

MILESTONES

With what fierce zeal of penitence
The self-wrought lashes score
The back that bows, as though it long
A grievous burden bore ;—
I know him thus whom I had thrust
A beggar from my door !

And I shall see him rising up
My lagging steps to greet,
The sinking sun behind him casts
His shadow to my feet ;
Though I delay, it seemeth he
Hath haste that we should meet !

So turneth he of me unbid
All in his mean array,
To tread with looks disquieting
Beside me on my way ;
I may no longer thrust him back,
Or ever say him nay.