

THE HERETIC.

*One day as I sat and suffered
A long discourse upon sin,
At the door of my heart I listened,
And heard this speech within.*

One whisper of the Holy Ghost
Outweighs for me a thousand tomes ;
And I must heed that private word,
Not Plato's, Swedenborg's, nor Rome's.

The voice of beauty and of power
Which came to the beloved John,
In age upon his lonely isle,
That voice I will obey, or none.