

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN INGLESANT."

MOST wondrous Book, whose pages burn
With light for shadowed hour.
Speak thou, even yet, to hearts that yearn
Of God's sweet love and power !

Thou broughtest us to long-past days—
We breathed a different air :
But thine anchor held through all the maze,
The Heart of Man was there !

We touched in thought the unseen world,
The mystic ways untrod,
The powers that lift us far above
The creatures of the sod—
" The world's great altar-stairs that slope
Through darkness up to God."