

And in that hour, I ween, on Them fell nigher
Than e'er before, the shadow of the Cross,
Now looming nearer, and exalted higher,
Above the deep depression of their loss.
Pain, the heart-searcher, the soul-purifier,
Which melts the gold and burns to ash the dross,
Glowed here with heat intense a thousandfold,
Where naught was dross, but all of virgin gold.

Other the hour to him with head reclining
Upon the bosom of his Foster-Son,
His labours o'er, his soul indeed divining
The wordless sorrow of the Holy One,
And of that Sinless Spouse whose hand-clasp, twining
Within his own, said mutely,—“O, well done,
Thou good and faithful, and farewell to thee ;”
But seeing this as souls unbodied see.

Feeling, perchance, the mortal pang of parting,
As the last price of bliss eternal-great ;
But so as one from heavy dreams upstarting
To perfect joy at waking ; bound to wait
A breathing space, but free from further smarting,
Ere he do pass beyond some golden gate
Shutting ill dreams behind him evermore.—
God, guide our footsteps to that Golden Door.

FRANK WATERS.

