ;
 Courage to let the courage sink,
 Itself a coward base to think,
 Rather than not for heavenly light
 Wait on to show the truly right.

1840

WRITTEN ON A BRIDGE.

WHEN soft September brings again
 To yonder gorse its golden glow,
 And Snowdon sends its autumn rain
 To bid thy current livelier flow ;
 Amid that ashen foliage light
 When scarlet beads are glistening bright,
 While alder boughs unchanged are seen
 In summer livery of green ;
 When clouds before the cooler breeze
 Are flying, white and large ; with these
 Returning, so may I return,
 And find thee changeless, Pont-y-wern.

1840

A RIVER POOL.

SWEET streamlet bason ! at thy side
 Weary and faint within me cried

My longing heart,—In such pure deep
 How sweet it were to sit and sleep ;
 To feel each passage from without
 Close up,—above me and about,
 Those circling waters crystal clear,
 That calm impervious atmosphere !
 There on thy pearly pavement pure,
 To lean, and feel myself secure,
 Or through the dim-lit inter-space,
 Afar at whiles upgazing trace
 The dimpling bubbles dance around
 Upon thy smooth exterior face ;
 Or idly list the dreamy sound
 Of ripples lightly flung, above
 That home, of peace, if not of love.

1840

(IN A LECTURE-ROOM.)

Away, haunt thou not me,
 Thou vain Philosophy !
 Little hast thou bestead, *about*
 Save to perplex the head,
 And leave the spirit dead.
 Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
 While from the secret treasure-depths below,
 Fed by the skiey shower,
 And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
 Wisdom at once, and Power,
 Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly ?
 Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
 When the fresh breeze is blowing,
 And the strong current flowing,
 Right onward to the Eternal Shore ?

1840



'Blank Misgivings of a Creature moving about in Worlds not realised.'

I

HERE am I yet, another twelvemonth spent,
 One-third departed of the mortal span,
 Carrying on the child into the man,
 Nothing into reality. Sails rent,
 And rudder broken,—reason impotent,—
 Affections all unfixed; so forth I fare
 On the mid seas unheedingly, so dare
 To do and to be done by, well content.
 So was it from the first, so is it yet;
 Yea, the first kiss that by these lips was set
 On any human lips, methinks was sin—
 Sin, cowardice, and falsehood; for the will
 Into a deed e'en then advanced, wherein
 God, unidentified, was thought-of still.

II

Though to the vilest things beneath the moon
 For poor Ease' sake I give away my heart,
 And for the moment's sympathy let part
 My sight and sense of truth, Thy precious boon,
 My painful earnings, lost, all lost, as soon,
 Almost, as gained; and though aside I start,
 Belie Thee daily, hourly,—still Thou art,
 Art surely as in heaven the sun at noon;
 How much so e'er I sin, whate'er I do
 Of evil, still the sky above is blue,

The stars look down in beauty as before :
 It is enough to walk as best we may,
 To walk, and, sighing, dream of that blest day
 When ill we cannot quell shall be no more.

III

Well, well,—Heaven bless you all from day to day !
 Forgiveness too, or e'er we part, from each,
 As I do give it, so must I beseech :
 I owe all much, much more than I can pay ;
 Therefore it is I go ; how could I stay
 Where every look commits me to fresh debt,
 And to pay little I must borrow yet ?
 Enough of this already, now away !
 With silent woods and hills untenanted
 Let me go commune ; under thy sweet gloom,
 O kind maternal Darkness, hide my head :
 The day may come I yet may re-assume
 My place, and, these tired limbs recruited, seek
 The task for which I now am all too weak.

IV

Yes, I have lied, and so must walk my way,
 Bearing the liar's curse upon my head ;
 Letting my weak and sickly heart be fed
 On food which does the present craving stay,
 But may be clean-denied me e'en to-day,
 And tho' 'twere certain, yet were ought but bread ;
 Letting—for so they say, it seems, I said,
 And I am all too weak to disobey !
 Therefore for me sweet Nature's scenes reveal not
 Their charm ; sweet Music greets me and I feel not

Sweet eyes pass off me uninspired; yea, more,
 The golden tide of opportunity
 Flows wafting-in friendships and better,—I
 Unseeing, listless, pace along the shore.

V

How often sit I, poring o'er
 My strange distorted youth,
 Seeking in vain, in all my store,
 One feeling based on truth;
 Amid the maze of petty life
 A clue whereby to move,
 A spot whereon in toil and strife
 To dare to rest and love.
 So constant as my heart would be,
 So fickle as it must,
 'Twere well for others as for me
 'Twere dry as summer dust.
 Excitements come, and act and speech
 Flow freely forth;—but no,
 Nor they, nor ought beside can reach
 The buried world below.

1841

VI

—Like a child

In some strange garden left awhile alone,
 I pace about the pathways of the world,
 Plucking light hopes and joys from every stem,
 With qualms of vague misgiving in my heart
 That payment at the last will be required,
 Payment I cannot make, or guilt incurred,
 And shame to be endured.

1841

VII

——Roused by importunate knocks
 I rose, I turned the key, and let them in,
 First one, anon another, and at length
 In troops they came; for how could I, who once
 Had let in one, nor looked him in the face,
 Show scruples e'er again? So in they came,
 A noisy band of revellers,—vain hopes,
 Wild fancies, fitful joys; and there they sit
 In my heart's holy place, and through the night
 Carouse, to leave it when the cold grey dawn
 Gleams from the East, to tell me that the time
 For watching and for thought bestowed is gone.

1841

VIII

O kind protecting Darkness! as a child
 Flies back to bury in its mother's lap
 His shame and his confusion, so to thee,
 O Mother Night, come I! within the folds
 Of thy dark robe hide thou me close; for I
 So long, so heedless, with external things
 Have played the liar, that whate'er I see,
 E'en these white glimmering curtains, yon bright stars,
 Which to the rest rain comfort down, for me
 Smiling those smiles, which I may not return,
 Or frowning frowns of fierce triumphant malice,
 As angry claimants or expectants sure
 Of that I promised and may not perform,
 Look me in the face! O hide me, Mother Night!

1811

IX

Once more the wonted road I tread,
 Once more dark heavens above me spread,
 Upon the windy down I stand,
 My station whence the circling land
 Lies mapped and pictured wide below ;—
 Such as it was, such e'en again,
 Long dreary bank, and breadth of plain
 By hedge or tree unbroken ;—lo !
 A few grey woods can only show
 How vain their aid, and in the sense
 Of one unaltering impotence,
 Relieving not, meseems enhance
 The sovereign dulness of the expanse.
 Yet marks where human hand hath been,
 Bare house, unsheltered village, space
 Of ploughed and fenceless tilth between
 (Such aspect as methinks may be
 In some half-settled colony),
 From Nature vindicate the scene ;
 A wide, and yet disheartening view,
 A melancholy world.

'Tis true,
 Most true ; and yet, like those strange smiles
 By fervent hope or tender thought
 From distant happy regions brought,
 Which upon some sick bed are seen
 To glorify a pale worn face
 With sudden beauty,—so at whiles
 Lights have descended, hues have been,
 To clothe with half-celestial grace
 The bareness of the desert place.

Since so it is, so be it still !
 Could only thou, my heart, be taught
 To treasure, and in act fulfil
 The lesson which the sight has brought ;
 In thine own dull and dreary state
 To work and patiently to wait :
 Little thou think'st in thy despair
 How soon the o'ershaded sun may shine,
 And e'en the dulling clouds combine
 To bless with lights and hues divine
 That region desolate and bare,
 Those sad and sinful thoughts of thine !

Still doth the coward heart complain ;
 The hour may come, and come in vain ;
 The branch that withered lies and dead
 No suns can force to lift its head.
 True !—yet how little thou canst tell
 How much in thee is ill or well ;
 Nor for thy neighbour nor for thee,
 Be sure, was life designed to be
 A draught of dull complacency.
 One Power too is it, who doth give
 The food without us, and within
 The strength that makes it nutritive ;
 He bids the dry bones rise and live,
 And e'en in hearts depraved to sin
 Some sudden, gracious influence,
 May give the long-lost good again,
 And wake within the dormant sense
 And love of good ;—for mortal men,
 So but thou strive, thou soon shalt see
 Defeat itself is victory.

So be it: yet, O Good and Great,
 In whom in this bedarkened state
 I fain am struggling to believe,
 Let me not ever cease to grieve,
 Nor lose the consciousness of ill
 Within me;—and refusing still
 To recognise in things around
 What cannot truly there be found,
 Let me not feel, nor be it true,
 That, while each daily task I do,
 I still am giving day by day
 My precious things within away
 (Those thou didst give to keep as things)
 And casting, do whate'er I may,
 My heavenly pearls to earthly swine.

1841

✓
A SONG OF AUTUMN.

My wind is turned to bitter north,
 That was so soft a south before;
 My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
 With foggy gloom is clouded o'er:
 My gay green leaves are yellow-black,
 Upon the dank autumnal floor;
 For love, departed once, comes back
 No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
 For winds to blow and rains to pour;
 One frosty night befell, and lo!
 I find my summer days are o'er:

The heart bereaved, of why and how
 Unknowing, knows that yet before
 It had what e'en to Memory now
 Returns no more, no more

X

τὸ καλόν.

I HAVE seen higher, holier things than these,
 And therefore must to these refuse my heart,
 Yet am I panting for a little ease;
 I'll take, and so depart.

Ah, hold! the heart is prone to fall away,
 Her high and cherished visions to forget,
 And if thou takest, how wilt thou repay
 So vast, so dread a debt?

How will the heart, which now thou trustest, then
 Corrupt, yet in corruption mindful yet,
 Turn with sharp stings upon itself! Again,
 Bethink thee of the debt!

—Hast thou seen higher, holier things than these,
 And therefore must to these thy heart refuse?
 With the true best, alack, how ill agrees
 That best that thou would'st choose!

The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven above;
 Do thou, as best thou may'st, thy duty do:
 Amid the things allowed thee live and love;
 Some day thou shalt it view.

✓
Χρυσέα κλής ἐπὶ γλώσσα.

IF, when in cheerless wanderings, dull and cold,
 A sense of human kindness bath found us,
 We seem to have around us
 An atmosphere all gold,
 'Midst darkest shades a halo rich of shine,
 An element, that while the bleak wind bloweth,
 On the rich heart bestoweth
 Imbreathèd draughts of wine ;
 Heaven guide, the cup be not, as chance may be,
 To some vain mate given up as soon as tasted !
 No, nor on thee be wasted,
 Thou trifler, Poesy !
 Heaven grant the manlier heart, that timely, ere
 Youth fly, with life's real tempest would be coping ;
 The fruit of dreamy hoping
 Is, waking, blank despair.

1841

✕ *THE SILVER WEDDING.*•

THE Silver Wedding ! on some pensive ear
 From towers remote as sound the silvery bells,
 To-day from one far unforgotten year
 A silvery faint memorial music swells.

And silver-pale the dim memorial light
 Of musing age on youthful joys is shed,
 The golden joys of fancy's dawning bright,
 The golden bliss of, Woo'd, and won, and wed.

• This was written for the twenty-fifth wedding-day of Mr. and Mrs Walrond, of Calder Park.

Ah, golden then, but silver now ! In sooth,
The years that pale the cheek, that dim the eyes,
And silver o'er the golden hairs of youth,
Less prized can make its only priceless prize.

Not so ; the voice this silver name that gave
To this, the ripe and unenfeebled date,
For steps together tottering to the grave,
Hath bid the perfect golden title wait.

Rather, if silver this, if that be gold,
From good to better changed on age's track,
Must it as baser metal be enrolled,
That day of days, a quarter-century back.

Yet ah, its hopes, its joys were golden too,
But golden of the fairy gold of dreams :
To feel is but to dream ; until we do,
There's nought that is, and all we see but seems.

What was or seemed it needed cares and tears,
And deeds together done, and trials past,
And all the subtlest alchemy of years,
To change to genuine substance here at last.

Your fairy gold is silver sure to-day ;
Your ore by crosses many, many a loss,
As in refiners' fires, hath purged away
What erst it had of earthy human dross.

Come years as many yet, and as they go,
In human life's great crucible shall they
Transmute, so potent are the spells they know,
Into pure gold the silver of to-day.

Strange metallurge is human life ! 'Tis true ;
 And Use and Wont in many a gorgeous case
 Full specious fair for casual outward view
 Electrotpe the sordid and the base.

Nor lack who praise, avowed, the spurious ware,
 Who bid young hearts the one true love forego,
 Conceit to feed, or fancy light as air,
 Or greed of pelf and precedence and show.

True, false, as one to casual eyes appear,
 To read men truly men may hardly learn ;
 Yet doubt it not that wariest glance would here
 Faith, Hope and Love, the true Tower-stamp discern.

Come years again ! as many yet ! and purge
 Less precious earthier elements away,
 And gently changed at life's extremest verge,
 Bring bright in gold your perfect fiftieth day !

That sight may children see and parents show !
 If not—yet earthly chains of metal true,
 By love and duty wrought and fixed below,
 Elsewhere will shine, transformed, celestial-new ;

Will shine of gold, whose essence, heavenly bright,
 No doubt-damps tarnish, worldly passions fray ;
 Gold into gold there mirrored, light in light,
 Shall gleam in glories of a deathless day.



THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD AND OF THE SOUL.

I

WHY should I say I see the things I see not ?

Why be and be not ?

Show love for that I love not, and fear for what I fear not ?

And dance about to music that I hear not ?

Who standeth still i' the street

Shall be hustled and justled about ;

And he that stops i' the dance shall be spurned by the
dancers' feet,—

Shall be shoved and be twisted by all he shall meet,

And shall raise up an outcry and rout ;

And the partner, too,—

What's the partner to do ?

While all the while 'tis but, perchance, an humming in mine
ear,

That yet anon shall hear,

And I anon, the music in my soul,

In a moment read the whole ;

The music in my heart,

Joyously take my part,

And hand in hand, and heart with heart, with these retreat,
advance ;

And borne on wings of wavy sound,

Whirl with these around, around,

Who here are living in the living dance !

Why forfeit that fair chance ?

Till that arrive, till thou awake,

Of these, my soul, thy music make,

And keep amid the throng,
 And turn as they shall turn, and bound as they are
 bounding,—
 Alas ! alas ! alas ! and what if all along
 The music is not sounding ?

II

Are there not, then, two musics unto men ?—
 One loud and bold and coarse,
 And overpowering still perforce
 All tone and tune beside ;
 Yet in despite its pride
 Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,
 And sounding solely in the sounding head :
 The other, soft and low,
 Stealing whence we not know,
 Painfully heard, and easily forgot,
 With pauses oft and many a silence strange
 (And silent oft it seems, when silent it is not),
 Revivals too of unexpected change :
 Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,
 Or that 't has come, and been, and passed away :
 Yet turn to other none,—
 Turn not, oh, turn not thou !
 But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard it may ;
 Listen, listen, listen,—is it not sounding now ?

III

Yea, and as thought of some departed friend
 By death or distance parted will descend,
 Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,
 As by a magic screen, the seer from the sight
 (Palsying the nerves that intervene
 The eye and central sense between) ;

So may the ear,
 Hearing not hear,
 Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals ring ;
 So the bare conscience of the better thing
 Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown,
 May fix the entranced soul 'mid multitudes alone.

LOVE, NOT DUTY.

THOUGHT may well be ever ranging,^{moving away}
 And opinion ever changing,
 Task-work be, though ill begun,
 Dealt with by experience better ;
 | By the law and by the letter
 | Duty done is duty done :
 | Do it, Time is on the wing !

Hearts, 'tis quite another thing,
 Must or once for all be given,
 Or must not at all be given ;
 Hearts, 'tis quite another thing !

To bestow the soul away
 Is an idle duty-play !—
 Why, to trust a life-long bliss
 To caprices of a day,
 Scarce were more depraved than this !

Men and maidens, see you mind it ;
 Show of love, where'er you find it,
 | Look if duty lurk behind it !
 | Duty-fancies, urging on
 | Whither love had never gone !

Loving—if the answering breast
 Seem not to be thus possessed,
 Still in hoping have a care ;
 If it do, beware, beware !
 But if in yourself you find it,
 Above all things—mind it, mind it !

1841

LOVE AND REASON.

WHEN panting sighs the bosom fill,
 And hands by chance united thrill
 At once with one delicious pain
 The pulses and the nerves of twain ;
 When eyes that erst could meet with ease,
 Do seek, yet, seeking, shyly shun
 Extatic conscious unison,—
 The sure beginnings, say, be these
 ← Prelusive to the strain of love *muse*
 Which angels sing in heaven above !

Or is it but the vulgar tune,
 Which all that breathe beneath the moon
 So accurately learn—so soon ?
 With variations duly blent ;
 Yet that same song to all intent,
 Set for the finer instrument ;
 It is ; and it would sound the same *bestly*
 In beasts, were not the bestial frame,
 Less subtly organised, to blame ;
 And but that soul and spirit add
 To pleasures, even base and bad,
 A zest the soulless never had.

the beginning

It may be—well indeed I deem ;
But what if sympathy, it seem,
And admiration and esteem,
Commingling therewithal, do make
The passion prized for Reason's sake ?
Yet, when my heart would fain rejoice,
A small expostulating voice
Falls in ; Of this thou wilt not take
Thy one irrevocable choice ?
In accent tremulous and thin
I hear high Prudence deep within,
Pleading the bitter, bitter sting,
Should slow maturing seasons bring,
Too late, the veritable thing.
For if (the Poet's tale of bliss)
A love, wherewith commensured this
Is weak and beggarly, and none,
Exist a treasure to be won,
And if the vision, though it stay,
Be yet for an appointed day,—
This choice, if made, this deed, if done,
The memory of this present past,
With vague foreboding might o'ercast
The heart, or madden it at last.

Let Reason first her office ply ;
Esteem, and admiration high,
And mental, moral sympathy,
Exist they first, nor be they brought,
By self-deceiving afterthought,—
What if an halo interfuse
With these again its opal hues,
That all o'erspreading and o'erlying,
Transmuting, mingling, glorifying,
About the beauteous various whole.

With beaming smile do dance and quiver ;
 Yet, is that halo of the soul ?—
 Or is it, as may sure be said,
 Phosphoric exhalation bred
 Of vapour, steaming from the bed
 Of Fancy's brook, or Passion's river ?
 So when, as will be by-and-by,
 The stream is waterless and dry,
 This halo and its hues will die ;
 And though the soul contented rest
 With those substantial blessings blest,
 Will not a longing, half confest,
 Betray that this is not the love,
 The gift for which all gifts above
 Him praise we, Who is Love, the Giver ?

I cannot say—the things are good :
 Bread is it, if not angels' food ;
 But Love ? Alas ! I cannot say ;
 A glory on the vision lay ;
 A light of more than mortal day
 About it played, upon it rested ;
 It did not, faltering and weak,
 Beg Reason on its side to speak :
 Itself was Reason, or, if not,
 Such substitute as is, I wot,
 Of seraph-kind the loftier lot ;—
 Itself was of itself attested ;—
 To processes that, hard and dry,
 Elaborate truth from fallacy,
 With modes intuitive succeeding,
 Including those and superseding ;
 Reason sublimed and Love most high
 It was, a life that cannot die,
 A dream of glory most exceeding.

‘Ο Θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ! •

• * * *

FAREWELL, my Highland lassie! when the year returns
around,
Be it Greece, or be it Norway, where my vagrant feet are
found,
I shall call to mind the place, I shall call to mind the day,
The day that's gone for ever, and the glen that's far away,
I shall mind me, be it Rhine or Rhone, Italian land or
France,
Of the laughings and the whispers, of the pipings and the
dance;
I shall see thy soft brown eyes dilate to wakening woman
thought,
And whiter still the white cheek grow to which the blush
was brought;
And oh, with mine commixing I thy breath of life shall feel,
And clasp thy shyly passive hands in joyous Highland reel;
I shall hear, and see, and feel, and in sequence sadly true,
Shall repeat the bitter-sweet of the lingering last adieu;
I shall seem as now to leave thee, with the kiss upon the
brow,
And the fervent benediction of—‘Ο Θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ!

Ah me, my Highland lassie! though in winter drear and
long
Deep arose the heavy snows, and the stormy winds were
strong,
Though the rain, in summer's brightest, it were raining
every day,
With worldly comforts few and far, how glad were I to stay!

• Ἡ Θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ—God be with you!

I fall to sleep with dreams of life in some black bothie
 spent,
 Coarse poortith's ware thou changing there to gold of pure
 content,
 With barefoot lads and lassies round, and thee the cheery
 wife,
 In the braes of old Lochaber a laborious homely life ;
 But I wake—to leave thee, smiling, with the kiss upon the
 brow,
 And the peaceful benediction of—'Ο Θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ !
 * * * * *

WIRKUNG IN DER FERNE.

WHEN the dews are earliest falling,
 When the evening glen is grey,
 Ere thou lookest, ere thou speakest,
 My beloved,
 I depart, and I return to thee,—
 Return, return, return.

Dost thou watch me while I traverse
 Haunts of men, beneath the sun—
 Dost thou list while I bespeak them
 With a voice whose cheer is thine ?
 O my brothers ! men, my brothers,
 You are mine, and I am yours ;
 I am yours to cheer and succour,
 I am yours for hope and aid :
 Lo, my hand to raise and stay you,
 Lo, my arm to guard and keep,
 My voice to rouse and warn you,
 And my heart to warm and calm ;
 My heart to lend the life it owes

To her that is not here,
 In the power of her that dwelleth
 Where you know not—no, nor guess not—
 Whom you see not ; unto whom,—
 Ere the evening star hath sunken,
 Ere the glow-worm lights its lamp,
 Ere the wearied workman slumbers,—
 I return, return, return.

ἐπὶ Λάτμῳ.

ON the mountain, in the woodland,
 In the shaded secret dell,
 I have seen thee, I have met thee !
 In the soft ambrosial hours of night,
 In darkness silent sweet
 I beheld thee, I was with thee,
 I was thine, and thou wert mine !

When I gazed in palace-chambers,
 When I trod the rustic dance,
 Earthly maids were fair to look on,
 Earthly maidens' hearts were kind :
 Fair to look on, fair to love :
 But the life, the life to me,
 'Twas the death, the death to them,
 In the spying, prying, prating
 Of a curious cruel world.
 At a touch, a breath they fade,
 They languish, droop, and die ;
 Yea, the juices change to sourness,
 And the tints to clammy brown ;
 And the softness unto foulness,
 And the odour unto stench.
 Let alone and leave to bloom ;

Pass aside, nor make to die,
—In the woodland, on the mountain,
Thou art mine, and I am thine.

So I passed.—Amid the uplands,
In the forests, on whose skirts
Pace unstartled, feed unfearing
Do the roe-deer and the red,
While I hungered, while I thirsted,
While the night was deepest dark,
Who was I, that thou shouldst meet me ?
Who was I, thou didst not pass ?
Who was I, that I should say to thee
Thou art mine, and I am thine ?

To the air from whence thou camest
Thou returnest, thou art gone ;
Self-created, discreated,
Re-created, ever fresh,
Ever young !——
As a lake its mirrored mountains
At a moment, unregretting,
Unresisting, unreclaiming,
Without preface, without question,
On the silent shifting levels
Lets depart,
Shows, effaces and replaces !
For what is, anon is not ;
What has been, again 's to be ;
Ever new and ever young
Thou art mine, and I am thine.

Art thou she that walks the skies,
That rides the starry night ?
I know not——
For my meanness dares not claim the truth

Thy loveliness declares.
 But the face thou show'st the world is not
 The face thou show'st to me ;
 And the look that I have looked in
 Is of none but me beheld.
 I know not ; but I know
 I am thine, and thou art mine.

And I watch : the orb behind
 As it fleeteth, faint and fair
 In the depth of azure night,
 In the violet blank, I trace
 By an outline faint and fair
 Her whom none but I beheld.
 By her orb she moveth slow,
 Graceful-slow, serenely firm,
 Maiden-Goddess ! while her robe
 The adoring planets kiss.
 And I too cower and ask,
 Wert thou mine, and was I thine ?

Hath a cloud o'ercast the sky ?
 Is it cloud upon the mountain-sides
 Or haze of dewy river-banks
 Below ?—
 Or around me,
 To enfold me, to conceal,
 Doth a mystic magic veil,
 A celestial separation,
 As of curtains hymeneal,
 Undiscerned yet all excluding,
 Interpose ?
 For the pine-tree boles are dimmer,
 And the stars bedimmed above ;
 In perspective brief, uncertain,

Are the forest-alleys closed,
 And to whispers indistinctest
 The resounding torrents lulled.
 Can it be, and can it be?
 Upon Earth and here below,
 In the woodland at my side
 Thou art with me, thou art here.

'Twas the vapour of the perfume
 Of the presence that should be,
 That enwrapt me?
 That enwraps us,
 O my Goddess, O my Queen!
 And I turn
 At thy feet to fall before thee;
 And thou wilt not:
 At thy feet to kneel and reach and kiss thy
 finger-tips;
 And thou wilt not:
 And I feel thine arms that stay me,
 And I feel———
 O mine own, mine own, mine own,
 I am thine, and thou art mine!

A PROTEST.

LIGHT words they were, and lightly, falsely said:
 She heard them, and she started,—and she rose,
 As in the act to speak; the sudden thought
 And unconsidered impulse led her on.
 In act to speak she rose, but with the sense
 Of all the eyes of that mixed company
 Now suddenly turned upon her, some with age
 Hardened and dulled, some cold and critical;

Some in whom vapours of their own conceit,
 As moist malarious mists the heavenly stars,
 Still blotted out their good, the best at best
 By frivolous laugh and prate conventional
 All too untuned for all she thought to say—
 With such a thought the mantling blood to her cheek
 Flushed-up, and o'er-flushed itself, blank night her soul
 Made dark, and in her all her purpose swooned.
 She stood as if for sinking. Yet anon
 With recollections clear, august, sublime,
 Of God's great truth, and right immutable,
 Which, as obedient vassals, to her mind
 Came summoned of her will, in self-negation
 Quelling her troublous earthy consciousness,
 She queened it o'er her weakness. At the spell
 Back rolled the ruddy tide, and leaves her cheek
 Paler than erst, and yet not ebbs so far
 But that one pulse of one indignant thought
 Might hurry it hither in flood. So as she stood
 She spoke. God in her spoke and made her heard.

1845

SIC ITUR.

As, at a railway junction, men
 Who came together, taking then
 One the train up, one down, again
 Meet never! Ah, much more as they
 Who take one street's two sides, and say
 Hard parting words, but walk one way:
 Though moving other mates between,
 While carts and coaches intervene,
 Each to the other goes unseen;

Yet seldom, surely, shall there lack
 Knowledge they walk not back to back,
 But with an unity of track,

Where common dangers each attend,
 And common hopes their guidance lend
 To light them to the self-same end.

Whether he then shall cross to thee,
 Or thou go thither, or it be
 Some midway point, ye yet shall see

Each other, yet again shall meet
 Ah, joy! when with the closing street,
 Forgivingly at last ye greet!

2845

PARTING.

O TELL me, friends, while yet we part,
 And heart can yet be heard of heart,
 O tell me then, for what is it
 Our early plan of life we quit;
 From all our old intentions range,
 And why does all so wholly change?
 O tell me, friends, while yet we part!

O tell me, friends, while yet we part,—
 The rays that from the centre start
 Within the orb of one warm sun,
 Unless I err, have once begun,—
 Why is it thus they still diverge?
 And whither tends the course they urge?
 O tell me, friends, while yet we part!

O tell me, friends, while yet ye hear,—
May it not be, some coming year,
These ancient paths that here divide
Shall yet again run side by side,
And you from there, and I from here,
All on a sudden reappear ?
O tell me, friends, while yet ye hear !

O tell me, friends, ye hardly hear,—
And if indeed ye did, I fear
Ye would not say, ye would not speak,—
Are you so strong, am I so weak,
And yet, how much so e'er I yearn,
Can I not follow, nor you turn ?
O tell me, friends, ye hardly hear !

O tell me, friends, ere words are o'er !
There 's something in me sad and sore
Repines, and underneath my eyes
I feel a somewhat that would rise,—
O tell me, O my friends, and you,
Do you feel nothing like it too ?
O tell me, friends, ere words are o'er !

O tell me, friends that are no more,
Do you, too, think ere it is o'er
Old times shall yet come round as erst,
And we be friends, as we were first ?
Or do you judge that all is vain,
Except that rule that none complain ?
O tell me, friends that are no more !

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 • With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;
When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side :
E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?
At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !
To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that, and your own selves, be true.
But O blithe breeze ; and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.
One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

WEN GOTT BETRÜGT, IST WOHL BETROGEN.'

Is it true, ye gods, who treat us
 As the gambling fool is treated ;
 O ye, who ever cheat us,
 And let us feel we're cheated !
 Is it true that poetical power,
 The gift of heaven, the dower
 Of Apollo and the Nine,
 The inborn sense, ' the vision and the faculty divine,'
 All we glorify and bless
 In our rapturous exaltation,
 All invention, and creation,
 Exuberance of fancy, and sublime imagination,
 All a poet's fame is built on,
 The fame of Shakespeare, Milton,
 Of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley,
 Is in reason's grave precision,
 Nothing more, nothing less,
 Than a peculiar conformation,
 Constitution, and condition
 Of the brain and of the belly ?
 Is it true, ye gods who cheat us ?
 And that 's the way ye treat us ?

Oh say it, all who think it,
 Look straight, and never blink it !
 If it is so, let it be so,
 And we will all agree so ;
 But the plot has counterplot,
 It may be, and yet be not.

POEMS ON RELIGIOUS AND
BIBLICAL SUBJECTS.

*FRAGMENTS OF THE MYSTERY OF THE FALL.**

SCENE I.

Adam and Eve.

Adam. Since that last evening we have fallen indeed !
Yes, we have fallen, my Eve ! O yes !—
One, two, and three, and four ;—the Appetite,
The Enjoyment, the aftervoid, the thinking of it—
Specially the latter two, most specially the last.
There, in synopsis, see, you have it all :
Come, let us go and work !

Is it not enough ?

What, is there three, four, five ?

Eve. Oh, guilt, guilt, guilt !

Adam. Be comforted ; muddle not your soul with
doubt.

"Tis done, it was to be done ; if, indeed,
Other way than this there was, I cannot say :
This was one way, and a way was needs to be found.
That which we were we could no more remain
Than in the moist provocative vernal mould
A seed its suckers close and rest a seed ;
We were to grow. Necessity on us lay
This way or that to move ; necessity, too,

* The manuscript of this poem is very imperfect, and bears no title.

Not to be over careful this or that,
So only move we should.

✓ Come, my wife,
We were to grow, and grow I think we may,
And yet bear goodly fruit.

Eve.

Oh, guilt! oh, guilt!

Adam (You weary me with your 'Oh, guilt! oh, guilt!')

Peace to the senseless iteration. What!
Because I plucked an apple from a twig
Be damned to death eterne! parted from Good,
Enchained to Ill! No, by the God of gods;
No, by the living will within my breast,
It cannot be, and shall not; and if this,
This guilt of your distracted fantasy,
Be our experiment's sum, thank God for guilt,
Which makes me free!

But thou, poor wife! poor mother, shall I say?
Big with the first maternity of man,
Draw'st from thy teeming womb thick fancies fond,
That with confusion mix thy delicate brain;
Fondest of which and cloudiest call the dream
(Yea, my beloved, hear me, it is a dream)
Of the serpent, and the apple, and the curse:
Fondest of dreams and cloudiest of clouds.)
✓ Well I remember, in our marriage bower,
How in the dewiest balminess of rest,
Inarmèd as we lay, sudden at once
Up from my side you started, screaming 'Guilt!'
And 'Lost! lost! lost!' I on my elbow rose,
And rubbed unwilling eyes, and cried, 'Eve! Eve!
My love! my wife!' and knit anew the embrace,
And drew thee to me close, and calmed thy fear,
And wooed thee back to sleep. In vain; for soon
I felt thee gone, and opening widest eyes,

Beheld thee kneeling on the turf, hands now
 Clenched and uplifted high, now vainly outspread
 To hide a burning face and streaming eyes
 And pale small lips that muttered faintly, 'Death.'
 And thou wouldst fain depart; thou saidst the place
 Was for the like of us too good: we left

The pleasant woodland shades, and passed abroad
 Into this naked champaign—glorious soil
 For digging and for delving, but indeed,
 Until I killed a beast or two, and spread
 Skins upon sticks to make our palace here,
 A residence sadly exposed to wind and rain.
 But I in all submit to you; and then
 I turned out too, and trudged a furlong's space,
 Till you fell tired and fain would wait for morn.
 So as our nightly journey we began,
 Because the autumnal fruitage that had fallen
 From trees whereunder we had slept, lay thick,
 And we had eaten overnight, and seen,
 And saw again by starlight when you woke me,
 ✓ A sly and harmless snake glide by our couch;
 And because, some few hours before, a lamb
 Fell from a rock and broke its neck, and I
 Had answered, to your wonder, that 'twas dead,
 Forsooth the molten lava of your fright
 Forth from your brain, its crater, hurrying down,
 Took the chance mould; the vapour blowing by
 Caught and reflected back some random shapes.
 A vague and queasy dream was obstinate
 In waking thoughts to find itself renewed,
 And lo! the mighty Mythus of the Fall!
 Nay, smile with me, sweet mother!

Eve.

Guilt! oh, guilt!

Adam. Peace, woman, peace; I go.

Eve.

Nay, Adam, nay;

Hear me,—I am not dreaming, am not crazed.
 Did not yourself confess that we are changed ?
 Do not you too ?

Adam. Do not I too ? Well, well,
 Listen ! I too when homeward, weary of toil,
 Through the dark night I have wandered in rain and
 wind,

Bewildered, haply scared, I too have lost heart,
 And deemed all space with angry power replete,
 Angry, almighty—and panic-stricken have cried,
 ‘What have I done ?’ ‘What wilt thou do to me ?’

Or with the coward’s ‘No, I did not, I will not,’
 Belied my own soul’s self. I too have heard,
 And listened, too, to a voice that in my ear

Hissed the temptation to curse God, or worse,
 And yet more frequent, curse myself and die ;
 Until, in fine, I have begun to half believe

Your dream my dream too, and the dream of both
 No dream but dread reality ; have shared

Your fright : e’en so share thou, sweet life, my hope ;

I too, again, when weeds with growth perverse

Have choked my corn and marred a season’s toil,
 Have deemed I heard in heaven abroad a cry,

‘Cursed is the ground for thy sake ; thou art cursed.’

But oftener far, and stronger also far,

In consonance with all things out and in,

I hear a voice more searching bid me, ‘On !

On ! on ! it is the folly of the child

To choose his path and straightway think it wrong,

And turn right back and lie on the ground to weep.

Forward ! go, conquer ! work and live !’ ✓Withal

A word comes, half command, half prophecy,

‘Forgetting things behind thee, onward press

Unto the mark of your high calling.’ ✓Yea,

And voices, too, in woods and flowery fields

Speak confidence from budding banks and boughs,
 And tell me, 'Live and grow,' and say, 'Look still
 Upward, spread outward, trust, be patient, live ;'
 Therefore, if weakness bid me curse and die,
 I answer, No ! I will not curse myself,
 Nor aught beside ; I shall not die, but live.)

Eve. ✓ Ah me ! alas ! alas !

More dismally in my face stares the doubt,
 ✓ More heavily on my heart weighs the world.

Methinks

The questionings of ages yet to be, (*born*)
 The thinkings and cross-thinkings, self-contempts,
 Self-horror ; all despondencies, despairs,
 Of multitudinous souls on souls to come,

✓ In me imprisoned fight, complain and cry.

Alas !

✓ Mystery, mystery, mystery evermore.

SCENE II.

Adam, alone.

Adam. Misery, oh my misery ! O God, God !
 How could I ever, ever, could I do it ?

Whither am I come ? where am I ? O me, miserable !

My God, my God, that I were back with Thee !

O fool ! O fool ! O irretrievable act ! *non retrieved*

Irretrievable what, I should like to know ?

What act, I wonder ? What is it I mean ?

O heaven ! the spirit holds me ; I must yield ;

✓ Up in the air he lifts me, casts me down ;

I writhe in vain, with limbs convulsed, in the void.

Well, well ! go idle words, babble your will ;

I think the fit will leave me ere I die.)

Fool, fool ! where am I ? O my God ! Fool, fool !

Why did we do't? (Eve, Eve! where are you? quick!
 His tread is in the garden! hither it comes!
 Hide us, O bushes! and ye thick trees, hide!
 He comes, on, on. Alack, and all these leaves,
 These petty, quivering and illusive blinds,
 Avail us nought: the light comes in and in;
 Displays us to ourselves; displays—ah, shame—
 Unto the inquisitive day our nakedness.
 He comes; He calls. The large eye of His truth,
 His full, severe, all-comprehending view,
 Fixes itself upon our guiltiness.

O God, O God! what are we? what shall we be?

What is all this about, I wonder now?

Yet I am better, too. I think it will pass

'Tis going now, unless it comes again.)

A terrible possession while it lasts.

Terrible, surely; and yet indeed 'tis true.

(E'en in my utmost impotence I find

A fount of strange persistence in my soul;

Also, and that perchance is stronger still,

A wakeful, changeless touchstone in my brain,

Receiving, noting, testing all the while

These passing, curious, new phenomena—

Painful, and yet not painful unto it.

Though tortured in the crucible I lie,

Myself my own experiment, yet still

I, or a something that is I indeed,

A living, central, and more inmost I,

Within the scales of mere exterior me's,

I,—seem eternal, O thou God, as Thou;

Have knowledge of the evil and the good,

Superior in a higher good to both.

Well, well, well! it has gone from me, though still

Its images remain upon me whole;

And undisplaced upon my mind I view

- The reflex of the total seizure past.)
 Really now, had I only time and space,
 And were not troubled with this wife of mine,
 And the necessity of meat and drink—
 I really do believe,
 With time and space and proper quietude,
 I could resolve the problem in my brain.
 But, no ; I scarce can stay one moment more
 To watch the curious seething process out.
- ✓ If I could only dare to let Eve see
 These operations, it is like enough
 Between us two we two could make it out.
 But she would be so frightened—think it proof
 Of all her own imaginings. 'Twill not do ;
 So as it is
- ✓ I must e'en put a cheery face on it,
 Suppress the whole, rub off the unfinished thoughts,
 For fear she read them. O, 'tis pity indeed,
 But confidence is the one and main thing now :
 Who loses confidence, he loses all.
 A demi-grain of cowardice in me
 Avowed, were poison to the whole mankind ;
 When men are plentier, 'twill be time to try ;
 At present, no.
- No ;
- ✓ Shake it all up and go.
 That is the word, and that must be obeyed.
- ✓ I must be off. But yet again some day
 Again will I resume it ; if not I,
 I in some child of late posterity.
 Yes, yes, I feel it ; it is here the seed,
 Here in my head ; but, O thou Power unsecn,
 In whom we live and move and have our being,
 Let it not perish ; grant, unlost, unhurt,
 In long transmission, this rich atom some day,

In some posterity of distant years—
 How many thou intendest to have I know not—
 In some matured and procreant human brain,
 May germinate, burst, and rise into a tree.
 No ; I shall not tell Eve.

SCENE III.

(*Now the birth of Cain was in this wise.*)

Adam and Eve.

Eve. Oh, Adam, I am comforted indeed ;
 Where is he ? O my little one !
 My heart is in the garden as of old,
 And Paradise come back.

Adam. My love,
 Blessed be this good day to thee indeed ;
 Blessed the balm of joy unto thy soul.
 A sad unskilful nurse was I to thee ;
 But nature teaches mothers, I perceive.

✓ *Eve.* But you, my husband, you meantime, I feel,
 Join not your perfect spirit in my joy.
 No ; your spirit mixes not, I feel, with mine.

Adam. Alas ! sweet love, for many a weary day,
 You and not I have borne this heavy weight :
 How can I, should I, might I feel your bliss,
 Now heaviness is changed to glory ? Long,
 In long and unparticipated pangs,
 Your heart hath known its own great bitterness :
 How should, in this its jubilant release,
 A stranger intermeddle with its joy ?

Eve. My husband, there is more in it than this ;
 Nay, you are surely, positively sad.

Adam. What if I was (and yet I think I am not).

'Twere but the silly and contrarious mood
Of one whose sympathies refuse to mix
In aught not felt immediate from himself.

But of a truth,

Your joy is greater—mine seems therefore none.

Eve. Nay, neither this I think nor that is true.

Evermore still you love to cheat me, Adam :

You hide from me your thoughts like evil beasts

Most foolishly ; for I, thus left to guess,

Catch at all hints, and where perchance one is,

People the forest with a hundred ills,

Each worse perhaps a hundred times than it.

No ; you have got some fearful thoughts—no, no ;

Look not in that way on my baby, Adam—

You do it hurt ; you shall not !

Adam.

Hear me, Eve,

If hear you will—and speak I think I must—

Hear me.

What is it I would say ? I think—

And yet I must—so hear me, mother blest,

That sittest with thy nursling at thy heart,

Hope not too greatly, neither fear for him,

Feeling on thy breast his small compressing lips,

And glorying in the gift they draw from thee ;

Hope not too greatly in thyself and him.

And hear me, O young mother—I must speak.

This child is born of us, and therefore like us ;

Is born of us, and therefore is as we ;

Is born of us, and therefore is not pure ;

Earthy as well as godlike ; bound to strive—

Not doubtfully I augur from the past—

Through the same straits of anguish and of doubt,

'Mid the same storms of terror and alarm, fear

To the calm ocean which he yet shall reach,

He or himself or in his sons hereafter,

Of consummated consciousness of self.

The selfsame stuff which wrought in us to grief
Runs in his veins ; and what to work in him ?

What shape of unsuspected deep disguise,
Transcending our experience, our best cares
Baffling, evading all preventive thought,
Will the old mischief choose, I wonder, here ?
O born to human trouble ! also born—

Else wherefore born—to some diviner lot,
Live, and may chance treat thee no worse than us
There, I have done : the dangerous stuff is out ;
My mind is freed. And now, my gentle Eve,
Forgive thy foolish spouse, and let me set
A father's kiss upon these budding lips,
A husband's on the mother's—the full flower.
There, there ; and so, my own and only wife,
Believe me, my worst thought is now to learn
How best and most to serve this child and thee.

This child is born of us, and therefore like us—
Most true, mine own ; and if a man like me
Externally, internally I trust
Most like to thee, the better of the twain.

Is born of us, and therefore is not pure—
Did I say that ? I know not what I said ;
It was a foolish humour ; but, indeed, *when*
Whatever you may think, I have not learnt
The trick of deep suppression, e'en the skill
To sort my thoughts and sift my words enough.
Not pure, indeed !—And if it is not pure,
What is ? Ah, well ! but most I look to the days
When these small arms, with pliant thews filled out,
Shall at my side break up the fruitful glebe,
And aid the cheery labours of the year—
Aid, or, in feebler wearier years, replace,
And leave me longer hours for home and love.

SCENE IV.

Adam and Eve.

Eve. O Adam, it was I was godless then ;
 But you were mournful, heavy, but composed.
 At times would somewhat fiercely bite your lip
 And pass your hand about your brow ; but still
 Held out, denied not God, acknowledged still
 Those glories that were gone. No, I never
 Felt all your worth to me before ; I feel
You did not fall as I did.

Adam. Nay, my child,
 About our falls I don't profess to know.
 I know I ne'er was innocent as thou ;
 I only know, as you will have it so,
 Were your descent more lengthy than was mine.
 It is not that your place is lower now,
 But that first 'twas higher up than mine ;
 It is, that I being bestial, you divine,
We now alike are human beings both.
 About our fall I won't profess to know,
 But know I do,
 That I was never innocent as thou.
 Moping again, my love ; yes, I dare swear,
 All the day long while I have been at work,
 With some religious folly in your head.

Eve. No, Adam, I am cheerful quite to-day ;
 I vary much, indeed, from hour to hour,
 But since my baby's birth I am happier far ;
 And I have done some work as well as you.

Adam. What is it tho' ? for I will take my oath
 ✓ You've got some fancy stirring in your brain.

Eve. Nay, but it vexes me for evermore
To find in you no credence to my thought.

Adam. What is it then you wish me to subscribe to?
That we were in a garden put by God,
Allowed to eat of all the trees but one.
Somehow—I don't know how—a serpent tempted us,
And eat we did, and so were doomed to die;
Whereas before we were meant to live for ever.
Meantime, turned out——

Eve. You do not think then, Adam,
We have been disobedient unto God?

Adam. My child, how should I know, and what do
you mean?

Your question's not so simple as it looks;
For if you mean that God said this or that—
As that 'You shall not touch those apples there,'
And that we did—why, all that I can say
Is, that I can't conceive the thing to be.
But if it were so, I should then believe
We had done right—at any rate, no harm.

Eve. O Adam, I can scarcely think I hear;
For if God said to us—God being God—
'You shall not,' is not His commandment His?
And are not we the creatures He hath made?

Adam. My child, God does not speak to human minds
In that unmeaning arbitrary way. *Despotic*
God were not God if so, and good not good.

Search in your heart, and if you tell me there
You find a genuine voice—no fancy, mind you—
Declaring to you this or that is evil,
Why, this or that I daresay evil is.
Believe me, I will listen to the word;
For not by observation of without
Cometh the kingdom of the voice of God:
It is within us—let us seek it there.

*of
science*

Eve. Yet I have voices, surely, in my heart.
Often you say I heed them over much. *pay attention to*

Adam. God's voice is of the heart: I do not say
All voices, therefore, of the heart are God's ;
And to discern the voice amidst the voices
Is that hard task, my love, that we are born to.

Eve. Ah me, in me I am sure the one, one voice
Goes somehow to the sense of what I say—
The sense of disobedience to God.

O Adam, some way, some time, we have done wrong,
And when I think of this, I still must think
Of Paradise, and of the stately tree

Which in the middle of the garden grew,
The golden fruit that hung upon its boughs,
Of which but once we ate, and I must feel
That whereas once in His continual sight
We lived, in daily communing with Him,
We now are banished, and behold not Him.

Our only present communing, alas ! ⁽¹⁾ *look*
Is penitential ⁽²⁾ *repentant* mourning, and the gaze
Of the abased and prostrate prayerful soul ;
But you, yourself, my Adam, you at least
Acknowledge some time somehow we did wrong.

Adam. My child, I never even granted that.

Eve. Oh, but you let strange words at times fall
from you.

They are to me like thunderbolts from heaven ;
I listen terrified and sick at heart,
Then haste and pick them up and treasure them.
What was it that you said when Cain was born ?
'He's born of us and therefore is not pure.'
O, you corrected well, my husband, then
My foolish, fond exuberance of delight.

Adam. My child, believe me, truly I was the fool ;
✓ But a first baby is a strange surprise.

I shall not say so when another^{baby} comes ;
 And I beseech you treasure up no words.
 You know me : I am loose of tongue and light.
 I beg you, Eve, remember nought of this ;
 Put not at least, I pray you—nay, command—
 Put not, when days come on, your own strange whim
 And misconstruction of my idle words
 Into the tender brains of our poor young ones.

SCENE V.

Adam with Cain and Abel.

Adam. Cain, beware !
 Strike not your brother ! I have said, beware !
 A heavy curse is on this thing, my son.
 With doubt and fear,
 Terror and toil and pain already here,
 Let us not have injustice too, my son.
 So Cain, beware !
 And Abel, too, see you provoke him not

SCENE VI.

Abel alone.

Abel. ✓ At times I could believe
 My father is no better than his son :
 If not as overbearing, proud and hard,
 Yet prayerless, worldly, almost more than Cain.
Enlighten and convert him ere the end,
 My God ! spurn not my mother's prayers and mine.
 Since I was born, was I not left to Thee,
 In an unspiritual and godless house,

mock at

Unfathered and unbrothered—Thine and hers ?
 They think not of the fall : e'en less they think
 Of the redemption, which God said should be ;
 Which, for we apprehend it by our faith,
 Already is—is come for her and me. *mother of Abel*
 Yea, though I sin, my sin is not to death ;
 In my repentance I have joy, such joy
 That almost I could sin to seek for it—
 Yea, if I did not hate it and abhor,
 And know that Thou abhorr'st and hatest it,
 And will'st, for an example to the rest,
 That Thine elect should keep themselves from it.
 Alas !

My mother calls the fall a mystery ;
Redemption is so too. But oh, my God,
 Thou wilt bring all things in the end to good.
 Yea, though the whole earth lie in wickedness, I
 Am with Thee, with Thee, with Thee evermore.
 Ah, yet I am not satisfied with this !
 Am I not feeding spiritual pride,
 Rejoicing over sinners, inelect
 And unadmitted to the fellowship

Which I, unworthy, most unworthy, share ?

✓ What can I do—how can I help it then ?

O God, remove it from my heart ; pluck out,

Whatever pain, whatever wrench to me,

These sinful roots and remnants which, whate'er

I do, *preserve* how high so e'er I soar from earth,

Still, undestroyed, still germinate within. *take birth*

Take them away in Thy good time, O God.

Meantime, for that atonement's precious sake

Which in Thy counsels predetermined works *reward*

Already to the saving of the saints,

O Father, view with mercy, and forgive ;

Nor let my vexed perception of my sin,

realization

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Nor any multitude of evil thoughts,
Crowding like demons in my spirit's house,
Nor life, nor death, things here or things below,
Cast out the sweet assurance of my soul
That I am Thine, and Thou art mine, my God.

SCENE VII.

Cain alone.

Cain. Am I or am I not this which they think me ?
My mother loves me not ; my brother Abel,
Searing my heart, commends my soul to God ;
My father does not shun me—there's my comfort :
Almost I think they look askance on him.
Ah, but for him,
(I know not what might happen ; for at times
Ungovernable angers take the waves
Of my deep soul and sweep them—who knows whither ?
And a strange impulse, struggling to the truth,
Urges me onward to put forth my strength,
No matter how. A wild anxiety
Possesses me moreover to essay
This world of action round me so unknown ;
And to be able to do this or that
Seems cause enough without a cause for doing it.
My father, he is cheerful and content,
And leads me frankly forward. Yet, indeed,
His leading—or, more truly, to be led
At all, by any one, and not myself—
Is mere dissatisfaction : evermore
Something I must do individual,
(To vindicate my nature, to give proof
I also am, as Adam is, a man.)

SCENE VIII.

Adam and Eve.

Adam. These sacrificings, O my best beloved,
 These rites and forms which you have taught our boys,
 Which I nor practise nor can understand,
 Will turn, I trust, to good ; but I much fear. *He feels the*
 Besides the superstitious search of signs *her rites w*
 In merest accidents of earth and air,
 They cause, I think, a sort of jealousy—*do good.*
Ill-blood. Hark, now !

Eve. O God, whose cry is that ?
 Abel, where is my Abel ?

Adam. Cain ! what, Cain !

SCENE IX.

Cain alone with the body of Abel.

Cain. What ! fallen ? so quickly down—so easily
 felled,

And so completely ? Why, he does not move.

Will not he stir—will he not breathe again ?

Still as a log—still as his own dead lamb.

Dead is it then ? O wonderful ! O strange !

Dead ! dead ! And we can slay each other then ?

If we are wronged, why we can right ourselves ;

If we are plagued and pestered with a fool

That will not let us be, nor leave us room

To do our will and shape our path in peace,

We can be rid of him. There—he is gone ; *dead*

Victory ! victory ! victory ! My heaven,

Methinks, from infinite distances borne back,

It comes to me re-borne—in multitude
 Echoed, re-echoed, and re-echoed again,
 Victory ! victory !—distant, yet distinct—
 Uncountable times repeated. O ye gods !
 Where am I come, and whither am I borne ?

I stand upon the pinnacle of earth,
 And hear the wild seas laughing at my feet ;
 Yet I could wish that he had struggled more—
 That passiveness was disappointing. Ha !
 He should have writhed and wrestled in my arms,
 And all but overcome, and set his knee
 Hard on my chest, till I—all faint, yet still
 Holding my fingers at his throat—at last,
 Inch after inch, had forced him to relax :
 But (he) went down at once, without a word,
 Almost without a look.)

(Ah !—hush ! My God !
 Who was it spoke ? What is this questioner ?
 Who was it asked me where my brother is ?
 Ha, ha ! Was I his keeper ? I know not.
 Each for himself ; he might have struck again.
 Why did he not ? I wished him to. Was I
 To strike for both at once ? No ! Yet, ah !
 Where is thy brother ? Peace, thou silly voice ;
 Am I my brother's keeper ? I know not,
 I know not aught about it ; let it be.
 Henceforth I shall walk freely upon earth,
 And know my will, and do it by my might.
 My God !—it will not be at peace—my God !
 It flames ; it bursts to fury in my soul.
 What is it that will come of this ? Ah me !
 What is it I have done ?—Almighty God !
 I see it ; I behold it as it is,
 As it will be in all the times to come :
 Slaughter on slaughter, blood for blood, and death,

Abel

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 e ?

but
 wrath

For ever, ever, ever, evermore !
And all for what ?

O Abel, brother mine,
Where'er thou art, more happy far than me !

SCENE X.

Adam alone.

Adam. Abel is dead, and Cain—ah, what is Cain ?
Is he not even more than Abel dead ?

Well, we must hope in Seth. (This merest man,
This unambitious commonplace of life,
Will after all perhaps mend all ;) and though
Record shall tell men to the after-time
No wondrous tales of him, in him at last,
And in his seed increased and multiplied,
Earth shall be blest and peopled and subdued,
And what was meant to be brought to pass.
Oh but, my Abel and my Cain, e'en so
You shall not be forgotten nor unknown.

Cain's offspring
shall not
this place

SCENE XI.

Cain and Eve.

Cain. I am come. Curse me ;
Curse Cain, my mother, ere he goes. He waits.

Eve. Who ? What is this ?

Oh Abel ! O my gentle, holy child,
My perfect son !

Monster ! and did I bear thee too ? give birth

Cain. He was so good, his brother hated him,
And slew him for't. Go on, my mother, on. praising Ab

to
ain

Eve.

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For there are rites and holy means of grace
 Of God ordained for man's eternal [weal].
 With these, my son, address thyself to Him,
 And seek atonement from a gracious God,
 With whom is balm for every wounded heart.
 (*Cain.* I ask not for atonement, mother mine ;
 I ask but one thing—never to forget.
 I ask but—not to add to one great crime
 Another self-delusion scarcely less.
 I *could* ask more, but more I know is sin.
 If sacrifices and the fat of lambs,
 And whole burnt-offerings upon piles of turf,
 Will bring me this, I'd fill the heaven with smoke,
 And deface earth with million fiery scars.
 I *could* ask back (and think it but my right,
 And passionately claim it as my right)
 That precious life which one misguided blow,
 Which one scarce conscious momentary act,
 One impulse blindly followed to its close,
 Ended for ever ; but that I know this vain.
 If they shall only keep my sin in mind,
 I shall not, be assured, neglect them either.)

Eve. You ask not for atonement ! O my son—
 Cain, you are proud and hard of heart e'en now.
 Beware !

Prostrate your soul in penitential prayer,
 Humble your heart beneath the mighty hand
 Of God, whose gracious guidance oft shall lead
 Through sin and crime the changed and melted heart
 To sweet repentance and the sense of Him.
 You ask not for atonement ! O my son !
 What, to be banished from the sight of God ;
 To dwell with wicked spirits, be a prey
 To them and prey yourself on human souls ;

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What, to be lost in wickedness and wrath,
 Deeper and deeper down ;
 What, Cain, do you choose this ?

Cain. Alas ! my mother,
 I know not ; there are mysteries in your heart
 Which I profess not knowledge of : it may be
 That this is so ; if so, may God reveal it.
 Have faith you too in my heart's secrets ; yea,
 All I can say, alas, is that to me,
 As I now comprehend it, this were sin.
 Atonement—no : not that, but punishment.
 But what avails to talk ? talk as we will,
 As yet we shall not know each other's hearts ;
 Let me not talk, but act. Farewell, for ever

*He has
 no faith
 in revelation*

SCENE XII.

Adam and Cain.

Cain. This is the history then, my father, is it ?
 This is the perfect whole ?

Adam. My son, it is.
 And whether a dream, or if it were a dream,
 A transcript of an inward spiritual fact
 (As you suggest, and I allow, might be),
Not the less true because it was a dream.
 I know not—O my Cain, I cannot tell,
 But in my soul I think it was a dream,
 And but a dream ; a thing, whence'er it came,
 To be forgotten and considered not.

Cain. Father, you should have told me this before ;
 It is no use now. Oh God, my brother ! oh God !

* * * * *

Adam. For what is life, and what is pain or death ?
 You have killed Abel : Abel killed the lamb—

An act in him ^{deliberate, premeditated} prepense, in you unthought of.
 One step you stirred, and lo! you stood entrapped.

Cain. My father, this is true, I know; but yet,
 There is some truth beside: I cannot say,
 But I have heard within my soul a voice
 Asking, 'Where is thy brother?' and I said—
 That is, the evil heart within me said—
 'Am I my brother's keeper? go ask him.
 Who was it that provoked me? should he rail,
 And I not smite? his death be on his head.'
 But the voice answered in my soul again,
 So that the other ceased and was no more.

SCENE XIII.

Adam and Cain.

(*Cain.* My father, Abel's dead.)

Adam. My son, 'tis done, it was to be done; some
good end

Thereby to come, or else it had not been.
 Go, for it must be. Cain, I know your heart,
 You cannot be with us. Go, then, depart;
 But be not over scrupulous, my son.)

Cain. (Curse me, my father, ere I go. Your curse
 Will go with me for good; your curse
 Will make me not forget,
 Alas! I am not of that pious kind,
 Who, when the blot has fallen upon their life,
 Can look to heaven and think it white again—)
 Look up to heaven and find a something there
 To make what is not be, altho' it is.
 My mother—ah, how you have spoke of this!
 The dead—to him 'twas innocence and joy,
 And purity and safety from the world:

to go
away

To me the thing seems sin—the worst of sin.
 If it be so, why are we here?—the world,
 Why is it as I find it? The dull stone
 Cast from my hand, why comes it not again?
 The broken flow'ret, why does it not live?
 If it be so,
 Why are we here, and why is Abel dead?
 Shall this be true

*Cain's mind
haunted &
questioned*

Of stocks and stones and mere inanimate clay,
 And not in some sort also hold for us?

Adam (My son, Time healeth all,
 Time and great Nature; heed her speech, and learn.

Cain. My father, you are learned in this sort:
 You read the earth, as does my mother heaven.
 Both books are dark to me—only I feel
 That this one thing

And this one word in me must be declared;

That to forget is not to be restored;

To lose with time the sense of what we did

Cancel not that we did; what's done remains—

I am my brother's murderer. Woe to me!

Abel is dead. ✓ No prayers to empty heaven,

No vegetative kindness of the earth,

Will bring back warmth into his clay again,

The gentleness of love into his face.)

Therefore, for me farewell;

Farewell for me the soft,

The balmy influences of night and sleep,

The satisfaction of achievement done,

The restorative pulsing of the blood

That changes all and changes e'en the soul—

(And natural functions, moving as they should,

The sweet good-nights, the sweet delusive dreams

That lull us out of old things into new.

But welcome Fact, and Fact's best brother, Work;

Welcome the conflict of the stubborn soil,
 To toil the livelong day, and at the end,
 Instead of rest, recarve into my brow
 The dire memorial mark of what still is.
 Welcome this worship, which I feel is mine ;
 Welcome this duty—

—the solidarity of life

And unity of individual soul.

That which I did, I did, I who am here :
 There is no safety but in this ; and when
 I shall deny the thing that I have done,
 I am a dream.)

Adam. My son,

What shall I say ?

birth or cooperation

That which your soul, in marriage with the world,
 Imbreeds in you, accept ;—how can I say
 Refuse the revelations of the soul ?

Yet be not over scrupulous, my son,

And be not over proud to put aside

The due consolements of the circling years.

What comes, receive ; be not too wise for God.

The past is something, but the present more ;

Will not it too be past ?—nor fail withal

To recognise the future in our hopes ;

Unite them in your manhood each and all,

Nor mutilate the perfectness of life.

You can remember, you can also hope ;

And, doubtless, with the long instructive years,

Comfort will come to you, my son, to me,

Even to your mother, comfort ; but to us

Knowledge, at least—the certainty of things

Which, as I think, is consolation's sum. *reward*

For truly now, to-day, to-morrow, yes,

Days many more to come, alike to you,

Whose earliest revelation of the world

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 ain before
 departure*

Is, horrible indeed, this fatal fact—
 And unto me, who, knowing not much before,
 Look gropingly and idly into this,
 And recognise no figure I have seen—
 Alike, my son, to me, and to yourself,
 Much is now dark which one day will be light;
 With strong assurance fortify your soul
 Of this : and that you meet me here again,
 Promise me, Cain. Farewell, to meet again.)

Hope

SCENE XIV.

Adam's Vision.

Adam. O Cain, the words of Adam shall be said ;
 Come near and hear your father's words, my son.
 I have been in the spirit, as they call it,
 Dreaming, which is, as others say, the same.
 I sat, and you, Cain, with me, and Eve
 (We sat as in a picture people sit,
 Great figures, silent, with their place content) ;
 And Abel came and took your hand, my son,
 And wept and kissed you, saying, ' Forgive me, Cain.
 Ah me ! my brother, sad has been thy life
 For my sake, all thro' me ; how foolishly,
 Because we knew not both of us were right ;'
 And you embraced and wept, and we too wept.

Then I beheld through eyes with tears suffused,
 And deemed at first 'twas blindness thence ensuing ;
 Abel was gone, and you were gone, my son—
 Gone, and yet not gone ; yea, I seemed to see
 The decomposing of those coloured lines
 Which we called you, their fusion into one,
 And therewithal their vanishing and end.

And Eve said to me, 'Adam, in the day
When in the inexistent void I heard God's voice,
An awful whisper, bidding me to be,
How slow was I to come, how loth to obey ;
As slow, as sad, as lingeringly loth,
I fade, I vanish, sink, and cease to be,
By the same sovereign strong compulsion borne :
Ah, if I vanish, take me into thee !'
She spoke, nor, speaking, ceased I listening ; but
I was alone, yet not alone, with her
And she with me, and you with us, my sons,
As at the first ;—and yet not wholly—yea,
And that which I had witnessed thus in you,
This fusion, and mutation, and return,
Seemed in my substance working too. I slept,
I did not dream, my sleep was sweet to me.
Yes, in despite of all disquietudes,
For Eve, for you, for Abel, which indeed
Impelled in me that gaiety of soul—
Without your fears I had listened to my own—
In spite of doubt, despondency, and death,
Though lacking knowledge alway, lacking faith
Sometimes, and hope ; with no sure trust in ought
Except a kind of impetus within,
Whose sole credentials were that trust itself ;
Yet, in despite of much, in lack of more,
Life has been beautiful to me, my son,
And I, if I am called, will come again.
As he hath lived he dies.—My comforter,
Whom I believed not, only trusted in,
What had I been without thee ? how survived ?
Would I were with thee wheresoe'er thou art !
Would I might follow thee still !
But sleep is sweet, and I would sleep, my son.
Oh Cain ! behold your father's words are said !

THE SONG OF LAMECH.

HEARKEN to me, ye mothers of my tent :
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my speech :
Adah, let Jubal hither lead his goats :
And Tubal Cain, O Zillah, hush the forge ;
Naamah her wheel shall ply beside, and thou,
My Jubal, touch, before I speak, the string.
Yea, Jubal, touch, before I speak, the string.
Hear ye my voice, beloved of my tent,
Dear ones of Lamech, listen to my speech.

For Eve made answer, Cain, my son, my own,
O, if I cursed thee, O my child, I sinned,
And He that heard me, heard, and said me nay :
My first, my only one, thou shalt not go ;—
And Adam answered also, Cain, my son,
He that is gone forgiveth, we forgive :
Rob not thy mother of two sons at once ;
My child, abide with us and comfort us.

Hear ye my voice ; Adah and Zillah, near ;
Ye wives of Lamech, listen to my speech.
For Cain replied not. But, an hour more, sat
Where the night through he sat ; his knit brows seen,
Scarce seen, amid the foldings of his limbs.
But when the sun was bright upon the field,
To Adam still, and Eve still waiting by,
And weeping, lift he up his voice and spake

Cain said, The sun is risen upon the earth ;
 The day demands my going, and I go.—
 As you from Paradise, so I from you :
 As you to exile, into exile I :
 My father and my mother, I depart.
 As betwixt you and Paradise of old,
 So betwixt me, my parents, now, and you,
 Cherubim I discern, and in their hand
 A flaming sword that turneth every way.
 To keep the way of my one tree of life,
 The way my spirit yearns to, of my love.
 Yet not, O Adam and O Eve, fear not.
 For He that asked me, Where is Abel? He
 Who called me cursed from the earth, and said
 A fugitive and vagabond thou art,
 He also said, when fear had slain my soul,
 There shall not touch thee man nor beast. Fear not.
 Lo, I have spoke with God, and He hath said.
 Fear not ;—and let me go as He hath said.
 Cain also said (O Jubal, touch thy string),—
 Moreover, in the darkness of my mind,
 When the night's night of misery was most black,
 A little star came twinkling up within,
 And in myself I had a guide that led,
 And in myself had knowledge of a soul.
 Fear not, O Adam and O Eve : I go.

Children of Lamech, listen to my speech.

For when the years were multiplied, and Cain
 Eastward of Eden, in this land of Nod,
 Had sons, and sons of sons, and sons of them,
 Enoch and Irad and Mehujael
 (My father, and my children's grandsire he),
 It came to pass, that Cain, who dwelt alone,

Met Adam, at the nightfall, in the field :
 Who fell upon his neck, and wept, and said,
 My son, has not God spoken to thee, Cain ?
 And Cain replied, when weeping loosed his voice,
 My dreams are double, O my father, good
 And evil. ✓ Terror to my soul by night,
 And agony by day, when Abel stands
 A dead, black shade, and speaks not, neither looks,
 Nor makes me any answer when I cry—
 Curse me, but let me know thou art alive.
 But comfort also, like a whisper, comes,
 In visions of a deeper sleep, when he,
 Abel, as him we knew, yours once and mine,
 Comes with a free forgiveness in his face,
 Seeming to speak, solicitous for words,
 And wearing ere he go the old, first look
 Of unsuspecting, unforeboding love.
 Three nights are gone I saw him thus, my Sire.

Dear ones of Lamech, listen to my speech.

For Adam said, Three nights ago to me
 Came Abel, in my sleep, as thou hast said,
 And spake, and bade,—Arise my father, go
 Where in the land of exile dwells thy son ;
 Say to my brother, Abel bids thee come,
 Abel would have thee ; and lay thou thy hand,
 My father, on his head, that he may come ;
 Am I not weary, father, for this hour ?
 Hear ye my voice, Adah and Zillah, hear ;
 Children of Lamech, listen to my speech :
 And, son of Zillah, sound thy solemn string.

For Adam laid upon the head of Cain
 His hand, and Cain bowed down, and slept, and died.

And a deep sleep on Adam also fell,
 And, in his slumber's deepest, he beheld,
 Standing before the gate of Paradise,
 With Abel, hand in hand, our father Cain.
 Hear ye my voice, Adah and Zillah, hear ;
 Ye wives of Lamech, listen to my speech.

Though to his wounding he did slay a man,
 Yea, and a young man to his hurt he slew,
 Fear not, ye wives, nor sons of Lamech fear :
 If unto Cain was safety given and rest,
 Shall Lamech surely and his people die ?

GENESIS XXIV.

Who is this man
 that walketh in the field,
 O Eleazar,
 steward to my lord ?

And Eleazar
 answered her and said,
 Daughter of Bethuel,
 it is other none
 But my lord Isaac,
 son unto my lord,
 Who, as his wont is,
 walketh in the field,
 In the hour of evening,
 meditating there.

Therefore Rebekah
 hasted where she sat,
 And from her camel
 'lighting to the earth,

Sought for a veil
and put it on her face,
But Isaac also,
walking in the field,
Saw from afar
a company that came,
Camels, and a seat
as where a woman sat ;
Wherefore he came
and met them on the way.
Whom, when Rebekah
saw, she came before,
Saying, Behold
the handmaid of my lord,
Who, for my lord's sake,
travel from my land.
But he said, O
thou blessed of our God,
Come, for the tent
is eager for thy face.
Shall not thy husband
be unto thee more than
Hundreds of kinsmen
living in thy land ?
And Eleazar answered,
Thus and thus,
Even according
as thy father bade,
Did we ; and thus and
thus it came to pass :
Lo ! is not this
Rebekah, Bethuel's child ?

And, as he ended,
 Isaac spoke and said,
 Surely my heart
 went with you on the way,
 When with the beasts
 ye came unto the place.

Truly, O child
 of Nahor, I was there,
 When to thy mother
 and thy mother's son
 Thou madest answer,
 saying, I will go.
 And Isaac brought her
 to his mother's tent.

JACOB.

My sons, and ye the children of my sons,
 Jacob your father goes upon his way,
 His pilgrimage is being accomplished.
 Come near and hear him ere his words are o'er.
 Not as my father's or his father's days,
 As Isaac's days or Abraham's, have been mine ;
 Not as the days of those that in the field
 Walked at the eventide to meditate,
 And haply, to the tent returning, found
 Angels at nightfall waiting at their door.
 They communed, Israel wrestled with the Lord.
 No, not as Abraham's or as Isaac's days,
 My sons, have been Jacob your father's days,
 Evil and few, attaining not to theirs
 In number, and in worth inferior much.
 As a man with his friend, walked they with God,
 In His abiding presence they abode,

And all their acts were open to His face.
But I have had to force mine eyes away,
To lose, almost to shun, the thoughts I loved,
To bend down to the work, to bare the breast,
And struggle, feet and hands, with enemies ;
To buffet and to battle with hard men,
With men of selfishness and violence ;
To watch by day, and calculate by night,
To plot and think of plots, and through a land
Ambushed with guile, and with strong foes beset,
To win with art safe wisdom's peaceful way.
Alas ! I know, and from the onset knew,
The first-born faith, the singleness of soul,
The antique pure simplicity with which
God and good angels communed undispleased,
Is not ; it shall not any more be said,
That of a blameless and a holy kind,
The chosen race, the seed of promise, comes.
The royal, high prerogatives, the dower
Of innocence and perfectness of life,
Pass not unto my children from their sire,
As unto me they came of mine ; they fit
Neither to Jacob nor to Jacob's race.
Think ye, my sons, in this extreme old age
And in this failing breath, that I forget
How on the day when from my father's door,
In bitterness and ruefulness of heart,
I from my parents set my face, and felt
I never more again should look on theirs,
How on that day I seemed unto myself
Another Adam from his home cast out,
And driven abroad unto a barren land,
Cursed for his sake, and mocking still with thorns
And briers that labour and that sweat of brow
He still must spend to live ? Sick of my days,

I wished not life, but cried out, Let me die ;
 But at Luz God came to me ; in my heart
 He put a better mind, and showed me how,
 While we discern it not, and least believe,
 On stairs invisible betwixt His heaven
 And our unholy, sinful, toilsome earth
 Celestial messengers of loftiest good
 Upward and downward pass continually.
 Many, since I upon the field of Luz
 Set up the stone I slept on, unto God,
 Many have been the troubles of my life ;
 Sins in the field and sorrows in the tent,
 In mine own household anguish and despair,
 And gall and wormwood mingled with my love.
 The time would fail me should I seek to tell
 Of a child wronged and cruelly revenged
 (Accursed was that anger, it was fierce,
 That wrath, for it was cruel) ; or of strife
 And jealousy and cowardice, with lies
 Mocking a father's misery ; deeds of blood,
 Pollutions, sicknesses, and sudden deaths.
 These many things against me many times,
 The ploughers have ploughed deep upon my back,
 And made deep furrows ; blessed be His name
 Who hath delivered Jacob out of all,
 And left within his spirit hope of good.

✓ Come near to me, my sons : your father goes,
 The hour of his departure draweth nigh.
 Ah me ! this eager rivalry of life,
 This cruel conflict for pre-eminence,
 This keen supplanting of the dearest kin,
 Quick seizure and fast unrelaxing hold
 Of vantage place ; the stony hard resolve,
 The chase, the competition, and the craft

Which seems to be the poison of our life,
 And yet is the condition of our life !
 To have done things on which the eye with shame
 Looks back, the closed hand clutching still the prize !—
 Alas ! what of all these things shall I say ?
 'Take me away unto Thy sleep, O God !
 I thank Thee it is over, yet I think
 It was a work appointed me of Thee.
 How is it ? I have striven all my days
 To do my duty to my house and hearth,
 And to the purpose of my father's race,
 Yet is my heart therewith not satisfied.

JACOB'S WIVES.

THESE are the words of Jacob's wives, the words
 Which Leah spake and Rachel to his ears,
 When, in the shade at eventide, he sat
 By the tent door, a palm-tree overhead,
 A spring beside him, and the sheep around.

And Rachel spake and said, The nightfall comes—
 Night, which all day I wait for, and for thee.

And Leah also spake, The day is done ;
 My lord with toil is weary and would rest.

And Rachel said, Come, O my Jacob, come ;
 And we will think we sit beside the well,
 As in that day, the long long years ago,
 When first I met thee with my father's flock.

And Leah said, Come, Israel, unto me ;
 And thou shalt reap an harvest of fair sons,
 E'en as before I bare thee goodly babes ;
 For when was Leah fruitless to my lord ?

And Rachel said, Ah come ! as then thou can'st,
Come once again to set thy seal of love ;
As then, down bending, when the sheep had drunk,
Then settedst it, my shepherd—O sweet seal !—
Upon the unwitting, half-foretasting lips,
Which, shy and trembling, thirsted yet for thine
As cattle thirsted never for the spring.

And Leah answered, Are not these their names—
As Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah—four ?
Like four young saplings by the water's brim,
Where straining rivers through the great plain wind—
Four saplings soon to rise to goodly trees—
Four trees whose growth shall cast an huger shade
Than ever yet on river-side was seen.

And Rachel said, And shall it be again
As, when dissevered far, unheard, alone,
Consumed in bitter anger all night long,
I moaned and wept, while, silent and discreet,
One reaped the fruit of love that Rachel's was
Upon the breast of him that knew her not ?

And Leah said, And was it then a wrong
That, in submission to a father's word,
Trembling yet hopeful, to that bond I crept,
Which God hath greatly prospered, and my lord
Content, in after-wisdom not disowned,
Joyful, in after-thankfulness approved ?

And Rachel said, But we will not complain,
Though all life long, an alien, unsought third,
She trouble our companionship of love.

And Leah answered, No, complain we not,
Though years on years she loiter in the tent,
A fretful, vain, unprofitable wife.

And Rachel answered, Ah ! she little knows
What in old days to Jacob Rachel was.

And Leah said, And wilt thou dare to say,
Because my lord was gracious to thee then,
No deeper thought his riper cares hath claimed,
No stronger purpose passed into his life ?
That, youth and maid once fondly, softly touched,
Time's years must still the casual dream repeat,
And all the river far, from source to sea,
One fitting moment's chance reflection bear ?
Also she added, Who is she to judge
Of thoughts maternal, and a father's heart ?

And Rachel said, But what to supersede
The rights which choice bestowed hath Leah done ?
What which my handmaid or which hers hath not ?
Is Simeon more than Naphtali ? is Dan
Less than his brother Levi in the house ?
That part that Billah and that Zilpah have,
That, and no more, hath Leah in her lord ;
And let her with the same be satisfied.

Leah asked then, And shall these things compare
(Fond wishes, and the pastime, and the play)
With serious aims and forward-working hopes—
Aims as far-reaching as to earth's last age,
And hopes far-travelling as from east to west ?

Rachel replied, That love which in his youth,
Through trial proved, consoles his perfect age ;
Shall this with project and with plan compare ?
Is not for-ever shorter than all time,
And love more straitened than from east to west ?

Leah spake further, Hath my lord not told
How, in the visions of the night, his God,

The God of Abraham and of Isaac, spake
 And said, Increase, and multiply, and fill
 With sons to serve Me this thy land and mine ;
 And I will surely do thee good, and make
 Thy seed as is the sand beside the sea,
 Which is not numbered for its multitude ?
 Shall Rachel bear this progeny to God ?

But Rachel wept and answered, And if God
 Hath closed the womb of Rachel until now,
 Shall He not at His pleasure open it ?
 Hath Leah read the counsels of the Lord ?
 Was it not told her, in the ancient days,
 How Sarah, mother of great Israel's sire,
 Lived to long years, insulted of her slave,
 Or e'er to light the Child of Promise came,
 Whom Rachel too to Jacob yet may bear ?

Moreover, Rachel said, Shall Leah mock,
 Who stole the prime embraces of my love,
 My first long-destined, long-withheld caress ?
 But not, she said, methought, but not for this,
 In the old days, did Jacob seek his bride ;—
 Where art thou now, O thou that sought'st me then ?
 Where is thy loving tenderness of old ?
 And where that fervency of faith to which
 Seven weary years were even as a few days ?

And Rachel wept and ended, Ah, my life !
 Though Leah bare thee sons on sons, methought
 The child of love, late-born, were worth them all.

And Leah groaned and answered, It is well :
 She that hath kept from me my husband's heart
 Will set their father's soul against my sons.
 Yet, also, not, she said, I thought, for this,

Not for the feverish nor the doating love,
 Doth Israel, father of a nation, seek ;
 Nor to light dalliance, as of boy and girl,
 Incline the thoughts of matron and of man,
 Or lapse the wisdom of maturer mind.

And Leah ended, Father of my sons,
 Come, thou shalt dream of Rachel if thou wilt,
 So Leah fold thee in a wife's embrace.

These are the words of Jacob's wives, who sat
 In the tent door, and listened to their speech,
 The spring beside him, and above the palm,
 While all the sheep were gathered for the night.

THE NEW SINAI.

Lo, here is God, and there is God !
 Believe it not, O Man ;
 In such vain sort to this and that
 The ancient heathen ran :
 Though old Religion shake her head,
 And say in bitter grief,
 The day behold, at first foretold,
 Of atheist unbelief :
 Take better part, with manly heart,
 Thine adult spirit can ;
 Receive it not, believe it not,
 Believe it not, O Man !

As men at dead of night awaked
 With cries, 'The king is here,'
 Rush forth and greet whome'er they meet,
 Whoe'er shall first appear ;

And still repeat, to all the street,
 'Tis he,—the king is here ;'
 The long procession moveth on,
 Each nobler form they see,
 With changeful suit they still salute
 And cry, 'Tis he, 'tis he !'

So, even so, when men were young,
 And earth and heaven were new,
 And His immediate presence He
 From human hearts withdrew,
 The soul perplexed and daily vexed
 With sensuous False and True,
 Amazed, bereaved, no less believed,
 And fain would see Him too :
 'He is !' the prophet-tongues proclaimed ;
 In joy and hasty fear,
 'He is !' aloud replied the crowd,
 'Is here, and here, and here.'

'He is ! They are !' in distance seen
 On yon Olympus high,
 In those Avernian woods abide,
 And walk this azure sky :
 'They are ! They are !'—to every show
 Its eyes the baby turned,
 And blazes sacrificial, tall,
 On thousand altars burned :
 'They are ! They are !'—On Sinai's top
 Far seen the lightnings shone,
 The thunder broke, a trumpet spoke,
 And God said, 'I am One.'

God spake it out, 'I, God, am One ;'
 The unheeding ages ran.

And baby-thoughts again, again,
 Have dogged the growing man :
 And as of old from Sinai's top
 God said that God is One,
 By Science strict so speaks He now
 To tell us, There is None !
 Earth goes by chemic forces ; Heaven's
 A Mécanique Céleste !
 And heart and mind of human kind
 A watch-work as the rest !

Is this a Voice, as was the Voice,
 Whose speaking told abroad,
 When thunder pealed, and mountain reeled,
 The ancient truth of God ?
 Ah, not the Voice ; 'tis but the cloud,
 The outer darkness dense,
 Where image none, nor e'er was seen
 Similitude of sense.
 'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense
 That wrapt the Mount around ;
 While in amaze the people stays,
 To hear the Coming Sound.

Is there no prophet-soul the while
 To dare, sublimely meek,
 Within the shroud of blackest cloud
 The Deity to seek ?
 'Midst atheistic systems dark,
 And darker hearts' despair,
 That soul has heard perchance His word,
 And on the dusky air
 His skirts, as passed He by, to see
 Hath strained on their behalf,
 Who on the plain, with dance amain.
 Adore the Golden Calf.

'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense ;
 Though blank the tale it tells,
 No God, no Truth ! yet He, in sooth,
 Is there—within it dwells ;
 Within the sceptic darkness deep
 He dwells that none may see,
 Till idol forms and idol thoughts
 Have passed and ceased to be :
 No God, no Truth ! ah though, in sooth
 So stand the doctrine's half :
 On Egypt's track return not back,
 Nor own the Golden Calf.

Take better part, with manlier heart,
 Thine adult spirit can ;
 No God, no Truth, receive it ne'er—
 Believe it ne'er—O Man !
 But turn not then to seek again
 What first the ill began ;
 No God, it saith ; ah, wait in faith
 God's self-completing plan ;
 Receive it not, but leave it not,
 And wait it out, O Man !

'The Man that went the cloud within
 Is gone and vanished quite ;
 He cometh not,' the people cries,
 'Nor bringeth God to sight :
 Lo these thy gods, that safety give,
 Adore and keep the feast !'
 Deluding and deluded cries
 The Prophet's brother-Priest :
 And Israel all bows down to fall
 Before the gilded beast.

Devout, indeed ! that priestly creed,
 O Man, reject as sin ;
 The clouded hill attend thou still,
 And him that went within.
 He yet shall bring some worthy thing
 For waiting souls to see :
 Some sacred word that he hath heard
 Their light and life shall be ;
 Some lofty part, than which the heart
 Adopt no nobler can,
 Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe
 And thou shalt do, O Man !

1845

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,
 Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
 But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
 Alone aright reveal !

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
 Thy presence owns ineffable, divine ;
 Chastised each rebel self-centered thought,
 My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
 Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart ;
 Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
 Can see Thee as Thou art ?—

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold
 In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
 It dare not dare the dread communion hold
 In ways unworthy Thee,

O not unowned, thou shalt unnamed forgive,
 In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;
 And if in work its life it seem to live,
 Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
 Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
 And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
 In recognition start.

But, as thou willest, give or e'en forbear
 The beatific supersensual sight,
 So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
 Approach Thee morn and night.

ὕμνος ἄυμνος.

O TIHOY whose image in the shrine
 Of human spirits dwells divine ;
 Which from that precinct once conveyed,
 To be to outer day displayed,
 Doth vanish, part, and leave behind
 Mere blank and void of empty mind,
 Which wilful fancy seeks in vain
 With casual shapes to fill again !

O Thou that in our bosom's shrine
 Dost dwell, unknown because divine !
 I thought to speak, I thought to say,
 'The light is here,' 'behold the way,'
 'The voice was thus,' and 'thus the word,'
 And 'thus I saw,' and 'that I heard,'—
 But from the lips that half essayed
 The imperfect utterance fell unmade.

O Thou, in that mysterious shrine
 Enthroned, as I must say, divine !
 I will not frame one thought of what
 Thou mayest either be or not.
 I will not prate of 'thus' and 'so,'
 And be profane with 'yes' and 'no,'
 Enough that in our soul and heart
 Thou, whatsoe'er Thou may'st be, art.

Unseen, secure in that high shrine
 Acknowledged present and divine,
 I will not ask some upper air,
 Some future day to place Thee there ;
 Nor say, nor yet deny, such men
 And women saw Thee thus and then :
 Thy name was such, and there or here
 To him or her Thou didst appear.

Do only Thou in that dim shrine,
 Unknown or known, remain, divine ;
 There, or if not, at least in eyes
 That scan the fact that round them lies,
 The hand to sway, the judgment guide,
 In sight and sense Thyself divide :
 Be Thou but there,—in soul and heart,
 I will not ask to feel Thou art.

THE HIDDEN LOVE.

O LET me love my love unto myself alone,
 And know my knowledge to the world unknown :
 No witness to my vision call,
 Beholding, unbeheld of all ;

And worship Thee, with Thee withdrawn apart,
 Whoe'er, Whate'er Thou art,
 Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart.

What is it then to me
 If others are inquisitive to see ?
 Why should I quit my place to go and ask
 If other men are working at their task ?
 Leave my own buried roots to go
 And see that brother plants shall grow ;
 And turn away from Thee, O Thou most Holy Light,
 To look if other orbs their orbits keep aright,
 Around their proper sun,
 Deserting Thee, and being undone.

O let me love my love unto myself alone,
 And know my knowledge to the world unknown ;
 And worship Thee, O hid One, O much sought,
 As but man can or ought,
 Within the abstracted'st shrine of my least breathed-
 on thought.

Better it were, thou sayest, to consent ;
 Feast while we may, and live ere life be spent ;
 Close up clear eyes, and call the unstable sure,
 The unlovely lovely, and the filthy pure ;
 In self-belyings, self-deceivings roll,
 And lose in Action, Passion, Talk, the soul.

Nay, better far to mark off thus much air,
 And call it Heaven : place bliss and glory there ;
 Fix perfect homes in the unsubstantial sky,
 And say, what is not, will be by-and-bye.

SHADOW AND LIGHT.

CEASE, empty Faith, the Spectrum saith,
I was, and lo, have been ;
I, God, am nought : a shade of thought,
Which, but by darkness seen,
Upon the unknown yourselves have thrown,
Placed it and light between.

At morning's birth on darkened earth,
And as the evening sinks,
Awfully vast abroad is cast
The lengthened form that shrinks
And shuns the sight in midday light,
And underneath you slinks.

From barren strands of wintry lands
Across the seas of time,
Borne onward fast ye touch at last
An equatorial clime ;

In equatorial noon sublime
At zenith stands the sun,
And lo, around, far, near, are found
Yourselves, and Shadow none.

A moment ! yea ! but when the day
At length was perfect day !
A moment ! so ! and light we know
With dark exchanges aye,

Nor morn nor eve shall shadow leave
Your sunny paths secure,
And in your sight that orb of light
Shall humbler orbs obscure.

And yet withal, 'tis shadow all
 Whate'er your fancies dream,
 And I (misdeemed) that was, that seemed,
 Am not, whate'er I seem.

*' WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABleness, NEITHER
 SHADOW OF TURNING.'*

It fortifies my soul to know
 That, though I perish, Truth is so :
 That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
 I steadier step when I recall
 That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

IN STRATIS VIARUM.

BLESSED are those who have not seen,
 And who have yet believed
 The witness, here that has not been,
 From heaven they have received.

Blessed are those who have not known
 The things that stand before them,
 And for a vision of their own
 Can piously ignore them.

So let me think whate'er befall,
 That in the city duly
 Some men there are who love at all,
 Some women who love truly ;

And that upon two millions odd
 Transgressors in sad plenty,
 Mercy will of a gracious God
 Be shown—because of twenty.

'PERCHÈ PENSA? PENSANDO S'INVECCHIA.'

To spend uncounted years of pain,
 Again, again, and yet again,
 In working out in heart and brain
 The problem of our being here ;
 To gather facts from far and near,
 Upon the mind to hold them clear,
 And, knowing more may yet appear,
 Unto one's latest breath to fear,
 The premature result to draw—
 Is this the object, end and law,
 And purpose of our being here ?

'O THOU OF LITTLE FAITH.'

It may be true
 That while we walk the troublous tossing sea,
 That when we see the o'ertopping waves advance,
 And when we feel our feet beneath us sink,
 There are who walk beside us ; and the cry
 That rises so spontaneous to the lips,
 The ' Help us or we perish,' is not nought,
 An evanescent spectrum of disease.
 It may be that indeed and not in fancy,
 A hand that is not ours upstays our steps,
 A voice that is not ours commands the waves ;
 Commands the waves, and whispers in our ear,
 O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt ?
 At any rate,
 That there are beings above us, I believe,
 And when we lift up holy hands of prayer,
 I will not say they will not give us aid.

‘*THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.*’

WHAT we, when face to face we see
The Father of our souls, shall be,
John tells us, doth not yet appear ;
Ah ! did he tell what we are here !

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
A heart for loves to travel through,
Five senses to detect things near,
Is this the whole that we are here ?

Rules baffle instincts—instincts rules,
Wise men are bad—and good are fools,
Facts evil—wishes vain appear,
We cannot go, why are we here ?

O may we for assurance’ sake,
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And wilfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that ’tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,
To pace the sad confusion through,
And say :—It doth not yet appear,
What we shall be, what we are here ?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head ;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
 That ampler life together see,
 Some true result will yet appear
 Of what we are, together, here.

AH! YET CONSIDER IT AGAIN!

'OLD things need not be therefore true,'
 O brother men, nor yet the new ;
 Ah ! still awhile the old thought retain,
 And yet consider it again !

The souls of now two thousand years
 Have laid up here their toils and fears,
 And all the earnings of their pain,—
 Ah, yet consider it again !

We ! what do we see ? each a space
 Of some few yards before his face ;
 Does that the whole wide plan explain ?
 Ah, yet consider it again !

Alas ! the great world goes its way,
 And takes its truth from each new day •
 They do not quit, nor can retain,
 Far less consider it again.

1851

NOLI ÆMULARI.

IN controversial foul impureness
 The peace that is thy light to thee
 Quench not : in faith and inner sureness
 Possess thy soul and let it be.

No violence—perverse, persistent—
 What cannot be can bring to be ;
 No zeal what is make more existent,
 And strife but blinds the eyes that see.

What though in blood their souls embruing,
 The great, the good, and wise they curse,
 Still sinning, what they know not doing ;
 Stand still, forbear, nor make it worse.

By curses, by denunciation,
 The coming fate they cannot stay ;
 Nor thou, by fiery indignation,
 Though just, accelerate the day.

• *WHAT WENT YE OUT FOR TO SEE?* •

ACROSS the sea, along the shore,
 In numbers more and ever more,
 From lonely hut and busy town,
 The valley through, the mountain down,
 What was it ye went out to see,
 Ye silly folk of Galilee ?
 The reed that in the wind doth shake ?
 The weed that washes in the lake ?
 The reeds that waver, the weeds that float ?—
 A young man preaching in a boat.

What was it ye went out to hear
 By sea and land, from far and near ?
 A teacher ? Rather seek the feet
 Of those who sit in Moses' seat.
 Go humbly seek, and bow to them,
 Far off in great Jerusalem.

From them that in her courts ye saw,
 Her perfect doctors of the law,
 What is it came ye here to note?—
 A young man preaching in a boat.

A prophet! Boys and women weak!
 Declare, or cease to rave;
 Whence is it he hath learned to speak?
 Say, who his doctrine gave?
 A prophet? Prophet wherefore he
 Of all in Israel tribes?—
*He teacheth with authority,
 And not as do the Scribes.*

1851

EPI-STRAUSS-IUM.

MATTHEW and Mark and Luke and holy John
 Evanished all and gone!
 Yea, he that erst his dusky curtains quitting,
 Thro' Eastern pictured panes his level beams trans-
 mitting,
 With gorgeous portraits blent,
 On them his glories intercepted spent:
 Southwestering now, thro' windows plainly glassed,
 On the inside face his radiance keen hath cast,
 And in the lustre lost, invisible and gone,
 Are, say you, Matthew, Mark and Luke and holy John?
 Lost, is it, lost, to be recovered never?
 However,
 The place of worship the meantime with light
 Is, if less richly, more sincerely bright,
 And in blue skies the Orb is manifest to sight.

*THE SHADOW.**

I DREAMED a dream : I dreamt that I espied,
 Upon a stone that was not rolled aside,
 A Shadow sit upon a grave—a Shade,
 As thin, as unsubstantial, as of old
 Came, the Greek poet told,
 To lick the life-blood in the trench Ulysses made—
 As pale, as thin, and said :
 ‘I am the Resurrection of the Dead.
 The night is past, the morning is at hand,
 And I must in my proper semblance stand,
 Appear brief space and vanish,—listen, this is true,
 I am that Jesus whom they slew.’

And shadows dim, I dreamed, the dead apostles came,
 And bent their heads for sorrow and for shame—
 Sorrow for their great loss, and shame
 For what they did in that vain name.

And in long ranges far behind there seemed
 Pale vapoury angel forms ; or was it cloud ? that kept
 Strange watch ; the women also stood beside and wept.

And Peter spoke the word :
 ‘O my own Lord,
 What is it we must do ?
 Is it then all untrue ?
 Did we not see, and hear, and handle Thee,
 Yea, for whole hours
 Upon the Mount in Galilee,
 On the lake shore, and here at Bethany,
 When Thou ascendedst to Thy God and ours ?’

* The manuscript of this poem is incomplete ; but it has been thought best to give all the separate fragments, since they evidently are conceived on the same plan. and throw light on each other.

And paler still became the distant cloud,
And at the word the women wept aloud.

And the Shade answered, ' What ye say I know not ;
But it is true
I am that Jesus whom they slew,
Whom ye have preached, but in what way I know not.

* * * * *

And the great World, it chanced, came by that way,
And stopped, and looked, and spoke to the police,
And said the thing, for order's sake and peace,
Most certainly must be suppressed, the nuisance cease.
His wife and daughter must have where to pray,
And whom to pray to, at the least one day
In seven, and something sensible to say.

Whether the fact so many years ago
Had, or not, happened, how was he to know ?
Yet he had always heard that it was so.
As for himself, perhaps it was all one ;
And yet he found it not unpleasant, too,
On Sunday morning in the roomy pew,
To see the thing with such decorum done.
As for himself, perhaps it was all one ;
Yet on one's death-bed all men always said
It was a comfortable thing to think upon
The atonement and the resurrection of the dead.
So the great World as having said his say,
Unto his country-house pursued his way.
And on the grave the Shadow sat all day.

* * * * *

And the poor Pope was sure it must be so,
Else wherefore did the people kiss his toe ?

The subtle Jesuit cardinal shook his head,
 And mildly looked and said,
 It mattered not a jot
 Whether the thing, indeed, were so or not ;
 Religion must be kept up, and the Church preserved,
 And for the people this best served,
 And then he turned, and added most demurely,
 ' Whatever may befall,
 We Catholics need no evidence at all,
 The holy father is infallible, surely ! '

And English canons heard,
 And quietly demurred.
 Religion rests on evidence, of course,
 And on inquiry we must put no force.
 Difficulties still, upon whatever ground,
 Are likely, almost certain, to be found.
 The Theist scheme, the Pantheist, one and all,
 Must with, or e'en before, the Christian fall.
 And till the thing were plainer to our eyes,
 To disturb faith was surely most unwise.
 As for the Shade, who trusted such narration ?
 Except, of course, in ancient revelation.

And dignitaries of the Church came by.
 It had been worth to some of them, they said,
 Some hundred thousand pounds a year a head.
 If it fetched so much in the market, truly,
 'Twas not a thing to be given up unduly.
 It had been proved by Butler in one way,
 By Paley better in a later day ;
 It had been proved in twenty ways at once,
 By many a doctor plain to many a dunce ;
 There was no question but it must be so.

And the Shade answered, that He did not know ;

He had no reading, and might be deceived,
But still He was the Christ, as He believed.

And women, mild and pure,
Forth from still homes and village schools did pass,
And asked, if this indeed were thus, alas,
What should they teach their children and the poor ?

The Shade replied, He could not know,
But it was truth, the fact was so.

* * * * *

Who had kept all commandments from his youth
Yet still found one thing lacking—even Truth :
And the Shade only answered, ' Go, make haste,
Enjoy thy great possessions as thou may'st.'

EASTER DAY.

NAPLES, 1849.

THROUGH the great sinful streets of Naples as I past,
 With fiercer heat than flamed above my head
 My heart was hot within me ; till at last
 My brain was lightened when my tongue had said—
 Christ is not risen !

Christ is not risen, no—
 He lies and moulders low ;
 Christ is not risen !

What though the stone were rolled away, and though
 The grave found empty there ?—
 If not there, then elsewhere ;
 If not where Joseph laid Him first, why then
 Where other men
 Translaid Him after, in some humbler clay.
 Long ere to-day
 Corruption that sad perfect work hath done,
 Which here she scarcely, lightly had begun :
 The foul engendered worm
 Feeds on the flesh of the life-giving form
 Of our most Holy and Anointed One.
 He is not risen, no—
 He lies and moulders low ;
 Christ is not risen !

What if the women, ere the dawn was grey,
 Saw one or more great angels, as they say
 (Angels, or Him himself) ? Yet neither there, nor then,
 Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,
 Hath He appeared to Peter or the Ten ;
 Nor, save in thunderous terror, to blind Saul ;

Save in an after Gospel and late Creed,
 He is not risen, indeed,—
 Christ is not risen !

Or, what if e'en, as runs a tale, the Ten
 Saw, heard, and touched, again and yet again ?
 What if at Emmaüs' inn, and by Capernaum's Lake,
 Came One, the bread that brake—
 Came One that spake as never mortal spake,
 And with them ate, and drank, and stood, and walked about ?
 Ah ? 'some' did well to 'doubt !'
 Ah ! the true Christ, while these things came to pass,
 Nor heard, nor spake, nor walked, nor lived, alas !
 He was not risen, no—
 He lay and mouldered low,
 Christ was not risen !

As circulates in some great city crowd
 A rumour changeful, vague, importunate, and loud,
 From no determined centre, or of fact
 Or authorship exact,
 Which no man can deny
 Nor verify ;
 So spread the wondrous fame ;
 He all the same
 Lay senseless, mouldering, low :
 He was not risen, no—
 Christ was not risen !

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
 As of the unjust, also of the just—
 Yea, of that Just One, too !
 This is the one sad Gospel that is true—
 Christ is not risen !

Is He not risen, and shall we not rise ?
 Oh, we unwise !

What did we dream, what wake we to discover ?
 Ye hills, fall on us, and ye mountains, cover !
 In darkness and great gloom
 Come ere we thought it is *our* day of doom ;
 From the cursed world, which is one tomb,
 Christ is not risen !

Eat, drink, and play, and think that this is bliss :
 There is no heaven but this ;
 There is no hell,
 Save earth, which serves the purpose doubly well,
 Seeing it visits still
 With equalest apportionment of ill
 Both good and bad alike, and brings to one same dust
 The unjust and the just
 With Christ, who is not risen.

Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved :
 Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope
 We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
 And most beliefless, that had most believed.
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
 As of the unjust, also of the just—
 Yea, of that Just One too !
 It is the one sad Gospel that is true—
 Christ is not risen !

 Weep not beside the tomb,
 Ye women, unto whom
 He was great solace while ye tended Him ;
 Ye who with napkin o'er the head
 And folds of linen round each wounded limb
 Laid out the Sacred Dead ;
 And thou that bar'st Him in thy wondering womb ;
 Yea, Daughters of Jerusalem, depart,
 Bind up as best ye may your own sad bleeding heart :

Go to your homes, your living children tend,
 Your earthly spouses love ;
 Set your affections *not* on things above,
 Which moth and rust corrupt, which quickliest come to end :
 Or pray, if pray ye must, and pray, if pray ye can,
 For death ; since dead is He whom ye deemed more than man,
 Who is not risen : no—
 But lies and moulders low—
 Who is not risen !

Ye men of Galilee !
 Why stand ye looking up to heaven, where Him ye ne'er
 may see,
 Neither ascending hence, nor returning hither again ?
 Ye ignorant and idle fishermen !
 Hence to your huts, and boats, and inland native shore,
 And catch not men, but fish ;
 Whate'er things ye might wish,
 Him neither here nor there ye e'er shall meet with more.
 Ye poor deluded youths, go home,
 Mend the old nets ye left to roam,
 Tie the split oar, patch the torn sail :
 It was indeed an ' idle tale '—
 He was not risen !

And, oh, good men of ages yet to be,
 Who shall believe *because* ye did not see—
 Oh, be ye warned, be wise !
 No more with pleading eyes,
 And sobs of strong desire,
 Unto the empty vacant void aspire,
 Seeking another and impossible birth
 That is not of your own, and only mother earth.
 But if there is no other life for you,
 Sit down and be content, since this must even do :
 He is not risen !

One look, and then depart,
 Ye humble and ye holy men of heart ;
 And ye ! ye ministers and stewards of a Word
 Which ye would preach, because another heard—
 Ye worshippers of that ye do not know,
 Take these things hence and go :—
 He is not risen !

Here, on our Easter Day
 We rise, we come, and lo ! we find Him not,
 Gardener nor other, on the sacred spot :
 Where they have laid Him there is none to say ;
 No sound, nor in, nor out—no word
 Of where to seek the dead or meet the living Lord.
 There is no glistering of an angel's wings,
 There is no voice of heavenly clear behest :
 Let us go hence, and think upon these things
 In silence, which is best.
 Is He not risen ? No—
 But lies and moulders low ?
 Christ is not risen ?

EASTER DAY.

II

So in the sinful streets, abstracted and alone,
 I with my secret self held communing of mine own.
 So in the southern city spake the tongue
 Of one that somewhat overwildly sung,
 But in a later hour I sat and heard
 Another voice that spake—another graver word.
 Weep not, it bade, whatever hath been said,
 Though He be dead, He is not dead.

In the true creed
 He is yet risen indeed ;
 Christ is yet risen.

Weep not beside His tomb,
 Ye women unto whom
 He was great comfort and yet greater grief ;
 Nor ye, ye faithful few that wont with Him to roam,
 Seek sadly what for Him ye left, go hopeless to your home ;
 Nor ye despair, ye sharers yet to be of their belief ;
 Though He be dead, He is not dead,
 Nor gone, though fled,
 Not lost, though vanished ;
 Though He return not, though
 He lies and moulders low ;
 In the true creed
 He is yet risen indeed ;
 Christ is yet risen.

Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
 Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.
 Whate'er befell,
 Earth is not hell ;
 Now, too, as when it first began,
 Life is yet life, and man is man.
 For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high cope,
 Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.
 Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief :
 Or at least, faith unbelief.
 Though dead, not dead ;
 Not gone, though fled ;
 Not lost, though vanished.
 In the great gospel and true creed,
 He is yet risen indeed ;
 Christ is yet risen.

Extract

1. The undermentioned take books from the Library:-

- A. Members of the staff, including the Librarian and the establishment of the College.
- B. Members on the rolls of the College whether connected with the College or not, who have obtained special permission from the Principal.
- C. Students of other persons with the College or not, who have obtained special permission from the Principal.
- D. Other persons who have obtained special permission from the Principal.

2. The maximum number of books that may be borrowed at any time, is

A	...	2	"
B & D	...	10	volumes.
M.A.	...	6	volumes.
Hons.	...	4	"
All others	...	2	"

C } All books may be retained in class C for one month.

3. Books may be retained for fourteen days and honours students, in class C for one month and all others for fourteen days.

4. Books in any way injured or lost shall be paid for or replaced by the borrower. In case the book is replaced, the price of the whole set must be paid.