

THE RECLUSE.

He lodged in yon battered rock formed cell,
Half way the valley's crested steep.
The grotto contains a bubbling well,
In a nook o' the wasteless heap.

But no frescoed hall of princely pride,
No pillared arch with lights of glory :
Yet meekly and gently and side by side,
Look the stars through its battlements hoary.

Was he an Eremite think you ? No !
And yet perhaps—he was much alone.
And then indeed it was scarcely so,
For glades of light had around him grown.

Charmed with revealings of calm and storm,
Genial in frankness, breezy withal,
Rich kindness enhancing grew multiform,
And each day dropt over a golden wall.

For him a few goats climbed yon rocks.
His head was gray as ancient story,
Blanched like the wild and misty locks
Exalting a moonlight glory.

But never he tuned a pastoral reed,
And a hazel wand was his only crook,
And never bowed he by distinctive creed,
For simply he held one marvellous Book.