

THE SENTINEL.

All night a lonely sentinel I stood
Beside my watchfire's blown and fitful
flame,
And kept the feeble embers burning still.
The enemy lay camped within the wood,
I heard their bugles bray behind the hill,—
Across the night their scornful challenge
came,
"Lord, who will show us any good?"

Sinister shapes went slipping to and fro
Athwart the dark against a lurid glare :
As though old sins should rise from buried
years,
And old temptations done with long ago,
Shadows of Doubt, and fumes of black
Despair,
And ancient Hates, and half-forgotten
Fears,
Creeping upon me unaware.